















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## INDETERMINATE PHENOMENA.

THE FRENCHMAN who "abolished God" has closer allies than he intended, or than they can be aware of, in Englishmen who smile at Lord Eldon's dictum that witches must once have existed in England or Parliament could not have legislated against them. The irreverence of the one and the scepticism of the other have a common root in a real distrust of the supernatural, and it cannot be assumed that the affinities of these two states of mind are tied down to a community of stock, and spread to nothing that branches from it. A touch of incredulity makes many people kin who have no suspicion of the kindred, and the relationship may run into unsuspected corners of consciousness. Pure faith is always independent of reason and sense, and cannot be affected, as to its essential existence, by the qualities of the object on which it rests. With differences in details and direction, belief in Fetish is as warm, as solid, as unreasoning, as sublime, as belief in God. The doubt that revolts, not merely against the character, but against the practicability of a demon, must include in its sat at some ideal divinity of the most refined cult, since its protest muscular pre not against the style, but against the fact, of supernatural experiments the same effect what for actual relations accepted anywhere by mankind, contain, they side with elevating aspirations, records of ignorance, bar-F.R. and superstition. Their appeals to faith, as distinguished

from their challenges to criticism, leave the credulous no choice between degrees of credibility in the various kinds of mysterious conditions revealed. While science reduces all these conditions to the dead level of indeterminate phenomena, faith holds them in one comprehensive embrace above the level of science itself.

The object of this unavoidable prelude is neither to apologise for Faith nor to excuse Superstition, nor even to interfere in private choice between the one and the other, but simply to rescue freedom of thought from the smothering inconsistencies of prejudice and the strangling intolerance of bigotry.

There are two rational methods of dealing with all indeterminate phenomena, and, among others, with such phenomena as those which what is called Theosophy presents to students of science and religion.

• • One is to regard them as abnormal developments of latent powers in human beings, exercised under peculiar conditions or by particular individuals. The other is to treat them as the effects of influences brought to bear on human beings by other intelligences, or as the effects of influences brought to bear on other intelligences by human beings. (The unknown quantity in the latter formula is defined as "intelligences" rather than as "forces," because the incidence of the phenomena suggests the exercise of volition under the control of discretion, whether wise or unwise, rather than mere momentum; but the characteristic feature of the unknown quantity, which serves to differentiate one formula from the other, is that it is external to human beings). A third plan of disposing of all such matters, that of heaping ridicule on all indeterminate phenomena and flinging contempt at all who have witnessed them, though growing in popularity, is hardly rational, and moreover promises no useful results. It may fairly be demanded of all sober investigation that it be practical as well as seem reasonable. The profession of rationalism can scarcely be allowed to excuse the theoretical unreality which itself denounces in religion.

The bare existence, apart from their special characteristics, of indeterminate phenomena, has been taken for granted in the foregoing remarks, because the evidence that has accumulated on the subject leaves little room for doubt in unprejudiced minds.

Men of established reputation for honesty, intelligence, and education, have borne witness to certain occurrences, or appearances, which, whatever they may mean, have been observed under conditions that have afforded every reasonable guarantee of truth from trickery. But it may perhaps be thought advisable to

examination of the subject as the present paper is designed to contain, to place some plain proof before the reader.

In *Spiritualism answered by Science*, by E. W. Cox, \*Sergeant-at-Law, we have the following statement from a witness whose character stands above dispute, of the temper, tone, and method of some of the most careful investigations of the incidence of indeterminate phenomena :—

“When the London Dialectical Society resolved to appoint a committee to examine and report upon the pretensions of spiritualism, I entered upon its duties, in common with five-sixths of the members of that committee, having the most firm conviction that we should detect a fraud or dissipate delusion. I hoped that long experience in the work of sifting and weighing evidence, and resolving what does or does not constitute proof of asserted facts, would enable me to do good service in detecting imposture and discovering its contrivances. And such were the aims and the expectations of the great majority of my colleagues, comprising men of various pursuits and capacities, ingenious lawyers, practised scientists, skilful doctors, authors, artists, and shrewd men of business—all of them persons with keen senses, proved powers of observation, inspecting and looking for imposition, and therefore more than commonly vigilant with eye and ear, and rigid in the application of tests.”

It is obviously impossible to crowd into this paper the record of the enquiries set out at length in the work mentioned above, and condensed with further proof, in a more careful, elaborate, and pretentious work in two volumes, by the same author—*The Mechanism of Man*. But the reader who may feel doubtful as to the correctness of the statement that the investigation referred to has established the fact of the existence of occult force beyond question, must fall back upon the record in detail for his own satisfaction, while we proceed to give two or three extracts.

“An ingenious apparatus was devised by Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., designed to exhibit the amount of any force exercised upon a board so placed that no muscular force, however great, applied to one end of it, could produce the slightest pressure on the other. [The construction of the apparatus is carefully described in detail.] \* \* It was tried in five ways :—*First*, the psychic placed his finger on the end of the board, within the fulcrum, where no amount of pressure could affect the board or move the index. *Second*, he placed one finger of each hand in a vessel of water standing upon the fulcrum, which made pressure on the board scientifically impracticable. *Third*, he did not touch the apparatus at all, but sat at some distance from it, his hands and feet being held, which made muscular pressure upon any part of it physically impossible. *Fourth*, the same experiments were tried with another psychic and with the same results. *Fifth*, the same experiments were tried with other persons, not being psychics, and no effect whatever was produced. In these experiments the presence of psychic force was distinctly proved, not by the fallible senses of the spectators, but by the infallible, because unimpassioned, evidence of wood and water. Dr. Huggins, F.R.S., and myself were requested to attend the trial of the experiments,



as witnesses, merely to attest the honesty and accuracy of the proceedings." Vol. II, page 353.

The instrument or apparatus with which these experiments were made had been invented by Professor Crookes, after repeated attendance at séances, with the object of detecting fraud or exposing legerdemain. The result proved the possibility of exerting an unknown force at will, in seeming contravention of all known natural laws.

The real interest of indeterminate phenomena lies of course in the progressively strange uses of which occult force is susceptible:—

"The persons present were Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., Mr. Galton, F.R.S., Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., Mr. Ionides, and myself. \* \* \* It is a small lofty room, fitted with bookshelves from floor to ceiling, and the shelves are arranged in no other order than that of size. The upper shelves, where the smaller books are placed, are far out of reach, without mounting a library ladder. The books are many hundred in number. \* \* \* A hand was thrust through the curtain, and a voice said 'I want to give you something.' One of us went to the curtain and received from behind it the clock that had been upon the chimney piece. Then some newspapers were brought and thrown out into the laboratory. A noise was heard as of the ladder being moved. Presently the voice said 'Come here, Traveller, I have a present for you.' \* \* \* Mr. Galton went to the curtain and a volume he had published some years before was presented to him." Vol. II, pages 448-9.

The intervals represented by the asterisks in this quotation detail precautions taken to ensure freedom from mistake. The sceptical reader should study them for himself. They are omitted here because, if he admit the honesty and expert skill of the experimenters, no casual reader is likely to subject the record to more searching scrutiny than that to which they submitted the original experiments; and the object of this paper is to lead up to reasonable inferences from certain statements of facts, rather than to pretend to an analysis of experiments which, in comparison with that originally made, would be trivial. But the doubting reader has his remedy in his own hands. This page will be burdened with only another extract relating to this part of the subject from Mr. Cox's interesting book:—

"While Mrs. Stowe (my sister) was noticing certain letters in private purporting to be Lady Byron's, at a séance with Kate Fox and several of my brothers and sisters, Mrs. Stowe enquired of Lady B. if these letters were authentic. The answer was 'partly so.' Mrs. Stowe said, 'How can I find out?' The reply was 'Go to Bentley's.' Now no one of the party could think of any person known to them with that name except Professor Stowe, who said, 'I believe that is a London Publisher.' Mrs. Stowe wrote to Macmillan to enquire, and I think, though I am not sure, that he replied that Bentley had some letters. \* \* \* *Catherine E. Beecher.*" Vol. II, page 485.

This letter does not occupy anything like the position, as evidence, which has been assigned to those which precede it, but it is quoted as mere testimony from an honest source to the fact of information (whether right or wrong) being supplied at the moment it was needed by agency which, according to the ordinary methods of testing these things, must be regarded as supernatural.

The works already quoted, and another to which reference will now be made, *Earth's Earliest Ages*, by G. H. Pember, M.A. Oxon, who is a bitter opponent of all manner of psychic performers, contains evidence which will satisfy the majority of unprejudiced persons that some human beings are at any rate able to appear to other human beings as agents in connexion with whom strange and unaccountable occurrences take place.

It is at this point that modern Theosophy breaks off entirely from what is known as Spiritualism by claiming for its phenomena a distinctive character which separates them from those of psychists, and an inlying purport transcending the discoveries of all other cults.

Careful and unbiassed men may well pause at the threshold of the new vista opened up by these pretences, to ponder whence they start and whither they tend. There cannot be a doubt that, in all ages, a pretence has been set up by schools of men or by isolated individuals to the enjoyment of preternatural relations with the unseen world. Moses and the rival Magi at the Egyptian Court performed certain miracles by different methods. Admitting the record to be correct, as many educated men do, the difference between the Hebrew prophet and his rivals may be briefly, and not incorrectly, described in the statement that, whereas he stopped at nothing, they succeeded up to a certain limit, but broke down beyond it. Now it would be very curious if any modern cult, or any modern revival of any ancient cult, gave the world any intelligible description of what has hitherto puzzled it in the Egyptian scene. This, it is said, Theosophy professes (among many other things) to do. That the ground taken up by Theosophy—whatever its moral consistency may be, and whether its claim be scientifically made good or not—is ground which can be taken up without absolute charlatanism, must be clear enough, if not to the unthinking many, at least to the few thinking and reading Englishmen who have made themselves familiar with the slender portions of the Patristic writings which have been available to English readers. The records of Christian fathers and other ascetics who have fasted forty days, healed infirm folks by touching them, revitalised bodies from which life seemed to have fled, expelled demons from possessed persons

and improvised food on occasion, are distinct enough to suggest to honest minds the question: Wherein do these things differ from others of precisely the same kind recorded in the Christian Scriptures and generally accepted by a civilised world? The religionist's method of claiming an exclusive character for a limited number of phenomena set forth under special circumstances furnishes no authority for excluding from their number phenomena for which a special character is also honestly claimed, and to which such a character cannot reasonably or fairly be denied. The *Acta Sanctorum* is in all likelihood an unknown name to the majority of even well-read Englishmen, but the following instructive note in Dr. Brewer's *Dictionary of Miracles*, which has drawn upon the work so named, among other sources, may afford many of us a clue to a new and interesting line of study:—

“There cannot be a doubt that some men, either by *legerdemain*, like Maskelyne and Cooke, or by *boldly training*, like the *yogi* or *fakirs* of India, acquire an apparent power over the laws of nature which, to the uninitiated, seems miraculous. Probably there is not a single ‘miracle of the saints’ in all this book, which they would not be able to imitate. Such things as ‘raising the dead,’ ‘healing diseases instantaneously,’ ‘floating in the air,’ ‘weighting articles so as to make them immoveable and releasing them suddenly,’ ‘being apprised of events occurring many miles away, and guessing with marvellous accuracy future events’ (called *yog-vidya*) are household tricks among Brahmins and Buddhists. Many an Englishman has seen them throw a rope into the air, climb up it, and suddenly disappear. Many an Englishman has seen a Brahmin stand on the bank of a river, render a part of the water quite immoveable, and as suddenly release it. With magnetic or galvanic apparatus there is no difficulty in such a trick, but the Indian operator apparently has none. \* \* \* Photography, telegraphy, and chemistry have taught us to talk more modestly of the immutable laws of nature. They are immutable only till we know how to change them.”—Page 15.

Statements and suggestions such as those here soberly recorded by a writer of established reputation, not only among Englishmen of science, but also among men of Christian faith, and men of letters, give rise to some far-reaching questions. Is it possible to change or over-ride natural law? Is it not rather probable that supernatural phenomena, so called, only seem to rise above law, but in reality work in accordance with imperfectly understood law? If some men can produce results that seem miraculous to others, the inference that they possess a knowledge which to them is a source of secret power, is neither irrational, unscientific, nor irreligious. There are those indeed who, in the warmth of a true faith, declare that all natural laws are an expression of some divine over-ruling will. It does not conflict even with the belief of such to insist that, if

there is a divine Will, it must be perfect and irresistible, and that there can be no real deviation from laws which are a true expression of its operations. The alternative is chaos.

It is more absurd to suppose that there is an over-ruling and perfect Will, of which natural law is an orderly expression, but that the incidence of such law can be set aside or reversed even by divine power, than to suppose that exceptional knowledge means exceptional power, on the part of some persons, to perform deeds which to others appear miraculous. Some agreement over the latter alternative hypothesis seems to furnish the only foundation on which every true pretence of mysterious power ever put forward by any one can be reconciled to every other such pretence. This hypothesis, while it excludes all trickery, reduces all performers of miracles to the same level, when regarded from a purely scientific point of view ; but it still leaves it open to observers of their performances to regard them from different standpoints, as moral agents, exercising a certain freedom of will. Though wielding a mysterious power, derived from a mysterious knowledge, and so setting in motion natural forces in accordance with natural laws, they may be acting wisely or unwisely, rightly or wrongly, in given circumstances.

The modern theosophist claims for his cult a distinctive character derived, *first*, from certain theories, which may be right or wrong, regarding the incarnation of individual men, their physical and metaphysical structure, and their obligations to the future,—which may be said to include any divine being who may be proved to exist; and, *secondly*, from the quality of the powers possessed or developed by individual men.

Into the former branch of claims few Englishman will perhaps care, and it must be said few educated Englishmen have qualified themselves, to enter at any length or depth. A few hints may possibly be thrown together regarding them farther on. But the latter branch of claims is really deserving, and also seems susceptible, of some kind of sober consideration. The world which sees little difference, on the whole, between letters wasted through the air, and slippers blown through space, or between saucers found in cupboards and brooches found in flower-beds, may be forgiven for refusing to recognise any difference between the ordinary performances of spiritualists and the occult phenomena of Theosophy—at least until it has been proved beyond question, as it ought to be possible to prove it, if it be true, that the theosophic puzzle is a development of purely human power, whereas the mediumistic phenomena of Spiritualism are produced by external aids.

The point here insisted on is of some importance for two reasons. One is that sorcery, or converse with occult forces, has existed in all ages, and forms so inseparable a part of the religious records of the world, including the Christian revelation, where it has always existed under a ban, that to challenge its existence is to impeach the veracity of all religious records, including the Christian revelation, between whose disclosures one cannot arbitrarily pick and choose. The other is that, side by side with sorcery, there has apparently existed a mysterious use of power, equally abnormal with sorcery, but employed, as it would seem, for good, as opposed to bad, ends; which has been encouraged by so-called (and perhaps rightly called) "prophets" and "men of God;" and, in fine, to draw the distinction briefly and forcibly, has been depended on by righteous persons for righteous ends, as opposed to the unrighteous ways and evil deeds of sorcerers.

To deny the existence of both is to obliterate the religious history of the human race.

The candid reader need give himself no trouble about the imposture and fraud that have been detected in connection with spiritualism or Theosophy, except in so far as the fruit produced by any system affords a fair test of at least some of its real qualities. Fraud could not bring down rain or fire from heaven at the appeal of Elijah. But suspicions of evil may haunt the cowering form of Saul as he seeks the witch of Endor, who, setting about familiar incantations, produces a result that astounds no one more than herself. Admitting that gross immorality, coarse buffoonery, and sordid knavery have, both in the old world and in the new, both in the eastern hemisphere and in the western, both in the civilized world and in the barbarous, allied themselves with the operators and the operations of indeterminate phenomena, the practical question remains, whether, after all that is consciously false about such phenomena is removed, there is any fraction of them that is genuine. If so, what is its character and scope; and is it of evil import or of good?

To answer these questions we must consider the professions of the persons most concerned, so far as they can be understood.

Spiritualists, so called, broadly claim to hold communion with disembodied spirits, from whom they pretend to receive useful help and information. Some of the more occult schools of spiritualists claim power to separate soul from body, to re-incarnate individual souls in fresh bodies, to effect marriages between human and non-human beings. The last claim may recall the marriages

reported early in human history to have occurred between the "sons of God" and the "daughters of men."

Theosophists, while admitting the power of men to enter into intercourse with other intelligences, more directly claim to develop essentially human powers which are dormant in individuals, each of whom, being of composite manufacture, as possessing several sorts of body, such as material, astral, spiritual, and the like, is the incarnation of the harmonious residuum of mutually destructive or eliminative forces or intelligences that have engaged in fierce struggles between good and evil in ages past, and will perpetuate the conflict in ages to come, until perfection is attained by whatever portions of the thing constituting personal identity can come together and hold together till the last.

The striking point of resemblance between Spiritualism and Theosophy is the means which both take to their different ends. They meet on the common ground of that asceticism, which has formed the rallying point, strange to say, of all sorcerers, mesmerists, and necromancers in all ages. Must there be an element of truth in all universal instincts, and what does this one mean? The sect of Christians known as Plymouth Brethren, who have studied this subject more deeply than others, invite attention in many of their books to the co-ordinate institution of sacrifices and animal food, after the deluge of Scripture story, which followed, as they say, the supernatural alliances which flooded the world with iniquity. Be this as it may, the fact remains that, all the world over, and in all periods of its history, the sort of mysticism which theosophists and spiritualists alike cultivate allies itself with peculiar forms of self-denial, which, while seeming to promote morality, contain many short cuts into immorality. It does not follow that the immorality is not the penalty which only some foolish souls have paid for their daring, and failing, in regions where others have dared and won; but to believe and understand this, we require to be told who are the people who have succeeded, and what they have got for their pains? It is not a satisfactory answer to the crimes which have attended the introduction of mystic lore into human society to say that most men have seen only the bad side of it, and have yet to see the good, if they can.

The Founder of Christianity was the greatest mystic that ever existed. But while he claimed a divine origin, and performed marvellous deeds, his life was uniformly allied with the open service of suffering men; and his theories, in their practical applications, reached into the life of every man alike who would accept them.

Even though it may have been necessary, before his teaching, that schools of prophets should exist to keep alive the interpretation of a divine providence that had in it a hidden meaning which was fulfilled in his elevation of humanity to the highest ideal conceivable by men, the fact would neither prove nor require a survival of the succession beyond its consummation in himself.

On its most innocent side, therefore, Theosophy may be charged with the perpetuation of an obsolete cult, obsolete as to its true original intent, but active, and it may be mischievous, to the full extent of its misleading. For if matter out of place is dirt, the unseasonable revival of exhausted mysticism may be moral poison. There is, however, the other side of the thing—the side on which, allied with human powers susceptible of ready abuse, it defends itself by proof of possibilities of which it has not yet furnished the necessary justification, and shelters itself, alike from ignorant sneers and from intelligent alarm, in pleas of necessary secrecy.

The length to which this paper has transgressed, while yet lingering on the threshold of the solid mystery that is challenging criticism and inviting study, makes it impossible here at all satisfactorily to warn those who may have leisure or inclination to study and criticise, of the danger into which they may be tempted by the contemptuous sneers of ignorance. No mistake can be greater than that of despising a foe who is gaining ground in four worlds. The danger of Theosophy consists in its adoption of, or as theosophists say, its development from, certain theories which in no way conflict with truths ordinarily received by the Christian world. The existence of an unseen world all round us, the possibility of entering into relations with it, the development of dormant human powers, the performance of miracles, the cultivation of spirituality by self-immolation, are taught as doctrines or practices in the Christian Scriptures. They also directly inculcate the three-fold division of man into soul, body, and spirit, and enforce the lesson in many mistranslated passages, and certainly discover nothing that is radically antagonistic to the theory of a gradually progressive metempsychosis. If Theosophy is evil, as it may be, and dangerous, as it certainly seems, it is not by sneers that it will be disinfected of its power, which can be real only in the proportion of its relation to truth.

DIOGENES.

## "MARIUS, THE EPICUREAN."

THE QUESTION, "Is life worth living?" forced into utterance in every age by the difficulties and complexities of life, reiterated again and again in our own time as the pressure of suffering becomes too great to be patiently borne, still awaits a comprehensive answer. The Sphinx-like silence still surrounds the world. Therefore were it not wise to hail with thankfulness any help which may come to break the spell of enervation with which disappointed expectation and shattered hopes paralyse us, and welcome a teacher who can at least show us how to find, if not a complete answer to the question, at least a way in which to elicit from life the best it has in its power to yield? Such a teacher we find in Mr. Walter Pater, who has just published his philosophy of life in a book, called "Marius the Epicurean: his Sensations and Ideas." The scene is laid in the time of Marcus Aurelius, a time more approaching the present phase of modern thought than any other period of Roman history: in his tracing out the life of this Roman, the author finds ample opportunity of introducing suggestions which may help others who are seeking a solution of the question how to make the most of life.

Beginning with a quiet reverence for the religion and services of the Roman gods that were an heirloom from his ancestors, Marius throws himself earnestly into the philosophical speculations which were of paramount interest in the days of the philosopher Emperor, Marcus Aurelius; not, however, as a fashion, but as a deep life study. An Epicurean (in its fullest sense) by temperament and inclination, he does not narrow himself by being exclusively the follower of one master, but steadily prosecutes his studies, taking from all whatever can make his life richer, fuller, nearer the ideal perfection of life such as he conceived it to be. Thus we find him welding thoughts and conclusions from Epicurus, Apuleius, Heraclitus, Aristippus of Cyrene, Marcus Aurelius, into a richer whole than he would have found in the teachings of any one of these philosophers, believing Truth to have many sides, and that his search



after Ideal Perfection would be thwarted if he gave his thoughts exclusively to any one side. The cold austere philosophy of Marcus Aurelius attracted him for its intellectuality, but finally repulsed him for its contempt of the body—which Marius ever revered as the fitting temple for man's spirit and therefore sacred—and for its imperfect human sympathy which permitted the Emperor to sit unmoved, a spectator of the cruelties of the amphitheatre. •

Feeling the incompleteness of all he had thought and hoped, he looked yearningly for some scheme that would unite men in a truer fellowship, that would develope keener sympathies towards the brute as well as the human creation, that would counteract the weary pessimism that surrounded him, and give a sanction to the persevering efforts of a life. It was at this juncture that he came in contact with the secret assemblies of the Christians at the house of one • Cecilia, in a villa outside Rome. There he seemed to see the possibility of touching that for which he longed; and joyful expectation began to wake once more within him like the dawning of another spring-time in his life, when the circumstances of his death met him in a somewhat tragic manner—not, however, without bringing him under the gentle ministration of these people from whom he had hoped to learn so much, and he died having virtually given up his life for the sake of one of their brethren, Cornelius Clemens, who, he believed, was about to become the husband of Cecilia, the one woman who represented to him a true mother and a perfect type of womanhood.

The story opens with Marius, as a boy, taking an important part in the celebration of the "little," or private, *Ambar Valia* for the welfare of the family, which in more modern times found its counterpart in the blessing of the cornfields. The images of Ceres, Bacchus, and "the yet more mysterious Dea Dia," were carried by white-clothed lads through the fields, with flowers "plucked off short from branches of apple and cherry then in spacious bloom" strewn before them by the girls of the farm. The best of the flock were led in sacrifice to the garlanded altars, and the priests, with ears of green corn upon their heads, chaunted the appropriate Litany. But a feeling of pity and disgust filled the lad at the sight of the sacrifice—a feeling that seemed to be the first indication of his discontent with the old form of things surrounding him. His quiet life was only interrupted by a visit to the columned hill temple of Æsculapius to cure him of a fever at the wonderful spring of water there, to which divine honours were paid, where his first lesson was given to him "in the skilled cultivation of life, of experience, and of oppor-

tunity." "If thou wouldst have all about thee like the colours of some fresh picture in clear light, be temperate in thy religious motives, in love, in wine, in all things, and of a peaceful heart with thy fellows;" and the recommendation was given "to keep the eye clear by a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness extending even to his dwelling-place, to discriminate even more and more exactly form and colour from what was less select, to meditate much on beautiful visible objects, on objects more especially connected with the period of youth, to keep ever by him if it were but a single choice flower, a graceful animal, or sea-shell as a token and representative of the whole kingdom of such things; to avoid jealously in his way through the world everything repulsive to sight." This teaching of the young priest sank into a mind already open to all such impressions, and became the nucleus of his life thought. All incidents of his daily life, however trivial, unconsciously impressed him; and his mother's death, releasing him from his only immediate and natural authority, gave him at an early age the sense of personal responsibility and a certain feeling of isolation, mental and physical.

Then he left his home, "the building of red and yellow marble mellowed by age," where "two centuries of play of the sea-wind were in the velvet of the mosses which lay along its inaccessible ledges and angles," and entered as a student the College of Pisa, where, among other things, he learned Greek. Here he formed the friendship of one Flavian, a brilliant lad whose ambitious nature fired Marius with energy, and it was from him he acquired what "it is ever the chief function of all higher education to teach—a system or art, namely, of so relieving the ideal or poetic traits, the elements of distinction in our every-day life, of so exclusively living in them—that the unadorned remainder of it, the mere drift and debris of life, becomes as though it were not." They read the old Greek writers together, the *metamorphoses* of Apuleius, wherein the story of Cupid and Psyche (exquisitely translated by Mr. Pater) became to Marius the "ideal of a perfect imaginative love, centered upon a type of beauty entirely flawless and clean" in contrast with which "ideal men's real loves appeared to him somewhat mean and sordid."

Many portions of the story of Marius may be taken as applicable to Mr. Pater himself, such as the description of the writings of Flavian, who Marius hoped to see the founder of a new school of literature, "asserting, so to term them, the proletariat of speech." He would make it a serious study, weighing the precise power of every phrase and word, as though it were precious metal, going

back to the original and native sense of speech, re-establish the natural and direct relationship between thought and expression, between the sensation and the term ; to restore words to their primitive power." Again : " In those refinements of his curious spirit, in that horror of profanities, in that fastidious sense of a correctness in external form, there was something which ministered to the old ritual interest still surviving in him ; as if here, indeed, were involved a kind of sacred service to the mother tongue." •

" For words after all—words manipulated with all his delicate force—were to be the apparatus of a war for himself. To be forcibly impressed in the first place, and in the second to find means of making visible to others that which was vividly, apparent, delightful, of lively interest to himself, to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or but half true even to him."

In Mr. Pater's words, Marius had that " instinctive recognition that in vigorous intelligence must be indeed the most real presence of the Divine Being. With this was connected a feeling, all the stronger as manhood came on, of the poetic beauty of mere clearness of mind—the actually æsthetic charm of a cold austerity of thought ; as if the kinship of that to the clearness of physical light were something more than a figure of speech. Of all those religious fantasies as forms of enthusiasm he could well appreciate the picturesqueness : that was made possible for him by a vein of Epicureanism, already leading him to conceive of himself as but the passive spectator of the world around. \* \* \* \* He secluded himself indeed from all others, but in a severe intellectual meditation, the salt of poetry, without which all the more serious charm is lacking to that imaginative world, which for him had revealed itself in a spontaneous surrender to the dominion of outward impressions." In conformity with the teachings of Heraclitus, Marius realized that, notwithstanding such surrender was rightful, he must discriminate, for he protests that " men are subject to illusion regarding things apparent to sense ; what the uncorrected sense gives being a false impression of permanence or fixity in things, which have really changed their nature in the very moment in which we see and touch them." And this current mode of thought, " imaging forth from those fleeting impressions a world of firmly outlined objects, leads one to regard as dead what in reality is full of animation, of energy, of fire, of life—that eternal process of nature, of which at a later time Goethe spoke, as the ' Living Garment,' through which God is seen by us, ever in weaving at the Loom of Time."

It is this paradox of a subtle perpetual change in all visible

things, together with its accompanying many precepts towards a "strenuous self-consciousness in all we think and do, that loyalty to cool and candid reason, which makes strict attentiveness of mind a kind of religious duty and service" that attracted Marius in the difficult Greek prose of Heraclitus. "He had become aware of the possibility of a large dissidence between an inward and somewhat exclusive world of his own vivid apprehensions, and the unimproved, unheightened reality of the world of those about him, and was ready now to conceive that the individual is to himself the measure of all things, and to rely on the exclusive certainty to himself of his own impressions."

At this point he joined company with Aristippus, the founder of the Cyrenaic philosophy, whose impressive traditional utterances served in turn to give effectual outline to his thought. What Marius found was "a system which seemed to concentrate into itself all the weakening trains of thought in earlier Greek speculation, and making the best of it—turning its hard bare truths with a wonderful tact into precepts of a most delicately honourable life. Given the hardest terms, supposing our days are indeed but a shadow, even so, we may well adorn and beautify, in scrupulous self-respect, our souls and whatever our souls touch upon—these wonderful bodies, these material dwelling places through which the shadows pass together for a while, the very raiment we wear, our pastimes as we say, and the intercourse of society." And towards such a full or complete life, a life of various yet select sensation, the most direct and effective auxiliary must be, in a word, Insight: "liberty of soul, freedom from all the partial and misrepresentative doctrine which does but relieve one element in our experience at the cost of another, freedom from all the embarrassment of regret for the past and calculation for the future: all that would be preliminary to the real business of education—insight, insight through culture, into all that the present moment holds in trust for us as we stand so briefly in its presence. \* \* \* Not pleasure, but fulness of life, and 'insight' as conducting to that fulness—energy, choice and variety of experience—including noble pain and sorrow even—loves such as those in the exquisite old story of Apuleius; such sincere and strenuous forms of moral life as Seneca and Epictetus—whatever form of human life, in short, was impassioned and ideal; it was from this that 'the new Cyrenaicism' of Marius took its criterion and values. \* \* \* It was a version of the precept 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'—a doctrine so widely acceptable among the nobler spirits of the time."

These extracts have been chosen designedly. The story of Marius, the Epicurean, is not merely the picture of Rome and Roman thought at the time of the philosopher Emperor: it is at once to a great degree an autobiography, and also mirrors plainly many of the confused and complex thoughts of the present day. The perusal, therefore, of such a life as that which formed the ideal of Marius may enable many of Mr. Pater's readers to solve some of the difficulties of life—may pour sunshine into dark places, and make life spring fresh again where there was but doubt and apathy. The teaching is Epicurean, but only in the highest, fullest sense, not at all in those baser aspects of it which have the power of wiling men into vice and degradation of soul and body. And throughout Mr. Pater has followed his own precept that to interest others one must be interested oneself; the book breathes the very life-breath of the writer, and obviously must be to a very great extent the record of the growth and development of the author himself. He, Mr. Pater, has been frequently attacked for the immorality of his teaching, on the ground that its maxim, "pleasure for pleasure's sake," when carried to its fullest extent, must inevitably result in evil. So much, however, depends on the meaning attached to such sayings, and upon the honest study of the whole work of a writer, and not upon some isolated portions of it. Mr. Pater does not make it his business to speculate upon what may be after death; he lays the stress on making life—the one thing of whose existence we are certain—perfect, but such a perfection that the unclouded and receptive soul shall "quit the world at last in the same fresh wonder with which it entered it, still unimpaired and going on its blind way at last with the consciousness of an enigma in all that, as its pledge of something further to come." The book gives the impression of being put forth, in vindication of the author's former writings, the essential philosophy of which is herein embodied. He says: "Every age of thought has had its Cyrenaics or Epicureans, under many disguises, even under the hood of the monk. But—*Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die!* is a principle, the real import of which differs immensely according to the natural taste and acquired judgment of the guests who sit at table. It may express nothing better than the instinct of Dante's Ciacco, the accomplished glutton, in the mud of the *Inferno*; or, since by no hypothesis does man live by bread alone, it may come to be identical with "my meat is to do that which is just and kind," while the soul, which cannot pretend to the apprehension anything beyond the veil of immediate experience, yet never loses a feeling of happiness in conforming to the highest moral ideal it can

sincerely define for itself; and actually, though with so faint hope, does the Father's business."

At length a summons to Rome came from an old friend of Marius's father, who had watched the lad's progress, knew of his courtly ways, and had procured for him a post of amanuensis to the Emperor. He reached Rome at the time of the great rejoicings for the return of the two Emperors from their campaign on the Danube, and witnessed another of the splendid religious pageants in which the Emperor acted as the most sacred high priest, and listened to Aurelius's address on the vanity of human life to the assembled Senate in the vast hall of *Curia Julia*. His special service brought him into immediate connection with the domestic surroundings of the Emperor, and in this portion of the book are introduced scenes, fascinatingly described, of Aurelius among his children and his wife Faustina; of the philosopher Emperor's intercourse with the aged rhetorician Cornelius Fronto; of his austere intellectual life, that second nature, whose requirements were so antipathetic to his national duties. Accounts of various historical events, all deeply interesting to Marius, and scarcely less so to the sympathetic reader, brings us to the third portion of the book, which opens with the description of a Roman banquet given in honour of the great Apuleius in a beautiful Pagan apartment—"fragrant with rare woods of old inlaid panelling, the falling of aromatic oil from the ready-lighted lamps, the iris root clinging to the dresses of the guests, as with odours of the gods, the supper table was spread. The crystal cups darkened with old wine, the hues of early autumn fruit—mulberries, pomegranates, and grapes—that had long been hanging under careful protection upon the vines, were almost as much a feast for the eye as the dusky fires of the rare twelve-petalled roses." Subdued music pervaded the room "turning now and again to a solitary reed-note like a bird's as it wandered into the distance." And with the darkness came from the garden by torchlight, "an odd, rapid, phantasmal glitter," a dance of young men in armour, a kind of highly expressive dramatic action: and with the utmost possible emphasis of dumb motion their long swords weaving a silvery network in the air, they danced the "*Death of Paris*." Then the conversation turned to literature, and one of the guests read a composition by Lucian of Samosata, followed by a discourse from the famous Apuleius's "elaborate carved ivories of speech drawn at length out of the rich treasury of his memory, and as with a fine savour of old musk about them."

In the remaining portion of the book are passages of remarkable beauty, and subtle suggestiveness, but we will not detract from their interest by giving any more of them piecemeal. It is almost by some irony of circumstance that Marius, this last of the Epicureans, or at any rate the last for many decades to follow, meets his death with that benison of the early church for which he had never consciously craved, and the significance of which he would perhaps have only partially apprehended. To sleep, to lose oneself in sleep, that, as he had recognised always, was a good thing. And it was after a space of deep sleep that he awoke amid the murmuring voices of the people who had kept and tended him so carefully through his sickness, now kneeling around his bed, and what he heard confirmed, in his then perfect clearness of soul, the spontaneous suggestion of his own bodily feeling. He had often dreamt that he had been condemned to die, that the hour, with wild thoughts of escape, had arrived, and waking with the sun all around him, in complete liberty of life, had been full of gratitude for his place there, alive still, in the land of the living. He read surely, now, in the manner, the doings of these people, some of whom were passing away through the doorway, where the sun still lay heavy and full that his last morning was come, and turned to think again of the beloved. Of old he had often fancied that not to die on a dark and a rainy day would itself have a little alleviating grace or favour about it. The people around his bed were praying fervently—*Abi! abi! anima Christiana!* In the moments of his extreme helplessness their mystic bread had been placed, had descended like a snowflake from the sky, between his lips. Soothing fingers had applied to hands and feet, to all these passage ways of the senses, through which the world had come and gone from him, now so dark and obstructed, a medicinale oil. It was the same people, who in the grey austere evening of that day took up his remains, and buried them secretly with their accustomed prayers, but with joy also, holding his death, according to their generous view in this matter, to have been of the nature of a martyrdom: and martyrdom, as the Church has always said, is a kind of sacrament with plenary grace.

ELIZABETH A. SHARP.

## ON AN ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.\*

(From the Italian of Giosuè Carducci.)

When sad Mentana's hour comes round with every year  
returning ;  
As day fades o'er the plains and hills that keep its memory  
green,  
The troops of those who fell arise with grief and anger  
burning,  
A shadowy band around their tombs they stand distinctly  
seen.

They are no ghastly skeletons, but proper forms and stately ;  
The rosy twilight undulates around them like a veil.  
From their far deeps the stars smile down upon the brave  
sedately,  
Around their brows the clouds of heaven in wreaths of  
victory sail.

"Now when the mother mourns her sons on couch by  
memories haunted,  
"Now when the spouse weeps her lost love through nights  
of sleepless pain ;—  
"We burst the tomb, we rise to light, with breasts pure and  
undaunted,  
"Once more to greet thee, Italy, to look on thee again."

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\* Garibaldi and his volunteers, after routing the Papal troops at Mentana, were in their turn defeated by the French, armed with the Chassepot breechloader, then used for the first time. The Battle was fought on the 3rd November 1867. Rome was incorporated with Italy on the 9th October 1870, i.e., before the 3rd Anniversary of Mentana, and the union was inaugurated at the Capital on the 3rd July 1871.

To an Irishman the poem may perhaps call up visions of those who died with Brian and Malachi seen amid the twilight on the old hill of Howth.—M. R. W.



- "As in the muddy pathway before his queen and lady,  
 "His silken mantle fair the knight laid down on bended  
 knee ;  
 "Our lives we laid down freely in thy service ever ready,  
 "And yet thou liv'st unmindful of the sons who died for  
 thee.
- "On others, O sweet Italy, bestow thy smiles, but never,  
 "Ah ! never may the dead forget what they on earth loved  
 best ;  
 "And Rome is ours, the champions of her name are we for  
 ever ;  
 "We on her lofty capital must triumph ere we rest."

The vision fades as melts away a light cloud in the heaven.  
 And, as it dies, a groan escapes Italian bosoms all ;  
 Her brightness and her harmony lays down the golden even ;  
 And the sad sound rolls slowly o'er the lofty Quirinal.

## A ROSE AND A GIRL.

(From the same.)

-When skies are soft and days are bright in spring,  
 When sigh the breezes and the sweet birds sing,  
 Thy blushing flowers uncloze,     . .  
 O lovely maiden rose.

But where art thou when o'er thy natal soil  
 The sun, a solitary tyrant, reigns ?  
 • When through the fields, reft of their harvest spoil,  
 He racks the dusty summer with sharp pains,  
 And the cicada deafens the lone plains  
 At noon with chidings harsh,  
 While frogs, unseen from parched and thirsty marsh,  
 Curse the sad day that lingers to its close.

When sudden mid the hills no longer green,  
Rises the whirlwind rude and, shrieking shrill,  
Vents on the lingering flowers and leaves his spleen,  
And hastes the plain with barren sand to fill,  
And ever grows the misery and ill.  
Nor is there any shade ;  
In that sore hour afraid,  
Thou fliest, inconstant rose.

'Tis not for thee, as shorter grows each day,  
To cheer the sorrow of the years that die ;  
When one by one leaves fade and fall away,  
And sadly 'neath each passing footstep sigh,  
Till slowly rotting in damp mould they lie,  
Or are upwhirled afar  
By cold harsh breezes carrying the war  
Through desolate vales where winter's havoc shows.

And when the smoke-like clouds the mountains fold,  
And the chill rains are sad upon the plain  
With long-drawn shadows of the sunsets cold,  
When all hearts for the sun's return are fain  
And winter's cold hand-over-hand doth gain  
And the frost smites and scars,  
Thou fliest from such wars,  
Inconstant girlish rose.

M. R. WELD.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### WEIGHT: IS THERE A FOURTH DIMENSION ?

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*To the Editors of the "Indian Review."*

GENTLEMEN,

I have read with much interest the Review of "Flatland: A romance of many Dimensions," which appeared in the *Indian Review* of February last, and also the short article which follows it entitled—"Size: Is there a Fourth Dimension?" I am not a mathematician, and I am not conversant with the nature of the discussions, which, I believe, have taken place on this question, but it is evident that it is impossible to state in terms of length, breadth, and height the dimensions of any solid not having a regular geometrical form, or which is not made up of geometrical solids joined together, such as a group of crystals, or a house of irregular shape. Take a clod of earth or any unhewn piece of stone. Several extreme and least dimensions are all that can be stated, and from these average dimensions can be calculated. But the actual bulk cannot from these be ascertained. The only way of doing so that I know of is to measure the displacement on immersing the body in a definite quantity of water or fine sand or powder of some sort, confined in a vessel of known capacity. But to say that the body occupies the same space as a certain quantity of water did is not to state its dimensions, and may give no idea of its actual shape. It may be a thin slate or a sheet of talc, or it may be more or less an approximation to a sphere or a cube.

Again, what are the dimensions of the water, sand, or powder, which we have just used to ascertain the bulk of clod or stone? So long as the fluid or semi-fluid is confined in the regularly-shaped measuring vessel, we can say that it measures so many decimal parts of a foot or an inch in length, breadth, and depth or height, but if we pour it out of the vessel what becomes of these dimensions? We may pour it into another receptacle of irregular shape, the dimensions of which can be as little stated as those of the original clod or stone, or we may simply pour it on the ground. In the latter case the sand or powder if dry enough, and if poured on a level surface, will take generally the shape of a cone, and become approximately measurable; but the water will be simply immeasurable. It becomes impossible to state its length, breadth, or thickness. It may be replied to this that the water or sand is not a body in

the sense that the clod or stone is, but a mere agglomeration of separate bodies, each of which has its own dimensions; but, whatever may be the shape and dimensions of a drop of water—and these evidently vary according to the circumstances of its existence—what are the dimensions of any grain of sand? They are clearly as immeasurable as the hard clod or stone. The only condition in which the dimensions of a given bulk of water are constant is that of ice, and of a given quantity of sand—that of sand-stone, provided that the cementing matter occupies only the interstices between the particles of sand. And yet, owing to the expansion due to the lowered temperature, the dimensions of the water in the amorphous form of ice will be greater than those it had in its liquid state. But so long as the water remains ice its dimensions are constant. This leads to the remark that of no body can it be said that its dimensions are fixed and certain, for all are (I think) subject to expansion and contraction under the influence of varying degrees of heat. Is there not here the necessity for a fourth dimension?

I do not think that “bulk” can be the fourth dimension, for, as I have above said, the bulk of no substance is stable. Again, what is the bulk of a hollow vessel of regular geometrical form? If the shape be perfect it will contain a definite quantity of any substance, but if squeezed or stretched in any direction the capacity of the vessel is diminished, though the dimensions from angle to angle remain the same. The bulk of the *material of which it is made* is of course unchanged, but, as a hollow solid, the bulk of the vessel is altered.

The only practical fourth dimension that I can conceive of is—“weight,” or the amount of attraction towards its centre exercised on anything having three dimensions by the mass of the earth. But as this force theoretically varies at every point of this eccentric and uneven-surfaced globe, the weight of any given body may not be the same at any two points on its surface. It is, therefore, impossible to state absolutely the weight of any body, whatever means of ascertaining relative weight be adopted. Practically, of course, if weighed in a balance, a thing has the same weight at every point on the face of the earth, because the weight of the counterpoise is altered in the same degree; but the absolute weight, or fourth dimension, does alter.

I am quite sensible that I may have shown entire ignorance of what mathematicians mean when they speak of a fourth dimension; but you may think the subject worth further treatment in a popular form in the *Indian Review*, and, if so, give my speculations a place by way of leading up to the subject.

C. W. H.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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JOURNAL OF THE HEALTH SOCIETY FOR CALCUTTA AND ITS SUBURBS. Vol. I. Part I. March 1885. *Calcutta Central Press Co., Ltd.*—This pamphlet contains the Prospectus of the recently formed Public Health Society, and an account of the Inaugural Meeting, with a report of Dr. Harvey's lecture on the Plague. The aims of the founders of the Society are thus summarised: "It was thought that an Association might advantageously be formed in Calcutta, which would strengthen the hands of those who are concerned in promoting sanitary reforms; which might enable those who wish for information on sanitary subjects to obtain it in an accessible and trustworthy form; which would call attention to evils in especial need of remedy; and generally tend to form an enlightened public opinion on all questions connected with the public health."

The Society claims to be mainly of a scientific character, and to have no sort of concern with local controversies with particular bodies or individuals; it will be guided by the counsels of Sanitary Commissioners and Surgeons-General; while any idea that may still lurk in the minds of members of the Municipal Commission that the Health Society is a "banded union" to persecute and destroy the influence of the Corporation, and to cast discredit on local self-government, must surely be dispelled on learning that the Chairman of the Corporation has accorded his support.

Public lectures on health subjects are to be given in various parts of the town. The question of the incorporation of the Suburban Municipalities in that of the metropolis is soon to be discussed by the Council of the Society; and a very practical step has been taken in the appointment of an overseer, capable and properly trained in sanitary science, whose business will be to inspect, for a small charge, the premises of those that apply for his services, and to report on any improvement necessary for making the premises healthy and safe.

The amount of support given to the Society has hitherto been most encouraging, and with the Volunteer motto, "Defence

not Defiance," for its watch word, the Public Health Society of Calcutta bids fair to become a powerful engine against the attacks of preventible disease. *Floreat.*

MAP OF THE SOUDAN: Compiled chiefly from Maps issued by the Intelligence Branch of the War Office: Scale,  $35\frac{1}{2}$  miles to 1 inch. *Calcutta: W. Newman & Co., Limited.* 1885.—This map is clearly and neatly lithographed and folded into a convenient book shape. It will be found an useful companion to the newspaper for those who wish to follow the movements of our troops in the campaign just opening.

THEOSOPHY UNVEILED. *Madras: The Tract Depot, Memorial Hall Compound.* 1885.—The chief value claimed for this publication is that it gives extracts from Theosophist publications, showing the nature of the system and the course pursued by its "founders," with the comments of the Press. The papers were written and printed piecemeal during the time when, after Madame Blavatsky's return from Europe, deliberations were being held by her friends as to the course which they should take with regard to the correspondence which appeared in the *Christian College Magazine*. This may account in some measure for the want of unity and order, which, as the preface acknowledges, is plainly discernible in the work. But the fact is, the pamphlet contains a very heterogeneous jumble of reviews of Spiritualism, attacks on Theosophy, and apologies for Christianity. The extracts from Colonel Olcott's writings, with the comments of the *Indian Witness* and the *Madras Mail* thereon, may be found interesting reading by students of the Madras Colleges, but few readers of the *Indian Review* would, we imagine, care for the hodge-podge of excerpts from Solomon, Max Müller, Cowper, Lecky, Mr. Justice West and others, which fill the latter pages of the pamphlet, or would, be instructed by being informed that "lawyers are accustomed to weigh evidence, and the Lord Chancellorship of England is considered the noblest prize of the profession. Yet it is an incontestible fact that Earl Cairns, of the former Ministry, and Lord Selborne, of the present administration, are earnest Christians."

BANTING IN INDIA. With some Remarks on Diet and things in general. By Surgeon-Major Joshua Duke. 3rd Edition. *Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.,* 1885.—This book is rather a treatise on diet generally than one relating to the special subject indicated by the main title. The remarks on "Banting in India" are practically confined to a few pages, consisting of a table of the diet recommended by the author to corpulent Anglo-Indians, and of the

Banting diet suitable for Musalmans and Hindoos. The rest of the 93 pages that make up the whole work are decidedly heterogeneous, as indeed the sub-title of the book indicates. Various topics are touched upon. Pseudo-estheticism is condemned; for is not effeminacy "associated with those crimes which have caused the everlasting downfall of nations"—words at which the modern masher may well tremble, who clearly

Has within him undivulged crimes.  
Unwhipt of justice.

The Oxford and the Cambridge training diet is given in detail, as is also that of King, "the celebrated prize-fighter," along with remarks on sundry prison-diets. We are told the number of stone (*viz.* 52) that Daniel Lambert weighed, and how many ordinary men (*viz.* seven) the waistcoat of Bright, "an excise grocer," was big enough to enclose; who died, an awful example, at the age of 29, and wore his voluminous waistcoats no more. Dr. Duke, we observe, does not allow meat to be given to children till the third year; most Indian doctors, we believe, recommend that children should begin to eat meat, in small quantity of course, upon the appearance of the first tooth. The author's words are "from the third to the fifth year, a little meat may also be given; and at the end of the ninth year, it (*i.e.* the child, not the meat) may partake of the usual food of the family." What the poor child is to do between the fifth and the ninth year Dr. Duke does not inform us. We suppose he can hardly intend it to revert, during that period, to a meatless existence. Possibly, however, it is meant to be nourished on the "cocoa, made from ribs (!)" recommended on page 51.

We notice that, on page 59, the writer repeats, with the additional emphasis of italics, the old exploded fallacy that matrimony produces long life, a contention grounded on the fact that "married men have a longer life than unmarried men on the average." It is not, of course, matrimony, but the fact that those who are best equipped for the struggle for existence are precisely the men who do, in the main, get married, which produces this result.

The author appears to have quite a romantic confidence in the almost miraculous powers of Banting; for he tells us in his preface that "if the late Comte de Chambord had only restricted the amount of his food in time, he might even now be enjoying robust health as the ruler or President of the French Nation." The virtues of Banting must indeed be great beyond expression, if they could have set that queer anachronism, the Comte de Chambord, on the throne of France; but that they could have actually made him President of

the Republic is really too incredible. It is quite "too much," as the Mormon ladies remarked to Mr. Artemus Ward.

Apart, however, from such eccentricities, Dr. Duke's handy little book will, no doubt, be found useful by those who are anxious to ward off or cure themselves of that corpulent habit which attacks not a few English constitutions when subjected to an Indian climate and surroundings, as well by that numerous class of people now-a-days who like to know what they should eat, and why and when they should eat it.

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# THE CREAM ; Of the Quarterly Review.

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## THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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ENGLISH CHARACTER AND MANNERS AS PORTRAYED BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—An inquiry on any extended basis into the character and manners of modern Englishman is obviously beyond the scope of a Review article ; and even an abstract, if at all complete, from the writings of a single English novelist, is necessarily too lengthy to be reproduced with any fulness in the pages of the *Indian Review*. It is possible, however, to put before our readers a general view of the criticism here given of the views of English character to be found in the pages of the great realist master of English fiction.

Anthony Trollope is not only eminently a realist, but a realist whose taste was evidently to portray commonplace reality. The heroic is his bugbear ; he tells us in a dozen places that as he has not met with it in nature, neither shall his readers find it in his writings. Trollope has often been described by his contemporaries as a photographer rather than a painter. Let us turn over the pages of his album and examine the collection of his English Gentlemen.

The first and perhaps the most durable impression is that expressed by the "American Senator," when his friend John Morton takes him to a meet. "Everybody is so gloomy." There is a heaviness in the social atmosphere, a certain latent moodiness of temper, which is rendered all the more perceptible by the efforts made to mask or to dispel it. A nation's capabilities of enjoyment seem to be in inverse ratio to the pains expended in ministering thereto. Now of all pleasure-seeking apparatus in the world, the English is surely the most costly, the most elaborate, the most unproductive.

Take foxhunting, that most characteristic of English pastimes, as an instance. What an organization it requires, what concatenation, management, and labour; what a concourse of social forces must be brought to bear on it; what an amount of broken collarbones have to be taken into the purchase! Let us say nothing as to the morality of the pursuit—an allusion may be made to this hereafter—let us look upon it, now, simply in its instrumentality to pleasure. Suppose, if you please, that the preliminaries have all been vanquished; that the county has been canvassed, and the necessary amount of subscriptions got together; that a suitable Master of the Hounds has been selected, willing (like Lord Chiltern) \* to get up at three o'clock of the morning to inspect his kennels, and devote his vital energies exclusively to this engrossing work of love; suppose that the neighbouring gentry, far and wide, have been inoculated with the fox-hunting virus; that woods and gorse-coverts have been cultivated in the right proportion; that pheasants have been kept subordinate; that farmers have been conciliated—nay, interested in having their young crops ridden over, or their fences broken down—that *Goarly* † has been brought to justice for strewing poisoned herrings in his copse; suppose that the winter morning is bright, and yet not frosty; that the scent lies well; that *Trumpet Wood* is not drawn blank; that the fox is not "chopped up," and does not take to earth; that the Master of the Hounds, by dint of imprecations, prevents the impatient horsemen from "getting away" too soon; that the fox runs straight, and that the gentlemen of the hunt, after dawdling three hours in the woods, are at last gratified with a twenty minutes' gallop across country; suppose, we say, that all this has been accomplished, what then is the reward? Let us listen to a bit of conversation between Lord Chiltern and Miss Palliser, as they are riding home, one November afternoon, while the huntsman and the whips are trotting on before them with the hounds.

"You call that a good run, don't you?" says Miss Palliser.

"No, I don't."

"What was the matter with it? I declare it seems to me that something is always wrong. Men like hunting better than anything else, and yet I never find any man contented."

"In the first place, we didn't kill."

"You know you're short of foxes at Gartlow," said Miss Palliser, who, as is the manner with all hunting ladies, liked to show that she understood the affairs of the hunt.

\* "Phineas Redux."

† "The American Senator."

"If I knew there were but one fox in a county, and I got upon that one fox, I would like to kill that one fox—barring a vixen in March."

"I thought it very nice. It was fast enough for anybody."

"You might go as fast with a drag, if that's all. I'll tell you something else. We should have killed him if Maule hadn't ridden over the hounds when we came out of the little wood. I spoke very sharply to him."

"I heard you, Lord Chiltern."

"And I suppose you thought I was a brute?"

"Who? I? No, I didn't—not particularly, you know. Men do say such things to one another."

"He doesn't mind it, I fancy."

"I suppose a man doesn't like to be told that directly he shows himself in a run the sport is all over, and the hounds ought to be taken home?"

"Did I say that? I don't remember what I said, but I know he made me angry. Come let us trot on. They can take the hounds home without us." . . . . .

The characteristics of all English sport remain, moreover, essentially the same. The exercise is generally violent and pursued with a grim determination to get as much fatigue out of it as possible. Gay young fellows, to whom fortune has been apparently so kind, seem to work at their amusements as a road-maker works at breaking stones, with a dim feeling that it must be done for fear of something worse. Dulness sits in their private closet like the skeleton of which Thackeray tells, and instinctively by weaving their external life into one continuous chain of occupation, they struggle to stave off the hour when the closet door shall open.

One cause, at least, of this heaviness consists in the lack of artistic sensibility and general intellectual interest which marks not only the sporting class, but all the types of Englishman which Trollope has portrayed.

We do not remember, in the long series of his principal or even secondary actors, one single instance of an artistic nature, or of a mind eager and happy to exercise itself beyond the range of its possessor's special business. There is not a musician, not a poet, not a painter in the lot. There are clergymen, physicians, lawyers, men of business, newspaper writers, politicians; they are useful, able, eminent in their respective callings, but not one of them has anything to say outside of it. They do their day's work honestly, thoroughly, doggedly; as soon as they are released, they grow heavy over their port, or seek refuge in a game of whist. We can imagine Clive Newcome standing enraptured before the Venus of Milo in the Louvre; we can imagine J. J. painting his "Stranded Boat" by the seashore, filling his soul with all the varying loveliness of sea and sky; we can imagine Klesmer at his piano, forgetful of everything except the harmonies stirring in his mind; or Lydgate, baffled, but still happy, in the silent pursuit of some medical discovery. These men have all, at times, *a fairy by their side*; a sense capable of raising them above their worldly troubles, and of imparting sweetness to an hour of solitary reverie. But where shall we find anything of the sort in Trollope's personages? Never, by any chance, do they get beyond the range of their personal preoccupations; most of them are involved in pecuniary difficul-

ties, owing to irrational expenditure ; with nearly all, the burden of life seems to grow heavier as they grow older, and clings to their shoulders even to the grave. No wonder they are moody, since they lack that substratum of *impersonal* interests which tends precisely to make existence light. They are fit for business and for physical hard exercise ; when the latter fails them, we find them becoming very attentive to their dinner (for which the elderly gentlemen are usually impatient), and sitting in semi-silence over their wine. Let gout supervene, and the family health will be anything but cheerful.

A certain awkwardness of speech and manner is often very noticeable.

How should it be otherwise with people who live so much within themselves, and are so jealous of their privacy ? Must they not look upon any approach as the possible preliminary to an intrusion ; may they not compromise themselves by too gracious an advance ; does it not behove them to tread warily, except on well-known neutral ground ? Their very forms of speech are full of non-committals. "*You may as well come to us for the week of the assizes,*" was intended by Judge Staveley as a cordial invitation. "*I am not so sure that . . .*" "*I don't know that I think a great deal of . . .*" "*You know what I mean,*" are the common evasions or abridgments of an explanation. "He has quarrelled with the bishop, you know," says Mr. Walker, speaking of Mr. Crawley.\* "Has he indeed ?" replies Mr. Toogood. "But *I'm not sure that I think so very much about bishops,* Mr. Walker."

The most trying, and to a tender-hearted reader, the most interesting occasions are, of course, the declarations of love. These are in Trollope's stories exceptionally numerous, so much so that three to a volume may be set down as an average allowance.

The finding of an opportunity—a pliant hour, as Othello terms it—is of itself a serious difficulty. One lover selects the moment when his mistress, having lapsed with her horse into a brook, is riding, dripping, to the nearest inn ; a second takes up his position in the uncle's study, and desires that the young lady be sent up to him ; a third asks her, after breakfast, for an appointment in the evening ; a fourth goes courageously up to her in the midst of other ladies in the drawing-room, and murmurs a request that she will come out into the garden. It will be allowed that these preliminaries are somewhat arduous, but the hardest part of the work is still to come. When the gentleman has thus far gained his point, he usually proceeds with a strategical attempt to throw the onus of the communication on his partner. "I've got something that I want to settle : I think you must know what it is." Or, "Of course, Grace, you know, why I am here." Or, "I think, Mary, you know what it is that I want." It may be doubted whether this manœuvre is quite generous ; any rate, it fails in its object, as the lady invariably declines to be enticed out of her entrenchments. The gentleman is therefore compelled to fall back for a fresh attempt. We will not follow him any further for the present ; his blood is up, and we may rest assured that he will go through with his task, let the cost be what it may. The climax is usually reached when he concludes upon making the offer of his hand by holding it out. "There is my hand ; if you can take it, be assured that you have my heart with it." Let

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\* "The Last Chronicle of Barset."

us hope that the young lady will at last so far overcome her reticence as to touch the outstretched brawny palm with the tips of her little fingers.

After all . . . we do not know . . . we are not quite sure . . . (to use our author's language) . . . but that the above species of eloquence will be as successful as any other. Love does not manifest itself best by glib speaking. At any rate, the awkwardness to which we have alluded infuses a peculiar interest into Trollope's dialogue. A number of his Englishmen experience such trouble in coming to the point, they are so unskilful in directing the conversation, they have to hew down so many trees in the forest of difficulty before they can make a clearing for themselves, that the reader becomes a co-labourer in their embarrassment, and feels a genuine relief when the decisive words are spoken. They come out with a kind of burst, like the jokes which Charles Lamb used to ejaculate with stammering, and are all the more enjoyed on that account.

Of conversation the best is usually at dinner when men's spirits are warmed by the prospect of good cheer, and not yet rendered heavy by the process of digestion.

We are not in a position to speak confidently of what takes place later in the drawing-room, as Trollope is very scant of information on this point; but from the few hints that he does drop, we should gather that the intercourse there is not of the liveliest. We remember, for instance, that when Mr. Palliser makes up his mind to practise illicit seductions on the beautiful Lady Dumbello—he does so chiefly because his uncle has affectionately requested him to do nothing of the kind—he finds it very difficult to say more than three or four words, and is greatly relieved when the lady desires him to explain to her what is meant by an *ad valorem* tax on sugar. We remember also that when Lord Dumbello makes hot love to Griselda Grantly at Mrs. Proudie's *conversazione*, he breaks a long and presumably happy silence at her side only to say that he thinks he has now had enough of this sort of thing, and will go away. Nor does Griselda think for a moment that her admirer has been remiss in his attentions. She did not expect him to say more; and is quite satisfied to have had him standing by her.

But impartiality demands that we should not dwell upon such instances as these; and the reader is invited to enter the dining-room. A sample is given of after-dinner conversation from "The Claverings."

When dinner was over, Burton got up from his seat. "Harry," said he, "do you like good wine?" Harry said that he did. Whatever women may say about wild fowl, men never profess an indifference to good wine, although there is a theory in the world, quite as incorrect as it is general, that they have given up drinking it. "Indeed I do," said Harry. "Then I'll give you a bottle of port," said Burton, and so saying, he left the room.

"I'm very glad you have come to-day," said Jones, with much gravity. "He never gives me any of that when I'm alone with him, and he never by any means brings it out for company."

"You don't mean to accuse him of drinking it alone?" said Mrs. Burton, laughing.

"I don't know when he drinks, I only know when he doesn't."

The wine was decanted with as much care as had been given to the concoction of the gravy, and the clearness of the dark liquid was scrutinized with an eye that was full of anxious care. "Now, Cissy, what do you think of that?" "She knows a glass of good wine when she gets it, as well as you do, Harry, in spite of her contempt for the duck."

As they sipped the old port, they sat round the dining-room fire, and Harry Clavering (who had been somewhat prejudiced against his future brother-in-law because he has seen the latter dust his shoes with his pocket handkerchief) was forced to own to himself that he had never been more comfortable.

"Ah," said Burton, stretching out his slipped feet, "why can't it be all after dinner, instead of that weary room at the Adelphi?"

"And all old port?" said Jones.

"Yes, and all old port. You are not such an ass as to suppose that a man in suggesting to himself a continuance of pleasure, suggests to himself also the evils which are supposed to accompany such pleasure. If I took much of the stuff, I should get cross and sick, and make a beast of myself, but then what a pity it is that it should be so."

"You wouldn't like much of it; I think," said his wife.

"That is it," said he. "We are driven to work, because work never palls on us, whereas pleasure always does. What a wonderful scheme it is, when one looks at it all. No man can follow pleasure long, continuously. When a man strives to do so, he turns his pleasure at once into business and works at that. Come, Harry, we mustn't have another bottle, or Jones would go to sleep among the type."

Now the above style of talk is excellent of its kind; the tone is cordial, homelike and humorous. But the point to be noticed is that such conversation ought not to be the *ne plus ultra* of social intercourse between intellectual men. Talk of wine; talk of horses; talk of wild duck, if you please; but *occasionally* may we not take a little flight *beyond*? In Trollope there is no "beyond." In some three score volumes of Anthony Trollope's, *nothing* can be found more intellectual than the fragment above quoted. This is the highest pitch; the usual tone is far below.

Another aspect of these dinner-scenes presents the discourtesy and ill-humour—very gross rudeness—which are occasionally displayed there. Trollope's Englishmen possess eminently the power of making themselves disagreeable, and they exercise it freely, on occasion, especially towards their dependents or inferiors in station. Here is a sample. The scene is laid at Mr. Dick Roby's, in London. Unluckily, one of the high-born guests, Lord Mongrober, has been slightly ruffled in his temper by having been kept waiting a few moments for the arrival of another guest. He first finds fault with the champagne, and then has no good word to say of the claret.

When the cloth had been removed, and the ladies had withdrawn :

"You remember that claret, my lord?" said Dick, thinking that some little compensation was due to him for what had been said about the champagne.

But Lord Mongrober's dinner had not yet had the effect of mollifying the man sufficiently for Dick's purpose. "Oh yes, I remember the wine. You call it, 57, don't you?"

"And it is '57—'57, Leoville."

"Very likely—very likely. If it hadn't been heated before the fire. . . .

"It hasn't been near the fire," said Dick.

"Or put into a hot decanter. . . ."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Or treated after some other damnable fashion, it would be very good wine; I dare say."

"You are hard to please, my lord, to-day," said Dick, who was put beyond his bearing.

"What is a man to say? If you will talk about your wine, I can only tell you what I think. Any man can get good wine—that is, if he can afford to pay the price—but it isn't one out of ten who knows how to put it on the table."

Dick, who on occasions could be awakened to a touch of manliness, gave the bottle a shove, and threw himself back in his chair. "If you ask me, I can only tell you," repeated Lord Mongrober.

"I don't believe you ever had a bottle of wine put before you in better order in all your life," said Dick. His lordship's face became very square and very red as he looked round at his host. "And as for talking about my wine, of course I talk to a man about what he understands, I talk to Monogram about pigeons, to Tom there about politics, to Hupperton and Lopez about the price of Consols, and to you about wine. If I asked you what you thought about the last new book, your lordship would be a little surprised."

Lord Mongrober grunted and looked redder and squarer than ever, but he made no attempt at reply, and so the victory rested with Dick. "We had a little tiff, me and Mongrober," he said to his wife that night. "He's a very good fellow, and of course he's a lord and all that. But he has to be put down occasionally, and, by George! I did it to-night. You ask Lopez."

Discussion of any subject is not only difficult but dangerous. Trollope's Englishmen seem to look upon any attempt in such a direction as an indiscretion to be resented—a liberty taken with the privacy of their convictions. Even when the question at issue is not one which either party has at heart, and when the disputants are men trained to controversy, they cannot for five minutes keep their temper. As a case in point, we may quote the passage-at-arms between Mr. Supplehouse, a veteran politician and writer in the *Times*, and Mr. Harold Smith, M.P., about to occupy a high seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Harold Smith is going to deliver a lecture at Barchester on Borneo, in connection with the Papuan Mission.

"They are the most magnificent islands under the sun," said Harold Smith to Bishop Proudie.

"Are they indeed?" said the bishop, opening his eyes wide, and assuming a look of intense interest.

"And the most intelligent people."

"Dear me," said the bishop.

"All they want is guidance, encouragement, instruction——"

"And Christianity," suggested the bishop.

"And Christianity, of course," said Mr. Smith, remembering that he was speaking to a dignitary of the Church. It was well to humour such people, Mr. Smith thought. But the Christianity was to be done in the Sunday sermon, and was no part of his work.

"And how do you intend to begin with them?" said Mr. Supplehouse, the business of whose life had been to suggest difficulties.

"Begin with them—oh!—why it's very easy to begin with them. The difficulty is to go on with them, after the money is all spent. We'll begin by explaining to them the benefits of civilization."

"Capital plan," said Mr. Supplehouse. But how do you set about it, Smith?"

"How do we set about it? How did we set about it in Australia and America? It is very easy to criticize, but in such matter the great thing is to put one's shoulder to the wheel."

"We sent out felons to Australia," said Supplehouse, "and they began the work for us. And as for America, we exterminated the people instead of civilizing them."

"We did not exterminate the inhabitants of India," said Harold Smith angrily.

"Nor have we attempted to Christianize them, as the bishop so properly wishes to do with your islanders."

"Supplehouse, you are not fair," said Mr. Sowerby, "neither to Harold Smith nor to us—you are making him rehearse his lecture, which is bad for him, and making us hear the rehearsal, which is bad for us."

"Supplehouse belongs to a clique which monopolizes the wisdom of England, or at any rate thinks that it does," said Harold Smith. "But the worst of them is that they are given to talk leading articles."

"Better that than talk articles which are not leading," said Mr. Supplehouse; "some first-class official men do that."

The above selections must suffice as regards the intellectual constitution of Trollope's Englishmen, and there remains now to be considered their family affections, their sexual attachments, their moral qualities and their rule of life.

That they are, on the whole, undemonstrative and cold in manner is beyond discussion. The only question is whether such coldness is merely one of manner, or whether it has a deeper seat.

It is frequently asserted with regard to Englishmen, and indeed we believe it to be a favourite maxim with most persons of very reserved demeanour, that those who show least feel most. The human heart, upon this theory, is like a teapot, which keeps all the warmer for being placed under a non-conducting cover. Now the present writer, for one, utterly repudiates any such belief. Sympathy is bred of sympathy, affection of affection, and the person who shows little or nothing of his feeling, will neither induce tenderness in others nor will he be able, through want of reciprocity, to develop his own. Trollope's



observation fully confirms this view. His characters—we are speaking of the male characters especially—are, for the most part, eminently cold-hearted. We shall consider them presently as lovers; for the moment, let us consider them in their relation as fathers and as sons. The best fathers which Trollope has delineated—and we think that Archdeacon Grantly may be selected as a specimen—take just that sort of interest in their children that a good farmer takes in the cultivation, the improvement of his freehold. They are not selfish, not indifferent; far from it. They are sincerely happy to see their daughters marry advantageously, and will part with considerable dowers for that purpose. They are hospitable, good-natured, indulgent to their sons, producing for their welcome a bottle of the rare old port, arranging for their riding, fishing, shooting; anxious to see them hold up their heads before the world, and be a credit to their name. But . . . such solicitude as this is what the planter feels for his young plantations. There is no real intimacy, no communion of the heart, no tender yearning such as Thackeray shows us, for instance, in his Colonel Newcome. Sir Harry Hotspur is stricken almost to the earth by the death of his only son; he never entirely recovers from it; but he mourns chiefly for the HEIR, in whom the plans and prospects of a lifetime were bound up. Squire Newton scrapes and saves throughout some twenty years on behalf of his son Ralph, but Ralph is an illegitimate child; he is debarred from the natural succession and the father's fixed idea to secure a social position for his boy, is mainly a conscientious scruple become dominant. Archdeacon Grantly, for a description of whom we must refer the reader to the Barchester series of novels, is certainly a kind-hearted, generous parent, but his worldly ambition for his children is the mainspring of his action, and he is ready to cut off Henry with a shilling should the latter persist in that mad and wicked project of marrying the daughter of an impecunious curate. Nay, when Henry Grantly, straitened in his means, but all the more resolute on account of his father's opposition, prepares to leave a country-seat which has become too costly, and to go and live at Pau, the Archdeacon's sorest trial is to see placards posted up on walls and gateways announcing in large letters the sale of furniture at Cosby Lodge. That a Grantly . . . in the face of Barssetshire—should be reduced to selling horses, milch cows, a patent clod-crusher! and should betake himself to lead a beggarly life among Frenchmen; . . . he, of whom his father had always been so proud—for whom his father was still willing to do so much—that was indeed wormwood. The Archdeacon raised his umbrella, and poked at the obnoxious bill until it tore from top to bottom.

Such being the *best* fathers in our author's collection, it is not difficult to surmise what are the middling and the bad. Here is one of the worst, Mr. Maule, senior. His son, Gerard, has just announced to him that he is about to be married; the only advice the kind parent has to give is that he should "break it off, let the trouble be what it may."

"I certainly shall not do that, sir."

"Then I have nothing more to say. Don't ask me to be present, and don't ask me to see her."

"You haven't heard her name yet."

"I do not care one straw what her name is."

"It is Adelaide Palliser."

"Adelaide Muggins would be exactly the same to me. My dear Gerard, I have lived too long in the world to believe that men can coin into money the blood of well-born wives. Twenty thousand pounds is worth more than all the blood of all the Howards, and a wife even with £20,000 would make you a poor, embarrassed, and half-famished man." (Gerard had £800 a year.)

"Then I suppose I shall be whole famished, as she certainly has not got one quarter of that sum."

"No doubt you will."

Yet, sir, married men with families have lived on my income."

"And on less than a quarter of it. The very respectable man who brushes my clothes no doubt does so. But then you see he has been brought up in that way. I suppose that you, as a bachelor, put by every year at least half of your income."

"I never put by a shilling, sir. Indeed, I owe a few hundred pounds."

"And yet you expect to keep a house over your head and an expensive wife and family, with lady's maid, nurses, cook, footmen, and grooms, on a sum which has hitherto been insufficient for your own wants! I didn't think that you were such an idiot, my boy."

"Thank you, sir."

"What will the dress cost?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"I daresay not. Probably she is a horse-woman. As far as I know anything of your life, that is the sphere in which you would have made the lady's acquaintance."

"She does ride."

"No doubt, and so do you, and it will be very easy to say whither you will ride together if you are fools enough to get married. Is there anything else?" And Mr. Maule, who had hitherto been standing, seated himself as he asked this last question, and took up the French novel which had been prepared for his morning's delectation.

Nor is filial conduct placed in a much better light than paternal.

The following letter of Lord Chiltern to his father, the Earl of Brentford, is too characteristic to be omitted. It must be premised that Lord Chiltern has been a very wild young man. He began his career by being expelled from Oxford; he lost his fortune on the turf before he was twenty-five; he killed a ruffian with his fists at Newmarket; and was brought, for violent doings, before a magistrate in Paris. His father had tried more than once to settle his son's affairs, but had failed, and finally Chiltern's sister, Lady Laura, had sacrificed her dower, £40,000, to meet her brother's obligations. Lord Chiltern, however, considered that his father had been "hard" upon him, and consequently kept entirely aloof. It was only when Violet Effingham finally accepted him that this red-haired, violent-tempered lord was prevailed upon to take a step towards reconciliation. He did so as follows\* :—

"MY LORD,

"I am now on my way from Loughlinter to London, and write this letter to you in compliance with a promise made by me to my sister and to Miss Effingham. I have asked Violet to be my wife, and she has accepted me,

\* "Phineas Finn."

and they think that you will be pleased to hear that this has been done. I shall be, of course, obliged if you will instruct Mr. Edwards to let me know what you would propose to do in regard to settlements. Laura thinks that you will wish to see both Violet and myself at Saulsby. For myself, I can only say that, should you desire me to come, I will do so on receiving your assurance that I shall be treated neither with fatted calves nor with reproaches. I am not aware that I have deserved either.

"I am, my lord, yours affect."

"CHILTERN."

The last words of this letter were written, as Trollope tells us, only after painful hesitation. Lord Chiltern would have been equally ready to sign himself "yours with profound indifference" as "yours with affection," if only he could have known beforehand in what mood his overture would be received. He was willing to take exactly that step towards his father which his father would be disposed to take towards him, but not one iota beyond. We may add that the Earl of Brentford answered cordially, and that the proposed meeting took place—Chiltern accosting his father by holding out his hand and saying, "My lord, I am glad to come back to Saulsby"—but, in spite of the Earl's efforts, the visit was unsatisfactory.

We pass on to consider Trollope's personages in the character of lovers, and, as novels are in a great measure love tales, it might be expected that this consideration would be the most interesting. But, although our author takes us through a great deal of love-making—or let us rather say, a good many offers of marriage—he does not regale us with much sentiment of an exalted kind.

To his mind, the poetry with which elderly people are apt to invest the memories of early wooing is simply a product of the imagination; the reality was prosaic enough. He tells us of an actual declaration which he chanced to overhear. The couple—a handsome couple, no way below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding—were walking together by the seashore.\*

*Gentleman*.—"Well, Miss, the long and the short of it is this: here I am, you can take me or leave me."

*Lady* (scratching a gutter in the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another).—"Of course I know that's all nonsense."

*Gentleman*.—"Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all: come, Jane; here I am; come, at any rate you can say something."

*Lady*.—"Yes, I suppose I can say something."

*Gentleman*.—"Well, which is it to be—take me or leave me?"

*Lady* (very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on, at the same time, her engineering works on a wider scale).—"Well, I don't exactly want to leave you."

And so the matter was settled—settled with much propriety and satisfaction; and both the lady and gentleman would have thought, had they ever thought about the matter at all, that this, the sweetest moment of their lives, had been graced by all the poetry by which such moments ought to be hallowed.

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\* "Doctor Thorne,"

The love-making of Trollope's Englishmen is something like their sport. The ardour of the pursuit is mainly dependent on its difficulty, nay the difficulty is sometimes the principal attraction.

When Clara Amedroz commits the imprudence of acknowledging to Captain Aylmer the full extent of her love for him as soon as he has made his first proposal to her, he becomes forthwith so frigid and disagreeable that the very next morning she releases him from his engagement. This action brings back a little warmth on his part, and by the time she has refused him twice he is really quite unhappy. Frank Greystock, having obtained too full and facile an assurance of love from Lucy Morris (to whom he has betrothed himself), neglects her shamefully, neither seeing her nor writing to her for months, and, indeed, is on the verge of deserting her for his cousin Lizzie Eustace. Harry Clavering takes a step further, and actually does stand engaged to two ladies at the same time. Mr. Crosbie . . . but we will say nothing of him, lest we be accused of selecting the most unworthy characters. Henry Grantly does not make up his mind about Grace Crawley until his father expresses his strong disapproval of the match, but then he instantly decides against his father. Lord Lufton is not seriously enamoured of Lucy Robarts until she has refused him, and even then he does not anticipate sufficient difficulty to make him forget his other irons in the fire—his horses, his hunting, his fishing trip to Norway. Frank Gresham, who is somewhat in a similar predicament with respect to Mary Thorne, finds it quite practicable to spend a year abroad, on a grand tour, without once writing to her. In short, the staunch and ardent lovers—Johnny Eames, Larry Twentiman, John Grey, Lord Chiltern, Arthur Fletcher, Gregory Newton, Roger Carbury, and many others—are those who are being constantly defeated. Their mettle rises before a five-barred gate. They will go at it twice, thrice . . . half-a-dozen times if need be, until they either get over it, or come entirely to grief. "Stick to 'em like wax; there's nothing like it!" is the usual advice to repulsed suitors. And so they do "stick to 'em." Again and again they return, not varying their tale, but repeating it each time a little better by the effect of practice. When their case proves hopeless, they will sometimes threaten to take to drinking, or to leading a wild life. Some special hunting or fishing is then prescribed for them, and not without effect. But in the great majority of instances, their perseverance is finally rewarded.

In conclusion, the good points in Trollope's Englishmen should not pass without recognition. That they are conscientious, *i.e.*, observant of the moral law as far as it comes within the narrow limits of their cognizance is undeniable. Their conscience, however, is neither elevated nor refined: still less is it reasoned and consistent.

The Rev. Josiah Crawley—who seems to be the nearest approach to a religious clergyman that Trollope's genius would permit—is incapable of using a cheque that he does not consider honestly his own, but he does not scruple to buy meat for which he knows he cannot pay. Archdeacon Grantly is quite content to defend Church property by legal quibbles, and considers it as mere senile weakness in his brother clergyman, Mr. Harding, that the latter should question the moral propriety of a position which the lawyers declare to be practically unassailable. Lord Cantrip, who seems to be intended for a man of the highest

standing in all respects, seriously advises Phineas Finn to break a pledge publicly given, rather than sacrifice his position in the Government ; and Barrington Earle, speaking on the same subject, declares emphatically that of all men most unfit for parliamentary usefulness, the man who has a conscience is the worst. "Vote with your party, and don't strain at what other men swallow," such is the general sentiment. "What are you that you should set up to be purer and wiser than others?" Trollope himself feels so strongly on this subject that he casts impersonality to the winds, and steps forward on the stage with his own puppets. He is clearly of opinion that a great deal too much fuss may be made about purity in political campaigns, and that the Members of Parliament who insisted upon recalling Mr. Romer from a Government mission because that gentleman had been convicted of bribing at elections, were little better than whited sepulchres. And so, indeed, they probably were, if Trollope's estimate of political honesty in England may be trusted. He looks upon reformers generally as one of the most distressing pestilences with which society is visited, and loses no opportunity of pointing to their indiscreetness, their presumption and their vanity. His morality—by which we mean of course the lesson developed out of the action of his principal characters—is entirely of that average matter-of-fact kind which looks first and last to consequences. Pay your debts, or you will get into trouble with the bailiffs ; put your name to no bills ; keep yourself from the money-lenders ; consort not with gamblers and with blacklegs, or you may wake up, on the morning of a race, to find that a nail has been driven into your horse's foot ; be moderate in your cups, or your nose will become red, and your face bloated ; sell not your hand in marriage for a title or the hope of an old man's inheritance, for you will either miss your object or find that it was not worth the cost ; and remember that when you have behaved like a scoundrel for the sake of "bettering" yourself, you run the risk of being assaulted by a stranger on a railway platform, or belaboured with a riding whip as you sally forth unsuspectingly from your club. But Anthony Trollope as a moralist is a subject of itself, a subject far too interesting and deserving to be disposed of summarily, and we beg therefore to reserve it for a more convenient season.

The prime virtue, the virtue which redeems the grosser parts, and enables us to understand that a nation, typified by characters manly, straightforward and open in their dealings, should after all rank high among the nations of the earth—is their indomitable perseverance and tenacity. This is a quality which Trollope excels in exhibiting, and very few of his characters will be found without it. Opposition serves but to rivet the purpose ; indeed, it is one of the best lessons taught by Trollope that if a father wants to bind his son irrevocably to a young woman, he has no safer course than to warn his boy affectionately against the match and perhaps throw in a hint of disinheritance in case the warning should be disregarded. If this will not bring it about, nothing will.

And the women are even more determined than the men. They will not move first in the matter ; they will maintain their maidenly reserve, unflinchingly until the suitor, in distinct and business-like terms, has made his offer of legal matrimony ; but when this has been effected, and when once their little hand has

touched the plam outstretched for its reception, not all the king's horses will drag them from their fealty. They do not deny their "duty" to their parents, but this duty is evidently a very circumscribed and second-rate affair as compared with their "duty" to their lover. "No consideration on earth shall make me say that I give him up," says Emily Hotspur to her mother. "If you and papa tell me not to see him or write to him—much less to marry him—of course I shall obey you. But I shall not give him up a bit the more, and he must not be told that I will give him up."

In a great majority of cases this tenacity is finally successful. Indeed, it would seem as though Trollope found it impossible to be hard-hearted, as a novelist, towards those who excelled in this darling quality of his. He had always some sugarplum in his pocket for those who would hold out long enough. When poor Mr Crawley, at the height of his misfortune, is about to be brought before the Assizes to account for the stolen cheque which has been found in his possession—when misery has settled on his family; when privation and illness have destroyed the balance of his mind, and terrible disgrace now stares him in the face—he wanders forth among the poorest of his Hogglesk parishioners to seek for some spark of consolation and advice. He meets with an old brickmaker of the name of Hoggett, who administers as follows the necessary cordial :—

"Tell'ee what, Master Crawley—and your reverence, mustn't think as I means to be preaching; there ain't nowt a man can't bear if he'll only be dogged. It's dogged as does it. It ain't thinking about it." Then Giles Hoggett withdrew his hand from the clergyman's and walked away towards his own home at Hoggles End.

"*As dogged as does it.*" Mr. Crawley took the maxim to heart and acted on it. It is not stated that he took any other measures, besides being dogged, to relieve his positions; indeed we know positively that he took none; but he was dogged and that was sufficient. The wheel of fortune came round; his innocence was made manifest; sympathies poured in upon him from all sides; an excellent living was bestowed upon him, and he and his family lived happy ever afterwards. It was dogged that did it. He had been faithful to this one great English quality, and lo! all other things were added unto him.

One of the greatest chess-players of the age, a man remarkable for acuteness and subtlety of intellect, once remarked on the "honourable rank held" by Englishmen among the votaries of that game: "Yes, the English have fine minds." And then, instantly correcting himself: "No," he added NOT FINE (with an emphasis on this last word) BUT STRONG. Whether this criticism be correct or not, of Englishmen in general, it is at least signally true of those Englishmen whom Trollope has portrayed.

It applies to their moral no less than to their intellectual qualities. Not fine, but strong. There is certainly no fineness in their intellectual organization; they are heavy and disinclined to any mental activity outside of the task which they have allotted to themselves; averse to speculation or discussion; distrustful of generalities, and "hugging the coast" of practical detail; tenacious of their convictions, but unwilling to account for them; slow of perception and rejoinder, unskilful in argument, irascible in controversy, bitter and cutting in their retorts. They

are essentially matter-of-fact, unimaginative, and blunt of æsthetic sensibility ; their minds lack playfulness and spring, they have to work even at their pleasures, and nothing seems to come easily to them. They are company neither to themselves nor to others ; moody when alone, unsociable when together, guarded in manner and in speech. Nor is there any fineness in their moral nature ; they have neither cheerfulness of disposition nor serenity of temper ; they frequently incline to crossness as they grow old, and will become surly—nay, savage—on slight provocation. They are not remarkable for benevolence, and they lack signally that quality which may often serve in lieu of benevolence—the desire to please. They entertain largely, but in a measured, calculating way ; they tax themselves heavily for the sake of society, but do so rather because it is expected of them than from any pleasure they derive from it, and their hospitality lacks that genial heartiness which constitutes its chief value and its greatest charm. They are cold in their family relations, divided in interest from their next of kin ; unimpulsive and reserved ; ashamed of any display of emotion as of a weakness, and careful to preserve an even demeanour both in sorrow and in joy. Jealous of their independence, resentful of the slightest interference with their liberty, conservative of their habits and their comforts, they look distrustfully upon any approach that may become a claim, and ponder every sacrifice before they make it. They are proud and sensitive, thinking much of their own rights and not unmindful of the rights of others ; respectful of legality, exacting of their dues ; conventional and sticklers for observances ; unforgiving and prone to brood over their grievances. Duty is a call to which they all respond, but their conception of duty is as of a taskmaster, and though they do not flinch from its burdens, they feel them to be heavy. Altogether their life is a material one, and such justification as it can claim must evidently be that of *works*. They are not sensual, and are much more addicted to horses than to women ; so that, for the many who place morality almost exclusively in the relations between the sexes, Trollope's Englishmen may deserve much commendation ; but for us who believe that morality consists in acting uniformly by the highest motive, the status exhibited in Trollope's novels is anything but satisfactory.

• On the other hand, if we find little that is fine, we recognize much that we acknowledge to be strong.

These characters are strong in their desires, strong in practical sense and the energy of their pursuits ; strong above all in undaunted perseverance and tenacity. They are *game* to the backbone. They are not only *capable* of word, both physically and mentally, but *impelled* to it, *riveted* to it by their constitution. Activity is as the breath of their nostrils ; they are sick and disconsolate without it. They are an embodiment of the saying—"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." They carry it into their amusements no less than into their business. Their very deficiencies serve them, for they lose no time in reveries and abstractions, and are not drawn away from practice into theory. They go right on with the work in hand instead of sitting down with the philosopher under a hedge, and listening to the melodious thrush, or watching the shadows that chase each other over the hills. Such qualities go far to constitute a nation great in practical achievements. And they are strong also in their sense of duty, their respect of law, their recognition of established usages. Their formalism, their conventionality, is a useful corrective of their

unsociability and keeps their independence within bounds. Even their worldliness and snobbishness have a valuable side, inasmuch as they strengthen the hands of society and counteract the separatist tendencies. Finally, they are strong in manliness, in truthfulness, in respect of the given word. Such qualities as these constitute so excellent a foundation for the moral character that any deficiencies in the superstructure may be considered as secondary and as remediable.

It would be a matter of regret if Trollope's delineation of English society were to be taken unreservedly. He depicted truly what he saw, but he appears to have had no eye for certain of the higher, finer elements of human nature. His observations need to be extended and completed by being taken in conjunction with those of greater novelists, such as Thackeray, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell. Trollope was, of course, utterly unconscious of any colour-blindness on his part: he stoutly believed that Englishmen, such as he portrayed, are in all respects the finest fellows on the face of the earth, and would have scorned, as idealism, the suggestion of anything remiss. It was this confidence which saved him. Thackeray was denounced in his lifetime as a Cynic (!) and there are even now-a-days many readers who declare that his view of human nature is distressingly gloomy. A like reproach is never addressed to Trollope, yet Trollope's pictures of English character represent it as on a distinctly lower level than that which it reaches in the novels of the cynic Thackeray.

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# THE CREAM Of the Monthly Reviews.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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MARCH 1885.

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**THE VOLUNTEERS IN TIME OF NEED.**—More than a quarter of a century has passed since the menace of some French Colonels, expressive of their ardent loyalty for Louis Napoleon, called the volunteers into existence. The proclaimed object of the new force was the defence of England against invasion. General Hamley asserts that in all the years since there has never been so much reason to provide against that formidable contingency as at the present moment. A combination of certain Great Powers, not ostentatiously friendly to Britain, would enable them to command the

English Coast line and to land a great army on our shores. This article is an inquiry into the competence of the volunteers to bear their part in a possible event to form a security against which is the reason for their existence. Since their first establishment the volunteers have largely increased in numbers.

There was a time, some fifteen years ago, when, for some years, the force kept diminishing. But since 1873, when the number enrolled stood at 172,000, of whom nearly 19,000 were non-efficient, it rose steadily, till it stands now at 214,000 enrolled men, of whom less than 7,000 are non-efficient. That so many men, of whose lives leisure forms but a small part, should give so much of it to this almost gratuitous service, proves that they have taken up the task in no holiday spirit, and is one of the hopeful signs of the times.

The constitution of the volunteer force has undergone some considerable change since its first establishment.

For some years the Volunteers were constituted in small corps according to localities—and of these there were many hundred. The infantry of the force, of which I will first speak, are now formed in battalions made up of companies—manifestly a great improvement; though with the tactical drawback that there is great inequality in the number of companies in a battalion, for any number of men offering themselves, short of the number of a battalion, are added as the fresh companies to an existing battalion, and the numbers who offer themselves vary much in different localities. These battalions are allotted to regimental districts in their own counties, and form part of the forces enumerated in the army list as constituting the brigades belonging to those regimental districts which are under the orders of the officers of the regular forces who command those districts.

For instance, the two battalions of the 10th Foot have their depôt at Lincoln, and form with the two battalions of Lincoln Militia the territorial regiment entitled 'the Lincolnshire;' with these are affiliated the two battalions of Lincoln Volunteers, having their head-quarters one at Lincoln, the other at Grantham; and the whole—line, militia, and volunteers—form a brigade under the command of an officer of the 10th Foot, who is said to command the regimental district. This, with four other brigades, formed on the Norfolk, the Suffolk, the Bedfordshire, and the Essex Regiments, are under the general at Colchester, who commands the Eastern District. Though they would, if needed for defence, be assembled in divisions and corps, they have at present no organisation beyond that of the brigade. When fresh candidates for the force, in any county, desire to form a new body, they address the general of the district; should their services be accepted on his recommendation, they are formed, according to their numbers, into an entire battalion, or into one or more companies added to an existing battalion. Thus not only the number of companies in a battalion, but the number of battalions in a brigade, varies considerably. The Royal Lancaster Regiment has only one Volunteer Battalion, the Lincolnshire two, the Norfolk four, the Devonshire five, the Lothian six. All the Volunteer Infantry counts at this time in round numbers 160,000 efficient men.

The conditions of efficiency are the following:—A volunteer rifleman must fulfil thirty drills in the first year, or, in case of short

comings, must make his attendances up to sixty in two years, the drills to be of not less than one hour's duration. His certificate of efficiency must testify to that and also that he has fired a certain number of rounds of ammunition with a sufficiently satisfactory result, and that he possesses a competent knowledge of squad, company, and musketry drill. After his first two years his number of annual drills is diminished to nine.

There are two eminently satisfactory facts connected with this question of efficiency.

The one is that popular opinion in the force is so strong respecting non-efficiency resulting from neglect, that the non-efficient finds he had better retire into private life. The other is that the average number of annual drills done by Volunteers very largely exceeds the number demanded for efficiency, and that most of the force largely supplement the quantity of rounds of ammunition fired in practice out of their own pockets. The result of this zealous spirit is that more than 97 per cent. of the whole force held certificates of efficiency.

Besides the ordinary drills, a portion of the force is assisted every year to form regimental camps of exercise. There are few neighbourhoods which do not see something of these gatherings. Or a Volunteer corps may join a military camp, such as Aldershot, for one or two weeks. And as these military camps ought to be models of their kind, the instruction to be gained from them may be expected to surpass even that of the regimental camps.

The officers are thus apportioned :—

In a battalion of eight companies (and in others in proportion) there are a lieutenant-colonel, two majors, eight captains, eight to twelve lieutenants, a quartermaster, and a surgeon. Of non-commissioned officers there are, roughly, about sixty to seven hundred privates.

Candidates for appointment as officers are recommended by the lord-lieutenants of counties, or, failing them, by the commanding officers, with a detailed description of their qualifications. Officers are recommended for promotion by the commanding officer through the general of the district to the military secretary. At sixty years of age officers resign their commissions unless, at the recommendation of the general, they receive an extension limited to five years.

Officers on half or retired pay of the army are eligible for commissions in the force. The percentage of these is not large.

Failure to attend the number of drills prescribed for the men, without good reason, disqualifies an officer for further service.

Schools of instruction exist at Aldershot, Glasgow, London, and York, for officers of the Rifle Volunteers, who may be qualified by elementary knowledge to enter them. They receive pay while going through the course, and quarters, or an allowance for lodging, as well as the travelling expenses. At the end of the course the officer receives a certificate, and the letters *VS* are placed before his name in the army list. Or, the officer may be attached to a regiment of the line or militia, in order to attend prescribed drills. At the end of the course he is examined by a military board, passing which he receives a certificate, and the letter *P* is placed before his name in the army list. Or, instead of these alterna-

tives, he may receive the necessary instruction from the adjutant and sergeant instructors of the corps to which he belongs, when, after passing the examination of a military board, he receives a certificate with the letter *p*, as in the last case.

The very small number of officers who are not thus distinguished in the army list, proves that the very strong unwritten law which determines the conduct of large classes is in this case completely on the side of public spirit and manifest efficiency.

Officers of all ranks may also pass an examination in tactics at the headquarters of military districts, when the nature of the certificate they have obtained is also indicated by a letter in the army list.

The non-commissioned officers are appointed by the commanding officer from among the enrolled members. Sergeants must obtain a certificate of proficiency within one year after appointment. They are tested, in a prescribed examination, by the adjutant, and their certificates, signed by him, are countersigned by the commanding officer.

This adjutant is, for the most part, an officer of the regular or auxiliary forces who fulfils certain conditions prescribed in the Queen's Regulations. He gives instruction to his corps. He visits all parts of it twelve times a year for military instruction. The names of Volunteers present are recorded by him, and he examines the recruits in drill. He notes those Volunteers present who may be qualified for the certificates of efficiency already described, drills the company, keeps a diary of the instruction he imparts, visits the practice ranges, and inspects the arms. He is assisted by duly qualified sergeants from the active army, their principal duty being to attend to the drill and instruction of the corps.

Hitherto the infantry has been spoken of. The formation of Artillery Volunteer corps is sanctioned only when circumstances enable them to obtain suitable facilities for artillery practice. Great Britain is divided into artillery sub-districts, to each of which a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Artillery is appointed under the orders of the Officer commanding the Royal Artillery of the district.

The garrison batteries of the royal artillery and the militia artillery are formed in territorial divisions. Thus a brigade of the royal artillery has its depôt in Sunderland, and forms—with the Durham, Northumberland, and Yorkshire brigades of militia artillery, who have their head-quarters at Sunderland, Berwick, and Scarborough—the Northern division. With these are associated twelve corps of Volunteer artillery, having their head-quarters at Newcastle (2), Alnwick, Tynemouth, Scarborough, Hull, Middlesborough, Carlisle, Seaham, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield. The adjutants of these corps and the sergeant instructors are taken from the royal artillery and royal marine artillery.

They have officers in the proportion of one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, eight captains, and eight to twelve lieutenants, with a quartermaster and surgeon, to a corps of eight batteries, numbering from four hundred to six hundred and forty men, with a sergeant-major and two to three sergeants and three to four corporals per company. To obtain a certificate of proficiency the officers can go through a school of instruction at Woolwich, or be attached to a battery of the royal artillery, or a regiment of artillery

militia; or be examined by a board of officers—non-commissioned officers are examined by their own adjutants. They may form camps, by corps or by batteries at stations where gun-practice can be carried on.

The efficient artillery Volunteers in Great Britain number roundly 30,000, forming 62 corps.

Engineer Corps are formed, as a rule, of men whose business has filled or prepared them for the service of engineers, masons, carpenters, quarrymen, and the like.

They form part of the forces of the military districts, and are under the orders of the Commanding Royal Engineer of these. A corps of eight companies has the same establishment as a similar artillery corps in officers, but a larger number of enrolled men, its force being 480 to 800, averaging 80 per company, and their non-commissioned officers more numerous in proportion (sergeants two to three, corporals eight to ten). The three years' course of instruction in the business of engineers comprises the making of field works, the preparation of posts for defence, the construction of military bridges, batteries, magazines, and mines. The drills, for two years, are divided into twelve engineering and twenty-four other drills—afterwards six engineering and nine others, and the certificate of proficiency depends on the Engineer Volunteer in each year attending and duly profiting by these.

The Engineer Volunteers number roundly 9,000 efficient in 22 corps. Those admitted to a course of instruction go to Chatham for the purpose.

The Light Horse and Mounted Rifles, less than 300 in all, are too few to require specific description.

Of the whole force, 6,000 officers and 12,000 sergeants hold certificates of proficiency. A few other particulars may be mentioned.

Every corps, of whatever arm, is inspected once a year by an officer of the regular army duly appointed. Arrangements are made for the inspection by the general of the district, and time and place are made to suit the general convenience of the corps. Two-thirds of its numbers must be present, or the inspection is postponed. When a corps is in its regimental camp of exercise it is to be inspected in the camp. But when it joins a camp of exercise of the regular or militia forces, it is ~~not~~ to be inspected there (the number being too small for the purpose), but at its own head-quarters.

The Volunteers are not left altogether without assistance from the public to defray their necessary expenses. An annual allowance of 1*l.* 10*s.* is granted for every efficient Volunteer officer (who has attended a prescribed number of drills) and man, with a special additional allowance of 2*l.* 10*s.*, on account of each Volunteer officer or sergeant who holds a certificate of proficiency; and a special allowance of 10*s.* for every officer who has passed in the year the examination in tactics is granted for that year only. These sums go to the general fund.

Travelling expenses on a fixed scale are granted where companies attend drill at stations more than five miles from the head-quarters of the corps, and artillery corps receive extra allowances for conveyance of guns, or other expenses incidental to gun-practice. Officers receive travelling allowance when on military duty.

Every company or battery receives 4*l.* a year for postage and stationery. Army forms and books are supplied at the public expense, and also regulations, and manuals of instruction and exercise.

The artillery corps from their own funds provide the sites of batteries, obtain leases of them, throw up the earthworks, provide accommodation for a resident gunner to take charge of each, and pay for keeping them in repair. The Government provides side-arm sheds and expense of magazines.

Every corps is expected to provide a secure place for the custody of its small-arm ammunition, unless it can be placed in charge of ordnance store officers in Government buildings.

Every Volunteer receives a rifle, belt, and pouch. These they for the most part take with them to their homes. The Snider, hitherto their weapon, is being exchanged for the Martini-Henry.

Such then, briefly, are the conditions under which the volunteer force is constituted. It is important in other ways besides numbers.

The material of these two hundred and odd thousand is of superior quality. Londoners observe with considerable pride the workmanlike aspect of the battalions which march through the streets on their way to the drill ground. That the spirit they bring to the service is thoroughly national and patriotic is proved by the steadily increasing numbers enrolled, by the largely diminishing proportion of non-efficients, and by the zeal of officers and men. A large proportion of the officers are bent on extending their professional knowledge; they study the business of drill, administration, and command, they read military works, pass good examinations in tactics, and when in military camps show themselves capable of engaging, on even terms with regular officers, in the contests of the *Kriegspiel*. The men go into their work as if they enjoyed it, they give to it increasing proportions of their spare time, and while cases of insubordination are few, it is noted that the more strict the discipline of a corps the more ready is the obedience rendered. And when we remember that this is said of men who are under no obligation to continue to serve, it is a large tribute to their soldier-like quality. Lastly, we need not say that they are as a rule of superior education and intelligence; they consequently acquire a knowledge of their duties with unusual quickness, and it is to be expected, from the greater demand which modern war makes on the mental quality of the individual, that this would prove a great advantage before the enemy.

\* As to their proficiency in exercises as shown at reviews, manœuvres, and inspections, there is a good deal of important concurrent testimony to the effect that at present they work surprisingly well when associated with regular troops, and that within a period of training after being called out, which different authorities estimate differently, but not exceeding the length of the notice to be counted on before they would be called on to engage the enemy, they would be fit to meet foreign troops in the field.

This estimate is formed on the system of training now in practice. General Hamley thinks it likely that a larger proportion of time given to exercising in extended order would not only be more in unison with the requirements of the age, but also better suited to the utilization of the special qualities of the volunteer.

When revolutionary France confronted Europe in arms, recruits full of zeal and intelligence were plentiful, but time did not permit them to acquire the close and rigid movements of the trained battalions; they were therefore practised as skirmishers, and acted with such effect that that mode of fighting was henceforward a necessary feature of an engagement. With no less practical effect would the quick perceptions and individual alertness of Volunteers be specially applied to the extended order in which they would be called on to move against the enemy. It might have been thought that the ancient superstition known as "marching past," demanding much time in preparation, for no practical result, could have been dispensed with, in the case of men with so little time to spare; but it seems that the relations and acquaintances of the troops take especial pride in seeing them go by in serried ranks, and it is therefore probably a necessary concession, though about three hours of the day's work are thus taken up on Easter Mondays.

As to shooting: at present all volunteers use a range, where it is obtainable, up to 800 yards. But this is far beyond what is desirable for the majority. The number of men who can ever make good shooting at long ranges is small, and much time and ammunition are thrown away. It would probably have an excellent effect to limit the practice, of all but those likely to be fine marksman to 300 yards, at which range the rifle need not be elevated. By firing all their ammunition at ranges not exceeding this, the volunteer line would pour in an unusually effective fire at the distance practically adapted to the ordinary conditions of the battle field.

So far, then, the country has excellent reason to be satisfied with the volunteers. For their own efficiency they have done far more than could have been expected of them. At this point the responsibility passes from them, and the question arises: How are these two hundred thousand men to be so directed as to guard our shores and to assemble promptly on the line or lines of invasion.

In the first place, it is evident that to assemble the Volunteer corps, rifle in hand, at their different head-quarters, is only a first step towards meeting the enemy. They must be able to march, to encamp, to remain for any requisite time in positions where large bodies could no longer rely on the railways for supply; they must have haversacks, water-bottles, knapsacks, mess-tins, and cartridges; they must be accompanied by tents, provisions, ambulances, and ammunition. Where are these to come from? Can anybody indicate even the sources from which all these supplies could, with sufficient promptitude, be drawn? But to indicate the sources would be going only a very small way to the end. For how would this vast quantity of equipment, even if stored in existing depôts, be made available for the troops? To be ready for immediate use on an emergency the personal equipment must be stored at the head-quarters of corps. Magazines of ammunition should be formed at strategical points, that is to say, at points from whence their contents could be at once directed on several possible lines of invasion; and depôts of all that is necessary for the maintenance of armies in movement or in the field should also be established

at these points. Without all these, the spectacle of the Volunteers assembled by battalions and corps at their own 178 head-quarters all over the kingdom, waiting for all this indispensable material to be manufactured, collected, and conveyed, would be of itself sufficient to cause a general panic. The first step, then, towards making the Volunteers a competent army is to create stores of personal equipment at all these head-quarters for every man, and more than every man, in the regimental district, and to construct and fill the necessary depôts and magazines on all possible lines of invasion. These last, which need not amount to a great number, must be duly protected, and placed in charge of officials capable of directing the issue.

Now it is an unfortunate fact that this very first step is the one least likely to be accomplished.

All War Office officials are familiar with the process that goes on when the army estimates are to be brought under discussion. A mandate has gone forth for cutting them down by a certain figure. The easiest, the simplest expedient, that which will excite least remark and least inquiry, is to cut down the estimate for stores. Who knows anything about them, or cares anything about them? So fortifications are left indefensible, batteries without guns, the army without equipment—and nobody objects. Troops may march about the streets and appear on the parade ground while quite destitute of the material of war. It is different with the navy, which could not be left without equipment (except indeed in the matter of efficient guns), it is an inconvenient circumstance connected with ships that they cannot exist at all without supplies and equipment; so the only remedy in their case is to dispense with the ships.

General Hamley finds the reason of this disastrous neglect in the extraordinary means by which the war departments are administered. They are in the hands of ministers pledged to maintain the interests of a particular political chief and party—a vice in the system which does not reflect on one party more than another. It is not peculiar to the war departments that they postpone the interest of the country to the interests of the party.

There is no more powerful projectile with which to assail a political adversary than a charge of extravagance. Accordingly, at every crisis, the leaders use these missiles to bombard each other: "The right honourable gentleman's administration cost the country six millions more than that over which I had the honour to preside." "Not at all; the noble lord forgets that a much larger expenditure than that was entailed upon us by his own policy," &c., &c., to the great edification and delight of the hearers. If the speakers were to be perfectly frank on these occasions, like the inhabitants of the Palace of Truth, their avowals would take something of this character: "I found my best claim to your confidence on a remission of taxation. The expense of preparing for war is very irksome in time of peace. As I hope for peace in my time, the odium of meeting war without preparation will not fall upon me. I have therefore reduced this item of expense to the lowest point consistent with the maintenance of appearances. I have allowed the army to become a huge simulacrum. I have encouraged that cheapest of national defences, the volunteers, to enrol themselves, but chiefly at their own expense. I have withheld from them all that could render them of service in case of invasion. I have left the walls of our most important fortresses incapable of



resisting an attack ; for, to render these defensible, expensive works would be necessary. I have left the navy short of ships and the ships short of guns. While foreign Powers are vying with each other in the effort for military superiority, I have displayed in this respect a masterly inactivity. I am told that in given possible circumstances we might be invaded and even conquered. But let us hope that the contingency is remote, and not to be considered as of any importance in presence of the fact that I hope next year to take a penny off the income tax." Now, strange to say, it is by no means incredible that a popular minister might address an audience in these very terms, not merely without disapproval, but with applause. The political prescience of our real rulers is bounded by next quarter's taxes. Yet there have been (and they may come again) times when such a policy would have led not to Westminster but to the Tower.

The next proposal involves no expense, and relates only to the completion beforehand of the plans necessary for preparing to meet an invasion.

England, with London for the enemy's objective point, is a very compact, and not very extensive, theatre of war. Except along the southern shore, the points of possible landing are well marked and not numerous. Along that shore there exist wide spaces of beach where large forces might be landed at once ; points capable of being made into bases of operations need not be chosen, as the real bases might be French, Belgian, or Dutch ports, the short distance from whence to the place of landing would be crossed in a night with supplies and reinforcements. But, in all cases, the groups of roads which the enemy must use for the march upon London might be foreseen with exactitude. The whole area between the coast and the capital, divided into possible theatres of operation, must be carefully reconnoitred, and all its military features thoroughly recognised. The first position in each case should be as near the coast as possible. It might not, indeed almost certainly would not, be practicable to assemble a force sufficient to oppose a landing covered by the guns of the enemy's fleet, since there are so many places where demonstrations might be made in order to render the real point doubtful. But, the position selected, the movement of all the field troops in the district, of all kinds and all arms, upon that position should be laid down, and every march by road or rail, every order for the transfer from the depôts and magazines of the necessary material, should be anticipated. And as it might very well happen that a concentration on this first position might not be possible in view of the more rapid concentration of the invaders, the lines of movement on the next position should in the same way be calculated.

A piece of work of this kind was done by the students of the Staff College in 1877. It had been for several years the practice for the commandant to select a piece of country offering varied military features, and to plan a series of operations as taking place within its area. The officer-students were then employed as if under a general in actual war. Divided into parties, some on foot, some on horseback, they made reports of the roads, rivers, and railways, calculated the times of marching by road, or being entrained and despatched by rail ; devised additions to platforms, and regulated the transit of troops and baggage ; took up positions and placed beyond them a line of outposts. In the year named, some plans of defence having been sketched by the Intelligence Department, it was desired to complete by means of the officers of the college one of these plans. The rate at

which the enemy could land in boats at a certain part of the coast was calculated. The orders were thereupon issued; the nearest available troops, the force of which was known, were summoned to observe and oppose, in some degree, the landing; the enemy's first advance, and the measures for obstructing it were calculated; orders were issued (the writing of all orders was a part of the practice) for the concentration of the troop by rail and road; a first position was taken up on account of its strategical importance as the troops continued to arrive, and was assailed by the still faster increasing forces of the enemy; all our troops were then directed on a position of suitable extent in rear, those already engaged retiring upon it; the manning of the position by the whole force was then planned, the ground sketched, and the troops of the defensive lines and reserves represented thereon; and the line of outposts covering the front of the army was carefully placed and the due proportion of troops allotted to all its parts. This exercise when complete in all particulars was sent to the Intelligence Department.

Something of this nature has been in progress in the Intelligence Department for many years; and two considerable sections between London and the Coast have been completed. But the work is at present kept secret; and though secrecy has its advantages, a work so entirely unnoticed may, on occasion such as the demand elsewhere for the services of those engaged on it, be dropped altogether. Nor would an enemy find any difficulty in making his own plans, and in calculating with general accuracy what the British might be expected to do. If the work were openly conducted, those engaged in it would be under a deeper sense of responsibility, and their plans would benefit from the discussion and criticism of them in the army. But the considerations are secondary when compared with the step next advocated—namely, that when these schemes for defence are once finally settled, all the auxiliary forces should substitute for some ordinary drill a rehearsal, on the ground itself, of what they would actually have to do in time of war.

They should form camps near the places where they would be posted; should occupy in order of battle the line of the position; should see every outpost and every sentry posted—till there was not a company in the kingdom of the counties along the coast which would not have had the meaning of its existence vividly impressed on it by knowing its own place and its own part in the defence of its own locality. This would be infinitely more practical and more interesting than the ordinary autumn manœuvres; and it would cost nothing more than the present exercises of the militia and volunteers, except in compensation for any damages to fences, &c. By-and-bye some autumn bank-holiday might be substituted for the Easter Monday, and all the forces of at least the eastern and southern sections of the country, militia, volunteers, and regulars might be assembled at once as defensive armies. What foreigners would chiefly learn from contemplating this would be the useful lesson that we were thoroughly preparing ourselves for a strong defence.

The theory seems to be that the field army would be formed of the territorial corps, that is, such line battalions as might be at home, or their depôts, and militia, reinforced by the army and militia reserves, and that the garrison duties should be undertaken by Volunteers, whose primary function would be to guard the coasts of their own counties.

Happily, their number is far in excess of that required for our fortified ports and posts, and a very large proportion of these valuable troops would go to augment the field army. But it is none the less expedient to assign at once to the auxiliary forces, whose head-quarters are at or near posts of which they might form the garrisons, the duties which would devolve upon them. For instance, the 2nd and 3rd Hampshire Rifle Volunteers have their head-quarters at Southampton and Portsmouth; they number together about 2,200 efficients; the 1st Hampshire Volunteer Artillery is 1,270 strong. Supposing these might constitute suitable garrisons for four of the forts on Portsdown Hill, I would suggest that these troops should be enabled to substitute for some of their battalion and battery drills a rehearsal of the garrison duties, taking over a fort from the present garrison for the day, the rifles manning the defences and furnishing the guards and the artillery taking post in the batteries. It is especially necessary that these last troops should be exercised with the identical guns which they would serve when called out. Acquaintance with the exact weapon, projectile, ammunition, and equipment is, in these days of complicated engines of war, indispensable to making use of them at all; while the confusion of gun-detachments which, called suddenly to man the batteries, would have to learn where to look for all the necessary stores, need not be described. The Isle of Wight Rifle Volunteers number 670, and should be appropriated in a similar way to that section of the coast defences which is nearest their head-quarters. The Devonshire and the Cornish Rifle battalions, seven in all, number nearly 6,000 men; the three Artillery corps of these counties amount to near 2,000; and these might be at once assigned to take up, in due proportion, the defences of Plymouth, conveyance by rail being given, with other allowances, whenever the more distant corps can find a day for the purpose. It would not be necessary that entire battalions or corps should take up the work together on other than special occasions. When every part of these knows its own place, it may proceed to exercise in its own part of the works, or its own battery, whenever an opportunity is found for the assembly of its members. I use examples only to give point to the suggestion. The consideration of an entire scheme might, of course, lead to modifications; but I think the soundness of the principle of making the men acquainted with their special duties cannot be disputed.

Next, as to the special advantages which an army defending an island enjoys over one crossing the sea to invade it, and how these might be improved to the utmost:

First, the facilities of communication would be all in favour of the defence.

While the invader must at first depend entirely on the transport which he can land, we shall have railways, roads, and, it is to be hoped, a large transport corps (which, however, must probably be improvised from the vehicles of the

district, escorted by yeomanry), at our command. But to render these available it is indispensable that the exact use to be made of every item of rail, road, and transport should be laid down beforehand, with reference to the identical troops which in the first instance are to use it. I believe that the data for plans for railway transport of troops in given districts have been submitted to members of the corps of Engineer and Railway Transport Volunteers to be worked out. These gentlemen are very eminent civil engineers bearing military rank—gentlemen whose names we are all familiar with in connection with the most important and remarkable public works of the time ; but I do not know what special opportunities they may have had (unless when one may be a director of a company) of mastering the details of the regulation and service of trains on particular railways, which is the essential matter, and which I should have been inclined to entrust to the railway officials on whom the actual execution will devolve.

Next, it is to be considered that the horses of a great army would occupy a vast amount of transport, and their numbers would be kept down to the lowest limit possible in the invading force.

We, on the other hand, should have all the horses and forage in the theatre of war at command, and should find no difficulty in employing all that could be used with advantage. We have some 8,000 yeomanry who might do excellent service—not perhaps in manœuvring against and encountering regular cavalry, for which the time they can give to training must be all too little to fit them, but in orderly escort, and outpost duties. But besides these services, I believe they might play highly important part if they were trained as mounted riflemen. Many years ago I published the opinion that such a force might at a small cost produce great results. I am told that a prejudice exists on the part of at least some portion of the force to being trained in this way. But I believe that fuller knowledge would remove this. I do not now consider the subject for the first time, and continue to believe that the nature of the service would render it especially popular with the active, the enterprising, and ambitious. Men like Sir Herbert Stewart—an admirable horseman and full of dash—would make ideal commanders of bodies of these, which, under such leading, would neutralise greatly superior forces of the enemy, and might be expected to deal strokes of the most decisive effect. I can hardly doubt, therefore, that if the yeomanry were trained as mounted infantry they would add immensely to their value as a national force.

Again, the enemy's march would be accompanied only by field artillery ; the difficulty of horsing and moving heavier guns would be too great for him, while the defenders' guns of position would be of immense advantage in a pitched battle.

Batteries of 40-pounders, placed on commanding ground, would defeat what must be the first endeavour of the enemy, namely, to crush our artillery with his own before launching his infantry to the attack. An artillery duel is almost of necessity a prelude to a general action, and it may be said that if the assailant falls in it he has but small chance of gaining the day. It would be a most important step accomplished, therefore, to complete the step already in progress, of giving these guns, with their full equipment, as soon as possible into the charge of the Artillery Volunteer Corps, who would use them in action, so that they might be thoroughly practised in the service of this kind of ordnance. Sheds should be built for the guns, stores for their equipment, and magazines for their

ammunition, near the destined places of the batteries in the line of battle, which places they should be made to occupy on days of specially complete exercise. We possess, I believe, a practically unlimited number of these guns, so that supposing a sufficient number to be (and a large number are) on travelling carriages, all the Volunteer and Militia Artillery available for the field army might be supplied with them. The position thus armed, the more mobile field artillery of the regular army would be disposable to augment the fire of the front or to manœuvre, and an invader must be greatly superior in other ways to contend with success against such a preponderance of artillery.

The task of the Engineer Volunteers attached to the land forces would chiefly be to entrench the positions.

With this view they, like the rest, should have their places assigned according to their localities, and should spend some part of their time of training in becoming so familiar with the sites of the shelter trenches and batteries which they would be called on to construct, that every company would thoroughly know its work and be capable of rehearsing it on its own exercising ground. But there are other modes of employing a part of the force usefully. A scheme has been for some time in progress for defending our navigable rivers by submarine mines in charge of the Engineer Volunteers whose homes are along the banks. They are receiving the necessary instructions from the Royal Engineers, and the plan has made such progress that corps have already been assigned to defend in this way four of our rivers—the 1st Newcastle and Durham Engineers are entrusted with these defences for the Tyne, the 1st Lancashire for the Mersey, the 1st Lanark for the Clyde, and the 1st Gloucester for the Severn.

The general scheme of preparation would include a register of all the means of transport in the form of horses, wagons, and carts in the various localities, and the assignment of these to what would be their special duties, and to the troops which each part of them would accompany in the field.

The question of the necessity of making London safe by means independent of the armies in the field can never be left out in considering the defence of England. After dismissing as impracticable, mainly on the score of expense, the scheme of surrounding the capital with detached forts, permanently built and armed, General Hamley proposes as a preferable course the designing of a line of positions round London.

Taking at first the most vulnerable sides, this line might start from Claybury Hill, in Essex on the Roding, to the Thames about Barking; thence, south of the Thames, following either the line marked by the heights of Plumstead and Shooter's Hill, to Bromley, or, if it were judged necessary to preserve Woolwich from the chances of fire, the more forward front of Erith, Bexley, Chislehurst, Bromley, and on by Beckenham, Upper Norwood, and Wimbledon to Kingston Hills, from whence the Thames would be the front of defence to Kew; thence, north of the river by Acton, Willesden, Muswell Hill, Tottenham, Woodford, to the completion of the circuit at Claybury. Within this circuit, of some fifty miles in extent, positions must be chosen, each including a group of roads leading upon the capital from a possible landing-place. Now it is not to be supposed that London would ever be attacked all round at once. The troops of the sides unattacked—presumably the northern and western would therefore

be available as reserves to the rest. On this basis 60,000 men might defend London. It is essential that the troops appropriated to this service should have their head-quarters within, or very little outside, the circle of defence.

Thirty-six battalions of Volunteer Rifles have their head-quarters well within the line, mostly in London itself; these number 25,000. Two of the Essex battalions, numbering about 1,300, are also within it. The London division of Artillery Volunteers is 3,300 strong. This force of artillery men would suffice for 160 guns (forty-pounders) which would amply supply batteries for the positions. But the infantry would need to be considerably augmented.

It is no peculiarity of the present plan, but common to all schemes for the defence of London, to require that a large force shall be available for that purpose only. My estimate is far below others when I take it at 60,000 men. This would involve the raising of 30,000 fresh Volunteers within the circuit, which, with those already enumerated, would form the guards of London. I believe that the universal encouragement and stimulus which the general scheme set forth in this paper would give to the Volunteers would render the addition of this number to the London division quite feasible. The Engineers of the defence would play an important part; the Middlesex and Tower Hamlets Engineer Volunteers number 1,400; the great building contractors and their workmen, who would be thrown out of employment by an invasion, should be enrolled in addition; and the whole force of this branch should be appropriated to parts of the line, and should practise exactly the works necessary for the defence of those parts—the shelter trenches, field works, preparation of buildings and streets—as previously planned by those charged with the scheme of defence—so that, when occasion should arise for executing what was already completely designed, every company would know and fulfil its own share.

I do not, of course, pretend that this force of 60,000 would be nearly sufficient to surround London with troops. But, as already said, it is not to be supposed that this could ever be necessary. A position from Claybury Hill to the Thames near Barking, six miles, would, when duly prepared, be amply furnished with 20,000 men and 60 guns, and would bar the approaches from the Essex coast. Another position (the longer of the two before indicated) from Erith, by Bexley and Chislehurst to Bromley, nine miles, would close all the roads to London from an invader landing anywhere from the mouth of the Thames to Hastings, and this line could be held by 30,000 men with 90 guns. Thus our most vulnerable sides would be at once secured, with 10,000 men still in reserve. Again, if the invasion, altogether south of the Thames, were to embrace the coast line from the mouth of the Thames to Chichester, the same troops, with the remaining 10,000, would continue the line from Bromley, by Norwood and Streatham, to Tooting. The line of defence from Wimbledon, by Kingston Hill, to Kew, on a curve of nine miles, would bar all advance from an area of invasion between Southampton and the Land's End. By the employment of these London guards on the front or fronts menaced, not only would the metropolis be secure from such bodies as might evade the field army, but the main body of the invaders, after breaking through the field army, might be held till our forces could again combine against it. Moreover, there would then be no need for our field army directly to cover London, and the advantage of basing it on some other point

would be easily demonstrable. Thus, based on Portsmouth, and posted across the Brighton Downs above the river Arun, it would oblige an invader landing near Brighton to wheel round to attack it, when, if the enemy were decisively defeated, he would not regain his landing-place.

Returning to the general subject it is observable that the Volunteers are not always most numerous where most needed. Thus in Scotland there are 45,000, and in the Midlands of England only 20,000, and a more serious feature of the case is that the counties most exposed to attack are far from being the strongest in the numbers of their Volunteers.

While Manchester, for instance, supplies nearly 8,000 and Derbyshire 3,500, Essex has only four battalions, two of which have been assigned in this scheme to the defence of London, while the others would be needed for the forts on the Thames; the East Kent Corps at Woolwich and Blackheath would also be needed for river defence, leaving only the 2,100 West Kent for the field in that great and exposed county; Sussex has only 1,600, while the Hampshire force would only serve to man a few of the works of Portsmouth. I would therefore point out the expediency of increasing the Volunteers of Essex, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Surrey (most of the Surrey Corps are in London) till each should make up its quota of the field army to at least 5,000; that is to say, that the total additional numbers contributed by those five counties should be, say, 22,000. These, with the regular active force, the regular reserve, the militia and its reserve, and the yeomanry, supported by the numbers already computed as available from Scotland and the midland counties, would at once enable us to confront an invader, in the field and in fortresses, with a most sufficient army, while guarding London with its separate force. And it is easy to imagine circumstances in which a large proportion of the rest of the Volunteers would be free to reinforce those in the field. I am assured that nothing is needed, but the feeling that they are a reality, to induce the Volunteers generally largely to extend their term of service, so that the recruits, who come in plenty, would be in augmentation, not in replacement; while the passed men might be induced extensively to re-enrol themselves.

The approximate expense of these proposed measures is thus estimated:—The field equipment of each Volunteer would cost 2*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* per man at regulation prices. The 52,000 additional Volunteers would cause an addition of 107,000*l.* to the cost of the existing force. The strategically placed magazine and store centres are put down at 25,000*l.* a centre,—or 125,000*l.* in all. Additional small magazines, gun sheds, drill sheds would reach 100,000*l.* A year's work on the general plan of defence might cost 25,000*l.* Total on round numbers 800,000*l.*

It is desirable that the nation should awake to a sense of the force which it possesses, and which might be such a power for defence.

I am confident that most readers will be astonished to find what a weapon we hold, and what we might achieve with it. I can only regard it as a piece of good

fortune that would have been incredible if not real. Self-formed, and springing from the ranks and the will of the people, it is more than commonly secure from the operation of crotchets and mal-administration. In endeavouring to complete its efficiency I have suggested nothing which would not make us a large return for a small outlay. We might make a beginning at once, and so give the world a much-needed assurance that we are a practical people capable of opposing the evils which threaten us. It is the fashion to call our navy our first line of defence; but this refers only to material means. Our first line of defence should be the respect of Europe.

**TURKEY AND ENGLAND.**—Hobart Pasha is a brave and unwearied champion of the country of his adoption. His object in this short article is, "to bring before the English people the necessity of a firm alliance being made between England and Turkey, and the advantages, both present and future, which they will gain thereby." This is the remedy he would propose for existing evils, the only way out of the present *impasse* in which the English Government finds itself with regard to its position in the East.

Without discussing recent events in the Soudan, or remarking on the delicate and equivocal position which England holds in Egypt, Hobart Pasha proceeds to take a bird's-eye view of England's status as a great Mahommedan power.

We have doubtless done much to weaken this power, and alienate these races, many of which, however, are still our submissive dependents, and all of which, without much effort, and while acting in accordance with our old traditions, we might utilise in a manner so clearly beneficial that it is astounding to me that any reminder is necessary to guide the English Government in the right direction. Our Government seems to have got into a careless way of ignoring the very existence of the great Mahommedan races in Turkey and its dependencies (which in actual numbers, including our Indian subjects, nearly equal all the Christian nations put together). It seems as though they had been advised by men who are ignorant and unpatriotic enough to tell us that the support and allegiance of the Turkish Moslems is neither desirable nor useful.

It is almost superfluous to state that the men who have made England what she is have regarded an alliance with the Sultan as a political necessity concerning which there could hardly be any serious dispute. In European diplomacy this has long been considered as an axiom. It has ever been the object of Russia to destroy this friendship. The manœuvres by which she effected that object in 1876 are so well known at the present day that any further comments on them are unnecessary. It is sufficient to point out that the rage of the people all over England was stirred up artificially against the Turks. They were reviled from pulpits, platforms, and barrels; village spouters and public-house politicians, taking their cue from orators and statesmen, were never tired of ranting and railing against Mahommedans in general and Turks in particular. The Eastern question degenerated from a political question into a party cry. At this time Lord Beaconsfield was in power, and his opponents made full use of the clamours against Turkey, and stirred to the



utmost the already excited masses ; the action of the Government was crippled, and before the eyes of the country were opened, and before the English people saw how cleverly they had been befooled, the Treaty of Berlin had inflicted a blow upon Turkey, the effects of which will, perhaps sooner than some of us think, be felt upon the Indian frontier.

But the kernel of England's dispute with Turkey was the unfortunate repudiation of the Ottoman debt. This also we owe to Russia.

It was brought about, as everyone knows perfectly well now-a-days, by the cunning of the Russian ambassador. The surest way of exciting a man's hatred is to touch his pocket. It was remarked by Thackeray, no superficial observer of human nature, that a dispute about twenty pounds would set the happiest family at loggerheads, and would change the dearest friends into the bitterest enemies. Thus it was with England and her old ally. This act of bankruptcy obliterated, in a single day, the friendship of a century.

It is no part of the writer's intention to dispute the justice of the universal opinion as to the system of administration in Turkey ; but he has a few words of palliation to utter for the faults which he will not endeavour wholly to defend.

I could expatiate on the fact that other governments besides that of Turkey are often weighed and found wanting. I do not intend to dwell upon the question, as to how Turkey carried out her part of the Treaty of Berlin ; all I will say on that head is, that while there is a constant cry of " Why does not Turkey respect treaties and keep her engagements ? " it is rare indeed that one hears a word as to why engagements made by other Powers, signators to that Treaty, are still unexecuted. No one ever examines into such questions ; if they did they would understand that it is almost impossible for Turkey to play what may be called a one-sided game. I will give only one example : Turkey is supposed by her treaty engagements to expend considerable sums of money in carrying out reforms in Asia Minor, Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia are told off by the Treaty of Berlin to pay her certain tributes. These tributes are *not* paid, and, so far as I can see, never will be paid.

No contradiction is apprehended for the statement that the inhabitants of Turkey, the Turks pure and simple, are one of the finest races, physically and otherwise, that the earth has produced.

They are a God-fearing, sober, brave, unselfish people, who can be the best of friends, and, unless interfered with as regards their religion, the enemies of no man. They have been accustomed till lately to look upon the English as their friends. Wherever a Briton went, he was, and is still, well treated. That the Turks are courageous in the extreme no one doubts for a moment, and that bravery might, were there a good understanding between the two countries, be utilised to an enormous degree, for half a million of the finest troops in the world would be available at a moment's notice. Turkey and England together could defy the universe, and English reserves or colonial volunteers need never be required in times of war. The Sultan of Turkey is one of the most remarkable men of his age, and if encouraged instead of severely lectured and bitterly censured by some of those accredited to his court, deceived and led

the wrong way by others, and at times badly advised by his confidants (I do not refer to those now near the throne), he would prove himself in the eyes of the world a very great sovereign. Then, again, an English alliance would at once put a stop to the present system of robbery—there is no other word to express what has gone on during the last five years as regards Turkey's outlying provinces. This system will lead, *must* lead, to a great European war. A Turkish alliance would stop all these depredations, and I do not think that any one can disagree with me when I say that both parties would equally benefit by it. Obstacles will crop up daily to prevent this alliance; the present very unwarranted action of Italy complicates matters (for my part I hope they will find it too warm down there to make a long stay agreeable), and distant growlings warn us that other countries are already looking out for a share of the coveted flesh-pots.

It may now be considered what will be the consequences if England does not accept what Hobart Pasha believes to be Turkey's last efforts, made to-day through the special mission of Hassam Fehmy Pasha, to arrive at a renewal of friendly feeling with England. There is an Arab story of a man who, when drowning, grasped at a venomous snake to save himself. The snake bit him, and the poison very soon worked its fatal effect. Though the man knew the snake to be venomous, he took hold of it in order that he might prolong his life, were it ever so little. This is what the Turks must do when they are perfectly satisfied that England means to desert them; knowing they are about to sink, they will hold on to Russia.

Now let us mark the end. That great nation, steadily and sternly bent on conquest, aware that to exist she must have distraction for her badly governed people, will promise everything to her future victim. She will go so far as to guarantee Constantinople, and even will suggest *holding it for Turkey* against all comers. Assisted of course by her future victim's armies and navies, enabled by the magnificent forts of the Dardanelles to keep out all adversaries, Russia would defy the world. Turkey might be allowed by Russia to live perhaps for several years in a fool's paradise, and then . . . In the meantime, Turks, Turcoman tribes, the inhabitants of the frontiers of Persia and the shores of the Red Sea, and the lands between Bagdad and Herat, would become the allies of Russia; and Lord Dufferin, or whoever may succeed him as Viceroy of India, must prepare for *dictation* instead of *negotiation* from the great northern conqueror.

Against these advantages of an alliance with the Turks what counterbalancing disadvantages can arise.

To my mind absolutely none. I regret deeply to see the daily growing coolness between the two countries. I do not think that matters have gone so far that they cannot be remedied. The greatest obstacle, in my opinion, is that nobody in England seems at the present moment to *care about anything*. There is a degree of *laissez aller* about every one which is leading gradually to a kind of national suicide. Just ask an Englishman to shut his eyes and imagine the Russians predominant at the Dardanelles, our road to India cut off, our commerce

in the East destroyed. Would that Englishman care sixpence? Upon my word, I am afraid not.

As to the Turkish People, Hobart Pasha has lived among them for fifteen years, and is proud to proclaim himself their champion.

As soldiers and sailors they are unrivalled when well commanded. As peasants they are industrious, long-suffering, and good. In their religion they are sincere, and never fanatical unless roused to be so by ill-usage and sneers at their faith. Let the sportsman, the traveller, or the antiquarian in pursuit of pleasure or business find himself among the real Turks in Anatolia or elsewhere, and he will be safe as to his person and property, and receive every kindness and hospitality; whereas, when he goes among the Christians settled in Turkey, he will frequently be robbed, and always under the levy of black-mail. Accusations have been made against the Turks of cruelty and ill-usage, which have been exaggerated sometimes to a ludicrous degree—such as when a reverend divine reported that he actually saw a man *impaled*, who turned out to be a fisherman sitting on a pole watching for fish to enter his net. Seriously speaking, the statistics of crime committed in Turkey by Turks would bear favourable comparison with those of many so-called enlightened nations. I have always advocated that England should bear in mind what a splendid race she might have for allies by using a little kindness and tact. Somehow or other these people have been impressed from long ages with the idea that England and the English are their national friends and protectors; and sad indeed will be the time when that idea, already inclined to wane, shall be altogether banished from their thoughts.

As to the women of Turkey, people are, as in most cases, regarding eastern affairs, generally misinformed.

A Turkish woman is a good wife and a kind mother. If the rules of the harem are strictly observed, as is always the case, then she has more time to attend to her domestic duties. It is rare in these days to find a Turk with more than one wife, although his religion allows him to have more, as it did to Abraham and his descendants for many generations. The children of Turks are well brought up; in fact, in most families of position foreign governesses and tutors are employed. As regards the education of the lower classes, it is interesting to see the strings of little Turkish children toddling off to school every morning. These schools, of which there are many hundreds, not to say thousands, in Turkey, have been introduced and supported by His Majesty the Sultan. French and English are taught, and a stranger would indeed be astonished if he attended at a half-yearly examination of the children and saw the progress made by these naturally intelligent little creatures. I have seen more than a thousand boys and girls working at the new printing establishment lately set up also under the auspices of the Sultan, in a way that would delight even the great people in Printing House Square. I again ask, why not encourage and ultimately profit by the friendship of such people?

The advocate of Turkey has purposely refrained from saying anything that might tend to irritate the feeling of those who, while having certain vested rights in Africa, ought not to advance them

at such a crisis as has now been reached on the affairs of the Soudan and Egypt. He feels the greatest confidence that when this sad campaign is finished every justice will be done to all concerned. His object has been to call the attention of Englishmen to the fact that England may, if she will, with very little effort on her part, establish on a firm footing a lasting friendship with most valuable ally, with a people whose friendship is worth to her all the gold in Australia. To lose such an ally would be an act of little less than madness.

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**SOME ASPECTS OF THE SALVATION ARMY. I. *Organisation and Finances.***—The Salvation Army is established on a military basis with a general, a staff, head-quarters, uniforms, military music, ensigns, captains, lieutenants, cadets, cannonades, bombardments, &c. There is an English organ "The War Cry" and a French *En avant* (Forwards!), with its motto Blood and Fire (*i.e.*, the blood of salvation and the fire of the Holy Ghost).

Everything is founded on command and obedience, and all owe and yield blind submission to the general.

The whole movement is incorporated in the person of the General; he holds all the threads in his hands. His influence extends from the highest to the lowest grades. He is an absolute monarch, and the monarchy is his own creation; the organization, and the whole construction of the "Army," are mainly the offspring of his own brain. He superintends the most minute details, manages the expenditure, appoints the officers, degrades and cashier them at pleasure. He draws up all the order books, and decides all quarrels. In short, he is an unconscious plagiarist of the General of the Jesuits. We do not, however, intend by this to accuse him of Jesuitism, though many do. It is needless to say that only a man of intellectual force can hold a position of such danger and responsibility with any success. General Booth is evidently endowed with the necessary gifts, more especially a profound knowledge of human nature and a remarkable power for organization.

He is very materially assisted in his colossal undertaking by his energetic wife, who is greatly beloved by the Army, and possesses remarkable oratorical faculties

and attractive manners. He is also greatly aided by his three sons and three daughters ; the eldest of the latter, a young woman twenty-four years of age, conducted the operations of the Army in Paris, and afterwards in Switzerland, from which country, as our readers will, no doubt, remember, she was expelled. The highest as well as the lowest grades in the Salvation Army are equally open to men and women. The female uniform is of the plainest and most unadorned character. That of the men consists of a very simple dark-blue coat, turned up with red, reaching to the hips. On the collar it has a gilt "S," signifying "Salvation," though the enemies of the movement prefer reading it as "Satan." The men, if they please, wear a bright red sailor's guernsey under the jacket. The whole country is, according to the Salvation geography, mapped out into thirteen "divisions," each of which is subject to a major, whose duties consist in conducting and overseeing the operations of all the corps belonging to the division, in carrying the war into new localities, and in dismissing such officers as become unfit for their position. Each corps is under the command of a captain supported by one or two lieutenants. The captains and lieutenants are bound to conduct the proceedings, religious services, and meetings, to instruct the new candidates for the rank of officer, and to devise and carry out new and effectual methods of saving souls. Each captain or lieutenant is shifted every six months or so, in order that there may be no danger of his falling into an old groove, or of his "acquiring a stronger affection for persons and places than for God and the Salvation War."

The officers are raised from the ranks of the soldiers, being recommended first by the major of the division. After a series of questions put by the general, they are sent, if approved, to the training barracks at Clapton, where, after remaining some two months' they go as lieutenants into the field on trial. They are paid from the army funds, an unmarried captain receiving 21s., a married one 27s. per week ; a female captain receives 15s.

And what are the duties undertaken for this poor salary ? Every officer is bound to conduct from nineteen to twenty-five religious services, taking from thirty to thirty-five hours weekly, and devote eighteen hours to "house-to-house visiting," apart from the many other obligations connected with his new vocation. His is, therefore, no sinecure, which leads General Booth to conclude that egoistical, self-interested individuals, lovers of money and ease, are not very likely to become officers to any considerable number. In giving up his previous occupations, every aspirant to the rank of officer must be all the more capable of self-sacrifice, as he knows that in case of not satisfying the requirements of his probation he will receive no appointment, and, that in the best of cases, he will, as we have said, be transferred from corps to corps every six months.

One of the officers' duties is to draw up weekly reports of the doings of their corps, which are printed in the *War Cry*, and a volume of which, entitled "The Salvation War, 1882," was issued some time ago by head-quarters, giving a series of reports of the "conquest" of various towns in England, India and America.

Financially the army is in a flourishing condition. Its income arises chiefly from three sources :—

(a) Local contributions of the soldiers and officers, and collections made at the Salvation meetings ; the sums thus obtained serve to meet the local expenses of each individual corps, such as, for example, the hire of halls where the Army does not possess a building of its own, the maintenance of the local officers, &c. It should here be mentioned that the pay of the officers is not guaranteed ; they are obliged, when entering the service, to sign a written declaration to the effect that they have no legal claim on the property of the Army. At the same time, there is a tacit understanding that, in case the collections of the local corps are insufficient, the salary is made up at head-quarters if there are funds in hand ; and, as a matter of fact, the local collections are almost always sufficient to meet every outlay. (b) Annual subscriptions and private donations sent into head-quarters by friends of the movement among the public. These sums are devoted to the general expenditure of the undertaking, such as salaries and expenses of the "staff" (*i.e.* the highest officials employed at head-quarters), and of the majors, the first cost of opening new stations, the maintenance of the training barracks, the travelling expenses of the officers, the printing of the Army's publications, &c., but specially the purchase and erection on a large scale of buildings for general meetings, of shops, offices, barracks, &c. (c) The profit of the publications of the Army (newspapers, books, and pamphlets). These sums are employed in the same manner as b.

Of all the army property the general has complete control, but there is a deed enrolled in Chancery securing it to the army. Its books are open to the public inspection, and are supervised by a well-known firm of accountants, who testify that General Booth has never received a penny by way of emolument. His means are derived from an independent source. Head-quarters furnish attested balance sheets annually.

**II. *Achievements and Successes.***—To win over the lower classes, the army finds it necessary to descend to their level ; but that good results have been achieved cannot be denied.

Notorious drunkards kneel at the "penitent's form," brawlers preach Christian humility, criminals who have bidden defiance to the law and the police bear open testimony of the success of the efforts of the "Salvation Army" from the platforms of their places of meeting. In many towns the profits of the public-houses and of the pawnshops are considerably lowered after their "conquest" by one of their corps, while the gains of the butchers increase in the same proportion.

In the provinces public houses are sometimes closed altogether, either because their occupation is gone, or because their owners have themselves been converted by the Army. (This sounds incredible, but it has repeatedly occurred.) In all the towns in which the Salvationists have been highly successful, tradesmen and shopkeepers are paid old debts which they had long crossed out as irrecoverable. Quarrels between enemies or relations which have lasted for years are made up ; those concerned proceed from the "penitent's form" to the injurers or the injured party, confess their share in the wrong, and become reconciled. Other converts pay back in instalments to their employers sums of which they had robbed them without their knowledge ; they often submit to the greatest

privations in order to be able to do this. A superintendent of the Manchester police said to a female "captain :—" "You have obtained wonderful results. You have altered the habits of the lower orders so much that we have very little to do now. You have exercised so great an influence even over the police, that they are not cursing and swearing half as much as formerly. Thousands of people pay their old debts, dress their wives and children better, and are, according to the testimony of their employers, better servants than before."

The army's prosperity is remarkable ; the sale of its publications rises rapidly ; its immoveable property amounts to £150,000.

On the 3rd of July 1882 it numbered 320 corps, 766 officers, 6 village stations, and a weekly average of 6,120 services. On the 5th of July 1883, 530 corps, 1,300 officers, 240 village stations, and 11,640 meetings weekly. From Headquarters, consisting of about fifty rooms (over the roof waves a blood-red banner with the motto "The world for Jesus") as many as 850 letters, on an average, are despatched and received every day.

Of the organs of the Army (*War Cry*, "*En Avant*," *Little Soldier*, *The Auxiliary Indian War Cry*, *Australian War Cry*, &c.) an aggregate of almost 600,000 copies is sold weekly. Sixty-four thousand pounds have been spent in buildings during the last year. The income amounted to £57,000 in 1881, £80,000 in 1882, and in 1883 it reached the sum of £1,20,000, and this comprises only the moneys given by donors for the general expenditure of the Army, not those collected for local purposes.

The causes of this success are many and varied. It is mainly due, however, to three circumstances : (1) the ability and energy of the leaders ; (2) the strict prohibition of strong liquors ; (3) its persecutions.

The patience of the general's subjects under the inconveniences imposed upon them induce people to believe in their earnestness, while the roughs and the Skeleton Army were their best advertisements.

More numerous are the causes of the army's evangelising successes :—

1. The organisatory talents of the general and the personal qualities of his wife. Mr. Booth possesses genuine eloquence, an astonishing facility in coining words, with alternations of passion and humour, which are powerful means of persuasion.

2. The confidence of the League in their general, and their devotion to his guidance.

3. The military organisation, which exercises a singular power on uncultivated minds, which acquiesce by preference in the rules of a severe discipline.

4. The noise, the showy processions, the uproarious services, the startling banners, and the discordant music.

5. The jovial element which reigns in the newspapers, posters, sermons, handbills, &c.



Their press organs are filled with extraordinary illustrations and letterpress of a highly comic character ; the books, hymns, and sermons, as we have seen, are entirely conceived in what Mrs. Booth styles the "language of the people." An article in the *War Cry* was headed "Jumbo and Jesus." In one of the Salvation hymns the prophet Elijah is called "a jolly old man" who ascends to heaven "in a fiery van." A Salvationist said, "Isn't God always in a row?" These profane utterances cannot astonish us when we remember that the Army consists chiefly of the lower dregs of the people who retain their characteristic manner of expressing themselves, which style of address is, besides, more attractive than the smooth, unctuous words of the ordinary missionary. The familiar and jovial phraseology adopted by the Army is decidedly the best means of conversion that Booth could devise ; therefore he is not likely to give it up, not to say that he could not do so if he would. He impresses on his officers and soldiers the necessity of employing a telling style of language in their addresses to the people and their reports for the *War Cry*.

6. The publicity of all their proceedings. The weekly publication of the reports from the various districts, of the addresses of the general and his wife, of "Salvation Hymns" contributed by the soldiers, &c.—works upon the susceptible multitude as the continual dropping of water does on a stone ; besides the contagious effect of the publicity of the daily life of the converts, who are immediately enlisted in mission work.

7. The constant repetition of the same proceedings at the Salvation meetings.

There, lively songs are over and over again sung at the top of the voice to noisy music ; over and over again the hearers are invited to come and be saved through Jesus ; over and over again numerous penitents declare publicly how happy they have been since their conversion to Christ. With persons of culture and taste, passive impressions lose their force by dint of repetition. Booth has discovered that the case is quite the reverse, either with those whose adherence after their enlistment he is anxious permanently to secure, or with those whom he is seeking to gain over to his cause. It might be supposed that the "soldiers" and those sinners who attend so many meetings would sooner or later get tired of the thing ; but in reality these repetitions seem to have the effect of increasing more and more the enthusiasm of the Salvationists, while the sinners to be saved become more and more susceptible instead of being hardened by custom. Most of them go at first to the Salvation services only for the "fun" of the thing, and afterwards find themselves caught in the trap which they had despised.

8. The zeal and earnestness of the "Salvationists," and their wonderful enthusiasm, which proves highly contagious.

9. The association of women in the mission work, which has an attractive and curiosity-awakening interest.

10. The necessity for self-sacrifice, which stimulates the zeal and activity of the "soldiers." From suffering, faith and fanaticism gain strength.

III. *Pro and Con.*—We cannot wonder that the movement, while exciting large sympathy, also meets with strong disapproval. Madame de Gasperin and Lord Shaftsbury have designated it “a work of the devil.” A large number of the clergy, however, are convinced that the good outweighs the evil, and “Church Armies” have been called into existence, though with but little success. The objections of respectable religionists to the Army and its doings are mainly these :—

1. The military accoutrements and machinery, which are regarded as opposed to the Apostolic methods of proclaiming the Gospel. To such objections the General's wife replies in a pamphlet entitled “Recent Criticism on the Salvation Army” :—

Men have found out that people are so busy, so pre-occupied with their own affairs, that if their attention is to be gained for any great worldly enterprise, it must be pressed on them by puff and push, and especially if it be any great social or philanthropic question, and everybody thinks it quite right to agitate till attention is secured. Now, why should we not do so with religion? You say men ought, as a matter of conscience, to attend to that. Granted; but they do not, they will not. They will not even go to your sanctuaries to hear about it; they will not read your tracts or religious papers. What is to be done? Is it not better to use all innocent means of puff and push in order to awaken their interest and attention than to leave them asleep in sin, to post down to hell?

We think it is, and we don't think it matters in the least whether a man is induced to come to hear the Gospel by a red poster or a white one, or by a bill with Beelzebub on it or Hallelujah lasses, or the Rev. this, or the Right Rev. the other. In this matter, too, the churches adopt other kinds of puff and push: they build the grandest buildings in our towns and cities, they have spires, bells, choirs, &c., and if it is argued these are to attract one class of people, why may we not condescend to more vulgar methods to attract another class? These are all matters of taste.

2. The jocoseness and irreverence of their sermons, newspapers, hymns, and books. Canon Farrar and Cardinal Manning regard this point as a grave danger, on the principle that low words generate low thoughts, and that levity deadens reverence.

Some city missionaries, also, assert that in the taverns—where formerly amidst all their coarseness and indecency, religious subjects were left out of the question—the Salvation Army is now a target for endless laughter and jeering while all names usually held sacred, and the best human feelings and hopes, are turned into ridicule. “Naturally,” says Miss Cobbe, in an article in the *Contemporary Review* for August 1882, “the publicans delight in holding the Salvation Army up to the contempt of their customers. It is a great misfortune to see worship parodied, and consequently repentance and penitence made the objects of frivolous public-house jests.”

The withers of the leaders of the movement are unwrung by these accusations. They always reply that the ordinary “mild” missionary measures have not the desired result; that good taste does not go down with the roughs; that

revolutions are not made with rose-water : that, therefore, strong measures must be taken without regard to "decorum" ; that where eternal interests are at stake, it would be absurd to be fastidious as to the means ; that, besides, the soldiers and officers are incapable of using a less popular language than that to which they have always been accustomed ; that they have never learned the virtue of self-restraint in their oratory ; that it would be difficult for them to lay aside the "familiar want of respect" which characterized their former way of life.

An instructive account of the "Salvationists," at the same time a palliation of the jovial element so repulsive to many in their style of praying and preaching, is to be found in an Indian paper, *The Indian Witness* :

"The apparent familiarity, the free-and-easiness with which these men address the Deity, appears to us to result from their extraordinarily vivid realization of His continued presence. Ordinary worshippers only approach God occasionally, and when they do so they feel it a solemn thing to enter His presence, and accordingly a thing not to be done without due ceremony. The Salvationists, so it seems to us, in all their proceedings never for a moment lay aside their consciousness that they are in the immediate presence of the Deity. They never enter His presence, because they never quit it.

\* \* \* \* \*

This we say, not as justifying their irreverence, but as at least accounting for it in a way that must considerably mitigate its primary repulsiveness."

3. Both Mr. Davis, in the *Contemporary Review* for August 1882, and Cardinal Manning object to the indiscriminate use of publicity in all their religious exercises. Even the timid girl must stand forward in her turn upon the open platform to tell forth in her loudest tones the inmost secrets of her new-found life in God. Private devotion seems to be discouraged, and Christian humility must suffer under the process. The General denies this, and the reader may judge for himself whether the charges brought forward are really met by his arguments :—

So far from finding this (the "testimony") a dangerous course, we find it has an excellent effect on the new convert himself.

(1.) In the full of his first love he breaks through that aversion to speak about religion in public which is more or less common to all.

(2.) It fully commits him to a life of salvation before all his companions, kindred, and friends.

(3.) God blesses him in doing it ; and, having tasted the joy of doing good, he wants to do more.

(4.) The effect on others is excellent ; it breaks down hardened sinners, and proclaims the ability and willingness of God to save, more effectually than any other method.

(5.) Moreover, it is scriptural : Christ practised this plan. He told the man out of whom he had cast the legion of devils to return at once to his own house and show how great things God had done for him ; and he at once went his

way and published throughout the whole city how great things the Lord had done for him.—Luke viii. 39. The Apostles also set the converts at once to testify and preach, for we read, Acts viii. 4, that on the persecution under Saul, "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word."—See also 1st Corinthians xiv. 22, 24.

4. Others declare that the conversions are superficial and unreal; that it is not the conscience but the nerves that are attacked. Mr. Booth makes no secret of the excitement, but he denies the hypocrisy. He admits, indeed, that many fall away, but he maintains that those who remain are not hypocrites, on account of the severity of the tests to which they are put. "We make it too hot for hypocrites," says Mrs. Booth.

5. The disturbance of the public peace. The Salvationists went so far in this direction that public opinion began to show signs of impatience. The scandal has partly ceased, as the General was prudent enough partly to suspend the street processions.

6. Tendency to immorality.

The excitement prevailing during the meetings, the constant intercourse of the two sexes, are said to lead numerous members of the Army into immoral connexions, while the peace of households is destroyed and parental authority undermined. It is, of course, very difficult to decide whether these charges are, on the whole, justified, as it is impossible to collect statistical data on this subject; there is no doubt that such cases do occur, even by the confession of the leaders of the movement, but they positively deny that the instances are many or that the evil is general.

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The General has repeatedly publicly challenged critics who spoke of the supposed extensive immorality in the ranks of his Army to prove the truth of their calumniations by appeal to fact, but the over-hasty adversaries were in no case able to bring forth such proofs, while the authorities of the Army are armed with evidence from a number of local stations to show that those assertions were practically contradicted by fact.

7. Passing over the publicity to which women expose themselves and the autocratic form of government, we come to the stultification of the proselytes, who are forbidden to join in any worldly amusements, or to read anything except the Bible, and the "Head-quarter's" publications.

This dark side is, from our point of view—certainly not a puritanical one—the worst of the whole movement. It may be objected that the converts might fall back if they were allowed to come into contact more than necessary with secular matters. To this we answer, that an organization which does not afford to the "poor in spirit" enough spiritual or mental support which might preserve them from falling into sin through reading harmless and instructive books, through being sociable and amusing themselves, is, after all, a wretched, one-sided and defective concern which leaves very much to be desired. The members of Mr. Booth's missionary institution are the slaves of a puritanical, fanatical hobby;

they are compelled to give up all the enjoyments of this life, to deny themselves the comforts of home, for the sake of carrying on the war for Christ and preparing themselves and others for the life to come. That may be highly meritorious from the point of view of Christian fanaticism, but we cannot think that it is in the right order of things to regard war for Christ as the *only* end of existence, and the reading of Salvation literature as the *only* lawful recreation (?) of mankind.

8. The same may be said of that dreadful excrescence of the movement known as the "Children's War." About three years ago Mr. Booth began to encourage the holding of "Salvation meetings" for children, at first under the supervision of adults, but, later on, conducted by youthful officers.

Little children of four years old and upwards bear "testimony" of their imagined freedom from the supposed "wrath of God"; tiny "penitents" kneel at the penitent's form and confess to have come to the conviction that they were grievous sinners. Things have even gone so far that special "barracks" are erected for the "Children's War," which has also its own processions. For the more rapid furtherance of this disgusting movement a weekly paper is published, under the title of *The Little Soldier*, an incredibly bold divergence from the usual style of children's education. Even the best friends of the Salvation Army are annoyed with this detestable production, and wish it to be either suppressed or differently edited; but it remains as it is, and its circulation, already enormous, grows steadily. The chief parts of its contents comes under the heading "Our Experience Meeting in Print," *i.e.* an endless series of letters from children, repeating, with little variety of expression, that, "God be praised," they are "saved," and are "on the blissful way to glory."

Here is an extract, quoted by Mr. Davis in the *Contemporary* :—

I still trust in Jesus, and I intend to fight on to the end and to devote the whole of my life to him. *My parents are not saved.* I hope you'll find space for this letter.—MAY, 8 years.

I thank the Lord, for I'm on my way to Heaven. My brothers, George and Teddie, are also saved, *and so is the Baby* (!) I am sorry to say *neither father nor mother are saved*, but I trust they'll soon be. *Mother is fond of reading novels to father in bed at night.* Please pray for them to get saved, and pray for me, as I have a naughty temper and vex mother sometimes — ADA, 10 years.

IV. *Results and Prospects.*—That the efforts of the Salvation Army are attended by good results in the way of general morality seems to be sufficiently evident. As one additional proof of this, we may quote the following testimonial signed, two years ago, by the Mayor of Newcastle and his sheriffs, twelve local magistrates, and four members of Parliament :

While by no means willing to identify ourselves with, or to defend, all the means and measures used by the Salvation Army in the prosecution of their efforts for the restoration of the worst portion of the population to habits of morality, temperance, and religion, we, nevertheless, feel bound to state that we know

they have succeeded, in this town and neighbourhood, not only in gathering together congregations of such as never previously attended religious services, but in effecting a marked and indisputable change in the lives of many of the worst characters. We are, therefore, strongly of opinion that their services ought not to be left to the mercy of riotous disturbers, but should have the fullest protection.

Opinions are divided as to the future which awaits the Salvation Army. Mr. Booth is firmly convinced that it is destined to a long existence, and that it will spread through the entire world. He has carried the movement into foreign lands, and is consolidating his creation to the utmost of his powers.

One of his rules is, for instance, that no officer of the Army shall marry, without permission from Headquarters, any person who does not already belong to the Army, or intends to join it for the future.

Notwithstanding all these efforts, many doubts prevail as to whether the attempt to make the Army a permanent institution will succeed, unless, indeed, it is formed, into a sect. Such movements usually either end in a sect, or die out altogether after some time. It is only if the leaders find successors as intelligent, gifted, and energetic as themselves, that the Salvation Army can escape this alternative. The General writes, on this head: "What will become of the Army when the present leader has passed away? Every forethought has been exercised in view of this, and such legal and other arrangements have been made as will, we think, secure the continuance and progress of the movement. If the General were to be removed by death, to-morrow, his successor, without a minute's delay, would step into his position, and we have not a question but that the whole machinery of the Army would go on without a hitch. . . . [Mr. Booth has] already three sons and three daughters wholly given up to the Army, besides which many superior minds are developing and shaping daily for the guidance and perpetuity of the movement."

It seems to be questionable, however, whether the General's eldest son, whom he has appointed his successor, will have the intellectual qualities sufficient to the task before him, especially as he will lack the prestige of having been the founder of the enterprise.

In short, only a man endowed with strong personal influence and an iron strength of will would be capable of holding out against the dangers which threaten the permanence of the League. On the other hand, it is the autocracy of the Commander-in-Chief which appears to be a condition of the existence of the Army—Mr. Booth himself says so—and this in itself is a source of danger for the future. For it is extremely difficult to keep the reins of voluntary discipline stretched at full tension for any length of time; sooner or later there must be a recoil, and such a "revolution," once begun, may possibly spread so rapidly as to be fatal to the whole undertaking, though we must confess that *hitherto* the occasional desertions have not acted very contagiously. The probability that things will not remain permanently in their present condition rests upon the unlikelihood, as we have said, of Mr. Booth finding a successor

equal, or superior, to himself. The chief reason why the plans of the founders of the Order of the Jesuits have failed, will most probably show itself here also—the lack of superior intellects.

Cardinal Manning is convinced that Mr. Booth's creation, if it does not die out altogether, will crystallise into a sect.

"The history of Christianity proves that neither the human intellect nor the human will can alone perpetuate any teaching without change. Nor can human authority or human obedience perpetuate itself without an organization which compacts and sustains both. But, what is such an organization but a sect?"

But even should it last only ten years longer, it will work perceptible changes in English society, and will make a distinct impression upon the social, industrial, and commercial relations of England by the peculiarities of its organisation and the quasi-ascetic principles by which it works.

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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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ENGLAND'S PLACE IN INDIA : AN INDIAN THERSITES.—Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has discovered in India a new place where his natural genius for intrigue might do the most harm to his country, and the results have appeared in the shape of a succession of articles in the *Fortnightly Review*. India is the prey of every charlatan and theorist ; on its torn body every experimentalist tries his prentice hand, applauded by foolish persons who mistake ignorant sentiment for educated sympathy. The object of this paper, then, is to prove to cultivated and impartial Englishmen that Mr. Wilfrid Blunt on Indian affairs is a blind guide, and one who is singularly incompetent to form a reasonable opinion upon Indian phenomena.

For (continues Sir L. Griffin) in no country is a tourist so likely to be at fault as in India, which is inhabited by races of the opposite characteristics, speaking many different languages, with no one of which was Mr. Blunt acquainted.

Even the superficial appearance of homogeneity among Hindus disappears on examination, and the various subdivisions of the Brahmanical creed are far more opposed in sentiment and practice than are Christians of the Roman, Greek, or Protestant Churches. Many of us, like Mr. Blunt, have been quite certain that we had mastered intricate Indian questions, after a few months in



the country, though few perhaps have ventured to assert their self-appreciation so loudly and publicly. But the longer our acquaintance with the people, the more intimately we penetrate into the inner social life of palace and village; the more we estimate the strength of those slow, silent currents which stir the outwardly tranquil Indian mind, the more we distrust our scanty knowledge and leave the assertion of infallibility, delivered *orbi et urbi*, to "sympathetic" tourists who have brought in their portmanteaus a panacea for every Indian disorder. It may, indeed, be doubted whether information of much value can be extracted from the Indians through an interpreter. Intimate and fluent knowledge of their vernacular is the only key that unlocks their heart and tongue. Without this they withhold their confidence.

But, in the case of Mr. Blunt, restless vanity, embittered by failure, prompted him, in India as in Egypt, to see an enemy and a tyrant in every official of the Government which had ventured to tell him that they could arrange their foreign policy without his assistance, and led him to seek information from those alone among whom discontent and disloyalty are notoriously common—the Mahomedans of Patna and Hyderabad, and semi-seditious political Associations.

His visit to Hyderabad may serve as a fair sample of the tour. Here Mr. Blunt was to have been the guest of Mr. Seymour Keay, well known for his mischievous and foolish abuse of the Government, and who was then said to be actively fomenting intrigue against the authority of the Nizam and the British Resident. The last-named official, however, offered his hospitality to Mr. Blunt, who accepted it, and might have had an excellent opportunity of informing himself of the real state of Hyderabad politics had he chosen to do so. But this was not his purpose. He avoided all those native officials of the Nizam's Government, who were trusted by its responsible head, the Peshkár or Senior Administrator, and associated only with his enemies. To this small body of men, clever and well educated, although in no way representing Hyderabad ideas and traditions, he was introduced by Mr. Keay as the protector of outraged Moslem virtue in Egypt against the violence of England, and was naturally received with open arms. When the account of the Hyderabad visit is published by Mr. Blunt with the hope of making all administration there impossible, it will be seen that the sources of his information are such as I describe.

Another incident may be mentioned to show the method of investigation favoured by our critic.

A few days before he sailed from Bombay, he met at one of the large horse marts a native officer of rank belonging to one of the regiments of the Hyderabad Contingent. With this gentleman he entered into conversation, and asked him whether the men of the Contingent were loyal, and whether they were not dissatisfied with their officers. The astonished Risaldar assured him that the officers were not unpopular; when the defender of Arabi rejoined, "Don't be afraid to tell me the exact truth. I am not one of the Sahibs (English gentlemen), and do not belong to them." Without examining too closely the good taste or patriotism of such inquiries—and patriotism Mr. Blunt would indignantly disclaim—those who know the habit of the Hindu mind will understand that

leading questions, judiciously asked, will extract any replies that may be required. In India, the curse of servitude and tyranny has left its brand on the national character; and submission to authority and desire to please any person who, like an Englishman, appears clothed with power, are universal. What Mr. Blunt desired to hear, that he would undoubtedly be told. Nor was this all; but, proclaiming himself in opposition to the Government and denouncing his own countrymen as tyrants—choosing the society of the disaffected and rejecting that of the *Loyal*, he made it impossible for him to hear the truth even had he so wished.

The first of Mr. Blunt's articles deals with The "Agricultural Danger," which consists in the contention that "the Government of India, as landlord, practically does nothing for the land; all is squandered on other things, and the people are yearly becoming poorer and more hopeless."

The aspects of poverty are startling. "Entering a Deccan village one is confronted with peasants nearly naked, and if one asks for the head man one finds him no better clothed than the rest." The huts are bare of furniture. The peasants, on being questioned, admit that they do not eat meat, and rice but rarely. This extraordinary and lamentable state of things the tourist is, of course, prepared at once to remedy by sweeping away the Salt Tax and the Forest Laws, and restoring the ancient and wholesome system of grain for cash payment of the Government demand. Protective duties must be reimposed to encourage local manufactures, and the extravagant costliness of the civil and military establishments must be largely reduced. These radical measures being adopted and an Income Tax imposed, prosperity may again, in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's opinion, return to this distressful, official-ridden country.

Now, to select a Deccan village as a type of the normal condition of an Indian peasant, is the same as selecting a Connemara village as representative of English agriculture. As to his dress, we may remember that Miss Carpenter, on her first visit to India, was similarly surprised at seeing the little boys and girls running about naked. As regards the Deccan peasant's not eating flesh in a tropical climate, where such food is neither needed nor desired, and is forbidden by religious precept, no remark is required. If his obtaining rice but rarely be considered a further grievance, our tourist has yet to learn that not rice, but wheat, millet, and Indian corn are the ordinary food staples of India, rice being a common food only in Madras and Lower Bengal.

But although Mr. Blunt's signs of poverty are fallacious, I am not prepared to deny that there is much destitution and distress in Deccan villages. The goodness or badness of a Government makes but little difference in the happiness or misery of a people inhabiting a famine-stricken tract, where irrigation is difficult, the soil poor, and the rainfall uncertain. To judge fairly of the effects of the English rule we should turn to a province like the Punjab, and compare its condition to-day with that at the time of its annexation, thirty-five years ago. The population may truly be said to have doubled, and the culti-

vated area has certainly increased in as great a ratio as the population. The country, which was almost treeless, is becoming well wooded ; the wages of labour have everywhere risen : canals have immensely increased both the production and the security of the crops ; while railways and roads have allowed the export of the surplus grain and have largely added to the wealth of the province. The improvement is visible on every side, in the towns as in the villages, in the dress of the people, in their dwellings, in the ornaments of the women, in the general air of prosperity and content. A tourist who starts from the premiss that the people of India are poor—which no one denies—and concludes that this poverty is due to the action of the Government whose most constant anxiety is to improve the condition of the people, is neither honest nor wise. Poverty is comparative ; and we should inquire whether the condition of the people has grown better or worse under English rule : if their poverty is less widespread and extreme than under native rulers ; if wages have risen or fallen ; if new markets have been opened ; if the savings of the community are more secure.

And yet in spite of the vast amelioration in the condition of the Indian peasant, as compared with that condition during the 100 years preceding British rule, when ruin, desolation, and despair were the lot of India—to-day, a discredited employè of the Foreign Office, who desires to avenge himself upon a Government which has treated him with the indifference he deserves, is not ashamed to tell his countrymen that the Government of India does nothing for the land.

Seeing that the Government does not itself cultivate the soil, while it has ordinarily surrendered its proprietary rights in the land to the people, it is difficult to understand what more it could do than it has done. Everything that a wise landlord would attempt it has attempted, with fewer mistakes and more economically, year by year. The whole of the surplus revenues of India are spent upon public works directly improving the land, increasing its productiveness and allowing its wealth to be distributed to the best advantage. The country is covered with a network of roads and railways ; while transit duties, restricting trade, have been abolished everywhere except in Native States. Many millions have been spent on the most elaborate systems of irrigation, which have absolutely protected large tracts from famine : and Local Administrations, in the several provinces, compete with the Central Government in carrying out well-considered works of public advantage.

When it is asserted that "all is squandered on other things," Mr. Blunt implies that the army and civil administration are very costly. Indeed, elsewhere, he writes :—"It is impossible for me in the limits of this paper to argue out the question of the excessive costliness of the civil and military establishments of India. These are notorious in the world as surpassing those of all other countries to which they can fairly be compared in the present time or the past. And although they may also lay claim to be most efficient, it does not prevent them from being a vast financial failure." What is the real truth concealed beneath this exaggeration of language ? Precisely the reverse of the statement made. When the condition of the Indian Empire be considered ; the vast extent of the territory ; the number and heterogeneity of the population ; the character

of the frontier line of defence and the multiplicity of Native States maintaining armies of their own, it will be admitted that the civil and military establishments are both exceedingly small and extraordinarily cheap. It is true that India, like England, has to pay a certain price for freedom; and that voluntary service is proportionately far more expensive than forced conscription, such as India would have experienced had fortune given her into the hands of France or Russia. But only Mr. Blunt would make a grievance of what is her greatest blessing. Nor is there any hope to hold out to sentimental economists that the cost of either army or Civil Service will be reduced. On the contrary, I believe that a large and permanent increase of the army estimates is imminent. The position which Russia has taken up on the frontiers of Afghanistan renders necessary a reconsideration of the strength of the Indian garrison, and the organization of a scheme, which must be costly, for a sufficient military reserve. But Mr. Blunt, who asserts that the people are yearly becoming poorer and more hopeless, will perhaps be surprised to hear that the largest and most certain increase of military expenditure will be caused by the fact that the agricultural class is becoming so prosperous, while wages have everywhere risen so much, that they will not take service in the army, under present circumstances.

While the army as a profession is still highly popular, the general prosperity of the country is such that military pay, which was once above, has fallen far below the market rate of wages; and, secondly, the agricultural position is now so greatly improved, by rapid communication, rise of prices, and the opening of distant markets, that the young Sikh finds it more profitable to assist in cultivating his father's fields than to take to soldiering. An increase in the pay of the native will, consequently, be found to be inevitable.

The cost of civil administration ever tends to increase with a higher and more complex civilization, and to replace the highly trained English officer by the Mahomedan or the Baboo, would neither improve the administration nor satisfy the people of India.

The emoluments of the Indian Civil Service have been affected as seriously by the general prosperity of the country as has military pay: and the question of the improvement in the position of Civilians will require early consideration. The prospect has so completely changed since Mr. George Trevelyan, in the charming book which was so brilliant an introduction to his distinguished literary career, first described the joys and sorrows of "a Competition-walla," that his account of the assured and comfortable position of the fortunate Civilian reads like satire. In the last twenty years, the rates of salary have fallen below what men who have been successful in the Indian competition might fairly expect to obtain in professional life in England, and it is now difficult for them to save anything for their old age or for the education of their children in addition to the paltry pension, of some £400 a year, which is granted them by the State. Unless the position of the Civil Service be materially improved, a serious falling off in the intellectual quality of the candidates for appointment will soon be observed. Mr. Blunt has indeed found extravagance and luxury in Anglo Indian homes; and as a proof thereof writes: "No Collector's wife will wear an article of Indian manufacture to save her soul from perdition, and all her

furniture, even to her carpets, must be of English make." The reply to this poor sarcasm is that Indian fabrics and Indian or Persian carpets are among the most expensive of manufactured articles; and that it is poverty and not the pride of wealth which prevents English ladies in India indulging in the delights of Chanderi or Dacca muslins, the embroidery of Delhi or the shawls of Kashmir.

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The remedy which Mr. Blunt suggests for the estrangement which he wrongly imagines to exist between the officials and the people, is that the Civilians should return to the ancient ways; live the life of the people; take the daughters of Heth as mistresses, and follow the same routine of extravagance, dissipation, and corruption which once gave Anglo-Indian administrators so unwholesome a reputation. This is what our critic, speaking of the old Civilian, and adopting, as his own, the statements of his native friends, has the assurance to assert. "He did not disdain to make friends with those of the better class, and occasionally he married among them, or at least contracted semi-matrimonial relations with the women of the land. This may have had its ill consequences in other ways, but it broke down the hedge of caste prejudice between East and West and gave the official a personal interest in the people *which no mere sense of duty, however elevated, could supply.*" But fortunately for India and Englishmen, these heroic remedies are no longer possible; the old order changes to return no more; nor does even Mr. Blunt insist on a revival of these patriarchal traditions. He is indeed preparing for the press a plan of ultimate self-government for India, which we may await with the certain confidence that it will be strictly designed on the principle of destroying the power and influence of his country in the East.

The fact is that the prosperity of India is such that the revenue grows, naturally, as quickly as the charges upon it, and will probably have doubled in the next fifty years.

Nor should the poverty of the Indian peasant be unduly exaggerated, as is commonly done by interested agitators. He lives in a climate which necessitates neither expensive clothing nor a meat diet. He is simple in his tastes and amusements; and his gentle, inoffensive, and religious life, although one of constant labour, is not unhappy. He is devoted to his family: he forms one of a village community whose fortunes are identical with his own, and which surrounds his life with a large circle of sympathetic interests. He is probably deep in debt to the village money-lender; but this circumstance does not affect his spirits more than it does those of my many London friends who are in precisely the same condition. An impartial observer who examines the life and surroundings, the moral and mental acquirements and capacity of the peasantry in other countries, will probably allow that the Hindu cultivator is a much happier man, with a far more agreeable life and higher in the scale of humanity; more instructed by nature, more virtuous, sympathetic, and friendly, than the Italian, Russian, or English peasant. No one can know the Indian peasantry, and I am especially thinking of the Punjab, without feeling a strong affection for them. They seem to me to possess most virtues and singularly few defects—brave, simple, hospitable, patient, good-tempered and affectionate; they are a noble race, who deserve a better fate than to be *exploited* by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt in search of a grievance.

That the Indian peasant is deeply in debt to the money-lender is generally true, but the real significance of the fact is not what Mr. Blunt imagines.

The peasant is in debt because the Government, with perhaps too facile a generosity, has made him the proprietor of his lands, a freeholder and a free man, with power to sell and mortgage. The land of England is owned by some 30,000 persons, and the labourer who tills it has no more share in it than the sheep he tends. But on the Hindu peasant the Government has conferred those rights and privileges of citizenship which are denied to Englishmen. If the divine gift has been misapplied, this is due to the habits begotten of servitude, which have taught the Hindu improvidence. Not that they are an extravagant race; on the contrary, I have already referred to their frugal and simple lives; but, before the English rule, if a man were known to be possessed of any wealth, he was at once robbed of it by the first comer stronger than himself.

The inevitable result was the national habit of at once spending every new acquisition before it could be seized by some one else. Hence the origin of the cultivator's debts. In Native States, where he has nothing to sell and no rights in the land, he is not in debt, for the simple reason that he can find no one so foolish as to lend him money without security.

The evil—a serious one—will right itself in time. But the remedy (worse than the disease) suggested by Mr. Blunt, is to revert to the old custom of collecting the revenue in grain instead of cash.

Perhaps no system has been ever invented by which industry was so much placed under the heel of tyranny. Under the pretence of regulating the demand according to the character of the season, it was always an uncertain amount, though it was certain to be unfavourable to the cultivator. Sometimes the landlord or the Government took half the crop, sometimes thirty, forty, or sixty per cent. of the gross outturn. As there was no limit to the primary demand, so were the opportunities for extortion numberless. Every official had to be bribed, and unless the *douceur* were sufficiently high, the wretched peasant was doomed to see the crop, which he did not dare to touch before the formal division, left rotting in the field, or spoiling on the threshing-floors. Those who would understand the Oriental system of land revenue, its sham benevolence, its grasping tyranny, its meanness, and the ruin it brings upon the people, should study with care the account given in the 47th chapter of Genesis of the proceedings of Joseph, the astute Minister of Pharaoh, during the famine. He was neither better nor worse than the ordinary Eastern tyrant. Of the many benefits which England has conferred on India, the substitution of cash for grain payment is the most undoubted, and it has relieved the people of an intolerable burthen. An attempt to revert to grain payments would cause, and justly cause, a revolution. But such considerations are doubtless below the standard of Laputa philosophy favoured by Mr. Blunt. Our land revenue system is too rigid, and might with advantage be rendered more elastic; but it weighs so lightly on the people that the cause of their indebtedness is, as I have shown, to be found elsewhere.

Nothing in these "Ideas" is new, except the facts, which are wrong, as the statement that no ryot in all India wears any clothing of foreign make (!), or that the cultivator was accustomed to employ his spare time in manufacturing articles for local consumption—a resource of which the British connection has deprived him—an entirely fanciful "idea"—while, as to the usual abuse of the Salt Tax, the Indian peasant, if he drink no spirits, may pass through life without having contributed a single rupee to the Imperial revenue, beyond the trifling addition which taxation adds to the price of his salt.

I defy the pessimist critics to disprove this statement. The Indian peasant is, not only absolutely, but comparatively, and with the fullest consideration of his capacity and surroundings, the most lightly taxed of human beings, and the foundation of the power of the British Government of India, as its best title to fame, lies in this, that, being strong, it respected the weak, and that it has taken so little when, without rebuke, it might have taken so much.

A few words regarding Mr. Blunt's distasteful article on "Race Hatred," against the mischievous statements of which it is necessary to enter a strong protest.

There is no such thing as "race hatred" on the part of Englishmen towards Indians, and it is an insult to civilisation to be compelled to disclaim it. That all Europeans treat Indians with the politeness which is inculcated in Lord Chesterfield's letters I do not assert. The Anglo-Saxons are a rough, imperious people, as all the world knows, without much superficial polish. But they are generous, and not unkindly. The very gentleness and helplessness of the Hindu, which, in a noble mind, awaken kindness and sympathy, are apt, in some lower natures, to breed contempt and cruelty. But when the whole question is fairly regarded, it will be admitted that the attitude of ordinary Englishmen to natives is kindly enough. If there be little sympathy between the races and no affection, there is still neither dislike nor hatred. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has related an incident of which he was witness, in which a Punjab doctor insulted grievously certain native gentlemen at the Patna railway station. The conduct of this officer, if correctly reported, which I doubt, was disgraceful; but the animus of Mr. Blunt is shown in making it a text for his sermon on "race hatred." The incident was altogether exceptional. I have never seen an English officer treat native gentlemen in this insulting fashion, and the general character of official Englishmen is not to be gauged by the conduct of one ill-bred or tipsy doctor. It must not be supposed that Indians are as sensitive to impoliteness as Englishmen would be. The whole atmosphere of the East is charged with insult and oppression. In Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and in the Native States of India the same phenomena are to be observed. Every official, from the minister or pasha down to the lowest hireling who draws his pay from the State, is a tyrant who abuses his power habitually, within the limits, large or small, to which his mischief is confined. This statement is no exaggeration, but a fact to which all who know the East can testify. The people are accustomed to be trampled upon, and insult and contempt have been their habitual portion from officials of their own race. Nor can the Government uproot these traditions of tyranny from the practice of its own native

subordinates. Our most difficult work in India is to prevent native officers abusing the power with which we are compelled to entrust them. In London, a month ago, I was walking down Regent Street with a Persian gentleman of great intelligence, who had been attached to my staff in Afghanistan, and who has since resided in India. I asked him what, in London, struck him as the most remarkable thing. After consideration he replied, that what seemed to him most wonderful was the politeness of the police, who were never weary of assisting or directing a stranger ; while in India, if a native asked a constable a question, he would receive only abuse for his pains. This curious reply is worthy of consideration. Why should so high a standard of politeness be expected from the Englishman in India, when we cannot compel our gentle native officers to act with common decency towards their fellow-countrymen ? The whole accusation is trivial, and is only advanced in mere default of graver charges. If official Englishmen treat the natives with that justice and consideration which they never before experienced, they may well be indifferent, as they are indifferent, to the occasional rudeness of their less polished English fellow-subjects.

The danger to British power in India (the writer concludes) is not from without, but from within.

The people of India have no dislike to Englishmen, and no feeling of hostility to the Government, which, indeed, they neither know nor understand. They watch its strange and resistless action with the eyes of a child who, through the summer day on the shore, sees the ocean rise and fall, sweeping away his sand-castles, and bringing back mysterious treasures of sea-weed and shell from the unknown depth. But in their simplicity lies the danger, which is ever the curse of ignorance, that they are the easy prey of adventurers and demagogues, who can persuade them to believe falsehoods, however transparent, and teach them to see grievances where they have really only cause for satisfaction and gratitude. It is into the hands of such men that Mr. Blunt plays ; he disheartens the loyal and encourages the traitor ; and if my protest against the mischievous tendency of his writings should appear too warmly framed, and if I have refused to his expressed convictions the negative merit of honesty, it is that his career, both in Egypt and India, has convinced me that his mission in life is less the championship of the oppressed than the humiliation of his country.

II. IDEAS ABOUT INDIA. 5. *The Future of Self-Government.*—After deprecating any immediate separation of India from the English Crown—a course which, he believes, no intelligent Indian would view with complacency—Mr. Blunt at the same time claims that it is impossible that present condition of things should remain unchanged for more than a very few years.

For reasons which I have stated, the actual organisation of Anglo-Indian government has become hateful to the natives of India, and however much their reason may be on the side of patience, there is a daily increasing danger of its being overpowered by a passionate sentiment evoked by some chance outbreak. Nor do I believe that it will be again possible for England to master military revolt, which would this time have the sympathy of the whole people.



Moreover, even if we should suppose this fear exaggerated and the evil day of revolt put off, there is yet the certainty of a Government by force becoming yearly more costly and more difficult to carry on. It is a mistake to suppose that India has ever yet been governed merely by the English sword. The consent of the people has always underlain the exercise of our power, and were this generally withdrawn it could not be maintained an hour. At present the Indian populations accept English rule as on the whole a thing good for them, and give it their support. But they do not like it, and were they once convinced that there was no intention on the part of the English people to do them better justice and give them greater liberty than they have now, they might without actual revolt make all government impossible. We have had a foretaste of what passive obstruction can do in Egypt, and the art may well spread to India. It cannot be too emphatically stated that our Indian administration exists on the goodwill of the native employes.

Moreover nothing is more certain than that Russia will busy herself more and more with the disaffection of our Indian fellow-subjects if they become disaffected ; and, posing as the protector of Islam and the liberator of the Indian serf, would cause no inconsiderable embarrassment, if not danger, on the Indian border.

What then should be the direction of the necessary reform ?

The meetings of the Indian delegates at Calcutta, which Mr. Blunt attended, all seemed to consider it impossible that any real change would be effected as long as the constitution of the Indian Government remained what it now is.

The present Indian Government is a legacy from the old days when the prosperity of a Company, and not the interests of the people of India, was the guiding principle of administration. It was vested in a Board of Directors sitting at the India House. It was a self-interested bureaucracy pure and simple, absolutely free from outside control, except on the occasion of the renewal of the Company's Charter ; and so it continued until the Mutiny.

In 1858, the Government of India was transferred from the Company to the Crown, and an excellent programme was put forth proclaiming the full status of Indians as British subjects, and their qualification for any function of public trust. Native interests were henceforth to govern the Imperial policy.

Its only fault, indeed, has been that it has never been carried out, and that while the Indians have waited patiently, the plan has been defeated in detail by vested interests too strong for the vacillating intentions either of the Government which designed the change, or of any that have succeeded it. In spite of all official announcements and statements of policy, and royal proclamations, the principle of Indian government remains what it has always been—that is to say, government in the interests of English trade and English adventure. The more liberal design has faded out of sight.

The explanation of so great a failure I believe is this. When the sovereign

power was transferred from the Company to the Crown, it was considered convenient to preserve as far as possible the existing machinery of administration. The East India Company had formed a civil service composed of its own English nominees, whose interests had gradually become part and parcel of the general interest of the concern ; and they had obtained rights under covenant which secured them in employment, each for his term of years, and afterwards in pension. These rights the English Government now recognised, and the same covenant was entered into with them as had formerly been granted by the Company, and thus a vested interest in administration was perpetuated which has ever since impeded the course of liberal development.

• The only real change introduced in 1858 was to substitute appointment by examination for appointment by nomination ; but the composition of the service has remained practically the same, and the English covenanted civilian is still, as he was in the days of the Company, the practical owner of India. His position is that of member of a corporation, irremovable, irresponsible, and amenable to no authority but that of his fellow-members. In him is vested all administrative powers, the disposal of all revenue, and the appointment to all subordinate posts. He is, in fact, the Government, and a Government of the most absolute kind.

But the Covenanted Civil Service is also a wholly conservative body. Composed though it may be admitted to be in large part of excellent and honest men—men who do their duty, and sometimes more than their duty—it has nevertheless the necessary vice of all corporations. Its first law is its own interests ; its second only those of the Indian people. Nor is it casting a reflection on its members to state this. There has never been found yet a body of men anxious to benefit the world at large at the expense of its own pocket ; and the Indian Civil Service, which is no exception to the rule, sees in all reform an economy of its pay, a curtailment of its privileges, and a restriction of its field of adventure. Such a service is of its very nature intolerant of economy and intolerant of change.

In advocating the reform of the Covenanted Civil Service, therefore, Mr. Blunt claims to be advocating the removal of an obstruction. It is besides an anachronism and a needless expense. The commercial houses get their servants for India now in the open market ; nor do they find the quality inferior because they enter into no lifelong engagements with them ; and this is what the Indian Government must do.

It is altogether absurd at the present day to contract with men on the basis of their right to be employed and pensioned at extravagant rates as long as they live. It is not done in the English diplomatic service, whose duties are somewhat similar, nor in any other civil service that I know of. I feel certain that as good Englishmen could be obtained now at a third of the pay, and without any further covenant than the usual one of employment during good behaviour, as are now at the present rates and under the present conditions. If not, it would be far better to dispense with English service altogether, except in the highest grades, and employ natives of the country at the lower rates, which would still be high rates to them. The excessive employment of Englishmen has been a growth of comparatively recent date, and is working harm in every way.

Instead of the Covenanted Civil Service, therefore, there would be an Uncovenanted Service obtained in the open market, and endowed with no more special privileges than our services at home. The members of this would then be under control and, in a true sense of the word, the servants of the State. Now they are its masters.

That they are its masters has been abundantly proved by the success of their efforts to thwart Lord Ripon's policy during the last three years. Lord Ripon came out to India on the full tide of the Midlothian victory, and quite in earnest about carrying out Midlothian ideas; nor has he faltered since. But the net result of his viceroyalty has been almost nil. Every measure that he has brought forward has been defeated in detail; and so powerful has the Civil Service been that they have forced the home Government into an abandonment, step by step, of all its Indian policy. This they have effected in part by open opposition, in part by covert encouragement of the English lay element, in part by working through the English press. When I arrived in India I found Lord Ripon like a school-boy who has started in a race with his fellows and who has run loyally ahead, unaware as yet that these had stopped, and that all the world was laughing at his useless zeal. The Anglo-Indian bureaucracy had shown itself his master in spite of Midlothian.

The Indian Government in London is no less a burdensome legacy from the defunct Company. The Council is simply the old Board of Directors under a new name. It is composed almost exclusively of retired Civil and Military servants, and views Indian matters from the point of view of only the Anglo-Indian service.

It is even less amenable than this is to the influence of new ideas, and is more completely out of touch with modern native thought. Its experience is always that of a generation back, not of the present day, and it refuses, more persistently even than the younger generation in active service, to admit the idea of change.

Thus the Secretary of State, who is dependent on this blind guide, is in no other position at home than is the Viceroy in India. Ignorant, as a rule, of all things Indian, and dependent for advice on the India Office and his Anglo-Indian Council, he never gets at the truth of things, and blunders blindly on as they direct. It is almost impossible for him, however robust his will, to hold his own as a reformer.

The reforms, therefore, at home and in India which native opinion most strongly and immediately demands are, as regards India, that the active Civil Service should be remodelled, by the abolition of all covenants for lifelong employment, and by the liberal infusion of native blood into the non-covenanted service. It is proposed that as vacancies occur, a certain proportion—say a third or a fourth—should be reserved exclusively for men of Indian birth, and that thus by degrees the whole Civil Service, with the exception of the highest posts, should become indigenous. Also, as regards the Government at home, that the Secretary of State for India should have the advice of native as well as Anglo-Indian retired officials on his Council in London. Until this is done they consider that the Government of India will continue to be carried on in the dark, and thus that reform will remain, as hitherto, abortive.

Such reforms, however, are only initial ones. What India asks

is Self-Government, *i.e.*, that not merely executive but legislative and financial power should be vested in native hands. The Presidency Councils, presided over by the Governor of the Province, are composed of English official and of a few native unrepresentative nominees, the former usually representing the quintessence of official ideas. They serve as an echo or chorus to the Governor.

This is not a healthy condition of things. The remedy should be, as a first condition, that the native councillors should be elected by the various classes of the community, and that their tenure of office should be made independent of the Governor's pleasure. The system has for years been practised with full success in Ceylon, where each section of the native community elects its representative to the Council, and where in consequence considerable courage and initiative have been infused into that body. In India I am convinced that the system would work with equally good results; and if also the number of councillors were increased and their powers of debate and interpellation enlarged, an excellent basis would be laid for what all Indian reformers look to as the ideal of their hopes, provincial parliaments. That India is unfit for local parliamentary institutions of at least a rudimentary kind I cannot at all admit. Indeed it seems to me that few people would profit more rapidly from a public discussion of public affairs than the temperate conservative Hindoos. For a while, indeed, it would doubtless be necessary, as in Ceylon, to retain a large English element in their councils, but the Indian mind educates itself with great rapidity, and in another generation they might probably without danger be entrusted with the care of their own domestic legislation, and the sole control of their finances.

At the same time the Imperial power should, to be effective, remain in the hands of the Viceroy, anything in the shape of an Imperial Parliament being, at present at least, inadvisable, if not impossible.

The crying need of India is economy, and for this decentralisation of finance is the only cure.

Each province should have its own budget and its own civil lists, which should be voted annually by the Council of the province. Its civil service should be its own, its police its own, and its public works its own, without any right of interference from Calcutta, or any confusion of provincial with Imperial accounts. At present, from the vastness of the country ruled and the variety of Imperial services which have their seat at Calcutta or Simla, waste and jobbery receive no adequate check. Places are multiplied, men without local knowledge are employed, and the accounts are confused. Supervision by those who bear the burdens of taxation under such a system is all but impossible, and no one knows precisely how and why the expenses charged in the general budget are incurred. But, were the provincial accounts held strictly separate, and subjected to the inquisition of a local assembly composed of men who, as natives of the province, would know the needs and capabilities of the province, none of the present abuses would have a chance of surviving. With the best will in the world, the heads of departments at Calcutta cannot really control the details of expenditure in Madras or the Punjab, and as a matter of fact there is everywhere enormous waste and enormous jobbery.

I should like, therefore, to see each province of India entirely self-managed as regards all civil matters, raising its own revenue in its own way, providing for its own needs of internal order, public works, and administration of all kinds, and controlled by the constant supervision of its own provincial assembly. In this way it would be possible to differentiate at once between the various provinces as to their special needs and the composition of their special services. In some the expenditure, and with it the taxation, might be at the outset reduced by the employment almost entirely of native servants; in others the substitution of native for English service would have to be more gradual. In some, large public works might be profitably afforded; in others, economy would have to be the rule. In all there would be an incentive to reduce unnecessary expenditure, seeing that the burden of providing for it would fall directly on the province.

Certain departments, on the other hand, would have to remain Imperial. These are: first, the Army and Navy; secondly, the diplomatic relations; thirdly, the general debt; and, fourthly, the customs.

(1.) Provincial armies would be a mistake of economy and an injustice to the frontier provinces, which would have to bear nearly the entire burden of defence. Mr. Blunt, therefore, strongly advocates centralisation in matters military.

The Imperial army, according to my ideas, should be under the sole control of the Viceroy, officered, I think, by Englishmen, and composed of the best fighting material to be obtained in India, irrespective of prejudice in favour of this or that recruiting ground. It is manifestly the first condition of an army that it should be efficient, and the second that it should be without political colour, and on both grounds I am inclined to think that Englishmen would prove more useful servants to India in a military capacity than any native class of officers could be. Much as I believe in Indian capacity for civil duties, I accept it as a fact that Englishmen make better commanders of troops, and are worth more even in proportion to their superior pay; while there is no question that they would be exempt, as native officers would not, from religious and caste influences, and thus more reliable as impartial executors of Imperial orders. The Indian Sepoy army, then, as I would see it, should be as distinctly Imperial and English as the civil services should be provincial and native. In saying this I am stating my private opinion only—I believe that native opinion is in favour of native military service. But, as I understand India, the time has not come for that. When India is a nation it will be time enough to think of a national army.

(2.) The diplomatic relations must of necessity remain Imperial, and be vested solely in the Viceroy.

Two cardinal points of policy might with advantage be observed: the first, to keep wholly apart from foreign intrigues and foreign wars; the second, to keep rigid faith with the still independent native princes within the border. Of foreign wars India has long had enough, and more than enough. The Chinese, the Persian, the Afghan, the Abyssinian, the Egyptian, and now the Soudanese, all these India has been forced to take part in, sorely against her interest and her will. Apart from their money loss, there is in these wars a loss of dignity, which

the Indian people are beginning to resent. Those who have been educated in the humane literature of Europe find it humiliating that they, a conquered people, should be used as the instrument for conquering others. What quarrel had India with the unfortunate Egyptians? What quarrel has she with the unfortunate Arabs? The educated Indians resent it bitterly, too, that India is made to pay the cost. But these things need no comment. They are but a part of that absolute selfishness which has been the principle of all our past relations with India, and in the new birth of India these too must be changed. The diplomatic relations with the native States have been a tissue of fraud and aggression. In the policy of the future, aggression must be abandoned. There is but one true policy towards the native States, and that is, by giving them the spectacle of a British India more happy than their own to invite their inhabitants to share its advantages. Who can doubt, that were India self-governed, prosperous, and happy, the old native principalities would one by one spontaneously be merged in it.

(3.) The public debt, too, must remain a charge on the Imperial Government, its annual interest being apportioned to each province in proportion to its wealth, except as regards railway guarantees, which might be made a charge on the provinces served by them. It should, however, be a cardinal point that no further debt should be incurred, and no further guarantees given for Imperial works, which should now be provincial charges.

(4.) The customs also must remain an Imperial matter.

It may be hoped that when in the future India's interest, not England's, comes to be considered in her government, they may be made to return a fair profit to balance some of the Imperial charges. To India free trade has proved no blessing, and a return to import duties is a first principle of sound finance, which self-governing India will undoubtedly insist on. The majority, I believe, of our English colonies see their advantage in these, and so will India, unless, indeed, some fair equivalent be given. As it is, all the profit is on England's side, on India's all the loss.

Such, briefly, is Mr. Blunt's scheme of self-government for India, and he proceeds to quote the case of Austria as an instance of the wonderful success that may be achieved by the gift of self-government. Men who watched, not many years back, the harsh bureaucratic despotism of the empire of Austria, believed that she was doomed to perish, and none that she was destined to win the love of her people.

Yet we have lived to see this. We have lived to see the Hungarians reconciled, and the very Poles who in their despair had filled Europe for fifty years with their denunciations, thanking Austria for her share in their ruin. If this has been possible through the gift of self-government, all things are possible; and India by the same means of honest government, each province for itself, may become happy and thankful, as the Austrian nations have. One principle keeps these together without force, their loyalty to the wearer of the Imperial crown; and fortunately this is a principle we have in India already framed to our hand. There is no question that the Indian populations are possessed with a strong

feeling of personal attachment for Her Majesty the Queen, and while they grow yearly more and more estranged from their Anglo-Indian masters they yearly look with more and more hope to England and to her who sits upon the English throne. This is a sentiment of the utmost value, and one which may yet prove the salvation of the Indian Empire, in spite of all the Anglo-Indians can do to wreck it. I look to it in the future as the true bond of union which shall retain for us India, not as our inheritance, for it will not be ours to possess, but as a co-heir to our good fortunes. India will not then be lost to England, but will remain to us a far greater glory than now, because it will have become a monument of what we shall have been able to achieve for the benefit of others, not merely for ourselves. •

Mr. Blunt sadly concludes, however, that there are too many vested interests in the way for such prospects of reform to be realised. Anglo-Indian interests and commercial and financial interests stand stoutly in opposition. •

Commerce and finance find their gain in the present system. Manchester must be appeased before India can hope to live, and to stop suddenly the career of Indian extravagance would injure trade in many a North of England town. Debt in India unfortunately means dividends in Lombard Street ; and so I dare not hope. •

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## BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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OUR EGYPTIAN ATROCITIES.—As the title imports, we have here a scathing indictment of the policy and proceedings of the English Cabinet with regard to the Government, the bondholders, and the people of Egypt, which have brought that country into its present deplorable condition. The “Forty Centuries” have seen Egypt ground under the heel of military adventurers, Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman, but never have they looked down on a more distressful state of things, on greater social disintegration, or on a poorer pretence of Government. The situation has grown up like a nightmare, without any visible origin or intelligible cause. Why there should be a British garrison at Cairo; why British troops should be fighting for their lives in the Soudan; why the Fellaheen should curse in their hearts these brave fellows who are dying for them—Heaven only knows.

It is a melancholy but indisputable fact, that the original source of the misery in which Egypt is plunged is the old mean story of spendthrift and money-lender. Reckless borrowing, with its inevitable sequel, a bankrupt exchequer, was the opening chapter of this infamous episode, which has brought ruin on Egypt and shame on Great Britain. The ghastly horror of the climax is rendered more ghastly by comparison with the sordid pettiness of its origin. But for the bondholders we should never have interfered in Egypt; and it is a grim though not unprecedented satire on our maxims of State, that they have been more or less violated all along. Since the days of Cobden, it has been a doctrine of the Foreign Office that its authority cannot be used for collecting the debts of private individuals in foreign countries. If Her Majesty's subjects lend their money to foreign Governments, they are told that they do it at their own risk. Till recently this rule was strictly enforced, and by no Administration more so than by Mr.



Gladstone's. But after the foreign loan scandals of 1873, a new disposition began to be shown not to interpret the rule too strictly. In various cases of default, Egypt among the number, Her Majesty's diplomatic agents in defaulting countries were permitted to render any services they could, "unofficially," to distressed bondholders. Prince Bismarck has gone much farther than that; and it will be remembered how, on a critical occasion, he threw the whole weight of his authority into the bondholders' scale. It may be a long while before our own Foreign Office admits the precedent, but in spite of itself it is influenced by Prince Bismarck's practice. In 1875, Egypt, or rather the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha, had borrowed in London and Paris nearly 70 millions sterling. The various loans had been issued at a discount in some cases or as much as 20 per cent, and the fat commissions given to bankers, brokers, and others, made a further heavy deduction. It was ascertained by Mr. Cave in his investigation that not much more than 45 millions sterling in hard cash actually reached Egypt. The later loans were, to a considerable extent, swallowed up in interest on the earlier ones. As they proceeded, they grew in amount, and proportionately more of them was retained in this country to meet prior charges. Of the 1870 loan for 7 millions, only 5 millions really went to Egypt; and of the final 32 million loan in 1873, little more than 20 millions left this country.

The money that did go to Egypt was not made a very exemplary use of. The ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was a lavish spender. French by education and sympathy, he was an imitator of Napoleon III., and of the showy enterprise and pinchbeck brilliance of the second Empire. M. de Lesseps, his intimate friend from boyhood, had great influence over him, and could get from him almost anything for the Suez Canal while it was in progress. Sixteen millions of his borrowing went into that important work, which is now a splendid investment for the original proprietors. But Ismail Pasha's other investments were of a different kind.

He sank millions on millions in cotton plantations, which seldom if ever paid their working expenses—and on sugar-factories, most of which, we believe, are going to ruin. He was magnificent in his largesses, as well as in his enterprises. The backsheesh he paid at Constantinople might have excited the envy of Haroun Alraschid. On one occasion, when the Porte disputed his right to contract loans, he crossed the palms of the Grand Vizier of the day with a gratuity of £50,000. Next time the Grand Vizier could not help him, and he went direct to the Sultan. His Majesty's price was £900,000. Ismail obtained his new firman, and on the strength of it launched his last loan—the 32 million transaction of 1873. In view of the blunted moral sense of the British public in regard to this class of finance which approaches so dangerously near to card-sharping, the disgraceful history of Egyptian borrowing ought to be fearlessly and frankly told. We have indicated what stamp of man was the borrower-in-chief, the ex-Khedive. The financiers of Paris and London, who pandered to his fabulous extravagance, were pretty well exposed in the investigations of the famous Foreign Loans Commission of ten or eleven years ago. Messrs. Fröhling and Goschen, the bankers for the first two loans—those of 1862 and 1864—came out of the ordeal unscathed, all their transactions having been legitimate and above-

board ; but their successors seem to have had peculiar methods of business, to say the least of it. The regular agency commissions, which should have satisfied most men, were the smallest part of their spoil. They manipulated the markets at the expense of the public, and they extracted from the ex-Khedive all the usual extras that a professional money-lender levies on his spendthrift clients.

An Egyptian loan of this period generally passed through three stages :—

In the first advances were required by the Treasury for current expenses. They were obtained from the banks or wholesale usurers at Cairo, who charged from  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to 25 per cent. interest on them, according to the necessities of the Government. As the Treasury bonds accumulated they declined in value, and at times of severe financial pressure they have fallen as low as 65. This was the chrysalis stage of the loan, generally distinguished as the "floating debt" period. The second stage opened with the negotiations in Paris and London for "funding the floating debt," as it was humorously called. The financiers, while they were driving the hardest bargain they could with Ismail's agents, bought up in Cairo the depreciated Treasury bonds, which they knew, of course, would be paid off if the intended new raid on investors should succeed. To minimise risk and simplify matters, it was sometimes stipulated that the Treasury bonds should be received as cash in payment of subscriptions. As compared with the innocent *bond fide* subscriber, the syndicate had, in the third stage of the transaction, various material advantages. If the price to the public was 93, the syndicate would have secured beforehand an option to take all it wanted at, say, 88. While the public paid their 93 in cash, the syndicate would pay their 88 in paper purchased at 65. When the loan was a success, the syndicate behind the scenes could quietly increase their subscriptions, and compel the public to buy in the open market at an artificial premium. In other words, they could fleece the lenders with one hand, and the spendthrift borrower with the other. Under this pleasant system Ismail Pasha borrowed, between 1862 and 1873, rather more than 68 millions sterling,—fully as much as the total revenue of Egypt in the same period. But, as has been said, he received only some 45 millions in hard cash ; and when he defaulted in 1875, there had been repaid in interest more than 35 millions sterling. Meanwhile the capital of the debt had increased to 72 millions sterling.

• In its inception and growth the public debt of Egypt was one of the greatest political iniquities known to this generation. It was contracted without the slightest reference to the wishes or the interests of the Egyptian people. Only 16 millions out of a total of 68 millions was expended on work that has any claim to be considered a work of public utility. Many millions of it went into the privy purse of the ex-Khedive, and was spent, as we have indicated, in bribery, to say nothing of the "ropes of pearls" gallantly bestowed on opera singers. In 1875 the bubble burst.

Ismail Pasha, shut off from his foreign sources of supply by the scandalous disclosures of 1873, could no longer raise the five millions sterling a year of interest for which he had made Egypt liable. The bondholders met and stormed,

as bondholders always do at such disagreeable junctures. They passed and recorded the usual resolution to have a thorough investigation of the bankrupt's affairs. A representative of the highest social position and the most trustworthy character was needed to go to Cairo. The then paymaster of Her Majesty's Forces, the late Mr. Stephen Cave, was invited to undertake the mission, and he carried it out very ably. Most of the figures above quoted are from his exhaustive and edifying report. He gave the bondholders clearly to understand that only the strictest economy and prudence on the part of the Egyptian Government could secure their interest for them out of the normal revenue of the country. The next question was how to get such unknown and uncongenial virtues as economy and prudence introduced at Cairo. It was proposed to form a European Control Department, whose business it should be "to secure the punctual payment of the debt charges." This meant in effect that Ismail Pasha and his Ministers were not to be trusted with such a delicate operation as the management of an insolvent Treasury. If Egypt had been a powerful State, Ismail Pasha would have snapped his fingers in the face of his creditors; but, unhappily for him, he was only a third-rate defaulter, and there were various ways of putting the screw on him. It could be done at Cairo or at Paris, but most effectually at Constantinople. The Sultan was only too glad of an opportunity of reminding him, that brilliant and enterprising as he was, he had a suzerain.

The scheme of a European Control Department thus mooted in 1876 was highly approved of at Paris; but it found no favour at the British Foreign Office. Lord Derby, then Foreign Minister, was the man, above all others, qualified to forecast the consequences of such a dubious proposal.

His superhuman caution saved him from yielding an inch to the new doctrine which was being urged on him of the duty of the Government to protect the private interests of its subjects abroad. He categorically refused to have anything to do with the "International Commission," which was the next proposal. But lest he should be considered too cold-blooded, he made a concession to the distressed bondholders: he "lent" them a British official, Mr. Rivers Wilson, to represent them on the Commission, and he authorised our Consul-General at Cairo to grant "such unofficial assistance as he possibly could." Here Lord Derby, from his own point of view, may be fairly thought to have made a mistake. In these matters there is seldom a safe middle course. Unofficial diplomacy is as much a contradiction in terms as unofficial war, and it generally has the same issue. If it is right or prudent for a consul to act at all in a private matter, he should act officially. If it is not right or prudent, his personal interference may be even worse than his official interference. Mr. Rivers Wilson went out to Cairo at the beginning of 1876, and made the startling discovery that the debt, including arrears of interest and floating debt, now amounted to 91 millions sterling! The burden of the Fellaheen was rolling up remorselessly. Lord Derby, despairing of effectual help, withdrew his unofficial countenance, and Mr. Rivers Wilson was recalled. The bondholders had to take a new departure, and Mr. Goschen now came to their rescue. His firm, as bankers for the two first loans, had presented a formal protest at Cairo against the non-payment of the coupons. It was resolved to follow that up with a special mission to Egypt, of such a character as to impress the Khedive, whose good faith

was not implicitly relied on. Mr. Goschen agreed to go as the English commissioner, and his French colleague was M. Joubert. They adopted drastic measures. Finding that Ismael Sadyk Pasha, the Minister of Finance, was hostile to them, they had him tried on a charge of conspiracy against the Khedive, and sent off to the White Nile—the Siberia of Egypt. Ismail Pasha then surrendered at discretion, and subscribed to the commissioners' terms—European comptrollers of the revenue, European commissioners of the public debt, a special hypothecation of the dues of Port Alexandria, and an Anglo-French administration of the State railways,—a complete financial control of the country, in short.

There was no political purpose or complexion whatever in the Dual Control as thus originally established. In all its aims and circumstances it was a financial arrangement. The plain facts were that Ismail Pasha, the then virtually absolute ruler of Egypt, was bankrupt, and put himself under trust. The causes of the failure of the Dual Control and of the political intervention thereby necessitated, three years later, are but too easily traced.

The trust-estate was in a much worse state than had been suspected; and the bankrupt, not to put too fine a point on it, required very dexterous handling. The provision made for the service of the foreign debt was ample, but the surplus left for carrying on the government of the country was utterly insufficient. In the first year of the Control (1877) the total revenue was about 9½ millions sterling. Of that the bondholders got over 7 millions, partly as interest and partly as redemption of capital. The Turkish tribute and the interest on the Suez Canal shares, payable to the British Government, absorbed another million, leaving the last million and a few odd thousand pounds for the whole expenses of administration of 400,000 square miles of country, inhabited by 5½ millions of people.

Ismail Pasha, who had all the cuteness of impecuniosity, foresaw clearly enough how the Control would work, and how capital might be made out of it for himself. The whole machinery of Government, from the Council of Ministers to the Sheik of the smallest village, was cleverly worked, so as to bring odium on the foreign interlopers.

\* Twice a-year, when the coupons had to be made up, a greedy army of tax-gatherers was set on to grind money out of the poor Fellaheen. They were compelled to pay their taxes six months and sometimes twelve months in advance. If unable, their cattle were seized and driven to market, to be sold to confederates of the tax-collectors. Forced sales had also to be made of growing crops or money had to be borrowed from the village usurers at exorbitant interest, the speedy result of which was ruin to the borrower. Meanwhile Ismail Pasha rather enjoyed the rôle of "sovereign in sequestration." He had so far saved his enormous private estates, purchased to a large extent with public money, and a good deal of it the money of the bondholders. He had likewise reserved to himself perfect freedom of expenditure, both public and private. So long as the coupons were met, and the sinking funds maintained, he was free to do as he pleased with the surplus revenue. Asserting this right, he refused resolutely to submit to any control over his expenditure. However much the Comptrollers

may have pitied the sufferings of the Fellaheen, they could do nothing to alleviate them. They could only receive the taxes as they were collected. They had no power to check abuses of collection, or to prevent the Khedive incurring new debt, or to force the Government to attempt any reform. Their position in the country was from first to last invidious and unfortunate. The exactions which their thankless office imposed on them were enough to make them hateful to the people : but when, in addition, they had to be the scapegoats of all the malpractices of native officials, the situation soon became intolerable. Their first attempt at a remedy, the introduction of Europeans into the civil service, brought the disease rapidly to a crisis. Foreign officials were imported far too freely, and, in the circumstances of the country, were extravagantly paid, furnishing another and fatal handle against the Control. The Commissioners and their staffs represented a cost to the country of over £30,000 a-year. Within twelve months it was discovered that "the old leaven of useless and corrupt officials" would have to be weeded out. Two hundred natives were accordingly displaced, and about two hundred more Europeans brought in, raising the foreign salary list by £60,000 a-year.

This was one of the proximate causes of the anti-foreign agitation which, skilfully fostered by Arabi Pasha, developed into the national movement of 1882. The time arrived when the Comptrollers had to put their foot down, and come to a clear understanding with the Khedive. They claimed supervision of his expenditure, and that he should render an account of the enormous private estates largely acquired by public money, which he still retained. He stood doggedly out against interference of this kind, and an appeal had to be made to the controlling powers on the ground that public order was in grave danger, as it undoubtedly was. The Treasury Chest had been seized by a foreign official under a judgment of the Court for arrears of salary. The army, the civil service, and even the Khedive's domestic servants had got no pay for months. At length the Consul General had to submit to the Foreign Office the alternative of crossing the shadowy line of "unofficial" assistance, and applying direct pressure to the Khedive or of allowing a catastrophe to precipitate itself on Egypt. For once Lord Derby not only saw clearly, but made up his mind and struck home.

The Khedive was given to understand that there must be a thorough and independent inquiry into his expenditure. He yielded, and Mr. Rivers Wilson returned to Cairo to preside over the Commission. Its proceedings were a series of hand-to-hand contests with the Khedive. The first resulted in the dismissal of Cherif Pasha, the most powerful bulwark of the old system. The next raged round the question of the Crown lands, which had been retained by the Khedive. This issued in a compromise—the Khedive surrendering about 288,000 acres, with a revenue of nearly £400,000 per annum, and being allowed to keep about half that quantity. The next and stiffest fight was over the limitation of the Khedive's absolute power. The Commission insisted that he should submit himself to the condition of a constitutional monarch, with responsible

ministers. Preparatory to that he was required to surrender all other Crown property in the hands of himself and his family, and to accept a civil list. All this he had to yield, though much against the grain; and in August 1878 he signed a document—the Magna Charta of Egypt—affirming the doctrine of ministerial responsibility. This “Rescript,” as it was called, of August 1878, was in effect a solemn engagement with the two Powers at whose instance it was adopted. It gave them a clear moral right to take the extreme measure which forced itself on them in the following year. Mr. Rivers Wilson and the French Comptroller became members of the first Egyptian Cabinet, and in that capacity carried on the triangular duel, with the Khedive, which was now coming to very close quarters. Ismail Pasha fought his losing battle skilfully to the bitter end. He was full of resource, and had a powerful weapon in his hand in the National movement, which was now assuming serious proportions. His final stroke was delivered through the Assembly of Notables, whom he instigated to all kinds of interference with the executive and even with the provincial administration. This culminated in a popular tumult, headed by dismissed officers of the army, and at one time threatening personal violence to Mr. Rivers Wilson. In April 1879 the Khedive declared his sympathy with the mob by summarily dismissing his two European Ministers. The Powers, who could regard this in no other light than as a defiance, replied with the famous measure which ended in Ismail Pasha's deposition.

In June 1879, the new *régime* began with Ismail Pasha's son, Tewfik, as Khedive. Up to the end of 1877, the issue had been solely between Ismail Pasha and his foreign creditors. In 1878 and onward to the deposition of Ismail Pasha, it was a question of public safety and order in Egypt: a question clearly affecting the Egyptians more than anyone else. From the accession of Tewfik Pasha a state of foreign intervention began to exist on the Nile, and here the Egyptian question of to-day begins. The advent of Tewfik Pasha was attended by three distinct acts of foreign intervention:—

The first of these was the re-establishment of the European control, this time with an avowedly political character, and not, as before, in an “unofficial” sense.

It is important to note here that the first British Comptroller was Sir Evelyn Baring, who had filled the same post on the old Control, and who has been the trusted adviser of the present Government ever since it had anything to do with Egypt. This unimpeachable Liberal, experienced financier, near relative of Lord Northbrook, and intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, was an integral part of the Egyptian “heritage of woe” taken over from the late Government. It may have been specially for him that Mr. Gladstone intended the warm eulogy he bestowed on the Dual Control in his speech at Leeds in October 1881. Though the Premier had been eighteen months in office he was still playing the rôle of humanitarian statesman, and it suited him to assure the people of Leeds that “not only the finance of Egypt, which was in confusion, had been brought into order, but the peasantry had had great advantages introduced through the European interference into what was a system of serious and grievous oppression.”

The second distinctive act of foreign intervention in 1819 was the appointment of a new Financial Commission.

This, too, was avowedly political, and all the great Powers were represented on it save Russia. Its object was to complete the interrupted inquiry into the financial condition of the country, and to frame a new supervising authority on behalf of the bondholders. It will be observed that it satisfied Mr. Gladstone's fundamental canon of foreign policy—the concert of Europe.

The third and most important act of the Powers in the rehabilitation of Egypt was the Law of Liquidation framed by the above Commission.

It was an act which for the first time demanded a substantial sacrifice from the bondholders, and conferred a real boon on the long-suffering Fellaheen. It reduced the interest on the Unified debt by one-third—namely from 7 per cent. to 4 per cent, and saved the Treasury over a million and a half sterling per annum. This is the one instance of foreign intervention on behalf of the unfortunate people who are the most innocent as well as the most helpless victims of these complications.

When Mr. Gladstone came into office he had these three facts before him—the re-established Control, the Commission of Public Debt, and the Law of Liquidation. Two of them—the Commission of Public Debt and the Law of Liquidation—were international engagements placed under the sanction of that highest of all moral authorities, the concert of Europe, and to withdraw from them would have been to inflict a wanton wrong on Egypt. But had Mr. Gladstone really seen any reason for declining the “heritage of woe,” he might have withdrawn his friend and confidant, Sir Evelyn Baring, from the new Control. Can any one conceive of such an absurdity as that Mr. Gladstone ever for a moment thought of withdrawing from the Control, and leaving Egypt to France?

Whatever he may discover now in his unfathomable conscience, the proof is abundant enough that Mr. Gladstone accepted his “heritage of woe” in Egypt very calmly.

So far as the published Blue-books show, it caused him very little anxiety during his first eighteen months in office. With the exception of two sets of correspondence tabled by Lord Salisbury in the first session of 1880, and the report of the Law of Liquidation, also a legacy of his, there is nothing but a few consular reports to indicate what was going on in Egypt from the spring of 1880 to the autumn of 1881. So far as our Foreign Office is concerned, these eighteen months are a blank in the history of Egypt. The country does not seem to have existed, for certain statesmen, who were bending the whole strength of their intellects to the setting up of Land Courts in Ireland, which Mr. Parnell and Mr. Henry George will very probably knock down again within ten years. In these eighteen months that Mr. Gladstone devoted to landlord-killing and general confiscation in Ireland, his Nemesis was sowing on the Nile the seeds of a frightful retribution. It is a baleful but clearly provable fact that Mr.

Gladstone's heroic ecstasies of reform are invariably followed by some cruel disenchantment abroad, that costs the country tenfold, or even a hundredfold the value of the parliamentary curries with which Radicals love to have their palates fired by him. In 1853 he expected the world to stand still until he had rendered the great service to humanity of reforming the income-tax. A little of the absorbing attention given to that high theme might have saved us from the Crimean war. In 1860 the gates of the millennium were to be unlocked by means of commercial treaties. But in 1861 we were within an ace of war with the United States; and in 1865, when Bismarck appeared on the scene, Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone ignobly escaped from a disastrous collision with him by leaving Denmark to do the fighting. In 1870, when the agrarian afflatus was strong on our domestic Isaiah, he had evidently not the slightest conception that there was such a thing looming in the near future as the German Empire.

For almost two years the British Cabinet did not publish a single despatch relating to Egypt, and, though on the brink of one of the most humiliating and irreparable disasters in our history, confessed through Mr. Gladstone, when last in Mid-Lothian, that it was in a state of helpless ignorance. "We have been compelled constantly to come to decisions without that full and adequate knowledge which alone can form a basis for political action. We have not known as much as we desired to know of Egyptian affairs." And not yet six months ago Mr. Gladstone thought so little of the Egyptian question as to honour it with only half-a-dozen sentences sandwiched between his threats against the House of Lords and his vailings over obstruction in the House of Commons.

Will Egypt be a gainer by our blind bewildered sacrifices of blood and treasure? No, Egypt too is a victim. Egypt, like Gordon and the British tax-payer, has been betrayed.

As the crowning stroke of his diplomacy, Lord Granville has surrendered every concession on her behalf that he professed to fight for at the Conference and to be still fighting for in his private negotiations with France. The French Ministry represented the bondholders, who wanted their pound of flesh. Lord Granville was to be the champion of the Fellaheen, ground down with taxes and looking to the special friend of humanity, Mr. Gladstone, for help. He insisted that the bondholders should contribute to the sacrifices which had become necessary on all sides. At first they were to be called on for a remission of one-half per cent interest both on the Preference and the Unified debt—not an unreasonable reduction, considering the financial state of the country. Lord Granville at last year's Conference offered to the Powers tempting inducements to meet him even half-way on that point. He would have virtually surrendered our position in Egypt and the whole fruits of the campaign of 1882, if the Powers had only come to his relief and taken on them a share of his responsibility. France stood out for the bondholders, and Earl Granville broke up the Conference rather than openly sacrifice the Fellaheen.

Since then M. Ferry has learned a lesson from Prince Bismarck, and practised with brilliant effect his tactics on the "squeezable" champions of the



oppressed at St. James's. As his difficulties increased, Earl Granville lowered his ultimatum a point or two. He would be content now with a half per cent reduction on the interest of the Unified debt only—fully half the total amount—and, at the same time, he would stand to all the original concessions, on his own side—European control, the complete neutralisation of the Suez Canal, and the limitation of our stay in Egypt. These tempting baits were still dangled within reach of M. Ferry, though the *quid pro quo* from him was to be cut down by more than one-half. M. Ferry thought, however, that with a little more "squeezing" he might do still better, and he was right. He made a counter-proposal as to the interest on the Unified debt. Instead of reducing the 4 per cent to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent for an indefinite time, he would agree to a tax of 5 per cent on the 4 per cent for two years. In other words, he offered Earl Granville one-twentieth instead of one-eighth, or, in actual money, \*£111,198 per annum instead of £280,000! This is on a par with Lord Derby's huckstering with the Australian colonies for £15,000, when they wanted to save New Guinea from Prince Bismarck. While Earl Granville was fighting with M. Ferry for £111,198, Lord Wolseley was spending fully as much per day in dragging our army over cataracts rather than lead them along a straight road. M. Ferry is naturally delighted at having pulled the bondholders through with a trumpery loss of about £100,000 a-year, out of a total of  $4\frac{1}{4}$  millions. As a finishing stroke of irony on the jelly-fish friend of the Fellaheen, he stipulated that the 5 per cent tax on the coupons should be returnable when the Egyptian Treasury was in a position to do so! A minister like Lord Palmerston or Mr. Canning would have been apt to reply to such a proposal that it was difficult to distinguish it from a gratuitous insult. Lord Granville swallowed it as the Curaçoa after a feast of leeks.

With this grand climax to our Egyptian benefactions, we may now make up the four years' account, and see how it looks as a whole. As a standard of comparison, we may recall for a moment the final boon of the late Government to the Fellaheen.

Under the Law of Liquidation originated by Lord Salisbury, the annual charges on the public debt of Egypt were reduced by a million and a half sterling—the one solid and substantial measure of relief which the Fellaheen owe to foreign intervention. Mr. Gladstone, after ignoring their existence for eighteen months, had his attention rudely called to the fact by Arabi Pasha's first rising in September 1881, when the Khedive's palace was surrounded by a mob of mutinous soldiers who had been "retrenched" by the new Control. That was the first shot fired by the National movement, but it had already formulated a distinct and comprehensive programme, which Mr. Gladstone might have seen in the Consul-General's reports of the day, had he felt the slightest interest in the subject. But Mr. Gladstone had evidently never been able to spare five minutes to it from his Irish Land Act, and his anti-obstruction rules. He was glad, no doubt, to leave it in the hands of his friend Gambetta, who showed that it is not always the most ardent republican who is the best judge of republicanism in others. Gambetta proposed that the two Powers should send each an ironclad to Alexandria, ostensibly as a counter-demonstration against the Turkish mission to Cairo. Another pretext was found for it afterwards, but that was the original one. Our Consul-General at Cairo foresaw the dangerous

effect this might have on the Egyptian people, then madly excited against the army of foreign officials which the new Controllers had let loose on them. He telegraphed to London that "the demonstration" (Mr. Gladstone's favourite recipe for all foreign troubles, a "naval demonstration") "implied danger to Alexandria, and was calculated to cause agitation and disturbance among the whole Arab population, *and not improbably might lead to a general revolution.*" But Gambetta, of course, knew better than a Consul-General. He intended that the "naval demonstration" should be followed up; and at the close of the year, when a new assembly which had been elected under the influence of Arabi Pasha was about to meet, he proposed that the two Powers should make it perfectly clear they would stand no nonsense. His plan was to address to Tewfik Pasha a joint note, intimating to him, and through him to the Nationalists, that the Powers were resolved to strengthen his position and repress disorder.

That was virtually, as Earl Granville could hardly fail to see, a declaration of war to the knife against the National movement. He boggled at it, but influence was brought to bear on him through the negotiations for the renewal of the French Commercial Treaty. On the 6th January 1882 the Dual Note was despatched to Cairo, and there followed in logical and irresistible consequence the bombardment of Alexandria, the war of 1882, the Suakim campaign of 1884, the Nile expedition, the fall of Khartoum, and the unknown fate of Gordon.

Such is the noble array of our benefaction to a down-trodden and oppressed people.

Item first is the bombardment of Alexandria, the most expensive act of buccaneering in the history of the world, and the poor Fellaheen have to pay for it.

Item second, we smashed up Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir at a cost to England of an extra three-half pence on the income tax, and to the Fellaheen of at least two millions sterling.

Item third, we saddled Egypt with an army of occupation, which we charge for at the rate of £300,000 a year, all to be extracted from the Fellaheen.

Item fourth, we have since 1880 saddled Egypt with a civilian army of foreign officials, more costly even than our troops.

In March 1882, three months before the riots in Alexandria, the number of foreigners in the Egyptian service was 1325, and their salaries aggregated £375,000 a-year. Sir Evelyn Baring, in the financial report prepared for the Conference last year, acknowledged as among the most crying abuses of the country, that it was being governed to death by functionaries, native and foreign. In 1880, the whole number of public employees, he said, was 14,254; and in 1883, it had increased to 17,490, or nearly 20 per cent in three years. There had been in the interval a great crowd of old officials pensioned off, and the pension-list had grown from £208,000 to £325,000.

Item fifth, we completely demoralized the finances of the

country, raising the expenditure extravagantly, while the main branches of revenue were falling off.

The Egyptian Budget of 1884, submitted to the Conference, showed an increase of expenditure, as compared with 1880, of £211,000, which Sir Evelyn Baring thought might be reduced to £146,000. This was without providing for the army of occupation—another £300,000, but taking credit for £170,000, saved in consequence on the native army and navy. Our boasted financiers have achieved bigger deficits than even Ismail Pasha used to do in his stock-jobbing carnival. They began the year 1882 with Treasury balances of various kinds exceeding £400,000. They ended the year with a debtor balance of £463,000. The actual deficit, if all its details could be got together, would not fall much short of a million sterling. In 1883 they were more than a million and a quarter to the bad; and last year they anticipated a deficit of nearly half a million. The accumulated deficits of the three years acknowledged by Sir Evelyn Baring are nearly two and three-quarter millions. This added to the indemnities, which exceed four millions, makes nearly seven millions sterling piled on to the Egyptian debt as the result of three years of British administration. With commendable foresight Earl Granville proposes to make the deficiency loan nine millions, there being reason to fear that an equilibrium of receipts and expenditure has not yet been arrived at. It is a wonderful feat in finance, a truly heroic lesson for the Fellaheen in self-government. And if they do not relish it, they may console themselves with the thought that our generous assistance in running them into debt another nine millions will, before we see the end of it, cost us perhaps fifty millions. The burden of the tragedy may not be so unequally divided, after all—nine millions to Egypt and fifty millions to us. But it is costly statesmanship. If Mr. Gladstone had bestowed half the attention on the Dual Note of January 1882 that he was then giving to obstruction, he would have saved his own country and Egypt money enough to buy every farm in Ireland under five acres, and make a clean present of it to the tenant. While he was gagging the House of Commons Egypt was hurrying to her ruin, bombarded by his “friendly” ironclads, invaded by his “friendly” armies, reduced to bankruptcy by his “friendly” Controllers, and abandoned at last to the tender mercies of “friendly” bondholders.

Bad as it is, that is not the bitterest drop in this cup of national sorrow and humiliation. It is only when we stand in imagination beside the unknown grave of Gordon that we realize the full evil of our “meddling and muddling” on the Nile.

General Gordon, the oriflamme of our Christian chivalry, dead!—assassinated by the dagger of some cowardly traitor!—sacrificed on the foul altar of stock-jobbery and cool-blooded state-craft! It is more than this country will endure. Ministerial apologists may palliate the disgrace as they may, and the Caucus may rally all its soulless forces to shield the Government from just punishment, but their hour of doom has struck. The civilized world has passed sentence on them without a single dissenting voice, and posterity will indorse the verdict through all the ages that are to come. Their own official correspondence, mutilated and carefully edited as it is, fixes on them the responsibility of Gordon's fate. Twelve months ago they made an appeal to him which practically asked him for ninety-nine in a hundred chances of his life. They left

him for himself but one poor chance in a hundred ; and did they, as men of honor, as Englishmen, as Christians, do all that in them lay to guard that one chance ? No ; they did not. If they think they did, let them explain Earl Granville's telegrams to Sir Evelyn Baring, refusing to adopt any of Gordon's proposals for the settlement of the Soudan, and yet begging him to remain a little longer with his head in the lion's mouth.

The Blue-book, "Egypt, No. 12, 1884," tells a tale which when heard, as it must be, in Parliament, will cause the ears of General Gordon's countrymen to tingle with indignation.

Gordon went to Khartoum on a very special mission ; and, as he believed, with extraordinary powers adequate to the occasion. The Government that appointed him had no right to be startled at any proposal he might make for effecting his task. If it was too wild a proposal for them to adopt promptly and energetically, their duty was to recall him at once, seeing they had no policy of their own to offer him instead. Gordon, after examining the situation, recommended the appointment of Zebehr Pasha as Governor of the Soudan. Colonel Stewart indorsed this recommendation ; and Sir Evelyn Baring, in forwarding it to the Government, expressed his own opinion that Zebehr Pasha "was the only possible man." This was telegraphed from Cairo to London on the 19th February 1884. On the 22nd February Earl Granville telegraphed back : "Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that the gravest objections exist to the appointment by their authority of a successor to General Gordon." Though he had that very day received intelligence of the fall of Tokar and the massacre of the garrison, he did not think "the necessity had yet arisen of going beyond the suggestions contained in General Gordon's memorandum of the 22nd ultimo, by making a special provision for the government of the country." Gordon's reply was characteristically short and decided. On the 26th February he telegraphed : "That settles the question for me. I cannot suggest any other." But Sir Evelyn Baring appears to have pressed the proposal, and to have also suggested, as an alternative, the despatch of troops to Berber. On the 11th March Earl Granville reiterated his refusal, adding that neither were the Government prepared to send troops to Berber ; but "they would be quite prepared to extend General Gordon's appointment for any reasonable time which may be necessary to enable him to carry out the objects of his mission."

Thus the Cabinet would allow Gordon to do nothing, and it would do nothing for him, but "it was quite prepared to extend his appointment." In another despatch Earl Granville expressed his real wish in plainer words : "Her Majesty's Government desire further information as to the urgency of any immediate appointment of a successor to General Gordon, *who, they trust, will remain for some time longer in Khartoum.* From a House of Commons point of view, Gordon at Khartoum was invaluable. He was a ready answer to all inconvenient questions, and the "Christian hero" was an irresistible stalking horse in debate. Therefore Gordon was asked to keep his head in the lion's mouth ! Let it be engraven over him "*who, they trust, will remain for some time longer in Khartoum.*"

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**THE LAND OF THE FALSE PROPHET.**—This paper is contributed by General Colston, who was an officer on the staff of the Egyptian army, in the service of which he commanded two expeditions of exploration in the Soudan, and spent two years among the tribes frequently mentioned in connection with the Mahdi's rebellion. Of the voyage up the Nile he writes :—

Five great cataracts and many rapids several miles in length make navigation impracticable, if not quite impossible from Wady Halfa to Berber, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles by water. It is at and beyond Wady Halfa that the river expedition will encounter its greatest difficulties ; yet there is nothing within the limits of possibility that British gold, skill, and pluck may not accomplish. But too much time has been lost, for the Nile is as regular as the course of the seasons. It begins to rise at Khartoum about June 21st, is at its fullest by September 1st, and decreases steadily and regularly from October 1st until the next summer solstice. Instead of wasting months in vacillating about impossible desert routes, the British authorities should have understood from the first that the expedition *must* follow the Nile, which alone can save it from perishing of thirst. The army should have left Cairo in August, and have reached Khartoum in December. Now it is impeded by low water—the hot season begins in March, and a summer in the Soudan will cost more lives than the enemy.

At Wady Halfa ordinary expeditions mount the desert-ship—the camel—and follow the western bank of the river. As we ascend the Nile, the complexions of the native shade toward black. The fellah of Lower Egypt, no darker than a creole, becomes of a deeper hue with every day's journey. The Nubians above the first cataract are chocolate in color, but with straight hair and profile. Next, the Dongolawee, more or less mixed; and after them, the endless variety of Central African types begins to prevail, the complexion growing darker, the profile more prognathous, and the hair more kinky, yet altogether unlike the woolly headed negro of the Guinea coast, the parent-stock of America's colored population. Ruins of great temples bear witness in these far regions to the extent of the dominion of ancient Egypt.

I. *The Nile.*—The word *Soudan* is derived from the Arabic plural *Suda*, black, and *Beke'd-es-Soudan*, as the Arabs call it, means literally the Land of the Blacks. A boat journey up the Nile, in early September when the stream is at its full, may be made for 900 miles from the sea up to the second cataract at Wady Halfa, where the boat must be left.

At Hannek, near the third cataract, numerous islands of basaltic rock, crowned with ruins of imposing castles 1,000 years old, rise 300 feet above the bed of the river. Above the third cataract we pass the large and fertile island of Argo on our way to New Dongola. Passing Old Dongola, a now almost abandoned town on the eastern bank, we reach Debbek, between which and Abou-Hamed, a miserable "Nile town," is the fourth cataract, near Merawi, the scene of the massacre of Colonel Stewart and his party. On the way between Abou-Hamed and Berber is the fifth cataract, which the author believes to be quite impassable on account of the rocks and the extreme velocity of the water. One hundred and thirty-three miles above Abou-Hamed stands Berber, a town of 10,000 people, which owes its importance to its position, being the great *entrepôt* of almost all the Soudan export trade, which here leaves the no longer navigable upper river, and finds its way by the great caravan route to Suakin.

Taking to the river once more we next reach Shendy, an important market-town, the terminus of the caravan route from Kassala and Abyssinia.

Steaming one hundred miles above Shendy, we reach the point where the Blue Nile, flowing from the mountains of Abyssinia, merges its limpid stream with the turbid waters of the White Nile. Just above the angle formed by the two rivers lies the city of Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan. It was founded by Mohammed Ali, a man of great genius and iron will, who originated all those reforms, both civil and military, that placed Egypt far ahead of all other Mussulman countries. When he had completed the conquest of Kordofan and the submission of the Bedouin tribes in 1820, he at once recognized the importance of the commercial and strategic position of Khartoum. A palace for the governor,

barracks for a garrison, an arsenal and a shipyard were constructed in substantial style, and the new city soon became the centre of a vast trade in ivory, ostrich feathers, gum arabic, grain, cattle, and last, though far from least, slaves. In fact, it always was the point where slave-traders fitted out their expeditions, obtained their recruits, and found a market for their human cattle. It was there while Gordon was Governor-General of the Soudan. He had received from the Khedive Ismail Pasha the most stringent orders to suppress the slave-trade by the sternest exercise of military power, and the native governors, dared not show any remissness in seconding him; but the trade was so interwoven with the ideas and customs of the people, that very little effect was produced beyond forcing it to seek concealment by going around the city instead of through it. The Austrian consul, M. Rossetti, a very intelligent gentleman, told me at the time that the slave-bazars were closed, it was true; but if any one wanted one hundred boys or girls, they could be procured quietly, within two hours, at the rate of thirty-five to fifty dollars a head.

Khartoum is a city numbering between fifty and sixty thousand people. Several European consuls reside there. The American consul was Azar Abd-el-Melek, a Christian Copt from Esneh, and one of the principal merchants. The European colony is small and continually changing; for Khartoum is a perfect grave-yard for Europeans, and in the rainy season for natives also, the mortality averaging then from thirty to forty per day, which implies three thousand to four thousand for the season. Khartoum is the commercial centre of the Soudan trade, amounting altogether to sixty-five million dollars a year, and carried on by one thousand European and three thousand Egyptian commercial houses. Drafts and bills of exchange upon Khartoum are as good as gold in Cairo and Alexandria, and *vice versa*. From official sources I learned that the city contained three thousand and sixty houses, many of them two-storied, each having from ten to one hundred and fifty occupants. Stone and lime are found in abundance, and the buildings are, after a fashion, substantial, the houses belonging to rich merchants being very spacious and comfortable. There are large bazars, in which is found a much greater variety of European and Asiatic goods than would be expected in such distant regions. In the spacious market-place a brisk trade is carried on in cattle, horses, camels, asses, and sheep, as well as grain, fruit, and other agricultural produce. Many years ago an Austrian Roman Catholic mission was established and liberally supported by the Emperor of Austria and by contributions from the entire Catholic world. It occupies a large parallelogram surrounded by a solid wall. Within this inclosure, in beautiful gardens of palm, fig, pomegranate, orange, and banana, stand a massive cathedral, a hospital, and other substantial buildings. Before the people of Egypt and the Soudan had been irritated by foreign interference, such was their perfect toleration and good temper that the priests and nuns, in their distinctive costumes, were always safe from molestation, not only at Khartoum, but even at El Obeid and the neighbourhood, where the majority are Mussulmans and the rest heathens. It was stated some months ago that Gordon had abandoned the Governor's palace and transformed the Catholic mission into a fortress, its surrounding wall and massive buildings rendering it capable of strong resistance.

From Khartoum the Nile is navigable nearly to the great lakes. Sennaar on the east and Kordofan on the west of the White Nile

are the most southern provinces of the Egyptian Soudan. Beyond are the heathen tribes known as Shillooks, Denkas, Doowairs, &c.

Agriculture is carried on industriously enough all over the narrow valley of the Nile, which, from Sennaar to the Mediterranean, including the few oases, contains only ten thousand square miles of arable land, inhabited by seven or eight millions of people cultivating the soil and living in towns and permanent settlements. Even where the cliffs come down to the river, if a strip of cultivable ground only a yard or two in breadth is left exposed at low Nile, it is made to bear its tribute of a few rows of beans, onions, or doura. Wherever water can be elevated, the land exhibits wonderful fertility; and the amount of labor expended upon merely lifting water to the highest attainable level, by means of the most primitive machines, is absolutely prodigious as well as continual, for a few hours' intermission would result in the burning up of the crop. At the line where the irrigating waters halt the desert begins, and its limit is as sharply marked as a gravel walk across a green sward. Ancient Egypt was the granary of the Roman Empire, and the soil has lost none of its fertility.

It is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the savage tribes along the Nile between the tenth degree and the lakes, but they probably number two or three millions. They cultivate only a little land, and are herdsmen, hunters, and robbers.

Such is the valley of the Nile, that mysterious river which, the reverse of all others, steadily decreases in volume by irrigation and enormous evaporation for the last 1,700 miles of its course, and whose fountain-heads south of the great lakes have never yet been ascertained.

2. *The Desert.*—East and west of the Nile extend 800,000 square miles of desert, essentially a waterless land, where the only supply of water is derived from deep wells, few, scanty, and far apart, and where long droughts are frequent.

When I explored the great Arabian Desert between the Nile and the Red Sea, it had not rained for three years; and when I travelled over the Suakim route and through Kordofan, no rain had fallen for two years. Between the twenty-ninth and the nineteenth degree of latitude it never rains at all. Water becomes precious to a degree beyond the conception of those who have never known its scarcity. Members of the Catholic mission at El Obeid, where water is much more plentiful than in the deserts, assured me that, the summer before, water had been sold as high as half a dollar a gallon by the proprietors of the few wells that had not dried up. When long droughts occur, the always scanty crop of doura fails away from the Nile, and the greater part of the flocks and herds perish, as well as a considerable part of the population. It follows naturally that when undertaking a journey through the desert, the paramount question is water. A supply must be carried sufficient to last to the next well, be it one or five days distant. It is usually carried in goat and ox skins suspended from the camels' pack-saddles. These are the water-bottles of Scripture, which become leaky from wear, and always lose a considerable portion of their contents by evaporation. The first thing after reaching a well is to ascertain the quantity and quality of its water. As to the former, it may have been exhausted by a preceding caravan, and hours



may be required for a new supply to ooze in again. As to the quality, desert water is generally bad, the exception being when it is worse, though long custom enables the Bedouins to drink water so brackish as to be intolerable to all except themselves and their flocks. Well do I remember how at each well the first skinful was tasted all around as epicures sip rare wines. Great was the joy if it was pronounced "*moya helwa*," sweet water ; but if the Bedouins said "*moōsh tayib*," not good, we might be sure it was a solution of Epsom salts. The best water is found in natural rocky reservoirs in deep narrow gorges where the sun never shines. As to "live springs," I never saw more than half a dozen in six thousand miles' travel.

The desert would be absolutely impassable without the camel. He lives on almost nothing, the scanty herbage of the desert being his favourite food ; and he can travel five days without drinking during the fiercest heat of summer, and much longer at other seasons. For this reason wells are very rarely more than five days apart.

The camel and the dromedary differ only in breed, just as the dray horse differs from the racer. The burden camel, called *gamal* by the Arabs, never changes his regular walk of two and a half miles an hour under a load, which should never exceed three hundred pounds for a long journey, for his strength must be estimated by what he can carry when exhausted by hardship and privation. The dromedary, or riding camel, called *hageen*, is much swifter. With no other load than his rider, a bag of bread or dates, and a skin of water, he can travel a hundred miles in one day on an emergency. The walk of the dromedary (as of the camel) is the most cruciating, back-breaking, skin-abrading mode of locomotion conceivable ; but when pressed into a pace of five or six miles an hour, which is his natural gait, a good high-bred dromedary is as comfortable a mount as can be desired ; and I can aver, from personal experience, that a fairly good horseman will find himself perfectly at home on camel's-back after two days' practice. One of the most interesting and picturesque sights of the desert is a caravan of several hundred camels just from Central Africa. The sheiks and chief merchants wear turbans and flowing robes of various colors ; the camel-drivers and common people are bare-headed, and with only a few yards of coarse, white cotton around the loins, but all armed with swords or lances. The animals are loaded with great bags and bales of ostrich feathers, gum arabic, hides, and senna, the chief productions of the Soudan ; while not a few carry four or six elephants' tusks wrapped in raw hides, and looking like gigantic scythe-blades. On foot is a motley crowd of almost naked savages from all the tribes of the Upper Nile, from the lanky Dinka, nearly seven feet in height, to the fat and squatty Bongo, about two feet shorter, and presenting every type of feature and every variety of color from a dark olive to the brightest copper and the deepest black.

The natives divide their deserts into two classes : The first is called *el jebel*, the mountain, or *el barriyeh*, the wilderness. This is the kind of desert into which John the Baptist retired, and is diversified by mountains always absolutely bare of all vegetation. But the valleys or *wadies* (pronounced *waddies*) are often fairly supplied with vegetation.

After every shower of the brief rainy season, the dry beds in the wadies are converted for a few hours into furious torrents. The water disappears, quickly absorbed by the thirsty soil ; but where an impenetrable stratum lies parallel and close to the surface, the water is kept from sinking too deep, and in such spots will be found trees and herbage, the latter springing up with magic rapidity after the first showers. Many kinds of grasses afford camels, sheep, and goats abundant pasture for a portion of the year. Wild flowers are seen in great variety : on the slopes of the Arabian chain, acres upon acres of heliotrope ; on the plains, a bush called *mesk*, resembling the Scotch broom, and bearing small five-pointed yellow stars of sweetest fragrance. In Sennaar and Kordofan are hundreds of square miles covered with the plant which takes its name from the former province and supplies the world with senna. After the first rain the trees which drop their leaves during the intense heat of summer are swiftly clad in living green. Numerous species are found : the *heglik* (*Balanites Ægyptiaca*), and several kinds of acacia, among which are the *seyal*, of considerable size ; the *sount*, used for saddles and various utensils, and its bark for tanning ; the small *Acacia mimosa*, with its huge thorns, the favorite food of camels ; and in Sennaar and Kordofan the *hashab* (*Acacia gummifera*), which produce the gum arabic of the world.

From November to February the climate is perfection. The air is perfectly dry, and, though occasionally the thermometer rises during the day to 90°, the mornings and nights are pleasantly cool. Game is plentiful, and travelling at this season perfectly charming.

Everybody is in fine spirits, for water and pasture are plentiful ; laughter and endless chaff are heard from one end of the column to the other. A caravan of five hundred camels covers more ground than a large cavalry regiment, marching with a front of about one hundred yards where the wadies are broad, and reducing to single file when crossing narrow defiles between gates of granite and basaltic cliffs. When evening comes, camp is pitched in some pleasant wady, and quickly dozens of fires illuminate the valley. The large Soudan sheep, which follow the caravan, grazing as they go, supply a delicious roast added to the game killed during the day's march, and the canned soups, meats, and vegetables we used to carry in abundance. After dinner comes the unequalled coffee, straight from Mocha, then pipes and pleasant chat, while all around we hear the laughter and gabble of the good-natured soldiers and Bedouins mingled with wild and barbaric songs, accompanied by the viol, called *kemengeh*. Occasionally, of a moonlight night, the Bedouins perform their national war-dance, with sword, lance, and shield, in mock attack and defence, and even their great sheikh, the princely Mahommed Khalifa, condescends to take part ; while the beating of the *darabukas* wakes the echoes of the wady and the answering yells of the astonished jackals and hyænas.

The utterly barren kind of desert is called the *atmoor*, consisting mainly of hard gravel plains diversified by zones of deep sand, rocky ridges, and rugged defiles.

It is absolutely destitute of all vegetation, and consequently of animal life. Only the ostrich and hyæna cross it swiftly by night, and the vulture hovers over the caravans by day. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass

relieves the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No one can resist the solemn impression of deep silence and infinite space produced by the desert. When night has come, and the soldiers and Bedouins are asleep in their bivouacs, walk away under the unequalled African moon beyond the first ridge of sand or rocks. Around you stretches a boundless sea-like horizon. The sand gleams almost as white as snow. Not a sound falls upon the ear, not the murmur of a breeze, not the rustle of leaf or grass, not the hum of the smallest insect. Silence—only silence—as profound as death, unless it is broken by the howl of a prowling hyæna or the distant roar of the king of beasts.

Within the limits of Egypt and the Soudan these desolate atmoores extend over three-quarters of a million of square miles, never trodden by the foot of man. Only a few caravan trails cross them in their narrowest parts, with scanty wells at long intervals; and the necessities of trade can alone account for their being penetrated at all. They are like oceans, where caravans pass each other in haste, like vessels at sea. The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet it is worse to halt during the day than to keep in motion, for the heat makes sleep or rest impossible, even under canvas. With the burning sand under your feet and the vertical sun over your head, you are as between the lids of an oven. In summer the thermometer rises to 150 and 160 degrees. The air that blows feels as if it had just passed through a furnace or a brickkiln. Over the plains it quivers visibly in the sun, as if rising from a red-hot stove, while the mirage mocks your senses with the most life-like image of lakes, ponds, and rippling waters. No more laughter or merriment along the column now. Soldiers and camp-followers protect themselves as best they can with turbans and blankets, bringing over all the hoods of their cloth *capotes*, leaving only a narrow aperture just enough to see; while, strange to say, the Bedouins stride along on foot, *bareheaded* and almost naked, without appearing to suffer any great discomfort. Were not the nights comparatively cool (80° in summer), neither men nor animals could endure the terrible ordeal.

3. *The Bedouins.*—The “wilderness” is the wandering ground of nomads called Bedouins, who number about half a million, and claim to be of Arab descent.

The principal tribes between the Nile and the Red Sea are the Ababdehs, Bishareens, and Hadendawas; west of the Nile are the Hassaneeyehs, the Kababeesh, and the Beggáras. All these, divided into numerous sub-tribes, have almost identical customs, and differ chiefly in their dialects and the mode of wearing their hair. They constitute the great bulk of the Mahdi's forces, and are the most formidable adversaries the British have to encounter, as the latter learned from their experience at Tamai, where a British square of two thousand men was broken, driven back half a mile, and its artillery captured by these naked sons of the desert, armed with only swords and spears. This alone would suffice to attract the attention of the world, even if their customs and modes of life did not invest them with peculiar interest. Their wealth consists in flocks and camels. They are carriers, guides, and camel-drivers, but no amount of money can induce them to work the ground, and they look with infinite contempt upon the fellaheen and the inhabitants of towns, whom they scornfully term “dwellers among bricks.” On my first expedition, a large sum in Austrian silver dollars (the money they prefer) was given me by the Government to hire my camel-drivers to dig out the Roman reservoirs on the ancient military road between

Keneh on the Nile and Berenice on the Red Sea. In reply to my offers of extra pay, the sheikhs assured me that not one of their men would degrade himself by such labor for any price, even a guinea per day. They are governed in an absolutely patriarchal way by their great sheikhs, and their condition is very much like that of their ancestors in the days of Abraham and Lot and Ishmael. They have no individual possession in the land, but the territorial limits of each tribe are well defined, and the encroachments of one tribe upon the range and wells of another are the most frequent cause of their feuds.

The great Bedouin tribes gave the Egyptian Government much trouble to subdue them. Mohammed Ali's iron hand forced them to submit when he conquered Kordofan in 1820. But they are left to the rule of their Sheikhs, and the taxes were collected more or less regularly. They are a fine-looking race, with aquiline noses, thin lips, and splendid teeth, and their hair long and frizzled. The girls, who wear no veils and dress in a few yards of cotton round the waist, are often beautiful, but they lose their beauty early and become hideous hags.

The Bedouin is the most abstemious of men. His food is a little doura obtained from the settlements in exchange for the surplus of his flocks and the skins and charcoal that he prepares for sale. His camels yield him an abundance of excellent milk, and he could live on that alone and its various preparations. He needs but little meat, which is supplied by his sheep and goats, with an occasional camel for some great feast. Those who live in more favored regions breed horses and cattle also. The desert grasses supply him with mats for his tents, and the trees with pack-saddles, ropes and tan-bark. His water and milk are carried in goat-skins; his drinking-vessels are gourds and grass-woven bowls which hold water perfectly. Civilized enough to appreciate the value of money and a few articles of European manufacture, he wants little else than long, straight, and broad double-edged sword-blades of German or Spanish make, to which he adapts handles and scabbards of his own contrivance. A few possess flint-lock muskets and double-barrel guns. All carry lances made in the country, whose iron or copper heads are generally barbed with such cruel ingenuity that it is impossible to extract them from a wound without the most horrible laceration. Fastened above the left elbow is a curved pruning-knife used to cut twigs of the mimosa for camels. On the right upper arm are one or two small morocco cases containing texts of the Koran as amulets against the "evil eye" and other dangers. Most of them carry round or oval shields of hippopotamus or giraffe hide, and it is a point of honor with them to go always armed.

They are all Muhammadans, but their mode of life prevents them giving much attention to minor religious observances. They always go bare-headed even in the fiercest heat of summer, and some tribes even shave their heads. They have a strong feeling of personal dignity, and are quick to resent insults.

Duels of a peculiar kind are not uncommon, always supervised by the elders of the tribe, who never permit them to come to a fatal termination. Sometimes the two adversaries, separated by two parallel ropes about a yard apart, are armed with courbashes (a fearful whip, made of hippopotamus hide, which brings

the blood with every cut), and they are encouraged to slash each other until their wrath is cooled. In more serious cases the combatants are seated flat on the ground, face to face, and as close as they can get. One single knife is given to the one who wins the first cut, after which he passes it to his adversary, who strikes the second blow, and so on alternately. They are forbidden to strike at a vital part, and while they are slashing each other's arms, legs, thighs, and shoulders,—not without a sort of chivalrous courtesy—the judges of the combat watch each stroke that is given, and when in their opinion enough blood has been shed, they rise and separate the adversaries, who proclaim themselves satisfied, and return quietly to their tents to have their wounds dressed.

Mohammed Hussein Khalifa, the great chief of the Ababdehs and Bishareens, is the patriarchal yet almost absolute ruler over 70,000 people, and a sketch of this foremost Bedouin chief will illustrate the character of those tribes.

His ancestors were princes for generations, perhaps before the days of the Prophet. He is now about sixty years of age, nearly six feet high, and of dignified presence. His color is dark chocolate. He has excellent features, large black eyes, curved aquiline nose, thin lips, and a fine beard. He is extremely wealthy in silver and gold, jewels and precious arms, camels, horses, and slaves. The Khedive requires him to reside on the banks of the Nile, where he possesses a princely estate of rich alluvial lands, at El Hoar, near Berber. He is held responsible for the security of trade and travel through the eastern deserts, and receives a large royalty upon the moneys paid his people as guides, carriers, and camel-drivers, for it is one of the privileges claimed by them that no one—not even government expeditions—shall pass through their country without hiring them and their camels. He escorted me for seven months in my explorations of his deserts, having with him ten or twelve dromedaries of his own, and as many burden camels, a large retinue, and five or six large tents furnished for his accommodation. Whenever we came across encampments of his people, they hastened to do him homage as their prince, kissing his hand and the hem of his garment and submitting their suits for his decision; while he, seated under a tree or at his tent door, administered justice precisely as the kings of Israel are described as doing; and no king or emperor could have a more noble and commanding manner. His father was the Sheikh Kralif. When the Memlooks were exterminated by Mohammed Ali, in 1811, those that escaped the massacre fled to these deserts, and Kralif gave them refuge and hospitality; and when the dreaded Ibrahim Pasha followed in pursuit, Kralif alone was bold enough to avow what he had done and to vindicate his course. Soon afterward he was murdered by a Turkish Governor, and was succeeded by his brother Baraca. The latter waited for an opportunity, and retaliated by assassinating the Turk, and some years later he was murdered by the latter's relatives. Mohammed Khalifa succeeded his uncle, and took up the avenging of blood, and the vendetta did not cease until one or two of the Turks had been killed, and the rest fled the country.

He has remained faithful in his allegiance to the Khedive, and he is the present Mudeer of Dongola, so often mentioned in the despatches. He has been made a pasha and decorated with the order of the Osmanieh, and is spoken of as the future Governor-General of the Soudan. His alliance is worth as much as an army to the British.

When the writer was in the Soudan the Mahdi was in obscurity, transforming himself into a prophet by meditation and prayer and pretended visions.

What is most striking about him is his pertinacity and his power of holding his followers in spite of defeat. It is nearly four years since he first raised the standard of revolt, and during that time he has suffered nine or ten serious defeats with barely an equal number of successes. After every defeat he has returned to the attack stronger than before. Three times he was repulsed with heavy losses while besieging El Obeid, but he finally captured it. Hicks Pasha inflicted a terrible defeat upon him, but he subsequently destroyed Hicks Pasha and his entire army. It would be a dangerous mistake to suppose that his power is broken. His inaction during the summer is explained by the fact that his followers, many of whom live in Kordofan, had to go home to plant and secure the scanty crop of dokḡ (an inferior kind of doura, which is the only grain that matures during the brief rainy season from June 15th to September 15th), on which their families depend for the next year. Like all commanders of barbarians, who have no regular commissariat, he may have only a couple of thousand men with him to-day and fifty thousand next month. It is certain that he had fully that number or more when he exterminated Hicks Pasha. If all the Bedouin tribes and the people from Kordofan to Dongola were to unite under his flag, he could muster more than a hundred thousand men. But this is not to be expected, and the British, profiting by the division existing among the tribes, may secure some more or less valuable allies whose fidelity will depend entirely upon success. But in any case the Mahdi is not a foe to be despised.

El Obeid is the present centre of his power, a city about 400 miles from the Nile, 200 of which are through desolate *atmoors*. It is a place of about 20,000 inhabitants almost hidden in thickets of heglicks and mimosas, with but a few substantial houses, belonging to Greek and Egyptian merchants. It possesses a telegraph connecting it with Khartoum and Cairo.

One sight I beheld there, the most peculiar and ghastly that ever shocked my senses. It was the burying-ground, situated almost within the town, and some six or eight acres in extent. The gravelly soil was literally covered with shreds of the white and blue cotton robes in which the dead are wrapped for burial. The graves, never more than two feet deep, are lightly covered with stones and thorns. Every night the hyænas come in and dig up the bodies that have been buried during the day, leaving exposed to view the remnants of their feast. No imagination can realize the horror of this Golgotha. It follows of course that the mortality is fearful. During the sickly season (that of the rains) the deaths averaged ten a day in a garrison of two thousand men, and the proportion was nearly as great among the population.

It is apparently the purpose of the British Government to abandon the Soudan. But if the expedition to bring out Gordon and the garrisons meets with brilliant success, England may determine to occupy Khartoum permanently, as has been so ably and forcibly urged by Sir Samuel Baker. Otherwise all that country will relapse into barbarism; its vast trade will be lost to the world; and to the comparatively strong and civilized government which enforced good order under Ismail Pasha, will succeed anarchy and the redoubled horrors of unrestrained slave-hunting and slave-trading.

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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• RECOLLECTIONS OF BUDDHIST MONASTERIES.—The religion of Buddha is professed by some five hundred millions of people, not including theosophists. Within three centuries of Buddha's death we find that in Hindustan alone sixty-four thousand priests were supported by the Imperial alms of the Emperor Asoka, who convened a council of one thousand of the yellow-robed fraternity to revise the Buddhist scriptures, and to take measures for sending missionaries into all the world to make known the saving doctrines of Buddhism. The intense religious meditation to which Buddha attached such great merit accounts for the dreamy monasticism embraced by so very large a proportion of his followers in China, Japan and Thibet ; in the latter country it is calculated that about one-third of the whole population of Thibet is attached to the monasteries, either ecclesiastically or as lay brethren. The solitary lights of Buddhist shrines, twinkling on the far away mountain slopes, must be familiar to many of our readers who have strolled along Darjeeling roads during the short gloaming of the Himalayas. The present article consists of a lively description of the personal experiences of the writer, a lady, during a series of visits paid by her to some of the monasteries of China.

All the monasteries visited are constructed on the same general principle :

The outer gateway is invariably guarded by two huge and monstrously ugly figures, while four others, equally hideous, and representing the incarnation of the genius of North, South, East and West, occupy a second building, which is the hall of the gods. These are supposed to be the ministers of Buddha's will and pleasure. I cannot say he has displayed much taste in the selection !

Then we come to the great temple, which is a detached building in the middle of a great court, around which are cloisters, apartments for the abbot and for the monks, dormitories, a library, reception rooms for guests, halls consecrated to many Hindoo gods, all of whom are supposed to do homage to Buddha ; the great refectory, and the kitchen, where, of course, vegetables only are supposed to find admission—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, not even milk, butter, or eggs, being tolerated by the sumptuary laws of the Founder. (As regards fresh milk and butter, no Chinaman considers these fit for human food.)

These various departments are each under the special care of some divine guardian, to whom is dedicated a more or less ornamental shrine. Those of two gods, respectively named Weito and Kwan-tai, lie to right and left of the main quadrangle, these gods being considered the special guardians of monasteries, Kwan-tai being the god of war, must, I suppose, be reckoned as the "Defender of the Faith."

In the dormitories, a watchful god protects the sleepers, while in the monastic kitchen (as in that of every well-regulated family in China) the kitchen-god receives devout daily worship. The shrine of the Goddess of Mercy is invariably conspicuous—in many monasteries she has a separate temple. Some wealthy monasteries are adorned with statues of the five hundred most saintly of Buddha's original disciples. In any case there are invariably a very large number of idols of all sizes, from the tiniest to the most colossal, some of wood and some of copper, some of porcelain, some of stone, and some of clay ; some gaudily painted, some lacquered, and many gilt.

But the great centre of all worship is, of course, the huge image of Buddha, who sits enthroned on a gigantic lotus blossom. In some temples he sits solitary, in others he is represented by three images, all exactly alike, representing the Past, the Present, and the Future, while another variety, more common in pictures than in images, shows him seated between two figures, equally Cyclopean, apparently of beautiful women, but really representing two beloved Indian disciples, named Kashiapa and Ananda. These great central images are frequently beautiful, and convey a feeling of intense calm and repose, strangely in contrast with all the bewildering variety of extraneous gods whose noisy worship is so diametrically opposed to the whole teaching of the Founder.

Of course every monastery of any note prides itself on the possession of some relic of Buddha, which is preserved in a bell-shaped *dagoba*, frequently made of white marble, recalling on a very small scale the Cyclopean shrines of the ancient cities in Ceylon.

These, in China, are generally kept within a special hall, but sometimes in pagodas, whose seven or nine stories are apparently designed to suggest multiplied canopies of honour, overshadowing the precious treasure below. The pagodas are not, however, necessarily relic shrines. In some cases they have been erected as tombs over the ashes of very saintly priests, and in modern days are sometimes built solely for purposes of geomancy, to improve the "Fung-Shui" of the neighbourhood, while others are simply built to the honour of Buddha, that the tinkling of the wind-bells, which are suspended round each gallery, may contribute to the universal songs of all nature in his praise.

In some monasteries—notably in that of Honam, a suburb of Canton—there are shrines in honour of the founder of that particular institution, as also of the



most noted abbots who have therein ruled. As this office is only held for three years, an abbot must be a man of rare sanctity or ability to make much mark in so limited a period. Re-election for a second term is, however, not unfrequent, but it does not follow that the most saintly abbots are the most popular. The election lies entirely in the hands of the superior priests.

Some monasteries have a private printing-press, where are printed devotional books of the Buddhist offices, and broadsheets in honour of the Goddess of Mercy, or other deities. I have several such, which were given to me in various monasteries. The method of printing is that which has been in use for many centuries : it has the advantage of extreme simplicity. The matter to be printed is cut on a block in high relief, Indian ink is then applied to the block, upon which a sheet of paper is pressed, and that is all. Where the demand is moderate and no one is in a hurry, this seems to answer very well.

In this general summary of the chief features of almost all monasteries in China, I must not omit the provision made for the meritorious saving of life, not of human beings, but of all manner of animals—birds, fishes, and reptiles. (I am not sure that I am right concerning the latter, the creatures in my mind being the multitudinous tortoises in the sacred tank at the Flowery Forest Monastery in Canton, but ever since “Punch’s” railway porter characterised the tortoise as “a hinsect,” I own to some mental confusion on that subject !) However, carp and sparrows, pigeons and fowls, geese and ducks, sheep, goats, and pigs, which have been presented as votive offerings, are here tenderly cared for, and eventually buried with honour. In some cases even horses, mules, and cattle are here dedicated to a life of idleness by very devout suppliants.

“The Ocean Banner” monastery at Honam is a very fine example of a Chinese monastery, and its temple is very imposing, though all these temples are of the same type, that of the one-storeyed bungalow with its verandah and heavy roof. Some of the larger ones, however, have a certain solemnity and a wealth of rich colour. In this Honam temple the interest centres in three colossal gilt figures which represent the three Buddhas, on either side of whom are ranged a number of smaller gilt statues. All the minor adjuncts of lanterns, draperies, and temple furnishings are handsome and harmonious.

I was present at the afternoon service, which, though less fully attended than that of early morning, was unquestionably a very impressive scene. About sixty monks and priests were present, instead of above a hundred ; of these, some were robed in yellow, and others wore grey skirts and yellow hoods. The abbot wore a purple robe, with a mantle of crimson silk, purposely made of patched pieces to suggest the vow of poverty. He and some of the priests carried rosaries of polished black beads. Some of the chanting was rather fine, but the orchestral accompaniment was decidedly unsolemnising ; shrill pipes, flutes, and wooden drums combining to produce a hideous noise. The ritual seemed to call for many genuflexions and prostrations, and much rapid recitation by all present. Then all the brethren made a processional turn round the temple, sunwise ; this they did several times.

The service was lengthy and we could not stay till the close, having but a

limited time to spare, and I was anxious to see the cremation ground, where those who embrace the religious life are cremated, following the example of their leader. The crematory is a low tower of brick ; within are four raised stones on which to rest the bamboo chair, wherein (with the monastic cowl drawn over his head, and hands placed palm to palm before his breast, as if in prayer) sits the dead monk, who, within twelve hours of his death, must be carried hither by lay brothers. He is followed to the funeral pyre by all the brethren, walking two-and-two, clothed in sackcloth, and having a white cloth bound round the head in token of woe. They have previously held solemn service in the temple for the repose of the dead, and, as the procession slowly advances, they chaunt funeral hymns. Through the narrow doorway of the crematory the chair is carried, fagots are placed beneath and all around it, and the chief priest kindles the flame, all the mourners falling prostrate with their faces to the ground while commending the mortal body to the ethereal fire. While the body is being cremated small pieces of fragrant sandal-wood are, from time to time, thrown into the flames.

When the fire has done its work and only a few charred bones and ashes remain, these are collected in a stone jar and placed beside similar jars in a sepulchral store-house, where they remain till a certain day of the year (the ninth day of the ninth month), when each jar is emptied into a bag of red cloth. These are carefully sewn up and are then thrown through a small sort of window into a great solid granite mausoleum. There are two of these buildings in the temple grounds, but one of them may no longer be used, not for lack of room, but because it already contains about 4,950 sacks of ashes, and Buddhist law forbids the storing of a larger number in one place.

The ossuary now in use is divided into two compartments, one of which is assigned to the ashes of Buddhist nuns.

The dress of Buddhist nuns is precisely the same as that of the holy brethren, namely, a long grey or yellow robe, white stockings, and thick shoes, and the head is bare and closely shaven ; it is, in fact, difficult to distinguish nuns from monks, except by the diminutive size of the former. At ten years of age the little novices have their crowns partially shaven, and the process is completed at sixteen, when the full blown sister takes the vows of perpetual virginity, of vegetarian diet, and of strict obedience to the precepts of Buddha.

These vows are made in presence of Koon-Yam, the Goddess of Mercy, who herself was a canonized Buddhist nun ; and thenceforth the sole duty of these poor little nuns seems to lie in going from house to house, wherever their services are required on behalf of deceased women, for whose benefit they chaunt prayers to Koon-Yam the livelong day. When this exciting work is not required they are said to spend their dull lives in a state of utter vacuity, being literally without occupation, save that some of the younger sisters employ their leisure upon silk embroidery. I have seen Buddhist nuns making a pilgrimage to many shrines, never apparently pausing for one moment in the ceaseless reiteration of the four-syllabled charm, "O-mi-to-Fu ! O-mi-to-Fu !" You would probably have taken such for gibbering idiots, but they were only devout little nuns accumulating stores of celestial merit by ascribing praise to Fo, *alias* Buddha.

Buddhism has no monopoly of the monastic system. Taouist monasteries and Taouist nunneries also abound. The latter have a decided advantage over the Buddhist nunneries in that shaving the head is not enjoined; on the contrary the Taouist sisters wear their long black hair fastened on the top of the head with a peculiar tortoise-shell comb, of a pattern specially designed for the use of Taouist priests. They also enjoy the privilege, so dear to all girls of good family, of showing that they have had their feet crippled in childhood, whereas the Buddhist nuns, with their great masculine black shoes, might as well have low caste full-sized feet. In point of fact, though maidens of every degree do join the sisterhoods, the majority are recruited from the lower orders.

A very favourite expedition from Foochow is to a famous Buddhist monastery which nestles in a sheltered spot half way up the Kushan or Drum mountain, which rises just above the arsenal. The mountain is 3,900 feet high, and the monastery is about 2,000 feet above the river; a pleasant cool refuge in hot weather, and one to which the courteous monks frequently welcome foreigners desirous of a few days' change of air. The Kushan monastery consists of a large but not very picturesque group of venerable grey buildings, eight hundred years old.

It is the headquarters of about three hundred monks, of whom about one hundred and fifty are generally on the spot with their abbot. The others are sent on ecclesiastical or begging work all over the country, to perform noisy and costly religious services in every house where a death has occurred, or where the mysterious illness of any inmate leads to the conclusion that the sufferer is "possessed of devils," who must be duly exorcised.

Passing through the great entrance hall, where there are five large gilt images, we entered the principal temple, which is very fine indeed—one of those very exceptional instances in which a temple for the worship of idols impresses one with a feeling of real solemnity. Thence we entered a court wherein all pigs, fowls, and other live-stock presented as "offerings" are allowed to live in peace and die of old age. It is an act of merit thus to secure them from all danger of being put to death, and a handsome sum is of course paid for their permanent maintenance. The monks are supposed to be such very strict vegetarians that should the hens chance to lay eggs, they (the eggs) forthwith receive decent burial! We were allowed a peep into the dormitories, which have small compartments curtained off on each side, the slumbers of the inmates being consecrated by an altar at one end of each room. The privacy thus secured is of course designed to encourage meditation and prayer, and so it doubtless does in many cases, for amongst the brethren there must be some of all sorts, as we readily inferred from the very varied types of countenance—some so calm and reflective, and many debased and sensual, fully justifying the contempt in which the majority of these holy brethren are held by the secular community.

While some of the monks subject themselves to a variety of agonizing penances, fastings, flagellations, and searings with a sharp-pointed red-hot iron, it is well known that a very large proportion of these men assume the yellow robe late in life to secure an easy-going idle sort of livelihood, or an asylum from legal punish-

ment for divers crimes. The law, however, does not recognise any right of sanctuary for murderers.

Of course the vows of these unworthy brothers are continually broken, and not only are prohibited meats freely brought in for private consumption, but further, the cubicles designed for silent meditation too often witness the intoxication of the opium-pipe—an indulgence which every Chinaman, without exception, acknowledges to be an unmitigated sin, though so few who have once yielded to it have the courage to endure the physical and mental misery which invariably attends giving it up.

But so many priests of all ranks are the slaves of this most insidious of vices, that there appears to be a mutual agreement to ignore its practice in the monasteries, though certain other offences, when proven, are visited with severe corporal punishment administered by a sturdy lay brother, and the priest who has been thus degraded is condemned to beg his daily rice, and to wander from one monastery to another, receiving from each the coarsest of fare and the meanest of lodging.

The picture of the refectory at meal times is not unlike that of a College "Hall."

We entered the refectory just as the brethren assembled in answer to the beating of a large wooden drum, shaped like a nondescript animal. All had assumed their cowls as the monastic form of dressing for dinner. Tables are arranged all round the hall, and all the monks sit with their backs to the wall, so that all may face the abbot. The laying of the table is not elaborate—two empty bowls and a pair of chop-sticks are placed for each person.

When all had taken their places, at a given signal they all rose, placing the palms of the hands together in a devotional attitude, while one of the number beat a small prayer-drum, and the abbot recited a long prayer, after which one of the monks went outside and placed a small heap of cooked rice on a red pillar, as an offering to all the minor gods who might have been inadvertently overlooked in the general worship. Having done this, he snapped his fingers thrice, and the small gods came in the form of birds and accepted the offering. Then followed a long grace, during which an attendant went round filling each man's bowls with rice and green vegetables, which all proceeded to devour hungrily, in total silence.

Leaving the brethren to the enjoyment of this frugal fare, we found a pleasant spot outside of the monastic courts where we might indulge in a non-vegetarian luncheon without risk of shocking the stricter brethren. The sacred fish lunched at the same hour—large carp which, like the fowls and the pigs, have been rescued from death as a means of acquiring merit, and now live happily in the temple tank, and are fed at stated hours. Another form in which the same class of merit is acquired is by the purchase and release of pigeons or small caged birds, which are captured for this express purpose by special bird-catchers, who herein find a fairly lucrative profession.

The monastery's great relic is one of Buddha's holy teeth, which is kept in a dull crystal casket in a locked shrine, an elephant's tooth being laid before it as an appropriate votive offering. But far more interesting than this bit of "property" is the afternoon service in the great temple in the presence of the Three Pure Ones, i.e., three

gigantic gilded images of Buddha, which, though symbolizing the perfect Buddha of the Past, the Present, and the Future, are all exactly alike.

Large gilt statues of the disciples of Buddha are ranged on each side of the temple. Three very handsome altars of black lacquer, with gold and crimson decorations, red candles, and altar vessels of pewter, are dedicated to three different groups of idols, and one large central altar stands in advance of these three. The usual handsome banners and coloured lamps light up the sombre shadows of the roof. The great service of the day is held at 4 A.M. every morning, when all the inmates of the monastery must be present. Many are absent from the afternoon service, having work to attend to. Nevertheless there was a large muster, so we had a good opportunity of noting the variations in the dress of divers ranks. Of course all are shaven, and the majority wear the orthodox yellow robe, but some indulge in a yellow hood, some have a lilac mantle, and some wear a grey robe. Even the best-dressed priests all have their robes made of many pieces neatly patched together, to keep up the semblance of the tattered raiment of poverty.

The ritual was very elaborate, accompanied by many protestations and genuflexions, and at one point in the service the whole congregation (who had been standing sideways to right and left) veered round to the altar, recited some formula, and made a low bow.

Following the course of the river Min at about eighty to one hundred miles above Foochow, the traveller comes to a region of most beautiful scenery where the mountains tower to a height of from six to eight thousand feet, and the river winds amid majestic crags, all broken up into fantastic forms, gigantic towers, Cyclopean columns, and majestic ramparts. This is the celebrated Bohea tea country; the cultivators are Buddhist monks, whose very numerous monasteries nestle among the huge rocks, or are perched on the summits of perpendicular precipices, which, seen from the river, appear to be wholly inaccessible.

The tea fields where these agricultural brethren toil so diligently are most irregular patches of ground of every size and shape, scattered here, there, and everywhere among these rocky mountains; but, like all Chinese gardening, the tea cultivation is exquisitely neat, and the multitude of carefully clipped little bushes have a curiously formal appearance, in contrast with the reckless manner in which Nature has tossed about the fragments of her shattered mountains.

From these strange fields the carefully gathered leaves are carried in large basket-work trays of split bamboo to the monasteries, there to be spread on mats and left in the sun till they are partially dry, after which they are placed in very large flat circular trays, and barefooted brethren proceed to use their feet as rollers, and twirl the leaves round and round till each has acquired an individual curl. (This does not sound very nice, does it?) Then the whole process is repeated a second time; the leaves have another turn in the sun, another foot-curling, and a more elaborate hand-rubbing. Then once more they are exposed to the sun, till they are so thoroughly dried that no trace of green remains. They

are then packed in bags, each weighing about sixty lbs., and despatched from the monasteries on the shoulders of tea-coolies, each of whom carries two bags slung from the ends of a bamboo which rests on his shoulder. Thus they are consigned to the foreign tea-merchants, to be fired under their own supervision in the great tea-hongs, where the hitherto unadulterated leaf receives that coating of indigo and gypsum which imparts the bloom so highly prized in the European market, to which it is shipped in boxes labelled "pure uncoloured tea," greatly to the edification of the heathen Chinese, who is not so much astonished at the fraud as at the singular taste which is said to necessitate its practice. It is needless to remark that the Chinese merchants have themselves taken the hint, and prepare specially coloured tea for foreigners.

Three hundred miles north of this lies the province of Che-Kiang, of which Ningpo, "The City of the Peaceful Wave," is the principal town. Here resided the late Bishop Russell, who possessed the confidence and respect of the people in so remarkable a manner that it was a privilege and a pleasure to walk with him through the streets, and his name was a passport to any of the monasteries of the town and neighbourhood.

He took me one day to visit a group of great temples and monasteries just inside the South Gate. In the first we entered we saw about eighty priests and monks, some with yellow robes, some with grey, but all wearing a yellow mantle (it rather resembles our academic hood). This garment is fastened on the shoulder by a large clasp of imitation jade.

In the absence of the old abbot we were received by a very intelligent young man, with bright, clever eyes, who did the honours of the place most gracefully. The Bishop's long residence in Ningpo, since 1848, had of course made him thoroughly familiar with all the elaborate courtesies and formalities which the Chinese deem so essential. He had also quite mastered all the intricacies of their heart-breaking language, and was even able therein to indulge the ready wit which came so readily to his lips in his mother-tongue. Consequently, whenever he got into conversation with the people he was always certain of a most attentive audience. On the present occasion all the brethren came crowding round to hear his talk with the sub-abbot, evidently keenly interested. We remarked what very young men they all were, and were told that the older men retire to the monasteries in the mountains, to end their days in contemplation, but the younger and more active men are kept in the cities, to go about performing all the religious services required of them. Presently the slow boom of the deep-toned gong summoned the brethren to worship in the great temple in presence of the Three Great Buddhas.

The young principal then took us to his own sitting-room, where some Chinese visitors were dining. He was hospitably anxious that we should do the same, but our capacities were limited to tea. He then showed us the great refectory, and the kitchen, in which rice can be cooked for two thousand persons; also the guest room, specially devoted to travelling priests, of whom there were a considerable number then resting. The Bishop talked to them all, and found that they came from different Provinces all over the Empire. They each carry a certificate which proves them to be true priests or monks, and insures them

lodging for a reasonable period in any monastery where they arrive. Doubtless this privilege is a good deal abused by the idlers, one of whom told us one day, with a chuckle of delight, that since he had become a monk he had no longer any occasion to work, for that any "tail-less" man could always count on food and raiment.

We were next taken into a sort of sitting-room, round which were ranged a number of priests sitting with their legs tucked up tailor-wise, in the attitude of Buddha, like whom they were doubtless seeking to be absorbed in meditation. I fear our entrance must have deprived them of some merit in that respect. Seeing that my attention was arrested by a large woodcut, printed at the monastic press, showing the Goddess of Mercy with the Young Child in her arms, sitting on clouds with the Dragon under her feet, and surrounded by Chinese celestial beings and white water-lilies, one of the priests kindly presented me with a copy of it, and a very curious and interesting gift I consider it.

The next expedition was taken in company with another lady, a member of the mission, whose wonderful knowledge of the Chinese language, both colloquial and classic, was a source of never-ending wonder to the people. Travelling by house boat is a comfortable but in some parts a cumbrous process.

For a short distance our route lay up the great river ; then it was necessary to enter one of the canals, which here intersect the country in every direction, flowing at a level considerably higher than the river ; and as canal locks were not invented in the days of Confucius, they do not exist in the China of to-day, consequently boats are raised or lowered, as the case may be, by an enormous expenditure of labour, human or bovine. From the river level to that of the canal the bank is sloped and built up with solid masonry, which is overlaid with slippery clay. Strong hawsers made of split and twisted bamboo are passed round the stern or prow of the boat, which is then hauled up or lowered by the united force of many men turning capstans, or else by the sheer dragging power of two teams of buffaloes, and after an immense amount of exertion and noisy talk the boat at last glides into its new channel.

Thus we were raised to our higher level, and glided on for some hours, through richly cultivated level country intersected by numerous minor canals, all crossed by high-pitched stone bridges. Here and there we passed great triumphal arches of solid masonry enriched with most elaborate carving, erected in honour of some deed which has commended itself to the Chinese notion of merit. It may be to a benevolent citizen, or to a daughter whom intense filial piety has induced to give of her own flesh to make medicine to save a parent's life ; or to a widow or widower who, having been early deprived of his or her mate, has through long years of secular life continued faithful to the memory of the departed ; or perhaps the great stone arch commemorates the constancy of a maiden whose betrothed died ere they were wedded, and who refused to accept another bridegroom. The people in this Province seem to delight in doing honour to such rare virtue, and so these curious triple erections are scattered all over the country in the most promiscuous way, and the most unexpected situations.

Arrived at the monastery, the two ladies were most hospitably welcomed by the brethren.

An excellent room was assigned to us in the guests' quarters, and we were made to feel as much at our ease as if we had come to crave the performance of costly services on behalf of the dead, which was the object for which three wealthy Chinese families were boarding at the monastery. These told us that they were each paying sixty dollars (12/.) a day for priestly services, besides the regular charge for their board and lodging, and as one of these families had already been there a week, it appeared that the priests were making a pretty good thing of it. I am bound to say that they worked pretty hard for their money, for night and day-services were going on almost without intermission in one or other of the many shrines.

Having arrived some time before the coolies, who were burdened with our food and bedding, we decided to ask for dinner, knowing that where there were so many Chinese guests our doing so could not be inconvenient. A bright, pleasant-looking young priest at once led us to a comfortable guest room, where an excellent dinner was speedily brought to us in courses—first a tray of cakes, sweets, and pea-nuts; then a great lacquer-box of steaming hot rice, with bowls of three different soups, and nine other dishes, including young bamboo shoots, stewed, which were particularly good, rather like asparagus. Of course the whole was entirely vegetable, though some preparations of corn husk and other things tasted so very much like meat and preserved fish that we found it difficult to persuade ourselves that such was not the case. For beverages we had rice wine and tea, and when, having thoroughly enjoyed our meal, we called for the reckoning, we were told that if six persons had dined the charge would have been 200 cash, *i.e.*, 20 cents, or about 10d. ! We devoted the day to exploring the immediate neighbourhood and the azalea-covered hills; and we visited the cave-home of a genuine old hermit, whom we had seen at the temple wearing a curious-shaped silver band round his head; he had allowed his hair to grow quite long. He offered us rosaries of handsome black glossy berries for sale. We also visited the curious receptacles for the ashes of cremated priests.

The priests had no objection to the visitors' sketching the interior of the temple during service hours, but took an intelligent interest in the picture, though they confessed they did not see what merit there could be in the performance as the sketcher did not reverence the 'Poussahs. (*i.e.*, the images.) A number of the native visitors gathered round the missionary lady, and requested her to tell them about "the doctrine," meaning Christianity.

That was an evening much to be remembered, as we sat in our quiet room in the grey old monastery on the azalea-covered hills, looking out to the clear moonlight, while ever and anon the stillness was broken by some temple sound of chant or bell. At 8 P.M. the loveliness of the night tempted us forth again, and attracted by the deep tones of the great temple gong we threaded our way through long passages and past the monks' dormitories till we reached the great temple, where an ancestral offering was going on, all manner of food and paper-money, clothes, and other gifts for the dead being placed before tablets on which were inscribed their names. The great central Buddha was partly veiled by a yellow curtain embroidered with blue dragons. Before him, on a raised platform, sat six priests and a superior (not the very old abbot), who wore a sort of mitre like a crown, with eight or nine points. As a scenic effect I have



never seen anything more striking than this, as seen by the subdued light of quaintly-shaped hanging lamps, mostly of paper, but some of coloured glass with silken fringe—a light which scarcely touched the solemn gloom of the surrounding temple, or the intense shadows of the dark, heavy roof, so that the whole light was concentrated on the central group, and especially on the great golden images, which, solemn and calm, looked down on their worshippers through the filmy clouds of fragrant incense which floated upwards, to lose themselves in the darkness.

While the priests were chaunting a prolonged litany we passed into another chapel, where an exactly similar service was being performed in presence of tablets bearing the same names. Here we found all the relations—pleasant and very superior men and women. They told us a good deal about themselves, and at once requested Miss Lawrence to tell them more about Christian doctrine.

Sleep seems to be an unpopular pastime at these monasteries. At 2 A.M. the solemn booming of the great gong roused the travellers, and they sallied forth from their rooms to be present at another service.

This time we found another family about to perform ancestral worship. Presently twenty-four priests came in, wearing the crimson mantle, and intoned a long service. The two men and two women of the family went through many prostrations, and each separately lighted joss-sticks and lamps all over the place, and laid twenty-four little parcels of money on the altar. Presently another priest came in, followed by an acolyte bearing a tray on which were twenty-four little parcels, each containing thirty-six cash, equal in value to about twopence. One of these was presented to each officiating priest. Afterwards, however, the larger parcels were distributed.

In one of the lesser chapels we found many pasteboard horses, houses, servants' boxes of paper, clothes, and quantities of silvered paper ingots, ready to be burnt for the dead. I should have liked to see this noble bonfire, but being very sleepily we returned to bed and rested till 6 A.M., when, wishing to see what was going on, I once more retraced the now familiar way to the great temple, and found separate services going on at each of the principal shrines before the colossal Buddhas, and in presence of the Goddess of Mercy.

A week later found the two ladies established at the Shihdose monastery in the snowy valley, at a distance of about forty miles from Ningpo.

Again our route lay through lovely country, sheets of pink clover, golden rape, and yellow buttercups on the levels near the river, and on the mountains gorgeous thickets of orange-azalea, with lingering blossoms of the vivid crimson, and trees literally embowered in clustering roses and fragrant jessamine, while the true hawthorn and another variety bore their wealth of snowy blossoms in as great perfection as though blooming in an English lane.

But as a monastery this is very inferior to that of Tien-dong. Externally the buildings are of the same harmonious red and grey colouring, but the temple is shabby and the images are hideous. The whole place is in rather a ruinous condition, and we found it tenanted by only eight brethren, who received us very kindly, and gave us their best guest chamber, a rickety, tumble-down old

room, where however we soon ensconced ourselves, and slept the sleep of the weary.

We were awakened at 2 A.M. by the deep booming tones of the great bell, which is struck on the outside by the swinging of a wooden beam. This was followed by the beating of the great temple drum. It sounded very solemn in the stillness of night, and when the chaunting began interest overcame weariness, and we found our way down the dark rickety stairs and through the long passages, past the great empty kitchen, and the shrine of the kitchen-god, and across the moonlit court, till we reached the temple, where we stood silently in the shadow of a great pillar, where our presence was not perceived. The eight brethren were all present in full dress, wearing the mantle fastened on the left breast. One knelt apart, one beat a wooden skull-shaped drum, and the remaining six walked round and round in sunwise circle, while reiterating a sentence. Then all knelt and prostrated themselves again and again, most devoutly. There was only one light in the temple—a large, dim lamp, which is kept ever burning before the great altar—a light so feeble that all ugliness of detail was lost, and there remained only a somewhat weird but fine general effect of gilded images and broad shadows.

We passed hence into the clear moonlight, and listened to the croaking of legions of frogs in the neighbouring rice-fields, till the monotony suggested a return to our pillows.

A brief glance is given in conclusion, at the great Lama temple at Pekin, in which there are about 1,300 monks under the leadership of a Lama, who assumes the title of the "Living Buddha." These monks inhabit streets of small houses in courts all round their temple. They have an evil name for gross immorality, and, moreover, are generally most offensively insolent to all foreigners, many of whom have vainly endeavoured to obtain accesses to the monastery, even the silver key failing to unlock the inhospitable gates. Owing to the influence of Dr. Dudgeon, of the London Mission Society, whose medical skill had proved beneficial to the "Living Buddha," our travellers overcame the opposition of a most insolent door-keeper and passed the gate.

At last, after wearisome expostulation, every door was thrown open to us, but the priest in charge of each carefully locked it after us, lest we should avoid giving him an individual tip. Happily I had a large supply of five and ten cent silver pieces, which my companion's knowledge of Chinese custom compelled our extortioners to accept. At the same time we could neither of us avoid an unpleasant dread of a possible trap, as each successive door was securely locked. Every corner of the great buildings is full of interest; it is rich in scroll paintings and images. In the main temple there is a gigantic bronze image of Buddha, so great that we mounted a long stair to reach a gallery running round the temple about the level of his shoulders.

I found that this gallery led into two circular buildings, one on each side, constructed for the support of two immense rotatory cylinders full of niches each containing the image of a Buddhist saint. To turn these cylinders is apparently an act of homage to the whole saintly family. Some Lama monas-

teries deal thus with their sacred books, and place them in a huge cylindrical book-case, which they turn bodily to save the trouble of turning individual pages, the understanding having apparently small play in either case. Dr. Edkins mentions having seen such a library, together with three hundred revolving praying wheels, in a monastery at Wootai, where there are perhaps two thousand Mongol Lamas. He has seen a similar wheel in a monastery at Hang-chow, and one in Pekin. I myself have seen many such in Japan. In one of these monasteries at Wootai, Dr. Edkins observed a most ingenious arrangement, whereby the steam which ascends from a kettle, ever boiling for the monastic tea, does further duty by turning a praying wheel which is suspended from the ceiling.

Although we reached the Lama temple at 6 A.M. we were too late to see the grand morning service, which commences at 4 A.M., when all the brethren wear yellow robes, purple mantles, and a sort of helmet of yellow felt with a very high crest.

I would fain have spent hours in looking through the many interesting details of this place, and the priests at last were so civil that they volunteered to show us everything. But so much time had been wasted at first, and we were so thoroughly tired out by the annoyances to which they had subjected us, that we were compelled to decline further inspection.

Thus ended my last glimpse of Chinese monasteries.

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## TEMPLE BAR.

MARCH, 1885.

A Girton Girl. Chaps. VII.-XI	...	...	...	...	...	...
Adelina Patti	...	...	...	...	...	...
A Jubilee Ode	...	...	...	...	...	...
The Diamond Duke	...	...	...	...	...	...
Awakening	...	...	...	...	...	...
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**M. JULES FERRY AND HIS FRIENDS.**—The French Republic owes its present appearance of stability to the want of commanding talents among her ruling men. The outlook could not have been so peaceful had Gambetta been alive, with his vast ambition and leonine energy, provoking furious opposition. The present men have nothing great in their characters or their policy. M. Jules Ferry is merely a faithful party-servant who has been allowed to exercise authority, because his employers have felt that they could dismiss him in a moment's notice.

The holders of the four most important posts in France at this moment—the four Presidents, of the Republic, of the Senate, of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the Cabinet—are conspicuously exempt from the usual attributes of demagogues. They are cold-headed men, plain of speech, dry in manner; they are not Southerners, and, in fact, they are by no means representative of the French as a nation.

M. Grévy comes from the Jura, on the borders of Switzerland, a department which has for the last half century been more advanced in public instruction than all the others, and where the *bourgeoisie* are something like the Scotch in their puritanism.

M. le Royer, President of the Senate, a hard, sententious little man, with solemn eyes peering through gold-rimmed spectacles, and a voice like the drone of a Lenten preacher—M. le Royer is a Genevan Protestant, whose father became French by naturalisation. M. Brisson was born and educated at Bourges, in the old province of Berry. He is a trim, mathematically-minded lawyer and logician, creaseless in his morals as in his dress, one of those Frenchmen to whom all the levities of French life—light literature, music, gossip, and even *cuisine*—are distasteful. M. Jules Ferry is a Lorrainer, born in the mountainous

Vosges ; and, like M. le Royer, a Protestant—at least so far as he confesses to any religion at all.

A nation must be turned upside down before a man like M. Jules Ferry can become Prime Minister. It makes one smile to think that the French have demolished three dynasties and let themselves be shot behind barricades, in order that the country may be ruled by a Cabinet containing three second rate journalists and three briefless barristers. M. Ferry became Prime Minister *faute de mieux*, and he may remain so *crainte de pire* ; for the constant pre-occupation of men's minds under the Republic is the fear of worse.

M. Ferry owed the beginning of his political fortune to his series of papers, contributed to the *Temps* in 1868, attacking the administration of Baron Haussmann as Prefect of the Seine.

Baron Haussmann had rebuilt Paris and made it a city unique in the world for beauty and sanitation. M. Ferry could not have performed such a task, but he was able to criticise the Prefect's work, to array long columns of figures showing how much it had cost, and to ask whether it would not have been far better if all these millions had been given to the poor. Baron Haussmann sent *communiqués* to the *Temps* impugning the accuracy of M. Ferry's figures ; but the journalist of course stuck to his multiplication, and, as spirited opposition always made a man popular under the Empire, the Vosgian's articles obtained more success than is usual with statistical essays. It was proposed that they should be rebound in pamphlet form and circulated among Parisian house-holders in view of the general election of 1869. F. Neffzer, editor of the *Temps*, then suggested that the pamphlet should be called "Les Comptes Fantastiques d'Haussmann."\*

The title took, and Jules Ferry got the reputation of being a comical fellow, and came forward as Radical candidate for Paris at the election of 1869, though he was no more Radical than comical ; and in the following year, after Sedan, he became *ex-officio* a member of the Government of National Defence, composed of the nine members for Paris.

M. Ferry was of course installed in Baron Haussmann's post ; but during the Siege of Paris he was very nearly lynched by some of those excellent working-men who had formerly hailed him as a friend and brother. On the 31st October, 1870, an insurrection broke out in the beleaguered city, and a vigorous attempt was made to overthrow the Government. M. Ferry fell into the hands of the insurgents, and for six mortal hours these rude men subjected him to every species of indignity. They pulled his luxuriant black whiskers, they taunted him with eating white bread and beefsteak, while his proletarian brethren had to content themselves with rations of brown bread and horse-flesh, and when dinner-time came they offered him his choice between a grilled rat and some cold boiled dog. Happily the Breton Mobiles were at hand and delivered him ; but from that day M. Ferry's Radicalism perceptibly cooled, and when the Communal

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\* A play upon the title of "Contes Fantastiques d'Hoffmann"—a book which is popular in France.

rebellion occurred, he took good care not to let himself be kidnapped again by the once-idolised working-man. Decamping to Versailles he remained there throughout the second siege, and did not return to take possession of his post as Prefect of the Seine until the rebellion had been crushed. It was on this occasion that alighting from his brougham near the still-smouldering Hôtel de Ville, and seeing a convoy of Communist prisoners pass, he shook his nicely-gloved fist and exclaimed: "*Ah ! tas de canaille !*"

M. Ferry, however, exerted himself to save some old journalistic comrades who had taken the wrong side in the civil war, and honourably connived at the escape of one of his vilest detractors, Felix Pyat. Good nature abounds in his character, and this, combined with perseverance, and a quiet talent for picking up other people's ideas, has been the secret of his success.

During the last years of the Empire while he wrote for the *Temps*, he was a daily frequenter of the Café de Madrid, and there he was appreciated as an attentive listener to no matter whose stories. He had then, as he has now, a face such as is only to be seen on the shoulders of old-fashioned French barristers and Belgravian footmen. The judges of the Second Empire did not allow *avocats* to wear beards, so M. Ferry shaved his upper lip and chin, but his whiskers were of stupendous size. Add to these a Roman nose, a fine forehead, shrewd playful eyes, a well shaped smiling mouth, and a certain plumpness of girth which removed him altogether out of the category of those lean men whom Shakespeare thought dangerous. He always shook men's hands with a hearty grip; he could laugh loud and long even when not amused; if conversation flagged he could light it up suddenly with a few crackling jokes, but he generally preferred to sit silent, smoking penny cigars (for he was not rich), sipping absinthe, and taking mental notes of what was being said around him. Now and then, especially if a talker appealed to him, he would nod approval with a grave closing of the eyes, which is the supreme politeness in the art of listening.

He never squandered his knowledge in small talk, so that his public speeches always took his most intimate friends aback. Gambetta once said to him: "You are the most secretive of chatterboxes," the truth being that Ferry used commonplace ideas in private intercourse, just as some men keep half-pence for beggars. To stake gold in conversational games over a *café* table was more than his intellectual means could afford.

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Ferry always went into political action with his powder dry, chose his ground carefully and picked out an antagonist whom he was sure to worst. Gambetta would rush at the strongest enemy, Ferry fired at the weakest; but this system had the advantage of leaving him after every combat victorious and unwounded. It was a great triumph to him, when, coming back among his friends, he heard their half-astonished bravos as they slapped him on the back. There is much slapping on the back in French political assemblies. Many a time has Gambetta's broad hand descended upon Ferry's stalwart shoulders with the shout, "*C'est bien fait, mon petit !*"

The two were capital friends from the first, and remained so till nearly the end. Gambetta wanted to become President, or else

Prime Minister with a secure majority to be obtained by *scrutin de liste*, and until he could compass one of these ends, he preferred to play the Agamemnon sitting in the Presidential chair of the Chamber of Deputies.

M. de Freycinet and M. Ferry each humoured this whim so long as it was possible, and indeed nothing could have been more amicably subservient than M. Ferry's conduct while Prime Minister in 1881. He not only dispensed his patronage by Gambetta's directions, but framed all Government measures according to the Dictator's tastes, and even agreed to the performance of little Parliamentary comedies, in which Gambetta pretended to attack the Cabinet in order to dispel the notion that M. Ferry was not a free agent. This state of things, however, could not continue after the general election of 1881, when a strong Republican majority was returned—not to support the Ferry Cabinet, but to set up something better. Gambetta forgot that in putting on the gloves with his friend Ferry, simply *pour amuser la galerie*, he was apt to give knock-down blows which made Ferry look small. The cautious Lorrainer felt that he had had enough of these sparring-matches, and he had the sharpness to see that if he accepted a portfolio in the "Grand Ministère," which Gambetta formed in November 1881, he would confirm the general opinion that throughout his premiership he had only been the great man's puppet.

He accordingly declined the proffered portfolio, and two months after the "Grand Ministère" had fallen. The fact was that failure of the *Scrutin* Bill, which, by establishing election by Caucus, would have placed absolute power in Gambetta's hands for years, was caused by a coalition of the left centre, who with the Radicals and Monarchists were naturally afraid of this prospect.

The day after this vote M. Ferry was back in office with the portfolio of Public Instruction, and thirteen months later he was Prime Minister once more, but this time under conditions very different from those which had chequered his first administration. Gambetta was dead, three Cabinets had been overthrown within eight months, and M. Ferry was actually able to make a favour of accepting a post in which M. de Freycinet, M. Duclerc, and M. Fallières had wretchedly failed. Things had come to such a pass that if M. Ferry had objected to form a Government, M. Grévy would have resigned.

Thus M. Ferry was truly on a certain day the *Deus ex machina*. 'His advance to a position so powerful can only be explained by comparing him to the winner of an obstacle race. Nine years ago, any politician contemplating the possibility of Gambetta's death, would have named at least six Republicans now living as more likely than M. Ferry to succeed him as leader of the party. He would have named Jules Simon, Léon Say, William Waddington, Charles de Freycinet, Challemeil-Lacour, or Eugène Clémenceau; and supposing all these runners had started with M. Ferry over a flat course, it may be questioned, to keep up the racing metaphor, whether Ferry would have been so much as placed. But in an obstacle race, one man comes to grief at the "hanging-tub," one at the crawling, another at the water-jump, and the winner is often the man who, having scrambled through everything in a haphazard fashion, comes in alone—all the others having dropped off.

Jules Simon failed for the want of a little spirit at the right moment. A great writer on political economy, a persuasive debater, a man of lordly bearing and genuine aptitude for administration—M. Simon had all the qualifications of a party-leader. He was a successful Minister of Public Instruction and Worship for more than two years, and acquitted himself so as to please both Catholics and Free-thinkers, cardinals and vivisection professors. He moreover rendered very great service to the Republican cause.

The office-holders of to-day often talk as if they had founded the Republic, which shows that they have defective memories. The Comte de Chambord was the real "Father of the Republic," as even Senator Wallon must acknowledge in his meditative moments.\* If the Bourbon prince had been anything better than a Quaker, Monarchy would have been restored after the Commune—in fact, during the five years that followed the civil war, the Republic merely lived under respite of a death sentence, so to say, until its enemies agreed as to how it should be exterminated. But they could not agree, and Jules Simon was in a large measure the cause of this. He went about among the Orleanists, coaxing over this one and that one to the idea that Republicanism was the only practical thing for the moment. His favourite argument was this, that Socialists and other such people could be put down much more summarily by a Republican Government than by a king. Under a Bourbon Sovereign, Liberals and Socialists would make common cause, and there would inevitably be another revolution before long; but if the Orleanists would only take the Republic under their patronage they might rule the country according to their doctrines, just as the English Whigs had long ruled England, keeping their Radical tail in subjection. With these words, Jules Simon wiled away many; and the trophies of success thickened upon him. He was elected to the French Academy; in 1875 he was nominated a life-senator, and in 1876, some months after the first general election under the new Constitution, he became Prime Minister.

He kept his post for about eight months, and then one memorable morning allowed Marshal MacMahon to dismiss him from it like a lacquey.

He had gone to bed on the 15th May without any suspicion that the Marshal President intended to dismiss him and his Liberal Cabinet, and he was therefore astounded when, as he was dressing, a messenger brought him a letter in which the Marshal cavalierly told him that, as he had been unable to manage the Republican majority, he must make way for stronger men.

Now it was quite true that the Republicans under Gambetta had behaved very factiously towards Jules Simon. Parties were so divided in the Lower House that no Minister could govern, and it was manifest that the only way out of the dead-lock would be through a dissolution. But M. Simon was cashiered at the instigation of a Royalist Palace Cabal, who wanted the next elections to be held under the auspices of a Reactionary Cabinet, and he should have had the boldness to denounce this intrigue. Instead of doing that he sat down in his dressing-gown, it is said, and wrote a tame, self-exculpatory letter to the

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\* M. Wallon was the mover of the resolution: "that the Government of France be a Republic." It was carried in the National Assembly, 1875, by a majority of *one* vote.



Marshal. He did not see that MacMahon had played into his hands by enabling him to take his stand as champion of the entire Republican party. A few brave words of defiance to the Cabal, a dignified reproof to the Marshal himself, and an appeal to the whole nation to rouse itself for a grand battle at the polls, this is what Jules Simon's letter should have contained, and an epistle couched in these terms would have made him immensely popular.

But his doleful apology spread disgust through the Republican party. It was a whine when a trumpet blast was expected. Simon had missed the opportunity of being great, and the Republicans spurned him with a positive yell of execration.

If Jules Simon had shown spirit he would have been accounted the foremost man of the Republican party after Thier's death, and he might eventually have been President of the Republic in place of M. Grévy. As it was, the Republicans, after their victory at the general election of 1877, refused to rank him as one of their number, and he has ever since been in the humiliating position of a pariah. His speeches in the Senate are always applauded, but not by the Republicans. It has become the fashion among his former allies to speak of him as a renegade, and facetious party-newspapers have not scrupled to play practical jokes upon him. One of these pleasantries was rather funny. A paper announced that M. Simon had inherited a large sum of money, and that, in the excess of his philanthropy, he had taken to distributing twenty "napoleons" every morning among the first five score beggars (being true Republicans) who knocked at his door. For days the Place de la Madeleine, where the unhappy statesman lived, was infested by hordes of vagabonds, howling "Vive la République," and the police found it difficult to disperse these believers in M. Simon's munificence.

M. Léon Say is too much a rider of hobbies to be likely to do great things.

He has been Prefect of the Seine, Minister of Finance, Ambassador to London, and President of the Senate. He is a jovial man, with a plump waist, face and moustache, not quite sixty, the proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*, a millionaire, and the highest French authority on finance. He writes as well as he speaks, and he speaks like a clever book. The Bourse has so much confidence in him that his return to the Ministry of Finance would at any time make the funds rise, and for this reason every Premier has been anxious to have him in the Cabinet. If M. Say would only confine himself to finance as M. Cochéry does to postal matters, he might abide comfortably in office for years; but he is a political Sybarite who chafes at rose leaves. He has no sooner accepted a post than he begins to see reasons for throwing it up. Hours are wasted at every change of Cabinet in trying to persuade M. Say to join this or that combination; but either his Free Trade principles stand in the way, or he cannot sit with so and so, or he insists upon having such and such a man to be his colleague. The curious thing is that, while in opposition, M. Say takes immense trouble to get the offer of one of those places, which he rejects when they have been given him. He is not the dog biting at shadows, but the dog who snatches substantial bones, and then turns up his nose at them.

M. de Freycinet, a distinguished engineer, was brought forward by Gambetta as candidate for Paris in 1876 and elected. He was then supposed to be the coming man.

He was supposed to be full of new ideas about army reorganisation, railway management, tax-assessment, and colonial extension. The first time he spoke in the Senate there was a hush of curiosity, and though he delivered himself in a small, piping voice, the lucidity of his reasoning, and his business-like exposition of statistics, produced a favourable impression. He was not much cheered, for applause would have drowned his voice. "Nous n'applaudissons pas pour mieux écouter," said Léon Say politely to him.

Unfortunately, De Freycinet too soon forgot that Gambetta had singled him out as an assistant and not as a rival. He did fairly well as Minister of Public Works in M. Waddington's Cabinet, but the rapid using up of men in parliamentary warfare forced him out of his turn into the front rank. His total and often amusing ignorance of foreign countries made him unfit for the post of Foreign Secretary, whilst his want of suppleness rendered him incapable of managing a party by means of easy social intercourse with its most prominent members. He is a politician of self-asserting conscientiousness, with a smileless face, a distant manner, and a captious tone of saying, or rather speaking, "no" to every proposal which he does not approve on a first hearing. At the Quai d'Orsay he always seemed to Ambassadors to be in a hurry; but, though he would draw out his watch two or three times in ten minutes and repeat, "Venons au fait," he generally wasted half the time in every interview by telling his hearers that which he did *not* mean to do, "because my conscience forbids it." At the time when the rewards for the Exhibition of 1878 were distributed, he told an English attaché that as the French Government had allotted 150 crosses of the Legion of Honour to exhibitors, he thought that the Queen of England would do a popular thing by awarding "twenty Garters." When the constitution of the Order of the Garter was explained to him, he said: "Ah well, then twenty Victoria Crosses." He once remarked to Lord Lyons that he was afraid it was only an antiquated insular prejudice which prevented the English from adopting the French decimal system of coinage; and he maintained in the hearing of Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador, that "every Russian peasant speaks French."

De Freycinet and Gambetta soon quarrelled, and the former had to resign, and after the fall of the "Grand Ministère" came into office as Gambetta's opponent.

But Gambetta at once set himself to show that, although he had been unable himself to command a majority, no Cabinet could live without his support, and M. de Freycinet was made the first victim of this demonstration. He was overthrown on the Egyptian question, and as M. Ferry did not care to be bowled over in the same style, the veteran M. Duclerc was asked to form an emergency Cabinet. But this gentleman and his successor M. Fallières, nick-named "le Gambetta blond," were mere nonentities.

M. Duclerc's Cabinet was called the Long Vacation Ministry, because it was too obviously predestined to collapse at the first contact with Parliament. M. Fallières's Administration lasted but ten days, owing to the excessive modesty of its chief in recognising that he had been placed on a pinnacle too high for his nerves. On the strength of his *sobriquet*—though his only resemblance to Gambetta consisted in his being fat and hearty—he had been giving himself some airs as a pretender to office, but his sudden accession to the Premiership

in the trying period that followed Gambetta's death, made him so giddy that he was smitten with gastric derangement and had to pen a resignation in his bedroom. It was then that Jules Ferry, laughing quietly in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his various competitors, came back to the helm as already described.

Of M. Waddington and M. Challemel-Lacour we have said nothing. The latter is a much over-rated man, and the former is an Englishman. He may remain a valued servant of the Republic, but is unlikely to hold the highest post.

The greatest destinies perhaps await Eugène Clémenceau, the sixth on our list of "favourites" for the first place.

M. Clémenceau is another of those Northerners whose ascendancy disproves M. Daudet's theory. He is a Breton, a doctor by profession, a keen, cold man with a cutting tongue, and something of military peremptoriness in his manner. He began his political career by opening a free dispensary in the Montmartre quarter of Paris, and giving advice gratis to the poor on politics as well as medicine. He was elected mayor for one of the wards of Paris during the siege, and performed his administrative business splendidly, at a time when almost all the other mayors were blundering. He and Gambetta hated each other so thoroughly that it is a wonder they never came to duelling. The Breton Doctor, who loathes "gush," despised the Southerner's rhodomontade; and Gambetta used to bound and roar like a stung lion at the contemptuous thrusts which Clémenceau made at him both from the tribune and from the columns of his newspaper, the *Justice*. This paper is not pleasant reading, for its editor appears always to write as if he meant to provoke his enemies into personal quarrels. He is a brilliant swordsman, most dangerous because left-handed, and a capital shot with pistols. Even the doughty Paul de Cassagnac once declined a meeting with him.

M. Clémenceau has attacked every Government during the last eight years, and has now transferred to Jules Ferry the scorn which he formerly poured upon Gambetta, and the two men must be regarded as the exponents of two completely antagonistic schools of Republicanism.

Jules Ferry used not to be an Opportunist, but in succeeding to the leadership of Gambetta's party, he has had to take up its programme—colonial extension, little wars for glory, Protection, temporisation in Home affairs, and in particular as regards the relations between Church and State. M. Clémenceau, on the contrary, is a Free-trader, non-interventionist, decentraliser, and disestablisher. He is more in harmony with the Manchester school than any other French politician. That huge system of administrative centralisation, which Napoleon created, is to him abhorrent, and he is a partisan of local self-government on the largest scale. He is fond of relating how a certain village mayor, receiving in 1852 a copy of the new Imperial Constitution with orders to post it up, wrote to M. de Morny, saying that he had done as requested, and would be happy to post up as many more Constitutions as might be sent him thereafter.

M. Clémenceau's Church policy may be summed up in the word Destruction. He holds that the Republic should repudiate

the Catholic Church, and treat all ecclesiastical buildings as State property.

He would not object to a Gallican Church being afterwards constituted, nor forbid members of that communion from buying back some of the churches if they could afford to do so ; but he would apply to Roman Catholics the law against secret societies, and absolutely prohibit French priests, under pain of banishment, to acknowledge the authority of Rome.

M. Clémenceau has not that dash of the fanatic about him to make a successful revolutionist. He has already been yelled at in Montmartre as a backslider, because he has refused to espouse the economic fallacies of the Socialists.

Events are nevertheless preparing to bring M. Clémenceau to the Premiership, and this consummation will be important because it will involve the incursion of an entirely new set of men into all the public offices. M. Clémenceau's influence comes, not from his doctrines, but simply from his combativeness which has made him the captain of a fine hungry host of young men who see no chance of turning the Opportunists out of their snug places under Government except by banding together as a new party.

If M. Ferry could bring the China and Tonquin wars to a brilliant ending, could manage to create a Budget surplus, reduce taxation, relieve the military burdens of the country, and put an end to the agricultural and commercial stagnation—he might become a People's man for some years. Indeed he might consolidate his popularity by carrying out half of the programme just sketched. The least success on his part in war or diplomacy would be inflated by his Opportunist supporters into a great triumph, because it is indispensable for the existence of a party that its leader should be a man of reputation. Political ideas must be incarnated in a man before democratic electorates can understand them. Gambetta's death took the Opportunists by surprise, and they were not prepared with a man to put in his place. "*Jouons au Ferry*," said M. Arthur Ranc, and M. Ferry had the great luck of coming to power just at the moment when the Opportunists had begun to perceive that there must be no more over throwing of Cabinets for some time.

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## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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THE MAHDI AND BRITISH INDIA.—The most anti-Imperialist Radical cannot deny weight to the views of an official of Sir Richard Temple's experience as to the effect that the fall of Khartoum is likely to have on the native mind in India, and whether the recapture of that place by British arms is necessary, or highly desirable for maintaining that empire of opinion which belongs to England in the East. It is not necessary hastily to assert that, unless a victorious advance is at once made on Khartoum, India will be in a ferment, and the Mahomedans will think that the Cross is yielding to the Crescent, and so on. But allowing that lustre is being shed on British arms during the expedition on the Upper Nile, and that victory was snatched almost from within our grasp, through no military default of our own, it must be admitted that the fate of Khartoum and of Gordon is likely to move all Oriental minds and to stir deeply the Mahomedan heart.

The Arabs have fought with a furious devotion, recalling the memory of the early Caliphate. The Mahdi has now for many months maintained a persistent defiance. His tribal organization has withstood the discouragement of several bloody defeats. The old enthusiasm for the Great Prophet, and for a succession of lesser prophets down to this day, is thus proved to be still burning in the souls of some hundreds of thousands of fanatics. The combined result has been to foil for a time the trained legions of England. The immediate retrieval of this check is not expected. The Desert is the oft-tried ally of the

sunburnt followers of Islam. And the spectacle of white soldiery toiling along the thirsty sands is impressive to all people, especially to Muhammadans. The Sudanese may be in rebellion against their sovereign, the Sultan, and his deputy the Khedive; they may be slaveholders fighting for slavery—no matter, they are waving the green banner in the face of the infidels from Europe.

Moreover, the position of Gordon will have been regarded quite as highly by Indians and all Orientals as by the most patriotic Englishman. They will have looked upon him as an envoy bearing the commission of England and clothed with English authority. His fate will be in their eyes a case of *læsæ majestas* for England.

This situation then is embarrassing to England as the Power which of all Powers has the greatest number of Muhammadan subjects. The Sultan of Turkey may have so many millions, so may the Shah of Persia. France may have some millions of Moslems in North Africa, so may Russia in Central Asia. But what are any of these totals compared with the forty millions of Muhammadans directly under British rule in India, besides the many millions under British control or British influence in Afghanistan, Beluchistan, the shores of the Persian Gulf, Southern Arabia, Zanzibar, and Eastern Africa? We have, too, a position to maintain with the purely Muhammadan States; we have to prop up the tottering independence of Persia and of Turkey; under the arrangement of 1878 we have a certain sort of protectorate over Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine. For England, thus holding the very first political position in the Muhammadan world, it is a serious affair to be thwarted under arms, and to be kept at bay in the mid-valley of the Nile.

Without attempting to minimise the Khartoum event, Sir Richard Temple would decline to admit that they give any immediate shock to British dominion in the East. The dominion is too well founded to be shaken all at once; it bears up against the yet graver mishaps that occur in this quarter and in that. Yet this last check is just one of those events which, if left unretrieved, might prove a link in the chain of circumstances that would hereafter drag down the British Empire in the East.

To understand the operation of these adverse causes, we may reflect for a moment on what our power in India rests, and analyse the main elements in this Imperial tenure.

Though some classes, such as the native Christians, the Parsis, the banking caste, are bound up with us; though many native Princes are closely interested in England as their paramount, though there are touching instances of individual fidelity not to be surpassed in any age or clime—yet we are not to expect from the Indians in the mass that national loyalty which Englishmen feel towards England. We must rather understand that in fact Indians sigh for the secular supremacy of their religion, and for a polity that shall be their own. These blessings, however, being unattainable, they submit in this (for them) "iron age" to British rule.

The factors, then, in our power over the Indian people are these:—

1. Good government, better far than anything that has ever been had, or could otherwise be got now-a-days; and this, despite faults or shortcomings.

2. A popular goodwill hence arising, and an acquiescence in a system which is the only popular one, if quiet is to be enjoyed by a much vexed and long-suffering people.

3. The existence, in the country itself, of English military force, and the conviction that a still greater English force exists beyond the sea.

4. The certainty that any outrage against British people will be visited with a punishment which, though not vindictive at all, must be adequate.

5. The cohesion of Englishmen among themselves, all acting with one mind against Oriental adversaries.

6. The tenacity of English purpose, the anxiety of Englishmen for doing that which they have once said they would do, and for adhering to their word.

Now among these six factors of British ascendancy over the Indian mind, one only is material, while the remaining five are moral. And the factors are interdependent; none of them would be efficacious without the others; in combination they are like stones of an arch, forming a compact mass; if any one of them be taken out there is danger of collapse.

The just government, and the goodwill therefrom resulting, would not save our rule without the military force on the spot. Nor would any force that we could maintain there be at all sufficient, unless the people were in the main well-disposed. But even with these cardinal advantages, it would be hard for Europeans to preserve their position if, being few and far between, constantly surrounded by infinitely superior numbers, confronted too with fanatical violence, they were liable to attack and outrage. Therefore the sanctity of European life, as a vivid idea, has always been kept in a strong light before the mind of Indians. The certainty of condign punishment following outrage is stamped on their imagination. They are taught by oft-repeated experience that it is not only dangerous but futile to assail British rule through the persons of its representatives. If a British officer is struck down murderously, not only is the slayer doomed, but the Government remains undaunted and the gap is instantly filled. In a hundred ways is this lesson taught to the evil-disposed. The cohesion of Englishmen in time of public trouble—so unlike the practice of Orientals—is a marvel to Indians, and is regarded as one of the secrets of our political success. The phrase referring to unity of will has a perfect counterpart in the Indian language, as “*ek rai*” the words “one mind” and the words “*ek rai*,” in the English and the Indian respectively, have the same significance and are applied to the same circumstances precisely. It is violent disunion among themselves that has caused the Indians to be a subject-nation for many centuries; they think, then, that it is the ultimate union among her sons, despite differences of opinion, which makes England the mistress. If there were disruption, if one set of Englishmen were to aim at spoiling the national policy, if the minority applied itself to frustrate the measures adopted by the majority—as is usually the case with Orientals—then British rule would crumble away, despite all its other forces. But the Indians see that this disunion never comes to pass. Again, the strong tendency of England towards doing that which she has declared she will do is thoroughly understood by the Indians, and that is a wholesome belief for them to entertain. Agitation—which if unchecked among a vast and excitable

population would be embarrassing—is thus checked. Infirmity of purpose and vacillation in action are among the well-known faults of Asiatics ; but the Indians believe that the British faults lie in the very opposite direction, and British persistency commands even the unwilling admiration of opponents.

Lastly, above and beyond all these factors, there is the knowledge that British rule has a national basis beyond the *kala pani*. Such knowledge has ever been present with the natives of India ; they see that the material power of England in India is strong and has been augmented by mechanical means within the last few years ; still they know that, on the spot, this alone would never be strong enough, were it not backed by ulterior resource in the home of the British race. This principle was exemplified when, in 1857, England sent out a fresh European army to re-establish her dominion after the back of the Mutiny was broken. Doubtless it is to this that English statesmen refer when they speak of "the keys" not being in Calcutta or in any political centre adjacent to India, but in London.

Now let us apply the consideration of these factors to the case of Khartoum and Gordon.

If after having gone so far we were now to pause, several of the moral forces embodied in these factors would be weakened, if not shaken. Let any person acquainted with the East, and free from political bias one way or the other, quietly reflect as to what the Indians will think of us if we now hesitate ? What will they begin to say among themselves, if, after undertaking to rescue Gordon and his faithful adherents from Khartum, after despatching an expedition for hundreds of miles up the Nile with well-equipped troops of the bravest type, under a renowned General like Wolseley, after collecting marine resources from distant quarters for river navigation past cataract-rapids heretofore deemed impassable, we flinch at what will be termed the final crisis ? It were vain to tell Orientals that after our hard-won successes on the Nile, and in the Nile desert, we had done enough to vindicate British authority. They would wonder whether we found the enterprise too hard for completion, or the resistance too stiff, or whether the farther we penetrated the weaker we felt, and so on. It were equally vain to define to them any limitation of the objects of the expedition, to explain that it was intended only to rescue Gordon and his garrison, if alive. They will not really comprehend this ; they will say that we went to take and occupy that city which Gordon had so long defended. They will not consider that we are at all committed to stay permanently in Khartum or to set up British Rule there. But they will expect us to vindicate our authority, to evince our mastery, and then, if we see fit, to retire with honour after settling the country in such form as may be practicable. They have seen us thus retire on several occasions previously, and will not be surprised to see us do so again. But they have never seen us retire in the face of an enemy *re infecta*. To begin showing them such novel sight now-a-days right in front of Khartum, would be dangerous. A retirement which they would regard as premature, then, would weaken their faith in several of the factors which constitute the moral basis of our power in the East. They might begin to doubt



whether, as of yore, there is a certainty of punishment following the death of Europeans and their trusty adherents ; whether England is now quite as united within herself in the presence of trouble as she has heretofore been ; whether she has still the tenacious adherence as of old to her line once taken up ; whether she has yet that resourcefulness at her Imperial head-quarters which has long been the centre of power radiating almost throughout the world. If doubt on these cardinal points were once to creep into the Indian mind, then a sap is begun near the basement of British rule. A sapping process may be slow, but it is generally sure.

In the Khartoum case there are two points specially provocative to the Indian mind. The city was not taken by the Mahdî, but its gate was opened to him through the treachery of certain persons in command of Gordon's own troops. Presumably the traitors are now in power in Khartoum, enjoying the fruit of their treachery. By virtue of all Oriental precedents they ought to be proceeded against, not revengefully at all, but for punishment.

They should be brought as criminals to the bar. If they are in force, then Indians will think that, according to British traditions, this is all the greater reason why superior force should be exerted against them. Again it is reported that the families have been murdered of those faithful men who issued forth from Khartoum to join us. If, on inquiry, this shall prove true, then not only does English honour dictate, but also the exigency of Asiatic opinion requires, that we should do our utmost to bring these women-slayers to justice. Our character stands so high that no Oriental will permit himself to doubt our loyalty to duty in this respect, or our energetic sympathy with the griefs of those faithful ones who have suffered in our cause. But if any indifference on our part were suspected, the effect on the Indian mind would be most injurious.

The recent rise and growth of political opinion in India should not be left out of view.

In this matter the fast-growing Vernacular Press is a prime mover ; but further, the Anglo-Indian press—which is especially skilled in collating the news of the world at large—disseminates information not only among its English constituents, but also among a circle of Indian readers who have learnt our language. The most cursory glance at the events of the last few years, as concerning the British in the East, will show how very much of *pabulum* has been afforded to those who supply political news to the Indians. We need not look so far back as the time from 1877 to 1879, with the Afghan operations, the Zulu campaign, the Russo-Turkish war, the Berlin Conference—all of which sensibly moved the Indian mind. Even if there was a brief lull after that, we readily see how fast has been the march of events specially interesting to Indians. For the last five or six years the Indian press, both in the English and in the Vernacular, have been retailing to the people the news of the subjugation of the Turcomans, and the occupation of Merv by Russia, the introduction of railways into Central Asia, the bombardment of Alexandria, and the victories of Wolseley over Arabi, the hard fighting near Suakin, the operations of the French in Tunis, in Madagascar, in Tonquin, in Formosa ; the critical situation of the Chinese Government ; the expansion of Germany in the Australasian Archipelago ; the beginning of establishment on the Red Sea shore by France and

Italy; the British protectorate in New Guinea, and elsewhere; the progress of the Borneo Company. Irrespective of other events in which India may feel a secondary interest, these events above mentioned are considered by Indians as primarily interesting. In some cases the course of affairs has been in favour of England, in other cases against her. We can but hope that the effect of the whole upon the Indian mind has not been prejudicial. But we should be flattering ourselves if we imagined that the Indian mind is restful and quite confident in respect of us, or that it is entirely free from anxious suspense on our account. The good old reliance is still sustained when they see that England is aroused; nor is it immediately damaged even by the concussion of adverse events. It has grown gradually, and, unless we incur some usual disasters, it will wane as gradually, if indeed we ever permit it to wane, as I hope we shall not.

Still, with all that has happened within the Indian purview during recent years, and is still happening, we should be doubly careful that nothing goes really wrong with us in the Egyptian Sudan, and that we deal with Khartum in a manner that shall be deemed worthy of us, not only by Europe and by Egypt, but also by the Oriental nationalities under our charge.

Sir Richard Temple considers that the attitude of the Vernacular Press has not been wholly satisfactory towards political affairs. In many respects it has been well-disposed, and in some respects signally loyal; but in matters of foreign policy it has been, he thinks, sometimes very disloyal.

So grave were the symptoms some years ago, that special legislation had to be passed temporarily. Afterwards this restriction was abandoned, and we must trust that the Vernacular Press will prove fit to proceed unrestricted. Even if nothing politically objectionable appears in vernacular print now-a-days, yet native publicists are writing about the advance of Russia in Central Asia, and discussing the effect which such movements may have on British policy in India, assuming apparently that Russia is sufficiently near to attract the regard of England, and possibly to modify the conduct of the English towards the Indians. All such assumptions are, of course, to be deprecated; indeed, their existence in any shape is inconvenient. Again, the organs of native opinion seem to be increasingly ambitious of political power within India itself. Now, local Self-Government in India is a most commendable thing, but there must be a limit even to that while we hold the reins and are answerable for guiding as well as defending the State. And while encouraging all legitimate aspirations, we are sorry to see that some aspirations spring up which are not legitimate, and can only end in disappointment.

The inference from these phenomena is clear, that we should look well to the just dignity of our political conduct respecting Khartum and Gordon, for the sake of public opinion in India, over and above all other considerations. The natives have a retentive memory for political antecedents. It was the memory of certain circumstances in the Afghan war of 1840-41 that suggested, in conjunction with other reasons, the Indian Mutiny sixteen years later. God grant that nothing shall occur in the Sudan to put mischief hereafter into the thoughts of the evil-disposed in India.

On hearing of the fate of Gordon at Khartoum, the natives of India will recall several notable precedents.

They will think at once how Macnaghten was treacherously murdered at Cabul in 1841 and a British army of retribution retook that capital; how Agnew was cut down at Multan in 1848, predicting with his latest words that, where he fell singly, there thousands of his countrymen would come, to punish his slayers—a prediction which was fulfilled; how, in 1857, during the Great Mutiny, the Government, merciful in many ways, and ready to grant amnesty to rebels, was inflexible in prosecuting those who had been concerned in the murder of Europeans; how, in 1879 Cavagnari at Cabul, with his escort, a little band, was destroyed by armed multitudes, and within some few weeks a British force entered the guilty city. They will probably hold that the case of Gordon at Khartoum falls within the category of these precedents; and as yet they believe that England is constant to her traditions. Many lesser precedents might be cited, but the case of Gordon is so grand that it should not be compared with any Indian precedents, save the most striking.

The personal safety of Europeans in the East is generally inviolate because of the fear which possesses the Indian mind. Nevertheless, untoward events occur from time to time which, though they fail to disturb the even tenor of British justice, do yet serve to keep alive a jealous vigilance, such as the assassination of a Frontier Commissioner in 1853, of a Chief Justice in 1871, of a Viceroy in 1872, and the attempt to poison a Political Resident in 1875.

In these instances treachery was a main element; Gordon's fate will come home to the Indian mind almost as if he had been in India, and that, too, was due to treachery. Again, while it is true that on the whole a Roman peace has reigned in India, still not a year elapses without troops being called into the field for some service or the other, and no decade has passed without some internal *emeutes*. Take the last decade from 1870 to 1880. In that short space there was a fanatical outbreak near the Satlej in the Punjab, a rising in the hill country near the east coast of the Madras Presidency, an attempted rising in Sonthalia on the Behar border, a violent agrarian disturbance in Bengal, a bad Muhammadan plot centering in Patna and branching to Calcutta, a formidable riot at Surat in Guzerât, an organized plundering in the Bombay Deccan, besides other instances that might be adduced—all showing that India has inflammable material which untoward events, happening anywhere within Indian view, might easily ignite.

Further, though we have the main factors of strength, moral and material, already enumerated, through we may count on the faithful loyalty of the Native Princes, the active good will of the moneyed classes, the passive contentment of the great agricultural interest—still we must reckon, with several sections of discontent, with some of the priestly classes who see their influence melting away in the sunlight of British civilizations, with some titled class that have unavoidably lost wealth and status by the change from

Native to British rule, with the restless spirits that cannot find a scope under a State system like ours. Though we have every right to expect loyalty from the educated classes trained through our language in our modes of thought, yet we cannot depend unreservedly upon that. For, although the great majority of this class are happily loyal, still some, forming a minority which we cannot estimate with exactness, are vaguely discontented to a degree which verges on disloyalty.

Thus, although our Eastern power is safe so long as we do the best for ourselves everywhere, not only in India itself, but in all countries within its range of vision, still there are elements of insecurity which are not to be trifled with, and which might become dangerously aggravated if we permitted the moral force of Opinion to be weakened. Certainly the Sudan does fall within this range; besides the fact that the Mahdi has many millions of co-religionists in India, the employment of native Indian troops in Egypt, and in the littoral tract of the Sudan itself, and the contemplated employment of them again for service there under certain contingencies must keep the case of Gordon and Khartum uppermost in Indian thought. If in front of Khartum the British Government were to act in a manner different from that in which it has usually acted in the face of all Asia, then unfavourable notions might sink deep in the Indian heart.

I have confined myself to the effect on the Eastern mind likely to be produced by the events at Khartum, without in the least entering on the questions relating to Egypt, to the rest of Africa or to Europe in connection therewith; all these are quite separate matters.

It may be added, however, that those who advocate the capture of Khartum are not actuated by any revengeful feelings against the Arabs, whose valour alone commands respect. We need not here consider how far the Mahdi and his Arabs are patriots fighting for their country, or fanatics striving for their religion, or slaveholders battling for slavery. They have seized a town as yet belonging to Egypt, and held by a garrison which England has declared to be under her protection; they have killed or captured a British representative. They are then at war with us, and should be subdued by military operations conducted according to the rules of civilized warfare. They may be wounded or killed while fighting, otherwise they would not be hurt, nor would any of them be punished except on proof of actual crime.

In conclusion then, if the various considerations now adduced are admitted, it follows that the fall of Khartum and the fate of Gordon must have a bad effect upon India and the East, unless the reverse shall be retrieved, and that from this point of view the recapture of that place is extremely desirable; so desirable indeed, that it becomes hard to draw the line between urgent expediency and necessity.

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## ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

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THE end of February has been signalised by a new departure in exhibitions, and the novelty, notwithstanding the fact that it occurs in Bristol instead of in the metropolis, has at once proved a great success. In all probability this Exhibition of Products of Feminine Industry will be widely noted, and in due time imitated and perhaps still further improved upon; meanwhile great credit is due to the promoters of the original. The products include laces, embroideries, pictures, textile designs of all kinds, clothing, furniture, &c. All the work shown is genuine bread-earning work; the exhibition is not in any sense a bazaar for the sale of amateur productions. The regular trades are represented, but the chief prominence is given to the skilled industries where the employes are not "hands," and are not reckoned by the thousand, but where each worker brings her own individuality to bear on the products of her industry. The keynote of the exhibition is given in a little room hung with portraits of ladies, who, in various ways, have contributed towards the amelioration of women in social, educational, industrial, literary, and political matters. Among these may be seen portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, Miss Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Nassau, Senior, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Christina Rossetti, George Eliot, Madame Bodichon, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Peter Taylor, &c., &c.

Among the pictures are some of great merit, especially those by Mrs. Allingham, Clara Montalba, Mrs. Butler, and Mr. Ruskin's *protégée*, Miss Francesca Alexander. But certainly the most powerful and original of the collection is a chalk drawing called "The North Wind," by Miss Emily Ford. It is a female figure, grand and stern, which gives the impression in its rapid movement of uncontrollable and pitiless power. As a work of imagination it takes the foremost rank in the exhibition. In another room is a life-size wax model of a baby, the chief of women's industries! It is placed here to exhibit an improved system of baby's clothing, devised and executed by Miss Loader, of Thame, Oxfordshire. It

is impossible to enumerate all the articles of interest and beauty with which the exhibition is crowded, but we may say that much surprise is caused to many who, like St Anthony, little know "all that the wily sex can do." Wrought-iron hinges, steel pens, wood carving, wood engraving, designs for landscape-gardening, plans for ship-building, are among these; in fact the extent of feminine industry will be a revelation to most people.

Within a few days (that is, in the first week of March) Messrs. Macmillan will publish in a small volume a popular exposition of General Gordon's "Reflections from Palestine," which has been prepared by the Rev. Reginald Barnes, his intimate friend and correspondent, under whose supervision the larger volume was brought out. The preface will contain extracts from several letters which General Gordon wrote to Mr. Barnes after his appointment to the Governorship of the Soudan. General Gordon, says the *Methodist Times*, was most anxious that his opinions should not die with him; they were destined, he firmly believed, to be of great spiritual good to mankind. "I am very interested in the book," he wrote from Khartoum in March last, "for I hope it may tend to show that God's dwelling in us is the great secret." Mr. Barnes has received hundreds of letters from all parts of the world stating that the reading of it has been productive of much spiritual good. Several distinguished military officers, who are now engaged in active service, have read and profited by it, and that to such an extent that they largely share their deceased comrade's views upon religious subjects.

An interest of a very different kind will be excited by Count Paul Vassili's forthcoming "La Société de Londres," that is, if it at all resembles the same brilliant and caustic writer's "Société de Berlin," which caused such a sensation and which has already run to twenty-three editions.

The statement frequently made that Zola would never be widely read in this country is contradicted by the fact that his "Germinal" is now running through several of our leading weekly papers in England and Scotland. This powerful story of the French mining districts will shortly be published in volume form. M. Alphonse Daudet's new novel is to appear in the summer. The copyright has, it is said, been bought for a term of years by a Swiss publishing house for £5,000, and the book will be published simultaneously in English, French, and German, in a handsome volume full of coloured and other illustrations.

Mr. Phil Robinson, whose Indian sketches are so well known, is

now on his way to Suakin to join the band of special correspondents in the East. Another popular writer, the author of "Mehalah," will begin in the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* a new story entitled "Court Royal," and among other magazine contents that will be read with interest is one in the March number of the *Century*. This is an article on the Soudan, written by General Colston, formerly of the Confederate army, and later on the general staff of the Egyptian army. In the latter service he commanded two expeditions of exploration in the Soudan, travelling in all the principal caravan routes and spending two years in the towns and among the tribes which are frequently mentioned in connection with the Mahdi. The article is illustrated with more than twenty pictures.

Messrs. Macmillan, who have just published Mr. Walter Pater's new work, the much-looked-forward-to "Marius the Epicurean," will shortly issue the memoirs of Mr. Mark Pattison, the late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. No other important works are likely to be issued in March, save the second volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Dictionary of National Biography" (*Annesley to Baird*), "A History of Pianoforte Music," by J. C. Fillmore, and a new work on India, entitled "India for the Indians—and for England," by Mr. William Digby, the well-known secretary of the National Liberal Club, which will be published in a day or two. The work, consisting of 300 pages, is divided into four parts. Part I, almost entirely on the basis of official documents and returns, points out the manner in which our administration of India, regarded from the point of view of securing the greatest good of the greatest number, has been a failure.

In art, the chief event is the exhibition of the great picture upon which Mr. Holman Hunt has been engaged for so many years, both in Palestine and this country. The mail leaves before the private view day, otherwise I would have sent a short notice of "The Triumph of the Innocents," as this "Flight into Egypt" is entitled. It was stated in several papers that the artist was asking £20,000 for his new picture, a sum by no means unreasonable from a painter's point of view, owing to the immense labour during many years that has been expended upon it; but respecting this statement Mr. Holman Hunt has just written as follows: "I am reminded of a strong reason for correcting this mis-statement. The sum I once offered the painting at was considerably short of this, although, indeed, had the amount named been paid me, so great had been the expense in executing the work, owing mainly, it is true, to exceptional circumstances, that the liberal sum published would scarcely pay me the commonest journeyman's wages. I would not

at this time undertake to deliver the picture for even twice the money named. The only natural patrons of works for me, as I follow my art with costly and unceasing effort to procure thorough Oriental truth for Biblical subjects, are the people. On previous occasions the interest in the result of my study in Syria itself of the nature still there—which best perpetuates the character of the nation from which we get our religion—has been adequately declared by the public, or I should not have been able to persevere in my course. It is to them I now look for recognition more than to any single individual, be he ever so much a millionaire or an enterprising middleman.” “The marriage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany” is the subject of the only picture this year from the brush of Mr. J. D. Linton, P.R.I., but whether or not it will figure on the walls of the Royal Academy depends upon the pleasure of the Queen, by whose “command” it was painted. It has been on the easel three years owing to the delays in obtaining sittings from the various persons who assisted at the ceremony, whose portraits had to be included, and to the difficulty in procuring the loan of the dresses worn by the ladies, the reluctance evinced in some cases being quite curious. The Princess of Wales’s dress in particular will be a delight to all ladies who behold it. The scene represents the altar end of St. George’s Chapel, and all the intricacy of its Gothic architecture has been worked out in most conscientious detail. The moment chosen is when, the service being concluded, the bride and bridegroom turn from the altar rails.

During the last few months Sir Noel Paton has been engaged on a large symbolical picture, entitled “The Parting of the Ways,” and on a religious painting commissioned by Her Majesty the Queen. The subject of the latter work is “Christ finding the Disciples asleep in the Garden,” and it is treated on an upright canvas, in a manner totally differing from that of the engraved picture which contains the artist’s previous rendering of the subject. It is intended to take its place in one of the private apartments at Windsor, along with Sir Noel’s reduced replicas of his “Agony in the Garden” and “The Good Shepherd.”

An adequate life of Turner, which has been promised before now, but has never yet been actually forthcoming, is now in a fair way to get itself written, Mr. Ruskin having commissioned M. Ernest Chesneau to “write a life of Turner, prefaced by a history of previous landscape to which I believe my own revision will have little to add in order to make it a just and sufficient record of my beloved master.”



In the Drama the only noteworthy news shows to what an extent mere notoriety will attract an audience. It is said that Miss Dudley, now in custody in New York for the attempted murder of O'Donovan Rossa, has been engaged by Mr. John Rogers, manager of the Winnie Palmer Company, which is to perform "My Sweetheart" in a theatrical tour in England in June and July next.

Mr. Augustus Harris, it may also be stated, lately visited Paris with the intention of purchasing the acting rights of M. Sardou's "Theodora," but after seeing the play performed he declined it. He bought, however, M. Alexandre Dumas's new piece "Denise," now playing to crowded and enthusiastic houses. The price paid was an exceptionally heavy one, but the rights extend to America and the British Colonies as well as to England.

E. A. SHARP.

## FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, *March 1885.*

THE "DOMINANT NOTE" is still, not so much perhaps to see this country happily delivered from its colonial perplexities, as to witness England embarrassed in Afghanistan and the Soudan ; an odd result of the humanizing influences of commercial treaties and *ententes cordiales*.

Matters are changed not a little, since Italy and England have joined hands ; since the colonies have so nobly come forward to help their parent ; since England seems resolved at last to make a stand against the insidious encroachments of Russia ; and since Lord Derby has been galvanized by public opinion into showing British resolution, though even at the twelfth hour, towards Bismarck himself, as well as France and the Recidivists. Despite all the hesitations, contradictions, and lamentable bunglings of England in Egypt and the Soudan, it is felt, that no matter what may be the ultimate solution, she will keep the upper hand in these countries, as a set-off for her sacrifices in men and money. The despatch of Indian troops has had an excellent effect on the Continental Anglo-phobists.

The war in China must soon give rise to complications with the European Powers. The refusal of England to allow rice to be classed as contraband of war, has electrified the French, who assumed that Admiral Courbet was free to act as he pleased in the Chinese seas. It was a blunder, the result of impetuosity, on the part of M. Ferry, just as he blundered in demanding an indemnity of 250 millions from the Celestials, to pay for the rashness of Colonel Dugenne. The French either know nothing about the Chinese question, or if they know anything, are sick of it. The Chinese know the French side of it well. A goodly number of persons here would be glad to see Russia engaging England about Herat. That would compel her to withdraw from Egypt, and allow France to step into her shoes. In default of Russia's drawing the chestnuts out of the fire, it is hoped that Upper Burmah will fill the rôle.

Opinion knows Lord Dufferin of old, and it is thought that he will not be caught napping, and will insist on having a free hand.

The home situation is in no way ameliorated. The protectionists and free traders are stumping the country, but the former will carry the duty of 3 fr. per 226lbs. on imported cereals. No industry has improved; work displays no improvement; taxes show a rising tendency, and the revenue the opposite. The anarchists are becoming more aggressive, and the dynamiters boldly boast of being as much at home in Paris as is O'Donovan Rossa in New York. The Municipal Council is playing more and more at Communism, since three of its members propose the Parnell system of settling rents—by not paying them. It is proposed to relieve the sovereign people from headaches on quarter day, by exempting them from paying rent, if out of work. True, Sampson was a strong man, and Solomon a wise one, but neither could pay their rent, if they had not the cash.

Travels are always attractive, whether they treat of the dead past or the living present. *Les Vrais Arabes et leur pays*, by M. de Rivaye, would be a very interesting *rechauffé* about Baghdad and the mystical cities on the Euphrates, had the author laid aside Chauvinistic politics. There are shrewd observations on men and manners, on commerce and science, but all is marred by the warmth of his political hatred against England. The author has not the toleration to bear in mind that English are not always French interests, and that Berlin even may view Oriental questions from another stand-point than that of Paris. The illustrations are good.

Mr. Journet's *Australie* is at once an historical and an economic work. It is a timely one to boot, in making known to French readers the resources of this immense English Colony, and at a moment when a very grave stand is about being made by Australia against the flooding by France of the Australasian Archipelago with habitual criminals. The noble conduct of "England's sons," in coming to the aid of their mother in the Soudan, makes the interests of England and Australia henceforth identical. The chapters treating of the press of Australia must be new to many besides the French. The institutions of the various colonies are passed in review, and the *modus operandi* of their administration. M. Journet has perhaps been studying too deeply the many *Punches*, or periodicals of the *Bulletin* type, when he describes the Australians as "removing" the aboriginals, by "shooting them down like rabbits, or as wandering dogs." Where this extermination was not sufficiently rapid, the natives were "decapitated, and their babies caught by

the feet and their skulls smashed against the trees of the forest." One would be inclined to conclude that the author in his early days had got up his facts from a French Newspaper office, where imagination supplies the place of authorities. Naturally the French thank God they are not as other men are, and that it is not by violent means like these that they protect Tunisia, Algeria, Tonquin, and Madagascar.

*Organization du Crédit au Travail*, by M. Hiernaux, is a prize essay, rewarded out funds bequeathed by M. Isaac Pereire. The author has produced a most readable work, written in a style at once simple, practical, and clear. The relations between capital and labour are well-defined, and also between the individual and the State. The most interesting section is that treating of general credit. Work alone, asserts the author, creates capital, and credit by employing it multiplies it by favouring work. In his criticisms on the history of credit in France, M. Hiernaux is both measured and sound. There is nothing Utopian in his views ; thus, he maintains that co-operation cannot be applied to the great industries, because they require a special knowledge which the workmen do not possess. A share in the profits would here be the solution. Credit ought to be mutual, and the first co-operation should be that for credit. Germany, in the Schulze-Delitzsch societies which have been imported into Italy also with such signal success, offers the type of organised popular-credit-societies. It is worthy of note, that in France the Catholics are founding popular banks, while the Republicans merely look on.

*Etude sur les épices* is by M. Husson, who is not only a chemist, but a culinary artist. The book is full of most learned remarks on spices in general ; it is also a culinary encyclopædia, and replete with anecdotes. A very liberal interpretation is given to spices, since onions, tomatoes, truffles, oils, vinegars, and jams, and butter even, are included. It is clear that the ancients patronized more spices than the moderns, and that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, so important had they become, that an officer of the royal household was called *épicier*. But then he combined the duties of apothecary and herbalist with that of court grocer. Consuming more spices would imply that our forefathers were heavy feeders. In antiquity and the middle ages, wines were surcharged with aromatics ; this made them more appreciated, but for nineteenth century palates, that would hardly be a recommendation.

As naval subjects are the order of the day, the *Marine des Stolornées et Romaines*, by Vice-admiral de la Gravière, will be found interesting, as he applies all the lessons the navies of the ancient

world afford, to the navies of our day. The style is limpid, easy, and witty; the matter learned, but neither pedantic nor technical. The maps are extremely interesting.

Madame Eloffe was the court milliner and dressmaker to Marie Antoinette, and the high aristocracy of Versailles. From 1787 to 1793 she kept a business journal, entering day by day the orders received, their nature, for whom, and details respecting their execution and the fashions. The Comte de Reiset has taken these journals for the basis of an interesting work—*Modes et usages au temps de Marie Antoinette*. He adds valuable explanatory notes and commentaries on the articles enumerated, and the character of the personages. The work treats of masculine as well as feminine attire, and is brimful of curious information on points now forgotten. Whatever may be the singularities of the fashions at present, we can hardly form an idea of their eccentricity and futility then. The central lady in the book is Marie Antoinette; we see her familiarly as a simple and ordinary woman, very good, charitable, and devoted to her nursery. The two volumes contain an excellent index.

Death is dreadful in its irony. For thirty years, Charles Lissot, a ripe scholar on comparative geography, was occupied with a work on Tunisia and its condition when a Roman province. He had studied the region when simply a clerk in the French embassy of Tunisia, and completed his work thereon when he was the accredited ambassador. He had seen the volume through the press, had even written the preface, and was picturing to himself the success reasonably to be expected from such a study, when death struck him down, on the 2nd of last July—one month after the completion of the first volume. The second will be published by a friend. The work is very learned, and particularly interesting since Tunisia has become French. Tunisia is a kind of peninsula in the desert of Africa, having two sisters similarly situated—Algeria and Morocco. Carthage owed its pre-eminence to its geographical situation, being in the centre of the Mediterranean, and affording ready access to the Soudan. The physical and historical geography of Tunisia are well described, and the manners and customs of the ancient inhabitants of Punica seem to live again in the brilliant pictures of our author. No fact is adduced but what is supported by unquestionable authorities. Maps and engravings of archæological remains contribute to make the volumes text books of the comparative geography of Tunisia.

M. Henry Fouquier's *Au Siècle dernier* is a series of studies

on the last century, collected in the volume form, and retouched since their appearance in the publications of the period. The Eighteenth Century is still very fashionable, and deservedly so. It has been studied under all aspects, from all corners, through all spectacles, and under all microscopes; and still there is ever something to be discovered. Of that part which has been abolished for ever there are not the less some things we ought not to forget. It was the epoch of ardent strife of opinions, whereas now we are engaged in the struggle of parties. The industrial sciences formed but objects of curiosity in the Eighteenth Century; at present, they provoke interest by their applications. The democracy of to-day is occupied in seeking to conquer new privileges, rather than in abandoning ancient rights. To-day, religious controversies are less violent, while philosophy does not display tangible definitions. The real *salons* have disappeared, because women are unable to unite influence with the gracefulness of their sex. M. Fouquier depicts French society of the last age, its marriages, songs, middle classes, political ladies and blue-stockings—all excellently done.

The two prisons in Paris for the condemned are "the Petite, and the Grande Roquette." The former is for juvenile delinquents. The Abbé Croëze was for years the chaplain of both prisons, and the documents, souvenirs, notes, and original descriptions he left of his connection with these prisons have been arranged in two volumes, by his successor the Abbé Moreau. They contain very curious revelations altogether new to the public, related by a prominent actor in the events. All the great criminals have in the book their chapter and their page, and the confidences detailed are not intended to satisfy the prurient curiosity or sickly tastes of the public, but to point morals, while adorning tales of human misery.

C. DE LUTECE.

## THE MONTH.

## EUROPE.

SO RAPID has been the march of events, and so completely has the whole aspect of public affairs been transformed since the date of my last communication, that, in attempting to compress the history of the intervening period within the compass of a few pages, I must necessarily confine myself to a survey of its more salient features.

The capture of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, followed by the collapse of the cold weather campaign in the Soudan and the retreat of both brigades of Lord Wolseley's army; the equipment and despatch of a second expeditionary force to Suakin; the re-assembling of Parliament and the narrow escape of the Government from defeat on a vote of censure; the occupation of Massowah by the Italians; the advance of the Russians towards Herat, and the crisis in our political relations with St. Petersburg to which it has given rise; Prince Bismarck's Jeremiad against England in the Reichstag and the explanations to which it has led; the completion of the protracted negotiations between England and the Powers regarding the Egyptian financial settlement; the successful termination of the West African Conference,—such is but an imperfect catalogue of the more important of the matters that have occupied public attention during the past five weeks.

When I closed my last despatch the relief of General Gordon was regarded on all hands as an accomplished fact. It was felt that, with the arrival of his steamers at Metemneh, he had virtually joined hands with the advance guard of the expedition, and nothing but news of the actual entry of Sir C. Wilson into Khartoum was wanting to convert confident expectation into absolute assurance.

The publication, on the following day, of Lord Wolseley's brief telegram of the 4th February, announcing that Khartoum had fallen, and that Gordon was, in all probability, a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, produced a consternation which has had no parallel since the days of the Indian mutiny.

Though the chance of Gordon's having escaped was regarded by the great majority of people from the first as infinitesimally slender, but one opinion prevailed as to the necessity of every effort being put forth to save him if alive, and for two days public feeling was divided between indignation at the past laches of the Government and anxious suspense as to its future action. The general anxiety was sensibly increased by the report that Lord Wolseley had expressed himself in hesitating terms as to the practicability of an immediate advance on Khartoum, and it was far from being entirely relieved by the announcement that he had been vested with plenary discretion to take what steps he thought fit to suppress the revolution in the Soudan and rescue Gordon if he still survived.

It would be ungenerous at this date to speculate on the course of action Lord Wolseley might have pursued, had the uncertainty regarding Gordon's fate not been dispelled when it was. Though between the date when the news of the fall of Khartoum first reached him, and that of the evacuation of Gubat, he had, as far as is known, done nothing to indicate that he contemplated an immediate advance, neither does it appear that he had taken any steps incompatible with such an intention. The evacuation in question took place on the 14th February, and, in the absence of information to the contrary, it may be fairly assumed that it was not ordered till it was felt that the death of Gordon had been placed beyond reasonable doubt.

The news of this retrograde movement reaching England, as it did, when the public were hourly expecting to hear of the occupation of Metemneh, was a source of surprise and disappointment. But subsequent disclosures regarding the condition of the force and the defective state of its transport have shown that it was probably unavoidable; and, even if this was not the case, it would be presumptuous at this distance to criticise it.

At Abu Klea, where want of transport necessitated a protracted halt, the force was severely harassed by the enemy's sharpshooters; and, though they were eventually driven off, the loss suffered on the occasion shows that it was due to good fortune rather than to Lord Wolseley's strategy that the retreat across the Bayudah desert was effected without serious disaster.

For some time after the evacuation of Gubat had been announced, it was believed that Lord Wolseley intended to hold Gakdul, while the Nile Brigade occupied Abu Hamed. From the fact that the latter, to whose movements we shall presently revert,



was not stopped on its onward march till after the 21st of the month, when it had arrived within twenty miles of its supposed objective, it seems probable that such was actually the case. But, however this may have been, it was eventually decided to concentrate both brigades on the Nile in the neighbourhood of Korti. General Buller's brigade reached Gakdul on the 26th February, and the entire force is being gradually drawn in to Korti.

The Nile brigade resumed its march from Berti on the 9th February, and on the following day gained a brilliant victory over the enemy who occupied a strong position at Birbekan. General Earle unfortunately lost his life in the action, and the command was assumed by Colonel, since created Brigadier-General, Brackenbury. From Birbekan the brigade pushed on with creditable rapidity, and, after occupying the Shukok Pass, which had been abandoned by the enemy, reached Salamat, where Colonel Stewart's steamer was wrecked, and destroyed Suleman's property on the 15th. On the 21st the whole force crossed to the right bank of the river at Hebbeh, and the following day it continued its advance towards Abu Hamed, forty miles distant.

How much further General Brackenbury proceeded is not known, but, as he repassed Hebbeh on his downward journey on the 26th ultimo, he must have received orders to return some time between these dates. He reached Berti on the 1st instant, and has since arrived at Korti.

The verdict of most military critics on the strategical arrangements of the campaign which has ended thus ingloriously, will probably be that of the critic in the *Times* of the 4th instant, who, referring to the recall of General Brackenbury, says:—

“That in the actual state of affairs there was little choice but to concentrate we cannot doubt. Indeed all through the operations the error has been that not only were two weak columns sent forward at great distances from an insignificant reserve on divergent paths, and without the power of uniting save, as it were, over the body of the enemy, but that one of the columns, at all events, was compelled to be connected with the reserve by means of a lengthy chain of posts, unable to effectually protect the line of communication. The entire force, indeed, was frittered away in detachments, each of its parts was weak, and disaster to any one of them would practically have caused the army to collapse. We conceive that the principles of war were violated because of optimistic anticipations. Up to the very eve of the action of Abu Klea there were many who thought that there would be no serious opposition to our progress, and Lord Wolseley himself seems to have indulged in the belief that the advance on Khartoum would resemble the Red River expedition, in that nature not man would

be his foe. It was looked on and treated as a pioneer expedition, and the showing of 20 British soldiers in Khartoum was expected to scare the Mahdi back into the desert. Throughout ignorance of the movements, strength, and intentions of the enemy has been conspicuous, while the difficulty of progress was, by Lord Wolseley's own admission, underrated. The result of these errors, coupled with delay in starting from Lower Egypt, is that the campaign has been, in plain English, a failure, and that much blood has been shed and many hardships undergone to no purpose."

I have passed over the incidents of Sir C. Wilson's fruitless and disastrous river journey, and of his rescue by Lord Charles Beresford.

Every reader of the *Indian Review* will have long since learnt how he embarked with stringent orders to return from Khartoum after consulting with Gordon, and exhibiting to the disaffected garrison the twenty men of the Sussex Regiment who accompanied him. How, after running the gauntlet of a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries at Abu Halfegh and Tuti, he arrived in sight of Khartoum only to find that Government House had been gutted, and the streets were occupied by the Mahdi's troops. How during his return journey he was visited by a Dervish, with a letter from the Mahdi, summoning him to surrender, and informing him that Gordon was a prisoner in his camp. How both his steamers were wrecked through the treachery of the pilots. How, with his troops, he was compelled to take refuge on an island, and with what gallantry Lord Charles Beresford fought his way up the river and accomplished his rescue, repairing his disabled steamer under the fire of the enemy's guns.

It would be impossible, within the space at my command, to notice, still more to enter into a critical examination of the various conflicting reports that have been received regarding the taking of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon.

The most trustworthy is probably that of Gordon's servant Abdul Karim, who was present at the taking of the place, and who afterwards escaped and made his way across the desert to Debbah and finally to Korti.

He states that, early in the morning of the 27th January, the gate in the southern wall was treacherously opened by Faruq Pacha, and the Mahdi's troops, who were close at hand, thereupon poured into the town. Hearing the confusion, General Gordon rushed out, with a sword and axe, accompanied by Ibrahim Beg, the chief clerk, and twenty men, and went towards the Austrian Consulate. On his way he was met by a party of the enemy who

fired a volley. General Gordon was shot dead, and the Arabs then rushed on with their spears and killed the chief clerk and nine others.

According to this man all the rest of the Europeans, except Consul Nicola, were killed, together with most of the notables ; but the mass of the inhabitants fraternised with the Mahdi's troops, and no women or children were killed.

A somewhat different version of the death of Gordon was brought to Korti by one of Lord Wolseley's messengers, who had been sent to Khartoum but failed to reach that place.

On the way, this man says he met a boy who had been present when the city surrendered, and who informed him that Gordon and two or three others were killed with spears and swords soon after leaving the Palace. The people, he added, first consulted among themselves, and, fearing that the Mahdi would spare Gordon's life, determined to kill him. He further stated that all the foreigners except women and children, were killed.

The report current for some days after the capture of the city, that General Gordon, together with the Greeks and a number of soldiers, had taken refuge in a church, where they were defending themselves, finds no support in any of the later accounts.

A letter from the Amir of Berber to a local Sheikh, found in one of the enemy's saddlebags after the battle of Kirbekan, simply states, on the authority of the Mahdi himself, that the troops had entered Khartoum, killed the traitor Gordon, and captured the steamers and boats.

Lord Wolseley having declared that the first measure necessary to secure the safety of his army was the despatch of an expedition to Suakin to disperse the forces under Osman Digma and open the road to Berber, it was decided at a Cabinet Council held on the 6th ultimo to take immediate steps to carry out this object. The force which it was ultimately determined to employ for the purpose numbers about twelve thousand men, including, besides an Indian Contingent consisting of one regiment of cavalry, three battalions of infantry, and one company of Sappers, the following British troops : Four squadrons of cavalry, one battery of horse artillery, one screw gun battery, one garrison gun battery, three companies of engineers, one railway company, besides telegraph and balloon detachments, three battalions of foot guards, three battalions of infantry of the line, and one battalion of marines.

The announcement of the determination of the Government was followed by an incident which not only furnishes the strongest

testimony to the unanimity of British feeling regarding the gravity of the crisis, but may be justly said to mark a new era in the history of the British Empire.

No sooner had it become known that a fresh expedition was to be despatched than, one after another, the more important of our colonies hasten to demonstrate their loyalty and enthusiasm by offering to furnish contingents fully armed and equipped at their own expense. Among these offers the Government have at present seen their way to accepting definitively only that of New South Wales, from which colony a force of eight hundred men started for the scene of action on the 3rd instant, but it is understood that they contemplate availing themselves of the services of the other contingents in case of the campaign being prolonged till the autumn.

The preparations for the despatch of the expedition have been carried out with a promptitude which speaks highly for the efficiency of the departments concerned; the greater portion of the troops have already reached Suakin; General Graham, who is invested with the chief command, is expected to reach Suakin to-morrow, and there is every probability of active operations being commenced within the next fortnight.

With a view to facilitating the movements of the force, the Government have entered into an agreement with Messrs. Lucas and Aird for the construction of a broad gauge railway from Suakin to Berber. A considerable portion of the plant has already gone out, and it is expected that the line will be completed, or nearly completed, by the autumn.

In spite of the magnitude and thoroughness of these preparations, not only is there nothing in either the acts or the utterances of the Government to show that they indicate any change in its declared policy of abandoning the Soudan; but there are grounds for suspecting that the pledge to recapture Khartoum was little better than a sop to appease public indignation. At one moment ministers hide their intentions under magniloquent phrases; at another they are content to rest their action on the bare ground of military necessity.

On the re-assembling of Parliament Mr. Gladstone, in laying further papers regarding Egypt on the table of the House, enumerated among the objects which the Government had in view the security of Egypt, the protection of the tribes who had befriended us, the suppression of the slave trade, and the establishment of an orderly government in the Soudan. At the same time he informed the

House that the policy of the Government in respect of the evacuation of the Soudan had undergone no change.

The opposition being justly dissatisfied with the small measure of assurance conveyed in these vague professions, Sir Stafford Northcote, on the 23rd ultimo, moved a resolution to the effect that the course pursued by the Government, "in respect to the affairs of Egypt and the Soudan, has involved a great sacrifice of valuable lives and a heavy expenditure without any beneficial result, and has rendered it imperatively necessary in the interests of the British Empire and of the Egyptian people that Her Majesty's Government should distinctly recognize, and take decided measures to fulfil the special responsibility now incumbent on them to assure a good and stable government to Egypt, and to those portions of the Soudan which are necessary to its security."

The debate which followed, and which resulted in a majority of fourteen for the Ministry, threw little or no fresh light on their intentions. Mr. Gladstone, while declaring that they still adhered to the hope of establishing a government in the Soudan, refused to give any pledge on the subject, and emphatically repudiated all intention of annexation to either Egypt or England. Sir W. Harcourt said he would never have been a party to the policy of going to Khartoum for the sake of annexing the Soudan, but had consented solely, because it was the only mode in which an evacuation of the country could be effected with safety to Egypt. Lord Hartington did little more than reiterate the vague phraseology employed by his Chief on the 20th.

On the 26th Lord Salisbury, in the Upper House, moved a vote of censure in terms of much greater definiteness and severity. The result of the division was a crushing defeat for the Government, only some sixty Peers being found to vote in their favour, but the debate was no more fruitful of information than that in the Commons.

On the 9th instant Lord Hartington, in moving the supplementary estimates for the army, made use of expressions which have generally been interpreted as indicative of a desire on the part of the Government, now that it has weathered the first outburst of public indignation, to "hedge" from its previous very moderate professions. He referred to an advance on Khartoum, not any longer as a movement definitively determined on, but as a probable necessity, and laid special stress on the circumstance that the estimates before the committee in no way pledged them to that policy. It is true that he referred merely to the possibility of an advance

on Khartoum not being sanctioned by the House, but he must have been perfectly well aware that, as long as the Government chose to adhere to the policy of such an advance, only an insignificant minority of the House were likely to oppose it.

The depletion of the Home garrisons by the despatch of the expedition has necessitated the embodiment of six battalions of the Militia and the temporary suspension of the transfer of men from the army to the reserves; and, as announced by Lord Hartington on Monday, the Government have decided on making an addition of 15,000 men to the army during the current and coming financial years.

It is generally understood that, in arriving at this determination, they have been largely influenced by the present crisis in our relations with Russia.

The events that form the immediate occasion of this crisis will, doubtless, have been followed with interest by your readers as they have been from day to day reported by the Indian press.

Stated broadly, the situation may be described as follows: The Russians, in defiance of the fact that the whole question of the Afghan boundary is the subject of pending negotiations, have advanced their outposts to certain points which are regarded by the British Government as being within Afghan territory, and their occupation of which is considered not only to jeopardise the peace of the Frontier, but to compromise the safety of Herat. The British Government have formally protested against these aggressive movements and demanded the withdrawal of the Russian outposts. To this demand the Russian Government have returned an absolute refusal, but have at the same time assured the British Government that they have instructed their officers to do their utmost to avoid a conflict with the Afghan troops.

In the meantime Sir Peter Lumsden, with the approval of the Government, has advised the Amir of Afghanistan to defend his frontier, including Panjdeh, which is claimed by Russia and immediately threatened, from further aggression, and the British Government has urged the authorities at St. Petersburg to restrain the Russian troops from advancing beyond the points already occupied by them.

No reply has, it is stated, been received to the last communication; but, according to the latest reports, the Russian troops are again advancing, and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg decline, under any circumstances, to abate their claims. As Panjdeh is actually occupied by the Amir's troops, and the Government are pledged to

support him in defending it, a conflict may at any moment be precipitated, and it is not improbable that, before these pages are in print, we shall virtually, if not actually, be at war with Russia.

It has been said that the action of the Russian Government in this matter involves a breach of the agreement under which it consented to refer the delimitation of the Frontier to a joint commission. It is doubtful, however, whether this view of the matter can be sustained. The ultimate source of the difficulty, it must be remembered, is a difference of opinion on the question whether the boundary should be determined, as Russia insists, on ethnographical, or, as England contends, on historico-geographical, grounds. This question is one of principle, which must, from its nature, be decided either by diplomacy or by an appeal to arms. Until it had been decided, it would obviously have been impossible for the Commissioners to commence their work, and they could not have decided it themselves.

If the question had been raised before the departure of Sir Peter Lumsden, as one would naturally suppose must have been the case, it is for the British Government to explain how they came to allow him to start while it was still pending.

It is, in fact, the result, not of the deliberations of the Commission, but of diplomatic action, which the Russians have forestalled. Their motive is sufficiently obvious. They were well aware from the outset that there was little or no chance of England accepting the ethnographic principle as the basis of delimitation, and they, therefore, determined to confront her with accomplished facts, in the hope that, in view of her existing difficulties elsewhere, she would accept them rather than go to war.

During the past few days a happy turning point has been reached in the relations of England with Germany, at a moment when it was least expected, and in a manner bordering on the grotesque.

From first to last, there can be little doubt, the misunderstanding, which for some months past had been waxing hourly more bitter, had partaken very much of the character of a comedy of errors. Matters were brought to a climax on the 2nd instant, by a speech delivered by Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag.

As a crucial proof of the unfriendliness of England, the Chancellor, in this speech, cited certain remarks made by Lord Granville in the course of the debate on the late vote of censure in the House of Lords, which he interpreted as intended to impute to him a desire to compel England "to abdicate all liberty of action in

colonial matters." He further complained that, on the same occasion, Lord Granville had represented him as having expressed himself unfavourably towards England's policy in Egypt, out of personal pique at his advice to take that country having been rejected. Combined with these accusations were a series of complaints regarding the conduct of the British Government in its diplomatic relations with Germany, the most serious among them being that it had committed a flagrant breach of confidence in publishing in a late Blue-book certain official documents, some of them prematurely, and others reporting private and confidential conversations.

Further light was thrown on the last of these charges by an article which appeared two days later in the *North German Gazette*, in which it was stated that the most striking and deplorable of the indiscretions contained in the late Blue-books was the publication of a report from Lord Ampthill (Sir E. Malet ?) on the subject of a private conversation with Prince Bismarck. In this conversation, it appears, the Chancellor had informed Sir E. Malet that on the 5th May last he had instructed Count Munster in a despatch to inform the British Government, in effect, that if it persisted in its unfriendly attitude towards his colonial policy, he should be constrained to seek an understanding with France; that Count Munster's representations having failed to produce the desired effect, he had sent Count Herbert Bismarck to London to support them; and that, his efforts proving equally unavailing, the German Cabinet had entered on those negotiations with France, which ultimately led to the agreement on the Congo question, and to the understanding between the Powers on the Egyptian question.

Referring to Lord Granville's allegation that he had advised England to take Egypt, Prince Bismarck, in his speech, denied having given that or any other advice. When pressed for an opinion, however, he had stated that if he were an English Minister, he would not annex Egypt, but endeavour to obtain through the Sultan the position in that country by means of which English interests could be safeguarded. Annexation, he considered, would give rise to an undesirable state of tension between England and several other powers, especially France and Turkey, whereas the method of procedure he suggested would not be likely to give offence to other nations, "partly by reason of its compatibility with treaties, and also because it would probably hold out to those mainly interested in Egyptian finance, *vis.*, to the French and English,



as well as other bondholders, the prospect of a safe, able, and well-ordered administration of Egypt by the English authorities." If, however, added Prince Bismarck, England preferred to annex Egypt, Germany would not consider it her duty to interfere, the friendship of England being more important to her than the future fate of Egypt.

"I therefore," he concluded, "did not advise England 'to take' Egypt, but, on the contrary, dissuaded her from annexing it as urgently as was possible in my disinterested position. I added that the solution of the question devolved beyond doubt upon the English Government itself. But, whatever England's decision, we would not, I said, stand in her way; we only recommended her to be cautious, and to respect treaties and the rights of the Sultan."

In conclusion Prince Bismarck said:—

"I have been forced against my will to give these explanations, in order, once for all, to repel the oft-repeated insinuation that for years back I had made a point of seeking to seduce the English Government from the path of virtue by alluring promises of foreign aggrandisement, and of thus causing trouble in Europe. That is completely wrong. It was only in confidence and after being expressly asked for my advice on the subject that I told them what I would do if I were an English Minister. I did so reluctantly and only on being repeatedly requested to do so, and I only consented at last in the conviction that by giving the English Government counsels of moderation I might thus promote the end at which I aim—namely, the preservation of peace in Europe and among its great Powers. And if this advice had been followed many a complication, perhaps, would not have occurred. This is an episode which has a certain connexion with the subject now engaging the House, but which I hope will soon be forgotten, with all the ill-humour arising out of it in England. I am inclined to look for the cause of this displeasure in the experience that when out of temper we are always inclined to ascribe the causes of this to others rather than to ourselves. But I shall do all in my power in the most conciliatory manner, *sine ira et studio*, to restore our relations to that footing of calm and friendly intercourse which has always existed between us and England, and which is natural to both countries neither having vital interests that conflict with those of the other. For I can only hold it to be an error of judgment if England grudges us our modest colonial efforts. However, prone the English Government may be to be influenced by individual merchants and shipowners, I can scarcely believe that it will continue to oppose our colonial policy as it has done in the Cameroons, as well as in Australia, New Guinea, Fiji, and other places.

A reference to Lord Granville's speech in the House of Lords on the 27th ultimo is sufficient to show that, beyond the bare state-

ment that Prince Bismarck had advised England to take Egypt, it contained nothing to justify his irritation.

Referring to certain remarks made by the Duke of Richmond in his attack on the policy of the Government, Lord Granville said :—

“The noble duke then went to Berlin and quoted the remarks of Prince Bismarck, which are of an unfavourable character, with regard to the Egyptian policy of the Government. Prince Bismarck is one of the most remarkable men of the time ; he is a man of great ability, great will, and great intellect of all sorts. Prince Bismarck is a man whose friendship is to be desired and whose enmity is to be deprecated. He has rendered enormous service to that great country, Germany ; he has united it, and the gratitude to him for that work is such that he has absolute power with regard to foreign affairs, and exercises great influence on the rest of the Continent. This being the case, does the noble duke pretend that we should abdicate all liberty of action with regard to the policy we pursue in colonial or foreign matters ? I must say that I have not the slightest right to complain of Prince Bismarck's expressing an unfavourable view of our Egyptian policy, for the simple reason that the policy of the Government has never yet been in accord with the advice with regard to Egypt which he gave to the late Government and to ourselves—namely, to take it. It was friendly advice, but when the noble duke reproaches us for not having followed that advice, I ask him in return why it was not followed by Lord Beaconsfield, who, when the same advice was given to him, answered that he would not take Egypt at a gift.”

So far, therefore, from imputing to Prince Bismarck a desire to deprive England of her liberty of action in colonial matters, the speaker merely deprecated a certain construction placed by him on the Duke of Richmond's criticism, while, as to accusing Prince Bismarck of personal pique in expressing an unfavourable view of the British policy in Egypt, he simply pointed out that, from the nature of the case, he could not honestly have expressed any other view.

The mistake was so obvious that explanation became as inevitable as it was easy.

Lord Roseberry, who, by the way, is, in every respect, a most valuable acquisition to the Cabinet, seems to have taken on himself the pleasant office of peacemaker. At his invitation Count Herbert Bismarck, on the 4th instant, came to London, and the exchange of views that followed is understood to have resulted in a complete reconciliation. On Friday last Lord Granville made a statement in the House of Lords in which he disavowed the interpretation put upon his speech, and cordially reciprocated the desire expressed by Prince Bismarck for the re-establishment of friendly relations

between the two countries. As to his statement that Bismarck had advised England to take Egypt, he admitted that he might not have expressed quite accurately what had passed. In his endeavour to rebut the charge of publishing confidential documents, he was less successful, and there can be little doubt that the offending Blue-book might have been more discreetly edited.

Count Herbert Bismarck's visit has already borne practical fruit, in the shape of an arrangement of the territorial question in dispute regarding the Cameroons country. Dr. Nachtigal's declaration of a German protectorate over the Cameroons was, it will be remembered, followed by the declaration of a British protectorate of the whole of the coast between the New German boundaries and the British territory of Lagos. This was regarded by Germany as an act of gratuitous unfriendliness. According to the agreement now arrived at, England relinquishes to Germany that portion of the territory in question between the Baptist settlement of Victoria in Amba Bay and the Rio del Rey, Germany on her part undertaking not to interfere with anything to the west of Rio del Rey, or take advantage of any omissions that may have occurred in the British treaties with the native tribes in the Niger country.

There seems to be a tacit understanding on the part of the Powers to accept the Italian occupation of Massowah as an accomplished fact, and there is every indication that the Italians intend it to be permanent. The existence of any formal arrangement between Italy and England on the subject is denied, but there can be no reasonable doubt that a very definite understanding exists, or that it will have a very material effect on the future of the Soudan question.

The West African conference held its final sitting on the 26th ultimo, when Prince Bismarck announced that the International Association, which had been recognised by nearly all the powers concerned, had given its adherence to its decisions, and duplicate copies of the *Acte Generale* were signed by all the members.

The following are the principal heads of the agreement :—

1. The region shall be perfectly free to the trade of all nations. Commodities of all nations, under whatsoever flag, shall be imported free from any sort of taxes or administrative dues whatsoever. Only such export taxes shall be levied as shall compensate for useful and necessary expenditure in the interests of trade, and these shall be levied alike upon every nationality equally with the Sovereign State.

2. Every Power exercising sovereign rights in the above-mentioned regions is forbidden to institute monopolies or favours of any kind.

3. Foreigners shall enjoy without distinction the same rights and treatment as subjects of the State exercising sovereign rights.

4. All Powers exercising sovereign rights within the region shall bind themselves to cooperate in the suppression of slavery, to promote the work of missions, and to render the advantages of civilisation comprehensible to the natives.

The *Acte* of navigation further secures the free navigation of the Congo and all its branches to merchant ships of all nations upon a footing of absolute equality.

An agreement on the territorial question has also been arrived at, after protracted negotiation, between the Association and France and Portugal.

The boundaries of the free state thus established include, according to a statement of Mr. Stanley, an area of 900,000 square miles, of which 600,000 are of unsurpassed fertility, intersected by nearly 4,000 miles of navigable waterway. The only important interruptions to the free passage of boats throughout this distance are the Stanley and Subilash Falls, and these it is proposed to surmount by the construction of 149 miles of railway, of which 52 miles will run between Vivi and Isanglia, and 95 miles between Manganga and Leopoldville.

After two years of unvarying failure, the efforts of the police to trace the authors of the late dynamite outrages seem at last to have been rewarded by an important success.

The enquiries in the case of the prisoners Cunnnigham and Burton, who are charged with being concerned in the recent explosion at the Tower, have resulted in the accumulation of a mass of evidence which tends to identify them not only with that outrage, but with those perpetrated at the railway stations a little more than a year ago, as well as with the explosions in Scotland Yard and St. James's Square in May last. Should the facts which the prosecution are endeavouring to prove be substantiated, the result will go a long way towards re-assuring the public by making it probable that the dimensions of the conspiracy are really much narrower than the number of the outrages seemed to show.

Lord Durham's suit for a declaration of nullity of marriage on the ground that his wife was insane at the time of the contract furnishes a striking illustration of the hardship that may be entailed by a state of the law, which makes no provision for a divorce in the case of the hopeless insanity of one of the parties. Regarding the present condition of Lady Durham's mind there appears to be no question; but, in order to obtain a release from matrimonial bonds

which, as far as both parties are concerned, have ceased to serve any useful purpose, and, as far as he is concerned, operate as a disability of the most intolerable description, it was necessary for him to prove that she was insane when he married her. This, in the opinion of the Court, with which most persons will probably agree, he failed to do ; and the result is the indefinite perpetuation of a grave injury, attended by no compensating advantage either to those immediately interested or to society at large.

Among the noteworthy events of the month has been the production at the Princess's Theatre of Lord Lytton's posthumous drama of "Junius ; or, The Household Gods," founded on the well-known Roman legend of Lucretia.

The subject was in its very nature insusceptible of successful dramatic treatment ; and the play, which, in spite of occasional fine passages, is, on the whole, painfully vapid, is written in a stilted and declamatory style, which the public taste has long outgrown. It was well received on the first night by a distinguished, rather than critical, audience, but is unlikely to prove a pecuniary success.

The determination of the Prince and Princess of Wales to visit Ireland, while applauded on all sides as a proof of their patriotism and courage, has given rise to a widespread feeling of misgiving which, for obvious reasons, finds no public expression. That the great mass of the Irish nation will welcome the Royal guests with heartfelt enthusiasm, no one doubts ; and even the Nationalists, as a body, may be expected to follow the example of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and dissemble any hostile sentiments they may harbour. But in a country where disaffection is so widespread and unscrupulous, as late events have shown it to be in Ireland, the fanaticism of individuals constitutes an element of danger which it would be affectation to ignore, and against which, unfortunately, it is impossible effectually to guard.

There is good reason to believe that the question of domestic electric lighting has been solved in a way which will render the public independent of the operations of lighting companies. The Skrivanow primary battery, the special features of which are small capacity, combined with great electro-motive force and absence of fumes, has been successfully adapted for the purpose of supplying portable incandescent lamps of ordinary size, capable of taking the place of moderator or other lamps for use in houses. Each cell in this battery consists of a layer of chloride of silver between two thin zinc plates, immersed in a weak solution of caustic potash. During the action of the battery the chloride of silver is converted

into metallic silver, and, when the electro-motive force is exhausted, all that is necessary is to reconvert this metallic silver into the chloride by treatment with hydrochloric acid. The chief expense is therefore the cost of the hydrochloric acid necessary for this purpose, which is very small.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *March 1st*, 1885.

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INDIA.

THE retiring Governor of Bombay was not allowed to start on his homeward voyage without the meed of some melodious tears. At the farewell banquet given in Sir James Fergusson's honour by the Byculla Club, the President, the Hon'ble J. B. Peile, summed up in an appreciative oration the results of His Excellency's five years of rule. He showed that, if there had not been much that was startling or ambitious in the administration of that peaceful period, there had been much solid progress. The Southern Deccan, a blank space on the railway maps of five years back, is now crossed by lines that make famine impotent to destroy; the Eastern Deccan line is open, and the Western Deccan line is begun. Railway extension in the Bombay Presidency has never had a warmer and more consistent friend than Sir James Fergusson. The creation of a Department of Agriculture, the extension of the Primary School system under local boards, the support given to schools for European and Eurasian children, the well-considered Local Government Acts, recognised even by Lord Ripon at last as being both sound and sufficient, and, not least, the excellent influence exercised on the Native Chiefs of the Presidency,—these are the main features of Sir James Fergusson's rule, and we may agree with Mr. Peile in thinking that they form a very respectable record.

On His Excellency's departure Mr. Peile governed Bombay for one day, and Lord Keay's reign has now begun.

The telegraphic summaries of the negotiations carried on during the month between London and St. Petersburg read less like a twice-told tale than has been usual with previous chronicles of the kind. We find, it is true, the same stale professions of good intention on the part of Russia, while her stealthy advance towards Afghan frontiers steadily proceeds; but the firmer tone of the English despatches has shown a considerable stiffening in the policy

of the Foreign Office, and a diminution of complacent confidence in Russian good faith. Though a Cabinet Minister has recently accepted without demur the statement by Russia that her occupation of debateable territory is only "provisional," the preparations in England of land and sea forces, and the military movements in India, are a very practical answer to this aggression.

The "demonstration" in honour of the meeting between the Amir and the Viceroy at Rawal Pindi has served to bring together 25,000 of all arms within easy reach of the frontier, and it has been quickly followed up by orders for the preparation of two army corps, each 25,000 strong with 10,000 men in reserve. Thus a force of 60,000 men will be placed on a war footing, and will be thoroughly equipped with transport. With nearly half the normal garrison of India placed on the other side of the Indus, it will be necessary to look to England for some 10,000 to 15,000 troops to fill the gaps in the Reserve, as well as to do garrison duty in India proper.

The grand preparations made to give the Amir and his accompanying chieftains an imposing and spectacular welcome have been rendered of none effect by the continuous rain, which turned the camp into a slough of despond, and effectually took the shine out of the "properties" which are so essential a part of a ceremonious durbar. However, the Amir is in British Territory, and, so far, there has been no report of any revolt against his power in his own country. Nothing is as yet authentically known as to what has passed at the informal interviews held he has had with the Viceroy. Beholders have been favourably impressed with His Highness's appearance and manners, and rumour is busy with guesses as to his concessions and his demands.

There have been persistent reports abroad of a disaster having occurred to some officers connected with the Afghan Boundary Commission; the latest authentic intelligence from their camp, however, dated 16th March, contains no mention of any special misfortune and is confined to a statement regarding a change in the weather. The march of the Commission from Bala Murghab to Gulran had unfortunately all the appearance of a flight, though it was undertaken under pretence of approaching the telegraph wires at Meshed, and in reality to secure the command of Herat in case it was necessary to garrison the forts there. The Amir has formally sought English assistance in strengthening the fortifications of Herat, which will be secure from any sudden rush, authorised or unauthorised, of the Russian captains.

Great anxiety has been caused to the friends of officers and men

of the Indian contingent at Suakin by the garbled and imperfect accounts received of the engagements near that place. It is surely the business of the Government of India to make arrangements for obtaining correct lists of casualties and to publish them without delay, as is done by the home War Office in the case of troops despatched from England. The true tale of the battle, or surprise, or defeat, whichever it was, has yet to reach India.

Amid these wars and rumours of wars the interest felt in the volunteer movement has rapidly developed; not only have schemes been formulated for the formation of a Volunteer Reserve Corps, meant to include every able-bodied European and Anglo-Indian who is unable or unwilling to join the ranks of the "regular" volunteers, but the enthusiasm has spread to our native fellow-subjects. The native press informs us that there is but one feeling throughout the country—"a desire amounting in many cases among the rising generation to a passionate longing to serve their Queen, as citizen soldiers." It is reported from Madras that four Hindu gentlemen have already been enrolled in the local Artillery Corps. But this question is not exactly one of those problems to which the principle *solvitur ambulando* can be safely applied; the Colonel commanding the whole force of volunteers in Madras objects to the innovation, and his objection is backed by the corps generally, whose members threaten to resign. Lord Lytton, when Viceroy, decided that separate corps or companies of native volunteers could not be allowed, but that natives might be permitted to join the ranks of the existing corps. This permission has not been taken advantage of, we believe, except in the Berar and Beluchistan Corps; there are also a few Parsee enrolled in some of the Railway Corps.

Little harm, it would appear, could result if Government were to take this sudden blazing up of military ardour in sober earnest, and were to sanction and encourage the enrolment of natives in the existing companies. If the feeling has anything of depth and solidity in it, if it represents anything more than the frothy exuberance of editors, and a desire for cheap notoriety, or a dislike for any restriction founded upon race differences, then it is worth while to concentrate and utilize it. On the other hand an artificial and spurious enthusiasm would not for any length of time stand the test of drill and discipline; manufactured ardour would be found to vary inversely as the heat of the weather, and the goose step in the dog days would be a crucial test of the value of this "passionate longing" on the part of young Bengal.



The announcement that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will visit Constantinople on their way home, and will be the guests of the Sultan, is suggestive. The alliance between England and Turkey, so strongly advocated by Hobart Pasha, is now under consideration, and the proposed presence of English Royalty in Constantinople during the negotiations will have considerable influence as a demonstration of good will.

In close upon 50 pages of print Sir Auckland Colvin has published his Budget Statement, and has given the public three main items of information: first, that no new measure of taxation will be introduced; second, that the rupee is officially valued at 1s. 6d.; and third, that the annual loan would probably be placed on the London Market. This loan, as we learn by telegraph, has been floated in the United Kingdom to the extent of ten millions sterling, and it will be devoted to carrying out the recommendations of last year's committee on railway extension in India.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

## Criticism.

MR. JAMES PAYN'S *Talk of the Town* is a book quite out of his usual field. Just as Mr. William Black has, greatly daring, written an historical novel which actually introduces us to Shakspeare (Moses had already been put in a novel by Professor Ebers), so Mr. Payn takes up Shakspeare long after his death, the pseudo Shakspeare of *Vortigern* and the other Ireland forgeries. The novelist gives it as his opinion that "tens of thousands, and among them," he is quite sure, "the Upper Ten," have never heard of Ireland, nor of *Vortigern*, nor of Shakspeare's "confession of faith," and the rest of it. Probably Mr. Payn is right. The novel-reading public is not very literary, and has forgotten the forger Ireland, as completely as it has ceased to remember the forger Onomacritus. Why the author has altered the name Ireland to "Erin" we do not quite understand; it seems a fresh addition to the wrongs of Ireland. His subject enables him to introduce "with unconcealed delight" (like the Tahitian swains in the *Anti Jacobin*) plenty of hits at criticism, culture, and so forth. But, Mr. Payn, the champion of intellect and culture may reply, those old Irelands, Parrs, Boswells, and the rest, went wrong and were deceived, not because they were critical and cultivated, but because they were not critical enough. It seems amazing that a boy of seventeen, as "William Henry Erin" was, should not only have played off forged Shakspearian documents on the learned, but should actually have had a play, "by Shakspeare," accepted by Sheridan. The manager, of course, only "ran" the piece as a speculation and advertisement, but society was full of believers. Chatterton and Macpherson should have warned the credulous, but *Populus vult decipi*. All this old affair, with the extraordinary dodginess and humour of the forger, supply Mr. Payn with a plot ready made, with plenty of scenes of historical *genre*, with a hero, with portraits of real people like Sheridan, Dr. Parr, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, and even with a ready-made traitor and villain. Of all these gifts of history, above all, of Mr. Powell and Mrs. Jordan, does Mr. Payn make amusing use. He has to invent, we presume, his "female interest," his good and pretty Margaret "in love with William Henry." So precocious was W. H. that we can admit him as a serious wooer at the age of seventeen, young for even Mr. Payn's *jeune premier*. The girl is as nice as she can be, and prettily jealous of the kind wayward Mrs. Jordan. As to William Henry, one doubts whether Mr. Payn has been successful in his conception and treatment of that very enigmatic character. Like Charles Honeyman, as described by Fred Bayham, "with the frankness of an early friend," we believe that Young Ireland "would rather have lied than not." He is said, when his forgeries became valuable as curiosities, to have actually forged his own

forgeries! Now Mr. Payn makes W. H. really a sympathetic character all through the book till he is found out. Thus he partly deceives his reader, and even, we think, renders the exact aim of his book confused. For W. H. is certainly about the most pleasant person in it, and one can hardly acquiesce in his being suddenly dropped down an *oubliette*, whence he is hastily fished out, moribund and penitent, at the close. But Young Ireland, who hopelessly puzzled and "sold" his own contemporaries, who puzzles us still in his amusing memoirs (where we can't help siding with the rascal, as we side with Mascarille in *L'Etourdi*), this sphinx of a William Henry perhaps unavoidably puzzled Mr. Payn, his literary second father. Who his real father was, the discretion of the novelist prevents us from ascertaining. That the book is full of humour and good things it were superfluous to remark, as it is by Mr. Payn.—*Harper*.

FROM Mr. Dolby's dumpy book on Dickens, *Charles Dickens as I Knew Him*, we carry away one odd impression, namely, that Dickens, when he went to stay with his friends the aristocracy, carried a bottle of punch in his travelling bag! We also get the impression that Dickens furiously overworked and over-lectured himself. All the early part of the volume is excessively verbose and dull. Who cares how often and where Dickens lectured, how many people could not get seats, and how many cigars were smoked by him and Mr. Dolby, the managing agent of Messrs. Chappell, who speculated in Dickens's popularity. One is chiefly inclined to sympathise with Mr. Forster's robust opposition to the whole performance. "They revel in Pickwick," "Boston at his feet," and so forth we read, as if this were an advertising account of Mr. Irving's American tour. Certainly Mr. Dolby appears, like so many men who knew him well, to have found Dickens delightful as a man, and it remains no less odd than before that the letters and published reminiscences of Dickens by no means convey the sense of his charm to people who did not know him. In fact, they produce precisely the opposite effect. This is one of the mysteries of biography, and it is only fair to suppose that Dickens had some incommunicable personal magnetism, which made his friends overlook the robustness egotism which they constantly report, and the fatiguing restlessness. All this, of course, has no reference to his literary genius, which rests immortal on the testimony of his works. But it is plain that the American tour would have killed a far stronger and healthier man, and it is heart-breaking to read how this great genius sold his life for dollars. "He could not sleep at night, and rarely, if ever, got up before twelve in the day. He had to abandon his breakfast, and dine at three, and could take no food until the work of the evening was over, and then only something

very light," and so on. It is heart-breaking. Mr. Dolby does not tell badly what he has to tell, but a good deal of it is not worth telling, and much of the rest exceedingly depressing. Mr. Forster was right.—*Harper.*

FROM M. Quantin, the famous Paris printer, we receive, among other works which must wait their turn, a delightful French edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, with coloured illustrations by M. B. H. Gausseron. Gulliver reviewing the ranks of Lilliput, the Lilliput horses dragging his hat, Gulliver in a town in Lilliput, Gulliver alarmed by the cat, in Brobdingnag, and "collared" by the baby, are all capital, full of fancy and vigour. The Struldbrugs (p. 297), are horrible enough for Edgar Poe to delight in. See also the heads of Struldbrugs on p. 301, and the absurd scientific Laputan (p. 304). Perhaps an English edition with many of the same cuts might recall young readers to the immortal Lemuel, the greatest of all fantastic voyagers greater than even Lucian and Pantagruel.

#### A Vigil.

I WALK the lane's dim hollow,—  
Past is the twilight hour,  
But stealthy shadows follow  
And Night withholds her power,  
For somewhere in the eastern sky  
The shrouded moon is high.  
Dews from the wild rose drip unheard,—  
Their forgotten scent  
With that of woods and grasses blent ;  
No muffled flight of bird,  
No whispering voice, my footfall stops ;  
No breeze amid the poplar-tops  
The smallest leaf has stirred.  
Yet round me, here and there,  
A little fluttering wind  
Plays now,—these senses have divined  
A breath across my hair,—  
A touch,—that on my forehead lies,  
And presses long  
These lips so mute of song,  
And now, with kisses cool, my half-shut eyes.  
This night ? O what is here !  
What viewless aura clings  
So fitfully, so near,  
On this returning even-tide  
When memory will not be denied  
Unfettered wings ?

My arms reach out,—in vain,—  
They fold the air :  
And yet—that wandering breath again !  
Too vague to make her phantom plain,  
Too tender for despair.

*Edmund Clarence Steadman.—Atlantic.*

#### The Tender Heart.

She gazed upon the burnished brace  
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with  
pride ;  
Angelic grief was in her face :  
"How could you do it, dear ?" she sighed.  
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings !  
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame !"  
Said he, "The partridge never sings."  
Said she, "The sin is quite the same.

"You men are savage through and through,  
A boy is always bringing in  
Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue.  
Or butterfly upon a pin.  
The angle-worm in anguish dies,  
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease——"  
"My own, we fish for trout with flies——"  
"Don't wander from the question, please !"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"  
And certain burning lines of Blake's,  
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,  
And Coleridge on the water-snakes.  
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he  
Began to feel his will benumbed ;  
At Browning's "Donald" utterly  
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"  
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun !"  
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,  
And swore to give away his gun.  
She smiled to find her point was gained  
And went, with happy parting words  
(He subsequently ascertained),  
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

*Helen Gray Cone.—Atlantic.*

#### Siesta.

(From the French of Sully Prudhomme.)

Je passerai l'été dans l'herbe, sur le dos,  
La nuque dans les mains, les paupières mi-  
closes,  
Sans mêler un soupir à l'haleine des roses,  
Ni troubler le sommeil léger des clairs échos ;  
Saus peur je livrerai mon sang, ma chair, mes  
os,  
Mon être, au cours de l'heure et des métamor-  
phoses,  
Calme, et laissant la foule innombrable des  
causes  
Dans l'ordre universel assurer mon repos ;

Sous le pavillon d'or que le soleil déploie,  
Mes yeux boiront l'éther, dont l'immuable joie  
Filtrera dans mon âme au travers de mes cils,

Et je dirai, songeant aux hommes : "Que  
font-ils ?"

Et le souvenir des amours et des haines  
Me bercera, pareil au bruit des mers lointaines,

#### Siesta.

All summer let me lie along the grass,  
Hands under head, and lids that almost close ;  
Nor mix a sigh with breathings of the rose,  
Nor vex light-sleeping echo with "Alas !"

Fearless, I will abandon blood, and limb,  
And very soul to the all-changing hours ;  
In calmness letting the unnumbered powers  
Of nature weave my rest into their hymn.

Beneath the sunshine's golden tent uplift  
Mine eyes shall watch the upper blue unfurled,  
Till its deep joy into my heart shall sift

Through lashes linked ; and, dreaming on the  
world,

Its love and hate, or memories far of these,  
Shall lull me like the sound of distant seas.  
—*Atlantic.*



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## THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

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1. *Egypt: Native Rulers and Foreign Interference.* By Baron de Malorti.
2. *England and Egypt.* By E. Dicey.
3. *A Diary in the East.* By W. H. Russell.
4. *The Khedive's Egypt.* By E. de Leon.
5. *Egyptian Finance.* By M. G. Mulhall.
6. *Parliamentary Papers.* Egypt—Nos. 3 to 8.
7. *Sir Samuel Baker on How Egypt should be Governed.* (*Times of Ceylon*, 1885).
8. *Egypt's Proper Frontier.* By Sir S. Baker. (*Nineteenth Century*, July 1884).
9. *The Outlook in Egypt.* By Baron de Malorti (*Contemporary Review*, 1884).
10. *Egypt under English Rule.* By Professor Sayce. (*Contemporary Review*, 1884).
11. *Mr. Cowen at Newcastle on the Egyptian Muddle.* (*Times*, Feb. 16th, 1885.)

TWO thousand years before the infant Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter in the bulrushes, before Britain had been discovered, the valley of old Nile was blooming as a garden, made rich for ever by boundless wealth of fertilising waters rolled from the regions of the sun. In that childhood of the world the land of the Pharaohs had already won distinction as the home of art and science: temples and palaces and mausoleums and mighty pyramids had reared their heads above green fields and city walls, and kings and priests, and royal warriors and queenly women, vied with each other in the richness of their homes, the grandeur of their last resting places. With much of mythic tradition the sculptured annals of those distant times tell the same story all along—a tale of kingly greatness, of national prosperity, a story of sovereigns deified by the

people after life had fled, worshipped not hated, remembered with veneration for the loving tenderness of their gracious lives.

During thirty dynasties the power and greatness of the State, the wealth and labours of the people, were ever expanding. Ethiopian invaders were cast out, the Lybian kings made tributary to old Egypt, and their people compelled to float down the waters of the Nile huge masses of granite with which to form funeral pyramids or regal palaces. With the military prestige and powers of the kingdom grew ambition for conquests, and the armies of the Nile kings went forth to battle as invaders, and returned as victors with much spoil. Then came five centuries of the shepherd kings, until they, in their turn, were cast out, and other dynasties ruled the land ; foreign wars followed, resulting in the overthrow of Nineveh and its monarch, the conquest of Syria and wars with the Hittites, when Egyptian garrisons held the long line of country from Mesopotamia in the north to Ethiopia in the south, with the beautiful Thebes as capital. The rule of the Jewish statesman Joseph followed, the alliance of an Egyptian Princess with king Solomon, the invasion of the country by the maritime nations of the Mediterranean and their defeat, with its ultimate subjugation by Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, and afterwards by Cambyses the Persian monarch. It was at the hand of Artaxerxes III that Egypt received its first great blow ; the help of Greek mercenaries availed nothing against the Persian legions, and the last native king who ruled over the land fled to Ethiopia and abandoned the kingdom to the foreigners, thus ending the long line of the Pharaohs after a duration of fully three thousand years. More than two thousand years have since passed away, and, though Egypt has, from time to time, been independent, not one native prince has sat on the throne of the Pharaohs, thus realising the prophecy of Ezekiel, xxx, 13, "There shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."

Wars with Macedonia followed : corrupt administration and disorganisation of the State rendered Egypt an easy prey to foreigners, and thus it finally became a mere province of the Roman empire (B. C. 30). The luxury of a Cleopatra, and the presence of Roman governors, failed to redeem its history from that of a dependency, and though the beauty, the wit, and the charms of the Egyptian Queen enslaved first Cæsar, then Anthony, the masters of the world, they failed to raise the fallen kingdom from its state of vassalage.

The conquest of Egypt by the Moslems in the seventh century, when the great library of Alexandria was destroyed, was the prelude to an unbroken series of wars and the bloody baptism of the Christian Church in that part of the East. The wars of the Crusaders

found the Saracens masters of the Nile Valley, and from that time to the conquest of the country by the Turks, it was one continued battlefield, the line of independent Arab sovereigns only ending with its military glory, when Egypt became the heritage of Turkish Sultans early in that century.

Mehemet Ali, the Napoleon of the East, has left a name behind him still cherished by the Egyptian as that of the father of his people, though it is to be feared not sufficiently recognized by Europeans. The conqueror of Syria for Turkey, the regenerator of that country, he might have made himself felt at Constantinople, where, however, his victories were regarded with little favour.\* His chief ambition, the elevation of the Pashalic of Egypt from a mere province of Turkey to an independent State, was brought about, despite the jealous animosity of the states of Europe, who, in their narrow-minded policy, believed they saw in him a Mussulman Power that might become a menace to Christendom. He laid the foundation of a new dynasty, and became the strong possessor of one of the most fertile countries of the world. Promptly devising means for rescuing the finances of his country from bankruptcy, he fully realised the advantages which agriculture and commerce would secure him for the realisation of his ambitious views. To improve agriculture one thing was wanting—water—and he at once set about covering the face of the country with a network of canals. He recognised no obstacles; the gold of the rich, the labour of the poor, he pressed all into his service for the common good. His will brought order out of disorder; he did for commerce, industry, and art what the Medicis did in Tuscany. With a few exceptions he swept away all former usages. The army and the navy were of his creation, as were also the system of taxation, quarantine laws, the schools, the manufactories, and the equitable administration of justice. He trod fanaticism under foot, and exercised more toleration in religion than is found in many Christian States; and, lastly, he founded the system of schools and education, of which not the smallest conception had existed in the East for hundreds of years.\* He has been compared with Napoleon, but it should be remembered to his credit that, unlike the Corsican, he found neither a country nor men to help him: all had to be created, just as he made himself; for without education he learned to read and write when at the age of forty-five. Yet civilised Europe obstructed his work of redemption, and would have crushed him had it been possible.

The reigns of Mehemet Ali's successors, Abbas and Said, were

brief, but the latter was marked by the raising of the first Egyptian loan, the creation of a debt of ten millions sterling, and the Suez Canal concession, which Said is said to have signed without reading. When Ismail succeeded to the Viceroyalty he found all in confusion. By the exercise of brilliant qualities he carried out administrative and judicial reforms—abolition of slavery, ministerial responsibility, the development of agriculture and public works, and the completion of the Suez Canal ; and, lastly, the elevation of the Viceroy to the rank of Khedive, and direct succession to the throne with the right of making war—in short complete political autonomy.

With regard to slavery I am reminded\* that the suppression of the slave-trade of the south was due to the initiative of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who, when passing through Egypt, communicated to the Khedive his idea of entrusting Sir S. Baker with the suppression of the slave trade on the White Nile, and with the establishment of order in the Soudan. How Sir Samuel, and after him General Gordon, were appointed successively Governors-General of the Soudan is matter of history. If slavery still exists in Egypt, it does so because it forms an element of eastern social life, endowed with the antiquity of the Pyramids, and not much more modern than the Nile. It has gained strength with the wisdom of the Egyptians, and underlies nearly all their political and domestic institutions. An enlightened native of the country when asked if he thought slavery would ever be abolished in Egypt, replied, "Yes, when you have abolished Egypt." There is no doubt that the cruelty and misery of slavery lie all in the capture, in the initial stages of slave-life, just as in the middle passage of American slavery. Afterwards it came to wear the repulsive and abhorred aspect with which western ideas have clothed it. Society is formed on the basis of the purchased domestic help. Without the slave girl of the household, who would grind the corn or blow the sluggish embers of the fire, or make the coffee, or bring the pipes, or do any other of the many things which the slave girl does and does right cheerfully? How and whence the supply is kept up, and above all whence came the fair young slaves of the Pasha's households, are matters touching which none but the Egyptians themselves can tell. There is no longer, it is true, the open slave market to be seen by wandering travellers at Cairo or Alexandria, but there are head centres still where the business is carried on, more secretly than of old, but not less systematically or profitably. Now and again the agents of Police make a raid upon one of these emporiums, and the owner is mulcted in

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\* *A Diary in the East*, By W. H. Russell, p. 384.

some paltry amount not equal to the profit on a single fair young Georgian ; and the Abolitionists are pleased to record the fact as another victory in the good cause. But, in truth, so long as the women of the country live a secluded harem life, domestic slavery in the mildest form will remain an institution.

In material improvements Ismail effected more than any other sovereign within the same time : a thousand miles of railways, five thousand miles of telegraph, thousands of miles of canals, docks at Suez and Alexandria, waterworks, public museums, steam navigation on the Nile,—in short an expenditure of thirty millions sterling on such material monuments of progress,—though, no doubt, much of all this was entered upon too hastily, and at too great a cost. But the work was done, and Ismail was able to point to his efforts as having united eastern and western civilisation. Generous and open-handed in all these things, Ismail, in accepting the financial aid of Europe, did not discern the probable political results. " Blind-folded, he allowed himself to fall into the hands of money-lenders ; from high to low, all Continental usurers threw themselves upon Egypt as an easy prey. So long as he had securities to offer, the anterooms of his ministers were overcrowded with bankers anxious to lend him millions at a percentage prohibited by penal laws in their own country. Even after the Porte had put in a veto, the money-lenders were equal to the occasion, by finding means to evade a distasteful prohibition ; they continued to push him to take their gold, and to mortgage Egypt, to pawn his State and his private properties up to their utmost value, renewing greedily his bonds until they found it more advantageous to liquidate the estate. Cringing as long as they could hope to get something out of him, they became as threatening and as impudent as we know the money-lending tribe to be with insolvent debtors. Had this been the case of an ordinary mortal, a court of law would have reduced the outrageous claims to fair and just proportions. But he was a Sovereign, and his creditors the kings of Jews, or rather the Jews of kings, and powerful enough to bring to bear the authority and pressure of their respective governments to enforce their claims by every means available."\*

According to Mr. Cave's report (in the *Times* of May 19th, 1876)—and surely there can be no better judge—Ismail and Egypt netted out of a nominal amount of a hundred millions only forty-five millions, of which already in 1876 thirty-one millions were repaid in interest and amortisation. But even admitting that the powers might have been justified in taking in hand the case of the Continental creditors—

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\* *England and Egypt.* By E. Dicey, p. 104.



and I doubt whether they would have attempted anything of the kind had Egypt been a powerful State—it appeals to reason that the native creditors ought to have been put on an equal footing with the others—nay it is monstrous to think that diplomatic pressure was used to oblige Ismail to pay the bond-holders, whilst his own officials, the army, &c., were not paid.

Space will not allow, nor does it enter into my plan in this paper, to deal with the financial details of Ismail's reign: he has been accused of squandering the vast sums raised, whereas in fact Europe had received most of it, and his own subjects were left without their just dues.

His total indebtedness was put down on his deposition as a hundred and five millions sterling, of which he had actually received only forty-five millions.\* To this have to be added the yearly revenue since his accession (17 years), and we have a total of £123,250,000, and, with other services, it appears he had disposed of a hundred and eighty million sterling during his reign. A careful summary of all public expenditure during these seventeen years of Government shows the following amounts.

Putting the expenses of the Administration during this period, not as Mr. Cave puts it at four millions, but at only £3,800,000, we arrive at—

	£
Expenses of Administration, 17 years, at £3,800,000 ...	64,600,000
Tribute to Turkey, 17 years, at £681,486 ...	11,585,262
Suez Canal, without including £5,328,000 for interest, and £3,927,000 proceeds of shares to the English Government	6,770,000
Canals ... ..	12,600,000
Railway, including £400,000 for the Soudan line ...	13,361,000
Alexandria Harbour, including interest £363,000 ..	2,905,000
Suez Docks ... ..	1,510,000
Telegraphs ... ..	853,000
Lighthouses ... ..	188,000
Société Agricole, Widow and Orphan Fund, &c. ...	2,000,000
Alexandria Waterworks ... ..	300,000
Buildings, Improvements, Gas, &c., at Cairo, Alexandria, and Suez ... ..	3,000,000
Bridges ... ..	2,150,000
Sugar and Paper-mills and other establishments, including £2,404,206 paid to the Azizieh Company ...	6,100,000
Indemnity on account of the Cattle murrain ...	3,938,000
Khedivieh line of Steamers and other Steam-boats ...	1,350,171
Expedition to Abyssinia, and Governorship of the Soudan (Sir Samuel Baker and Colonel Gordon) ...	2,000,000

\* *England and Egypt*. By E. Dicey, p. 105.

Debt of the late Government	...	...	...	2,755,000
Purchase of the Egyptian Post	...	...	...	46,068
Redemption of Village Debts	...	...	...	1,274,000
Army Equipment and Material	...	...	...	2,000,000
Schools	...	...	...	3,600,000
National Library	...	...	...	40,000
Loss by cutting the dams on his own properties to save the				
Fellah lands from inundation in 1875	...	...	...	900,000
Loss on the Nile Steam-boat Company	...	...	...	155,000
Total				£145,980,501

To this total of £145,980,501 have to be added the cost of the expeditions to Turkey and to Candia, of the forts of Aboukir and others, the extra expenses of the Court not covered by the Civil List, the princely donations to Europeans as well as to natives, the sums expended at Constantinople for the succession, and on subsequent occasions (which could not be put down at less than £3,000,000), and last, but not least, the interest and amortisation paid on the various loans between 1862 and 1879, for which £45,000,000 may safely be put down, since the *Times* of May 19th, 1876, estimates the amount in 1876 already at £31,000,000, to which interest for three years at the rate of £5,782,829 (according to the Budget of 1878), has to be added. Thus, estimating the expenditure for which data are wanted—and without taking into account the enormous interest paid on treasury bonds issued at an average rate of 15 per cent. discount per annum—roughly at £8,000,000, we arrive at a sum total of £198,980,501 against total of receipts £185,250,000, which leaves about £13,000,000 to the credit of Ismail, and accounted for—by his own private property, amounting to £4,000,000 before his accession, by the private property of his family, valued at over £10,000,000 and given up in 1878, and by items paid out of ordinary expenditure, which ought to have been deducted from the £64,600,000.

Among the assets of the Khedive were 177,000 founders' shares in the Suez Canal Company, dividends on which were not due until 1895. These were offered in Paris as security for a loan, but without success; they were eventually purchased by Lord Beaconsfield's Government for four millions sterling, an excellent investment regarded from every point of view, for not only are those shares now worth ten millions sterling, but their possession by Great Britain converted the Canal from a French into an Anglo-French enterprise—an advantage which is of incalculable value.

The proceeds of this sale availed the impecunious Khedive but

little. His finances went from bad to worse : various enquiries into Egyptian administration were instituted, and first one financier, then another, was despatched to the scene only to help to complicate matters. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Goschen were equally powerless to devise a remedy, when the idea of a dual control over the finances of the State was devised, affording, as the result showed, but little benefit. The Khedive grew displeased with the control exercised and dismissed his Ministers. Mr. Wilson was recalled, and for the time Ismail appeared to be master of the situation. This was early in 1879 ; but Germany, anxious on account of German bond-holders, who took alarm at the chaos in the State, interfered, and then England and France called upon the Sultan to exercise his right as Suzerain to depose the Khedive, who thereupon abdicated in favour of his son Tewfik, the present Ruler of Egypt.

Upon the accession of Tewfik the dual control was continued—M. de Blignières on the part of France, and Major Baring, and afterwards Mr. Auckland Colvin, on the part of England. That this tutelage of the Khedive in the eyes of his people was distasteful to him and to them there was no doubt. He was but a puppet in the hands of two foreigners who ruled in his name. With the dual control came a multitude of European underlings who took the bread from the mouths of Egyptians, and helped to make the name of foreigners more detested. Nor did the tone and manner of some of these help to smooth their way with the Khedive or his Ministers ; for we read in a note to Baron de Malorti's work, that the Ministers and Khedive complained openly of the bad taste of foreigners who were in the habit of coming to the palace in shooting jackets and pot hats—men who would not dare to enter the anteroom of a Republican Minister at home without being in evening dress at eight in the morning !

Had there been any feeling in common between the British and the French dual authorities, the system might have had a chance, but this was impossible. Matters went from bad to worse, and to this must be added the fact of large arrears of pay to the army withheld, whilst all demands from foreign creditors were satisfied to the full. In the month of February 1881, the revolt of the Colonels took place in which Ahmed Arabi took a prominent part. The occurrences of the following twelve months are now matters of history. The "identical note" had been played in vain. The Khedive was brow-beaten in his palace and even threatened, while his Ministers were overawed by a military coalition. After usurping power, monopolising all army resources, disorganising all services, these military

reformers believed themselves strong enough to defy the Sultan, European justice, and even common sense. All this mad plotting ended in calling Europe to the rescue of the Khedive and of Egypt.

The arrival of the fleet before Alexandria, the destruction of the forts, the burning of the city (in which Arabi is believed to have been an accomplice before the act), the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the trial and exile of Arabi and his fellow-conspirators, are too well known to need recapitulation here.

The mission of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Dufferin, to Egypt to frame a paper constitution for the unhappy country was ill-timed and ill-judged. It was ill-timed because the Egyptian people stood in need of a strong administration and relief to the pauperised fellaheen, rather than representative institutions which they could not understand, much less appreciate ; and the despatch of Lord Dufferin from Constantinople without any intimation or consultation with the Suzerain of Egypt, who was still in receipt of its yearly tribute was little less than an insult to the Sultan to whom our Ambassador was accredited.\*

It is idle to talk of constitutional or parliamentary Government in such a country as Egypt. But the introduction of independent tribunals for the natives, the diffusion of education, the gradual development of self-government within the village communities for local matters as with the "panchayets" or village councils of northern India, and perhaps the institution of a council of notables to assist in arranging and modifying the decrees of the Government might do something to ameliorate the condition of the people and make equitable administration a possibility. Unfortunately, Lord Dufferin, guided, no doubt, by stringent instructions from home, set to work, when he had been scarcely two months in the country, to frame a constitution of a most complicated and impracticable nature, the working of which he did not remain to initiate, but left the country shortly afterwards, bequeathing to others the unenviable task of setting the new political machinery in motion. Lord Dufferin's report was to a great extent confidential, and, no doubt, it was with good reason that a portion of its contents was not given to the public, as the reasons assigned for some of the conclusions formed might not have been flattering to those concerned. But as regards the principal features of his scheme, it was at once evident to all acquainted with Oriental races, that it was doomed to failure.

There is nothing in the Mohammedan religion antagonistic to a moderate form of constitutional village government. In fact it has

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\* Letter of Sir Austen H. Layard, *Times*, February 1885.

existed for centuries, though overgrown with corruption. The germ is there, and needs only judicious and gradual development. In truth the autocratic form of Government in the East is not due to Islam being opposed to constitutional institutions, but to the fact that the people are not ripe for a more extended application of parliamentarism, as first introduced by Ismail Pasha, and again revived by Cherif Pasha, in calling a consultative Chamber of Notables for the purpose of administrative control. Recently some political amateurs tried to produce Arabi in the garb of an enlightened reformer; much noise was made about a so-called "National party;" we were told of a liberal current of constitutional aspirations, and the usual stock-in-trade of revolutionary doctrinaires was duly advertised by complacent dreamers. Misled and misleading they did a great deal of harm. It was wasting sympathy, and, as events have taught us, a move in the wrong direction; for the Egyptian people are not, and have never been, anything in the rebellion, nor can they be made responsible for the crimes of Arabi and his native and foreign accomplices.

All the fellah wants is not to be bothered by new-fangled institutions for which he is not fitted, while he commonly takes kindly to those in harmony with his wants and usages. He only aspires to a little justice, to the security of his person and property—moderate wishes of a race fated, as Amron describes them, to work for others, and so little does he care for politics that, until recently, few knew even the name of their ruler. "Effendina" for them was like a distant and misty vision of terrestrial deity, and their interest in current affairs was by no means encouraged or sweetened by their contact with the tax-collector, the Sheikh, and that deputy Khedive, the Mondir.\*

Sir Samuel Baker, when asked by an Egyptian Minister of high rank, what he thought of Lord Dufferin's new constitution, was compelled to admit its impracticability. It was an attempt to govern the East by western ideas.

"The Egyptian Minister who questioned Sir Samuel as to the meaning of this revolutionary proceeding, asked him, if the new scheme of representative institutions were so good for the Egyptian, why the British Government did not establish it in their Indian dominions? All the questioned Englishman could do in reply was to smile and shrug his shoulders. 'You know,' said the Minister, 'fully as well as we do, the ignorance and fanaticism everywhere prevalent amongst the people of this country, and you cannot fail to understand how utterly unsuited are such institutions. You must feel, as we feel, that changes in the mode of administering the Government of an Asiatic race are

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\* *Egypt*. By Baron de Malorti, p. 5.

always to be deprecated if they can be avoided.' Sir Samuel said he felt constrained to admit the truth of these statements, for he knew how unworkable was Lord Dufferin's scheme."

In the views entertained by the discoverer of the "Victoria Nyanza" as to the conservative habits and feelings of the children of the Nile, there is much which will be readily understood by old residents in India. He says :—

"The Egyptians, like all other Eastern races, detest changes ; and they do not want to govern themselves : they like to have some *one man* to rule over them, to whom they can look with confidence as the depositary of power and authority. You cannot persuade them to look at things as we regard them. There never was a greater blunder made than the total abolition of the 'courbash,' punishment by stripes. The Egyptians only understood this as arising from a *fear* of inflicting punishment, just as they regarded the pardon of Arabi and his fellow-rebels as due to some fear on the part of the infidels towards Mohammedans. What should have been done in regard to the prevention of the undoubted cruelties practised with the 'courbash' would have been to have made it illegal to inflict more than a certain number of blows, say a dozen or twenty, which would have been quite sufficient as a punishment, and this merciful restriction the people could have understood and would have appreciated, instead of which we disarrange the whole course of justice and sweep away with one stroke of the pen one of the oldest institutions of the country."\*

Travellers passing through Egypt are extremely surprised to witness so many outward indications of material prosperity in the valley of the Nile. Accustomed to hear and read of Egypt as an oppressed and bankrupt country, the people ground down by taxation and extortion, without hope and without inducement to raise their condition, strangers are naturally much struck with the numerous indications of industrial progress wherever they travel in Lower Egypt. On all sides there are to be seen indications of capital elevating labour, of science coming to the rescue of a rude agriculture and multiplying the resources of the country beyond the dreams of the wildest enthusiasts. Their optimistic views are strengthened by reference to the words of one of Egypt's ablest rulers, that successive sovereigns had exercised their utmost ingenuity in attempting to exhaust the resources of the country, but all their efforts had been baffled by its marvellous resources.

"Look where you will, you see tall chimneys rearing their heads and sending forth volumes of smoke betokening active industry in the country. These chimneys are attached to steam engines, of which there are now hundreds in the delta, all busily occupied in pumping water from the Nile and adding to the fertility of the fields, at the same time increasing the revenues of the State. The British traveller and political economist returns to his country and writes a

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\* Sir S. Baker on How to govern Egypt.—*Times of Ceylon*.

volume on the increasing prosperity of the Egyptians and the debt of gratitude they owe to that beneficial rule under which all this growth of wealth has been made possible ! Never was there a greater mistake than to regard all this change as a proof of the prosperity of the people. Those tall chimnies send forth their smoke, those hundreds of steam-pumps pour forth their incessant streams of water, not for the Egyptians, once owners of the soil, but for Greek and Syrian mortgagees who have stepped into the land-holders' places and, having ousted them, have introduced all the capital which has done so much to elevate the foreigner, and to convert the Egyptian landholders into a field-labourer for daily hire." \*

The fruitful source of all this estrangement, of landed possessions, of all this impoverishment of the people has been the change introduced by western civilisation into the laws affecting landed property—one of the greatest calamities that could have befallen the fellaheen. The old Mohammedan land laws, which from time immemorial ruled in the Egyptian courts, were no doubt peculiar, but well adapted for the people of eastern countries, where there has ever been a proneness to indulge in lavish, ostentatious displays beyond the means of the people, on all occasions of domestic demonstrations, such as weddings, birthdays, &c. These laws declare all mortgages on landed property illegal, so that the fellaheen could never alienate their fields, and dispossess their children of property descended to them through many generations. But European civilisation has changed all this. The old Mohammedan laws have been ruthlessly swept away, and the results have been the introduction of foreign capital, no doubt for the purpose of effecting improvements in agriculture, for purposes of irrigation by machinery, but at a price fatal to the independence of the landed cultivators of the soil, the original proprietors of the Nile valley. Few Englishmen are better acquainted with the country and the people than Sir Samuel Baker, and what has he told us on this subject ?

"The present proprietor of an extensive tract of land in Lower Egypt, teeming with steam pumps, and reeking with smoking chimneys, was not many years ago a dirty little Greek shop-keeper who settled in one of the Nile villages and laid himself out for friendly relations with the cultivators around. Under the new state of the land laws this shop-keeper found no difficulty in ministering to the thoughtless improvidence of the fellaheen, and by borrowing money from bankers at low rates and lending it to the owners of land on mortgage at five per cent. a month, the Greek gradually absorbed the possessions of the people about him, and in this way converted them into serfs and himself into one of the largest land-owners in the delta."

It is the knowledge of all this dispossession of the people by foreigners, of this wholesale transfer of landed possession from the

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\* Sir S. Baker on How to govern Egypt.

"faithful" to the "infidel" which has done so much to bring them into popular disfavour. Add to this the invasion of the country by swarms of needy adventurers from all parts of Europe, who have, in too many instances, been foisted upon public departments to the exclusion of competent native employés, and this not so much by Englishmen as by French and Italian fortune-seekers.

On the subject of the revolutionising of the land laws of Egypt, Sir Samuel Baker speaks in no uncertain tone. He says we should have left their laws as we found them :—

"They were well suited to the wants and character of the people : all that was needed was to take care that they were administered justly between man and man, to see that there was no bribery practised, and above all no favouring of Europeans over natives. Look at the effect of the 'Capitulations' which provide special Courts and special Judges for offences committed by Europeans : can we expect the people of the country to be satisfied with that state of things ? If it be objected that Europeans should not be liable to be tried by native judges, remember this is precisely what the present Government instructed Lord Ripon to carry out in India. The proper remedy is to take precautions that corruption shall be rendered impossible."

It will be said by some that it is not possible to secure the just administration of the law amongst such a people. But Sir Samuel thinks differently. He says :

"Do as the British have been doing in Cyprus for the last few years, at a trifling cost, without any change in the laws, and to the complete satisfaction of the people, which is saying a great deal. There we have appointed young Englishmen to sit in the Courts alongside of the native judges who know the law well and who have every particle of evidence translated, as taken, for the guidance of the young Englishman, and, as the latter has to agree in all decisions, bribery has ceased, because it is found that it is in vain to bribe the Turk or the Syrian if the Englishman is not accessible, and these courts now command the fullest confidence of the people. The young men appointed are officers selected for their abilities, and the system, strangely enough, was initiated by Lord Wolseley who in this has proved himself a wise administrator."

Had Lord Dufferin been allowed free action in the framing of his report, and had he been selected by the British Government to act in the responsible position of "Political Resident," advising and directing the Khedive and his Ministers without standing between his authority and his people,—in short, had the masterful mind of the present Viceroy of India been allowed to carry out and *modify*, as he would have modified, the new constitution, we should not have witnessed the grotesque attempt to graft liberal institutions from the British oak upon the Egyptian date-palm.\* The undermining of the Khedive's prestige and of his Ministers' authority, without putting anything in their place, has more than anything else helped to bring about the present collapse of Egyptian adminis-

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\* *Egypt's Proper Frontier.* By Sir S. Baker, p. 27.



tration. After the fight at Tel-el-Kebir, there were two courses open to us,—to let Egypt govern herself by our advice, or to take the administration into our own hands. We did neither. It would have been far better to have dispensed with "Native Ministers" altogether, than to discredit them in the eyes of their subordinates and the people.

A not less fatal mistake is the reiterated determination to withdraw from the country at some undefined date. Not only has this declaration proved a fatal hindrance to Arab help in the Soudan, but it has its evil effect in Egypt proper. The Copts or Native Christians are in the upper provinces as numerous as the Moslems, yet they like us as little as the latter. We are told by a recent traveller in Upper Egypt that, "if we declared we would stay in Egypt, their course would be clear, and they would loyally support and aid us in our efforts to govern the country and reform its abuses. But so long as we profess to be there only temporarily, it is impossible for them to do so, or to give any occasion to the Mohammedans to aver that they are in league with the foreign invader. Hence the position of a large and important section of the community is an extremely uncomfortable one. If the English leave the country, they believe they will at once be massacred ; on the other hand, the doubt whether we shall remain prevents them from assisting us in the task of restoring order. When it is remembered that most of the subordinate official posts are filled by Copts, and that the secrets of the bureaucratic machine are practically in their hands, it may be imagined how valuable their assistance would be."

During the last two years the threat of an early, if not immediate, withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt has been flaunted abroad by the craven irresolution of a motley Cabinet. When poor General Hicks was allowed to go to Kordofan at the head of 12,000 cowardly troops, before the result of his mission was known, orders were given for evacuation of the country, and were only stayed by the startling telegram from Khartoum of the annihilation of his army, and the supremacy and menacing attitude of the Mahdi. Then once more all was changed, and the faltering Ministry which had assented to the despatch of Hicks and his army, despatched Gordon on a similar mission alone and helpless.

In a recent address to his constituents at Newcastle Mr. Cowen tells the Ministry some home truths. He said : "We have struck the heaviest blow at British influence in the East that has been struck for a generation. We have made Egypt a weltering chaos. We banished Arabi, but we have reinvigorated the Mahdi. We have deranged everything, settled nothing, and have hopelessly compromised the

fortunes and the future of every Egyptian. No body of men, either native or foreign, has as yet been benefited by our reforming schemes. We have given the world fresh lessons of massacre, the records of which are written in the charred remains of desolate cities and deserted villages, in the scattered skeletons of gallant Arabs, in the maimed and suffering occupants of many a desert tent, and in a demoralized executive and a despairing people. What has caused this signal break down? The motives of the Ministry were meritorious; protection of British interests and the relief of the country of what they regarded as a military Camarilla. Their resources were practically illimitable. They have had in requisition power, ability, and experience, the concentrated power of the empire, the ability of commanding statesmen sustained by unrivalled devotion and unfaltering enthusiasm, and the experience of the most efficient agents which the public service can furnish. Yet they have failed. Wherefore? Because of the presence of divided authority, and the absence of clear aim, resolutely and consistently enforced. There is the tap root of all their difficulties. They have tried to rule an Eastern people by Western methods, and through a distracting dualism. Their well-meant machinery has broken down. Our officials perplexed with doubts whether their positions were permanent or provisional, had not authority to secure willing support, or to compel unwilling submission. Their projects were thwarted by the chronic inertia of their native colleagues, and marred by the machinations of foreign emissaries."\*

At the present moment the military and financial situations absorb public attention. The administration of the country and the rescue of the people from the slough of misery in which we have helped to plunge them, demand our earnest attention and care. The resources of Egypt are boundless. Its wealth lies hidden in the mud of the Nile: all that is needed is steady national development. The Egyptian race are naturally most tractable and easily governed: all they desire is justice, security for life and property, and a helping hand. Quick and intelligent, the rising generation give promise of a bright future if they are trained in habits of self-reliance and steady business ways: this they may be by Englishmen at their side. The country has been so long a hot-bed of jobbery and corruption, that none who know it would dream of expecting the present governing classes to aid in carrying out administrative reform without extreme official pressure. This must be our work in the future, a work that will repay us in noble results.

JOHN CAPPER.

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\* Mr. Cowen at Newcastle, *Times*, February 16th, 1885.

## RECENT ENGLISH POETRY.

THE European poetic literature of the last quarter of the century can scarcely be said to present many great figures. In France, the 'one grand and solitary form of Victor Hugo looms across the fifty years that separate us from his earliest successes; and, while the best recent French work in poetry under the predominating influence of realism, like the best work in novels and in painting, is, with exceptions, strong and simple and healthy—in contrast with the influences that ruled under the Empire—France has not lately produced any poets whom it is of prime interest for foreigners to study. In Germany, now that the sweet, gentle, and very faint voice of Geibel is still, there are (unless we except Jordan with his ponderous and remarkable epics) no singing voices to be heard. Indeed there have been none since Heine. The most genuinely poetic voice in German literature is Gottfried Keller's, and he has put all his finest and most delicately imaginative work into prose stories; his verse is of very inferior quality. And while Heine was a little French, Keller is more than half Swiss. In Russia poetry lately has tended to clothe itself in fiction, and since Tourguenieff, Dostoevski and Tolstoi there have been few Russian poets of note. It is in Scandinavia that the freshest, strongest, and most brilliant and modern literature is now developing, and Hemik Ibsen is in power and significance scarcely second to any living writer in Europe, just as Whitman occupies a similar position in America. Ibsen in his latest dramas (two of which, *Nora* and *Ghosts*, have lately been translated into English) has devoted himself to the ethical problems of the modern world, and in this direction he has perhaps produced his strongest work; while Bjornson, in his own more genial though less powerful and thorough manner, has followed Ibsen's example. They are both great imaginative artists, but their work to-day cannot strictly be called poetry.

In England we appear at the first glance to be rich in poets of a high order. But it has to be remembered that some of our

poets have ceased to write, and that others are no longer representative of the present. Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne belong, in one sense, it may be said, to the past; they have long ceased to develop. Tennyson will always remain the most representative poet of the middle third of this century. No other writer represents so completely the whole spiritual attitude of that period with its interesting doubts and transitions and faiths, all its gentle, well-bred, and strictly moderate aspirations. It is Tennyson's distinction that he has mirrored this somewhat indefinite period in the most precise and dainty manner. And he has done more. He has not merely supplied spiritual nutriment to several generations of young women, he has added to the already vast stores of English poetic literature, some of its strongest and most brilliant lyrics. Browning can scarcely be said to be representative of any period; he never has been, and never will be, popular in the sense in which Tennyson was once popular, but his position is even more surely established. His immense intellectual energy, his marvellously keen dramatic feeling and power of psychological analysis, his sane and virile emotional attitude, place him fairly beside the greatest figures in our literature. As that wayward old Olympian, Landor, long since frankly asserted—

“ Since Chaucer was alive and hale,  
No man hath walked along our roads with steps  
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse.”

Swinburne is scarcely less independent; he also is not representative, but he possesses all the poet's most fundamental gifts—passion, imagination, power of diction and metre, and as a lyrical poet he comes nearer than any other to Shelley. These are our chief contemporary English poets, and though they have all—even Swinburne—ceased to develop, they still continue to produce work of good quality. In *Becket*, Tennyson has added another to the series of dramas he has produced during recent years; it is a strong and workmanlike production, but even the poet's warmest admirers can scarcely claim that it has contributed perceptibly to the treasures of English literature. In *Ferishtah's Fancies*, Browning has given us a number of pleasant and vigorous allegories, which might be called Lessons in Optimism. In the Prologue, he states his favourite position and preaches it throughout:—

“ Take what is, trust what may be !  
That's Life's true lesson,—eh ?”

And he asserts his frank and sturdy earthliness with perhaps more lucidity than usual :

"Man I am and man would be, Love—merest man and nothing more.  
 Bid me seem no other ! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar !  
 I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before."

And Swinburne, in *A Midsummer Holiday*, has, with his usual undue liberality, given us more of his splendid and fluent verse, dealing as usual with 'children, the sea, and Victor Hugo. Matthew Arnold left off writing poetry many years ago, and William Morris has ceased to be what, as the newspapers are fond of reminding us, he once declared himself, "the idle singer of an empty day," and has devoted his immense energies to the propagation of Socialism, and the abolition of the competitive system. He is one of the chief organisers of a new Socialist League and editor of the *Commonweal*, a revolutionary newspaper, ceasing to do any poetical work, saving occasional Socialistic songs. Robert Buchanan, a powerful if somewhat over-rhetorical poet, now prefers to write novels, which are clever imitations of Victor Hugo's, but, like all imitations, uninteresting.

When we have thus eliminated these great names of living writers, there appear at first few poets left to deal with. For we have to concern ourselves with those poets who are writing and developing to-day, and who have a meaning for us to-day, and we have further to avoid carefully, if possible, all those versifiers, who are dignified with the title of "minor poets." We shall find, however, that this middle stratum is not only interesting, but of high value. In any case it tells us something about ourselves ; it reveals the thoughts that are growing within us to-day, the tendencies which draw us, the forms of art which attract us.

One of the latest and most remarkable volumes of recent poetry is the Hon'ble Roden Noel's *Songs of the Heights and Deepes*. Mr. Noel is perhaps best known as the author of *A Little Child's Monument*, a poem which has been compared in some respects with *In Memoriam*. Mr. Noel is allied to some of the poets already mentioned. He has intellectual affinities with Browning ; his veneration for Tennyson is almost absolute ; he shares many sympathies with Swinburne, and has much of the same fiery energy. Indeed, many poets are embraced by Mr. Noel's large receptiveness ; in the first poem there are occasional rhythmical echoes, one is inclined to say, from Goldsmith among others, and such disagreeable words as "innumerable" and "verdurous," which were part of the cant poetical verbiage of the beginning of the century, are plentifully

sprinkled through these pages. But notwithstanding these affinities Mr. Noel is original, and his work is allied to the best among the most recent tendencies of literature—the tendency to overthrow the artificial limitations, the petty interests and affectations which have marked many writers in the recent past who grew up under the mild influence of Tennyson, and whom Mr. Noel would describe as belonging to the “finikin” school. I am inclined to complain that Mr. Noel has not done this more thoroughly; he appears to be yet entangled in the yokes of that metrical bondage which he seeks to throw off, and his intermittent irregularities often produce a harsh effect. Two instances of this may be found, to go no further, on the first page of this volume:

“Thou on the proud dome, glistening cross of gold,  
Thy life is changed to hard death bought and sold,  
Art thou the hilt of a death-drinking sword  
Plunged in Earth's heart by some infernal Lord?”

This fine metaphor is spoilt by that dissonant third line. Elsewhere (as in *Thalatta* and *Beethoven*) Mr. Noel shows so strong and fine a sense of harmony that one is tempted to believe that the harsh and jarring irregularities he permits himself are only his own way of pouring contempt on the pride of metrical structure. The poem from which I have quoted is very characteristic; as a whole it does not appear obviously well-girt together; it is full of fine and irregular energy; the splendour of isolated passages, as a description of sunset on the Thames, is magnificent, with a play of colour which seems to come to us from Coleridge and Keats and Shelley. It possesses, too, that human and ethical fervour which largely tinctures all that Mr. Noel writes. To me, however, it appears that the most splendid and impressive poems in this volume are *Thalatta* and *The Temple of Sorrow*. The latter expresses admirably the most distinctive features of Mr. Noel's imagination—his power of calling up vast and vague yet impressive images, his turbulent and irresistible impulse, his love of morbid colour. It contains, too, one of most delicate and flowerlike of Mr. Noel's lyrics. At some points *The Temple of Sorrow* recalls James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, but with a distinct difference. Mr. Noel's poem concludes with a *tableau* that reminds one of the sacrifice of the Lamb in the famous altar-piece of the Van Eycks at Ghent—

“There, in the midst, the likeness of a Lamb,  
That had been slain, whose passion heals our hurt,  
Wearing a thorn crown, breathing into bloom !”

While—

“All the nations range around serene,”

and *The Temple of Sorrow*, by a sudden and magical transition, becomes the temple of joy. Mr. Noel sees the sombreness of things, but at the last moment he is always able to exchange the pessimistic view for another of dazzling optimistic radiance. It is possibly an optimism *ex machinâ*, but, anyhow, by its aid this beautiful poem attains a climax in the sound of silver trumpets, the rustle and sheen of long white wings. As Mr. Noel himself finely expresses this transition :

"Pain ever deepens with the deepening life,  
Though fair love modulate the whole to joy.  
A myriad darkening points of dolorous gloom  
Startle to live light, subtle infinite veins  
Of world-wide anguish glow, a moonlit leaf."

Still it must, after all, be difficult for the sheep, with the butcher's knife already in view, to regard his troubles altogether *sub specie æternitatis*, that is to say, in English, from the consumer's point of view. It is, however, the greatest function of art in all its forms to provide us a refuge from the ills and littleness of life. Art is the consoler ; it is one of the soul's sanctuaries. Mr. Noel has felicitously expressed this meaning of *The Sanctuary* in his last poem.

"And here awhile our weary sails are furled,  
Here in a heaven folded from the world ;  
Here we may taste awhile the bread of life,  
And breathe an atmosphere aloof from strife."

Nature is such another sanctuary. Mr. Noel's nature-lyrics, of which *Northern Spring* is perhaps the brightest and swiftest, are full of elemental freshness and delicate grace :—

"They breathe of the spring time,  
Earth's young child ;  
They breathe of the Peace at the  
Heart of things,  
Who hath taken the wide world  
Under Her wings."

*Thalatta*, already mentioned, shows much of the fire and splendour of Mr. Noel's genius, when he is dealing with those energetic and elemental things with which he most cares to deal. The constant transitions in metre make it, however, somewhat difficult to read. It is written at Land's End :—

"While among the tumbled boulders, before the giant cave,  
Robed in royal purple, royal raiment of the wave,  
In crunched and shattered timbers, ribs of mighty ships ;  
Yea, and limbs of some who, craving one more kiss of loving lips,  
Were stifled in the violent froth, jammed beneath black stones,  
Whose glossy weed may dally with their coral-cruled bones,"

Mr. Noel's disregard of all that is petty in art, his inborn energy, his command of fiery and splendid eloquence, his strong ethical fervour, overbear many minor blemishes, and he holds a high and independent position among contemporary poets.

Much of the most interesting recent work in poetry has been done by writers who have chiefly distinguished themselves in other fields of literature. Mr. Theodore Watts, one of our finest and subtlest critics, has written some good sonnets of the school of Rossetti. Mr. George Meredith, a powerful but by no means popular novelist, has published, not long since, *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, a volume of verse which shows careful workmanship and a fine feeling for some aspects of nature. Like George Eliot, Mr. Meredith is not a born singer, and his poetical work has much the same characters as hers. It is predominantly intellectual; it is never spontaneous. Mr. Symonds, who is probably the strongest, sanest, and most genuinely English among our critics, published a few years ago a collection of sonnets, *Animi Figura*, which were original in form, and marked specially by intellectual energy. While attractive from their thoughtfulness, there was frequently a lack of artistic and imaginative charm. In a second volume of sonnets just published, *Vagabunduli Libellus*, Mr. Symonds has largely supplied this deficiency. The new collection is more facile and musical, though it must also be said that there is this time some failure of closely-knit thought and a lack of concentration. *Animi Figura* was the autobiography of a soul,—an artistic nature, compelled to live apart, tormented by its own ideal aspirations and inevitably morbid. In *Stella Maris*, an important section of the new volume, this imaginary (as Mr. Symonds is careful to tell us) autobiography has been continued. The artist meets and tries to love a Venetian woman:—

“Child of the waves and sun-god, arrogant  
With blood and brine, with sea-winds petulant,  
Rude as sea-billows when the tempest swells.”

But his love is shattered at the moment of fruition by the lover's predominant tendency to self-analysis:

—“seeking joy of sense I light on shame,  
Flying from shame, desire's loathed dungeon find;  
Attack, retreat; clasp and unclasp; and win  
Neither the wage of virtue nor of sin.”

Mr. Symonds appears anxious to show that a passionate love, however lightly entered into, must yet inevitably bring the soul of one who cares for more than the pleasure of the moment into close contact with the deepest realities of life. The lover finds that behind the light mask of love he comes on to the stern face of duty



and such love cannot satisfy him because "from love true men still crave life-permanence." So it is that

"Beauty thus doth bring

Man back through love to law no life may shun."

Many of the sonnets in this volume are interesting from their genuinely autobiographic character. It is well known that Mr. Symonds's health compels him to live an isolated life at Davos Platz, and his immense literary schemes are carried out under all the disadvantages, and perhaps the advantages, of this condition. *Winter Etchings in Black and White* form an especially fine, picturesque, and artistically wrought series of sonnets dealing with the incidents of Alpine life. One of the finest poems in the volume is this description of sunrise :—

"How often have I now outwatched the night  
Alone in this grey chamber towards the sea  
Turning its deep-arcaded balcony !  
Round yonder sharp acanthus-leaves the light  
Comes stealing, red at first, then golden bright ;  
Till, when the day-god in his strength and glee  
Springs from the Orient flood victoriously,  
Each cusp is tipped and tongued with quivering white.  
The islands that were blots of purple bloom  
Now tremble in soft liquid luminous haze,  
Uplifted from the sea-floor to the skies ;  
And dim discerned erewhile through roseate gloom,  
A score of sails now stud the waterways,  
Ruffling like swans afloat from paradise."

A poem, like Mr. Symonds's *Average Man*, indicates the influence which Walt Whitman is exercising over contemporary literature. The combined influence of Goethe and Whitman culminates in such a line as

"Those weariest words Forget, Forego, Forgive."

It would be difficult to invent a more concentratedly un-Christian sentiment. A book called *Towards Democracy* that was published anonymously not long since represents, so far as I know, the most important attempt to bring Whitman's spirit into English literature ; the first decisive proof of the strong influence which that spirit can exert on able and earnest minds. That is to say, in other words, that it is on the whole as a religious and ethical teacher rather than as a poet—the poetry here is mostly poetry in solution—that Whitman has so strongly influenced the evidently powerful mind of the writer of *Towards Democracy*. Mr. Stoddart, and some other of Whitman's critics, have insisted that he is great by his lyrical power, and that his ethics is so much dead weight. And from the

point of view of art they are unquestionably right. Those wonderful lyric outbursts, however, which are scattered throughout *Leaves of Grass*, and which are as keen and sweet as Heine's *Lieder*—are Whitman's alone; no man can take them from him. The author of *Towards Democracy* makes no attempt to do so. That Whitman is for him a great *man*, a great teacher, rather than a great poet, is clearly seen from a passage in which he couples Whitman's name with Christ's.

Having said so much, it is only fair to the author of *Towards Democracy* to point out in what directions his inspirations are fresh and genuine. First and chiefly may be noted his intense sympathy with all aspects—and above all the ordinary aspects—of nature and human life, his vivid delight in all that is simple and honest and of the open air. "I see everywhere," he says, "the old simple occupations—the making and mending of nets, the growing of flax and hemp, the tending of gardens, cattle—the old sweet excuses for existence, their meaning now partly understood—the faith that grows in the open air, and out of all honest work till it surrounds and redeems the soul." With this goes, it need scarcely be added, a very wholesome contempt for "the hopelessly well-dressed people," the "dismal bipeds living in dark caverns full of tables and chairs, coming forth to blink at the light, or running back again for fear of catching cold." The other noticeable point about *Towards Democracy* is its gladness. When Mr. Symonds declared that "Walt Whitman is more truly Greek than any other man of modern times," he uttered a dictum which, startling as it sounds, is perhaps the best criticism of Whitman that has yet been attained. On a new plane, and with an assimilation of those fresh elements which 2,000 years have furnished, Whitman is essentially Greek—Greek in the harmony of physical and spiritual which he has attained, in the calm serenity with which he is able to say "Joy, shipmate, joy." The author of *Towards Democracy* preaches throughout the gospel of gladness, and with less insistence on Whitman's note of strenuousness. The words "freedom," "joy," "laughter" form an ever-recurring refrain. "Tears and lamentations are no more." Like Whitman, our author sometimes makes bold to overpass the limits that conventional reticence ordains concerning the things that may or may not be spoken about. His sins in this direction, however, are neither frequent nor flagrant. Like Blake he is a passionate lover of unashamed nakedness—"the pure sweet body, desiring to be seen, open, every part of it, to the air and the sun." No one would care to find fault with his reverent treatment of the pheno-

mena of gestation and birth which recalls that remarkable book of Michelet's *De L'Amour*. *Towards Democracy* is free from the tedious athletic exercises, the grotesque distortions of language, which sometimes mar *Leaves of Grass*, and many who would be repelled by the strong meat which Whitman furnishes may learn to appreciate that colossus in literature through the milder pages of his first English disciple.

Mr. William Sharp, whose previous volume of poems attracted considerable attention, has recently published another, *Earth's Voices*, which also shows some breaths of Whitman's influence. He has taken his motto from *Towards Democracy*: "I hear the immense chorus over all the world of the return to joy." The longest and most ambitious poem in the volume, in which Mr. Sharp seeks to work out this thought, is probably the least successful. It is a succession of lyrics sung by oceans, rivers, winds, birds, and other natural phenomena. Here Mr. Sharp inevitably suggests comparisons at every point with some of the most perfect work of poets like Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Blake, Coleridge, and this is unfortunate. He has worked out with considerable energy the legend of *Sospittra* who was given lordship over all things ~~sake~~ Love and Death, and *A Record* is a still more characteristic poem. Here Mr. Sharp endeavours to connect the theory of the transmigration of souls with the doctrine of evolution, and strives to represent how different stages of life—the tiger, the eagle, the savage, the hermit—all culminate to have their part in the individual of to-day :

"Thus have I seen, and seeing known,  
That he who lived afar, alone,  
A hermit on a dreary waste,  
Was even that soul mine eyes have traced  
Through brute and savage steadily,  
That he even now is part of me,  
Just as a wave is of the sea."

The *Transcripts from Nature* are brief sketches of scenery from various parts of the world, sometimes very felicitous. A large number describe Australian phenomena. Mr. Sharp is, perhaps, the first writer of ability, who has endeavoured to reproduce, accurately and sincerely, the distinctive features of the Australian landscape. He thus describes a characteristic appearance on the coast of New South Wales—the flame tree :

"For miles the Illawarra range  
Runs level with Pacific seas ;  
What glory when the morning breeze  
Upon its slopes doth shift and change,

Deep pink and crimson hues, till all  
 The leagues-long distance seems a wall  
 Of swift uncurling flames of fire  
 That wander not, nor reach up higher."

The key-note of Mr. Sharp's work—its delight and enthusiasm for nature—finds expression in the final poem, *Madonna Natura* :—

"Monna Natura, fair and grand and great,  
 I worship thee, who art inviolate :  
 Through thee I reach to things beyond the span  
 Of mine own puny life, through thee I learn  
 Courage and hope, and dimly can discern  
 The ever nobler grades awaiting man :  
 Madonna, unto thee I bend and pray,  
 Saviour, Redeemer thou, whom none can stay !"

One of the most genuine singers among our living poets is Mr. Philip Bourke Marston. He is certainly not an intellectual poet ; he stands at the opposite pole to Browning. Nor is Mr. Marston profoundly original ; in reading much of his work, especially some of his lyrics, one feels that his method has been deeply influenced by Swinburne ; and Rossetti, the most fascinating personality, as well as the strongest imaginative force that has appeared in England since the beginning of the century, has impressed Mr. Marston's work in the most distinct fashion, though he has taken nothing to which he has not given colour of his own. It is as a singer that Mr. Marston comes before us, a singer with a voice exquisitely modulated to the touch of a certain range of emotions. It is well known that Mr. Marston is blind, and that he has been peculiarly unfortunate in the deaths of his dearest friends. The personal allusions in his latest and most mature volume, *Wind-Voices*, are often very pathetic. In the poem *In Memory of Arthur O'Shaughnessy*, he writes :

"Often when in my room I brood alone  
 With weary heart, bowed down to death almost,  
 Hearing waves break upon an unknown coast,  
 Where the great wrecks of ships that were my own,  
 With all their weights of precious merchandize,  
 That comes alone from ports of Paradise,  
 I seem to hear a step, a voice I know."

One of the best poems in this volume is a supposed personal narrative of a sea monster, who is said to have been caught some six hundred years ago on the east coast of England and eventually to have escaped. It is told in Mr. Marston's most delicate and most sympathetic manner. The poem in which he speculates about the emotions of the dead in the old graveyard at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, which is gradually slipping towards the sea, is very

fine, with its melancholy and subtle melody, and its vein of slightly morbid emotion. Some of the concluding stanzas may be quoted :

"Do they mumble low, one to another,  
With a sense that the waters that thunder  
Shall ingather them all, draw them under,  
'Ah ! how long to our moving, brother ?  
How long shall we quietly rest here,  
In graves of darkness and ease ?  
The waves even now may be on us,  
To draw us down under the seas !"

Do they think 'twill be cold when the waters,  
That they love not, that neither can love them,  
Shall eternally thunder above them ?  
Have they dread of the sea's shining daughters,  
That people the bright sea-regions,  
And play with the young sea-kings ?  
Have they dread of their cold embraces,  
And dread of all strange sea-things ?

But their dread or their joy—it is bootless :  
They shall pass from the breast of their mother ;  
They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,  
In a place that is radiant and fruitless,  
And the folk that sail over their heads  
In violent weather,  
Shall come down to them, haply, and all  
They shall lie there together."

But it is into the sonnets at the end of the volume that Mr. Marston has put his strongest work ; one often feels the influence of Rossetti, but they are artistic and imaginative to a high degree. Mr. Marston reveals in these sonnets a power of imaginative insight, and a note of keen personal passion which removes them from the order of mere imitations ; he may claim, rather, to be a kinsman of the master. Take, for instance, *Fatal Delay* :

"There sat with Love who feasted and were glad—  
Strong men whose lids through love wax warm and wet,  
And amorous women whose soft looks beget  
Most poignant passion. There, not richly clad,  
Sat one remote, and on his robes he had  
Dust of long journeyings ; his fingers met  
About Love's goblet, but he sighed, ' Not yet,'  
Though often through great thirst he was nigh mad.  
He held the goblet up against the light,  
And saw the sparkling wine therein was good :  
But sudden darkness settled on his sight ;  
The guests were gone ; he sat in solitude ;  
The goblet clanging fell, with all its might,  
And now he moistens his charred lips with blood."

*No Death* is a very powerful sonnet, and it would be an easy and pleasant task to speak of many others, but it is unnecessary to quote more to show the high rank Mr. Marston is entitled to take among our living poets.

Mrs. Hamilton King, although she has not Mr. Marston's art, is also a true and genuine singer who sings like a bird, from her heart, with a sweet full-throated freedom. A little volume, happily called *A Book of Dreams*, is pleasant to read ; it is truly a book of dreams.

"More white than folded lilies of the East."

But we must not be always dreaming, and in the poem at the end, *Awake*, she sings with reference to all that has gone before :

"O magical pale banquet,  
No common bread and wine,  
Which all may share together,  
Where simple households dine.

O robe star-strewn, embroidered,  
O royal purple pall !

I loose you from my shoulders,  
Till my last sleep shall fall."

*Callirrhœ* and *Fair Rosamund*, by a new writer, Michael Field, are two dramas, which belong to another and more strenuous order of art. It is very long since we have seen great dramas in England. Even Shelley's magnificent *Cenci* impresses one as a *tour de force* ; Kingsley's once much-praised *Saint's Tragedy* is rarely spoken of now, and though some will except R. H. Horne, there is little to be said of modern English dramas, save some of Brown-ing's and Swinburne's, and even those are mostly dramatic poems rather than dramas. The English genius in this matter seems oppressed and overshadowed by the transcendence of Elizabethan art. The drama has been for most modern writers an ancient and artificial form ; their most inspired work has gone into other channels. It is therefore pleasant, at the outset, to find a writer of marked power, who chooses the drama as a chief mode of expression. Michael Field is an artist, but an artist with clear and strong ethical convictions. In the Preface we read : "The myth of Dionysus is the glorification of enthusiasm, which the poet believes to be the sap of the Tree of Life, the spring and origin of all good fruit." There is an echo of Shelley's *Laon and Cythna* in the young enthusiasm of Coresus :

"I seek

To ransom, not enslave, Callirrhœ,  
Calling all men to the Deliverer.

Look in mine eyes and say if servitude  
 Be not your daily portion. Can you set  
 Your limbs free to the rhythm of your soul :  
 Is there a passion in you that dare speak ?  
 Are not your bosom's offspring, young desires,  
 Served to you mutilate, a sick'ning food,  
 By the world's impious custom ?"

And on one occasion the writer's thought finds expression too crude and prosaic :—

"We must be fools ; all art is ecstasy,  
 All literature expression of intense  
 Enthusiasm : be beside yourself."

*Callirrhoe* describes how the worship of Dionysus, of enthusiasm, made fruitful by the self-sacrifice of love, takes root in Calydon. *Callirrhoe* is a maiden of Calydon, who is loved by a priest of the new worship. She scorns his love, and he calls down a plague on the city. *Callirrhoe's* brother, *Emathion*, is sent to ascertain from the oracle how the plague may be stayed. The three old priestesses are very vividly described,

"Their great feet stuck round with corns,  
 And livid chins which seem to chew their breath ;"

especially the old hag *Promeneia* with her piteous and uncontrollable passion for *Emathion*. The scene in the sacred grove when the oracle speaks is very powerful. *Emathion* exclaims :

"The air is full of noise.  
 Those ancient women have their hour of grandeur ;  
 Their wrinkles now become them. I shall die !  
 The shrieking wind will kill me !"

But it is too long to quote. *Promeneia* had made *Emathion* promise to kiss her. He does so.

"He's erased it from his lips" (she says) "like a blot ! He's rubbing it off still. Oh the full fleshy mouth, it was like a bee coming down a dried-up flower—the roundness, the softness, the warmth came down my hard crevice, and there was no honey for 't."

*Emathion* returns to Calydon with the news that *Callirrhoe* must die, but he is not strong enough to die for her himself. In the scene at the temple where the sacrifice is to take place, Michael Field attains a point of great dramatic intensity, and paints swiftly the varying emotions of the bystanders, the appearance of *Promeneia* who is struck dead by *Emathion*, who then rushes away half mad ; the brief concentrated words of *Coresus* before he slays himself in place of the victim and the sudden revulsion of feeling in *Callirrhoe*—

"I am his Mænad, I alone believe."

After this the action ought, perhaps, to proceed more quickly to the end. At last Callirrhoë kills herself, and Machaon, the sceptical physician, becomes the priest of Dionsysus,

"finding not the wherewithal

To worship by the altar, but in life."

A lyrical element of very fresh and delicate texture, and fine perception of nature, runs through the drama, and is represented chiefly by a fawn that Coresus loves. The style of the prose passages is often modelled closely on the concise epigrammatic and metaphorical style of Shakspere's clowns, but like the verse, it is strong and vigorous. The verse seems to show some study of Milton as well as of the Elizabethans. It is singularly free from the influence of recent writers. For the most part the style is bold and original. It is refreshing to find a poet who is so genuine an artist indifferent—if even perhaps too indifferent—to the niceties of form. Such defects as *Callirrhoë* has are the defects of strength rather than of weakness. The language is always bright and vivid. Here is a picturesque passage :

"For rest

The women lie in heaps about the court,  
Their dapple fawn-skins laid aside for heat,  
Their ruined wreaths of scarlet briony  
And fennel staves lying athwart the limbs,  
That gleam the clearer in the glow of sleep."

In *Fair Rosamund* there is perhaps less poetry, and the workmanship is less obviously elaborated, but it marks quite as strongly the genius of this writer. It is even more fresh and fascinating, and is wrought with greater skill. In the Prologue the chorus thus describes the conception of Rosamund that Michael Field has adopted :

"A girl o' the country, delicately made  
Of blushes and simplicity, and pure  
Free ardour, of her sweetness unafraid."

Fair Rosamund is the foster daughter of the keeper of the King's Forest, and lives with her foster sister Margery. King Henry finds her and loves her. Mavis builds the Labyrinth, and she is placed there in the care of Sir Topaz, an old Knight. Henry is an old man, but he had never loved before ; as for his queen, Dame Elinor, he had, as he says, embraced her lands, not her, and she has "borne the load of an unlonged-for heart" which has turned into bitterness. Now she only rejoices in the fierce turbulence of her sons. "I have sown i' my sons the whirlwind of my nature." Meanwhile Wilfred, a Knight of the Court, a mean-spirited and sensual fellow, has seduced Margery, who possesses an honest but less finely tempered nature



than Rosamund, and he subsequently undertakes to direct the Queen's vengeance. Whilst the King is away in France, quelling the disturbance raised by his sons, Queen Elinor arrives at Woodstock with a dagger and bowl of poison, and Rosamund stabs herself. This scene represents the highest and most individual point of dramatic intensity to which Michael Field has attained. The central idea of *Fair Rosamund* lies in the contrast between the love of Henry and the love of Wilfred. The one Michael Field holds was pure, the other impure. It is passion and worship, enthusiasm, that purifies. When Wilfred passes the dead Rosamund he says :

"Oh, a royal morsel !

(*Margery stabs him.*)

*Margery.*

'T was the look

He gave \* \* \* \*  
At Rosamund's white breast. I'm used to it.  
He may look so at me ! It trickles down—  
The blood on his cheeks—and clots his curly hair,  
The big black curls. I can't have hurt him much !  
Wilfred ! I love him, love him ; be alive,  
And strike and curse me. I've so swart a skin,  
The yellow bruises hardly show."

He makes her drink the bowl Elinor had prepared for Rosamund. When the King (a figure of fine, though conventionalised royalty) enters, Wilfred says to him :

"You 've your paramour

To answer for ; I mine."

*King.*

What lips God sets

To His chalice-cups of love ! What drink  
He gives foul mouths ! Is there comparison  
Betwixt our deeds ? From this slain innocence  
I wince not : for I worshipped. You—I swear  
By the lost childhood of that cheek—*defiled.*

*Wilfred.*

We had our pleasure the forbidden way,  
Each after his own fashion."

But the King turns to Rosamund's body :

"Ah, Rosa Mundi ! thou

That wast to the King a tender sweet-briar rose,  
They 've shed thy petals ; all thy balmy leaves  
Lie crushed against my heart. And what regret ?

Without thee I had plunged for solitude

I' the murk of hell ; and without me, my Life,

Thy spirit had ne'er worn love's purple robes.

Let's cover thee (*Wilfred stirs*)

From this base sight,—(my sweet, how well thou knowest,

'Tis the first time

Lust hath breathed near thee !) cover thee, until

'Fore God and all his glistening righteousness,

I shall reclaim thee, body, ay, and soul."

That is the ethical motion ; it is wrought out with great skill, with a bright, sure touch, without too much insistence. All who love poetry will look forward to the forthcoming work of this strong and original writer.

No country has in the past yielded a more splendid body of poetic literature than England, and even to-day we have, perhaps, better names to show than any other European nation. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, will not easily die, and to the poets who have been spoken of—some even now attaining to a larger development—it would be easy to add others of fine quality. Mr. Thomas Ashe, for instance, is a poet with a distinct and high place of his own, though, since during recent years he has ceased to publish, he scarcely falls within the scope of this article. He rarely strives to reach the heights or the depths of song. But he not infrequently attains a Greek perfection of lucidity and simplicity in the treatment of certain delicate aspects of nature, of certain subtle aspects of emotion. His work is of exquisite and individual quality, especially in many of his short lyrics. I do not know any English writer who succeeds so well in producing an effect of airy simplicity like that produced by some of Heine's earlier lyrics. In his appreciation of the poetic aspects of young girlhood—of childhood passing into girlhood—Mr. Ashe stands alone. Mr. Eugene Lee Hamilton is a young poet with a genuine imaginative insight, who has been strongly influenced by Browning, and takes especial delight in dealing with the psychological relations of peculiar moral situations. Mr. William Watson, who published some years ago a delightful romantic poem of great promise, not to say performance, has more recently published a little volume of finely finished and condensed epigrams of the imaginative sort. Dr. T. Gorton Hake, again, is a poet who enjoys a high reputation, while hardly any one reads him. His *Serpent Play* is full of subtle suggestiveness, and is written in a style which faintly recalls both Wordsworth and Shelley, as well as Scott, but notwithstanding his ambition and thoughtfulness, Dr. Hake's work is too elusive to evoke much interest.

It would be easy, if space permitted, to speak of many other poets who are producing good work at the present day. It is usual among critics of this pessimistic sort to deplore the decay of poetry to-day, to assert even that the whole tendency of life now is counter to the imaginative faculty. But surely the very narrowness of our life is a guarantee of the poet's position. The more our daily life is pent in, the more necessary becomes the work of the poet, whose function it is to give to us an outlet into

an infinite region outside and beyond us. As one of the poets we have passed in review has splendidly exclaimed :

“ Yours the large language of the heights of Heaven !  
 Now lonely prow, exploring realms unknown,  
 Unpiloted, beneath wan alien stars,  
 Your strain recalleth, keels of lonely thought,  
 Wondering in some sublime bewilderment,  
 To pioneer where all the world will go,  
 Now merry buoyancy, as of a boat,  
 That dips in billowy foam at morning tide.  
 Ye are alive with yearnings of young love,  
 Or sombre with immeasurable woe,  
 Sombre with all the terror of the world,  
 Wild with the awe and horror of the world,  
 Begloomed like seas empurpled under cloud,  
 Reeling and dark with horror of the wind,  
 Or pale, long heaving under a veiled moon.”

It is the dreamer, musician, artist, poet, who voices for us all the large emotional reverberations of our small lives, and brings them back to us—sweet and gracious things that were never seen or heard in this world. His position is very sure ; he will never die out in any age. Darwin thought that whoever had science and the domestic affections could do without poetry and religion. But there will always be a considerable number of persons prepared to take up their position—an equally one-sided position it is true—in the opposite camp. It may be objected further that in time the dreamer will be reduced to mere imitation and so die of inanition. But no possible combinations can exhaust him. When one spoke to James Hinton concerning Mill's speculation as to the limited number of musical compositions, he remarked that the man would come whose feeling would be represented by saying, not “*all* music has been written,” but “no *music* has been written.” So it has always been ; so it will always be. And if the practical man comes forward with a yet more fundamental objection—“After all, you are still only a *dreamer*—you have shut yourself off from the realities of the world. Has not one of your own children said—

“Singing is sweet ; but be sure of this,  
 Lips only sing when they cannot kiss ?”

The dreamer may acknowledge that this is true, if he likes, but he has, nevertheless, a very sure conviction that it is he, the dreamer, and not the practical man, who is concerned with realities. At the end—and this is Shakspeare's last word—he will retort : “What is your very world itself but a dream ?”

H. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

## THE CONDOR'S SLEEP.

*(From the French of Leconte de Lisle.)*

High on the rugged Andes' snowy tops,  
 Above the mists where the dark eagles dwell,  
 Above the steep scarped crags that still upswell  
 Where the familiar lava's red flux stops ;  
 His red-flecked wings a-droop in drowsy guise,  
 Stands the vast bird in mournful indolence ;  
 Looks o'er the land, into the void immense,  
 Or at the sun, that dies in his cold eyes.

Night from the east across the Pampas pours,  
 That from the mountains' feet spread boundlessly ;  
 Soothes Chili with her cities and her shores,  
 To the divine horizon soothes the sea ;  
 Takes in her arms the silent continent ;  
 From sands to hill, from vale to mountain steep,  
 From point to point, her shadowy billows leap,  
 And the dark surge is ever upwards sent.

He, like a ghost, by some peak jagged and tall,  
 Bathed in a light that reddens all the snow,  
 Waits as the sinister surges upward flow :  
 They come, roll round, and quickly cover all.  
 In heaven's abyss the Southern Cross afar  
 Her constellated beacon sets alight.  
 He rears his neck skinny and muscular,  
 With joy low croaking, shakes his plumes aright ;  
 His first wing-stroke the dust-like snow upsweeps,  
 Above the wind he soars with harsh loud cry,  
 Afar from the dark earth ; there, hung on high,  
 With wings laid out upon the frozen air, he sleeps.

M. R. WELD.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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THE HINDU LAW OF PARTITION, INHERITANCE, AND ADOPTION, as contained in the original Sanscrit treatises (Tagore Law Lectures, 1883). By Julius Jolly, PH.D. *Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co.* 1885. These lectures, which have at last appeared in a printed form, are the outcome of a novel experiment in election to the Tagore Law Professorship, Dr. Jolly not being one of our Calcutta legal luminaries, but Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology in the University of Würzburg in Germany. The result, in the shape of these twelve able and learned discourses, seems to justify the Senate of the University of Calcutta in this occasional departure from their usual course of proceeding. These Lectures, based as they are upon the principal Sanscrit MSS. in England and India, form a body of material of the greatest value, not merely to the student of Indian Law, but to the archæologist and the historian.

The first three Lectures are introductory, and contain a survey of the new materials existing for a historical study of Hindu Law. The Hindu Family System according to the Smritis is then treated, followed by the early and the modern Laws of Partition. The highly interesting Law of Adoption is then historically considered, and its variations traced with much scholarly acumen. Unobstructed and Obstructed Inheritance form the subjects of the next two discourses ; while the concluding Lectures are devoted to a study of the History of Female Property and its succession, together with the various bars to Inheritance specified in the old Sanscrit texts.

Perhaps the most interesting, from an anthropological and historical point of view, of the minor topics, upon which light is here thrown, is that of the *Niyoga*, a practice the history of which is traced in the Lecture upon the Law of Adoption. *Niyoga* means *order* or *commission*, and the name originated in the fact that the practice centred in an order or commission to the effect that "a brother or other near kinsman (Sapinda) or, on failure of such, any member of the highest or Brahman caste was to beget a son and heir to one either deceased without leaving male issue, or alive, but incapable of begetting legitimate male issue."\* Strict rules

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\* A salient instance of the latter condition occurs in the *Adi Parva* of the *Māhabhārata*.

of conduct regulated the practice, and during the lifetime of the husband the power to ordain was, naturally, vested in him; after his death, the person to be charged with the office of raising issue was decided upon by a sort of family council, aided by the spiritual advisers of the deceased.

It seems probable that the practice of Niyoga was originally confined to widows, as in the case of the well-known analogous Hebrew custom of the *Levirate*, which Professor Jolly concludes, from historical evidence, to be the original form of the Hindu Niyoga. Traces of its former existence among nations (as shown by the old laws of Germany) which have never practised polyandry, help to disprove the theory that the Niyoga is a survival of that custom—a theory which the learned Professor is not inclined to adopt; though the supposition that polyandry prevailed among the Dravidian races only is not one that is warranted by reference to the old Hindu law books, traces of it being discovered in two different Smritis, the *Apastamba* and the *Brihaspati*.

The custom of the Niyoga, no doubt, arose from the feeling that it was not consonant with equity that the property of a rich and powerful man should pass to another line than his own. This difficulty was met by the Niyoga, the offspring of such connection being declared son and heir to the deceased husband of his mother, so that immediately on his birth the widow obtained control over his estate, which she was allowed to retain till he came of age.

An Appendix of Sanscrit texts quoted in the volume, together with instructive Notes on Burmese Law and the Law of Adoption, with a useful Index, complete this valuable contribution to the study of Indian Law and Custom.

A FLY ON THE WHEEL; or, How I helped to govern India. By Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Lewin. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1885. This book—a record of the experiences of an Indian police officer, from the days of the Mutiny to the Viceroyalty of Lord Northbrook—is interesting chiefly, perhaps, for the light it throws upon the habits and characteristics of the native tribes bordering upon the Hill Tracts of Chittagong. In 1865 the writer made a sort of *Colquhoun* expedition into the country of these tribes among whom, much to the disgust of his cook, he consumed their indigenous delicacies, such as the frog, gratifying them, in his turn with libations of raw spirits of wine, which they pronounced “a powerfully good liquor.” Colonel Lewin, however, drew the line at “dog,” though it was strongly recommended by his Kúmi host as a most delicate dish, especially if the dog be young and of one

colour, "parti-coloured dogs being tough as a rule." But these are topics upon which space forbids us to enter here, and we can only recommend our readers to go himself to the fountain-head.

The earlier chapters of the book with the accounts of the author's experiences in the Mutiny are also written in a lively and pleasant manner, and we do not think there is a dull page in the whole book.

When Colonel Lewin first assumed charge of the police in the district of Bhaugulpur, he was struck to find the worship observed by the natives of "Cleveland sahib," an Englishman, who had been the first representative of the East India Company in that district; and who had exercised his powers with such wisdom and benevolence, that after his death the admiring natives erected a shrine to his memory and worshipped him as a god. This reminds us of the religious offerings still paid by native worshippers at the tomb of Colonel Jacob at Jacobabad in Upper Scinde; and again at the tomb of General Nicholson, with its regular cult and its orders of Nichalsini *fakirs* attached to the shrine; with which heroes of native myth may be enrolled the canonised names of Raymond at Hyderabad, and of Colonel Dixon, the regenerator of Ajmere and Mhairwarra.

There are a few old stories in the book, as there are also some new ones. The writer, for instance, has the hardihood to recount for the edification of his readers the good old tale of the man who, when in desperate straits, succeeded in discomfiting a ferocious but unsophisticated tiger by the ingenious device of advancing towards him backwards, and gazing at him with his head between his legs! The story at the beginning of Chapter VI is well told. It is related as an illustration of French courage by the hero himself, a "little Frenchman," whose claim was, it appears, well-grounded, if what the writer afterwards heard of him be accepted as correct. Attacked in his bed by forty Malays, he got hold of a big stick and killed three of them, took two of them prisoners and put the rest to flight, in spite of the severe wounds he had received at their hands in different parts of his body.

"Then fearing lest they should return and, in his helpless condition, torture and murder him, he opened a barrel of gunpowder, put it between his knees, and sat smoking cigars till morning, fully determined that, if they should return, he would blow them, with himself, into the air."

This work, which, as our readers may perceive, is full of a kaleidoscopic interest, is prefaced by a clearly drawn map of Chittagong and its surrounding hill country, and is further adorned with some dozen illustrations, some of which, however, are of but a very rough description.

# THE CREAM Of the Monthly Reviews.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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APRIL, 1885.

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THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN CENTRAL ASIA.—So rapid has been the march of important events in connection with the great question which form the subject of this article that many of Sir Henry Rawlinson's forecasts have already become history, thus giving a sure guarantee of the correctness of this veteran geographer's view of the aims and policy of Russia.

Few people, we imagine, would now be found to agree with those apologists of Russia who were wont to compare the progress of her arms in Central Asia with the progress of our own in India.



We were warned of a certain law of nature which impelled civilization to advance on barbarism and were asked to hail with sympathy, rather than view with suspicion, the extension of a Power, which diffused the blessings of order and civilization over a vast savage region. The real springs of Russia's action have recently been laid bare by her soldiers and statesmen with a plainness that is almost cynical, but at the same time with a fulness of detail that must carry conviction to all unprejudiced minds.

It was during the Crimean war, we are told, that Russia first realised her false position in regard to England. In her schemes of aggrandisement in Europe she was liable to be met and thwarted at every turn by British alliances and British influence; and when engaged in war she was open to our attack in every quarter, in the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, the Baltic, or the coast of Georgia, without any possibility of retaliation. If she was to develop in due course, as had so often been predicted, into the leading Power of the world, it was thus absolutely necessary that the inequality complained of should be redressed. Some weak point in our armour must be discovered. Some means must be found to shatter the palladium of our insular security. Hence there arose the idea of creating a great Oriental satrapy, under Russian administration, which should envelop the north-west frontier of our Indian Empire, and from which, as occasion might arise, pressure could be exerted, or, if necessary, armed demonstration might issue, which would neutralise British opposition in Europe, and would place our policy on the Bosphorus or elsewhere in subordination to her own. In former times, as is well known, elaborate schemes have been discussed at St. Petersburg for the actual invasion of India, and, if we may judge from the utterances of the Moscow press and the fervid letters of certain Russian generals, the same exalted ideas still prevail in many military circles; but assuredly no such extravagance has been apparent in the careful plan of trans-Caspian operations hitherto adopted by the Russian Government, which has, on the contrary, been of the soberest and most practical character.

The end in view has been simply to arrive by gradual accretion of territory at the frontier of India. In pursuance of this object Russia has incurred expense without any immediate prospect of return, to an extent which has filled economists with dismay; fifty millions sterling, at least, having been expended by her in Central Asia during the last twenty-five years. Native rights at the same time have been mercilessly trampled on, and, above all, diplomacy has pushed its privilege of deception far beyond the bounds hitherto recognised as legitimate; but success, which condones all such irregularities, has rewarded her efforts, and the crisis has now arrived, almost sooner than was expected.

A brief summary of the salient points which have marked the persistent advance of Russia in Central Asia may here be given.

For the first ten years following on the Crimean war her generals, having crossed the Kirghiz steppes from Orenburg, were gradually feeling their way along the valley of the Jaxartes. Creeping up the river, and taking fort after fort and city after city, they everywhere defeated the rabble soldiery of the Uzbeks, and finally, in 1867, planted the Russian flag on the famous citadel of Samarcand, adjoining the mausoleum of Timúr. Here, according to pre-arranged design, the progress

of the Russian arms was arrested, pending the approach of co-operating columns from the Caspian ; but, in the meantime, the neighbouring Khanate of Bokhara, hitherto the most important of the Central Asian States, was brought completely under control, and the influence of Russia was fully and firmly established on the Oxus. To the westward a still more important series of operations was now commenced. In 1869 the first Russian detachments crossed the Caspian, and boldly invaded the country of the Turcomans. Had such an expedition been carried out in Europe, it would have been stigmatised as piracy, for there was absolutely no provocation on the part of the tribesmen, nor even was the formality observed of declaring war. Coercive measures, without further warning and with varying success, were directed against the tribes of the neighbourhood. Gradually the sphere of action was extended. Khiva was reduced in 1873, and then the Tekkehs, the principal tribe of the Turcoman confederacy, who inhabited the steppe from Kizil-Arvat to Merv, were seriously attacked. The western division of this tribe, called the Akhals, made a stout resistance, on one occasion in 1879, beating off the regular troops led by Lomakin, and seriously imperilling the whole Russian position. Ultimately, however, in 1880, the renowned Scoboleff, greatly assisted by the Persian chiefs of Kuchân and Bujnoord, who furnished carriage and supplies from the adjacent frontier of Khorassan, penetrated to the heart of the Akhal country and took their stronghold, Geok Tepe, by storm. All active opposition then collapsed, and in due course conciliation, combined with intimidation, being skilfully employed against the Eastern Tekkehs, who were demoralised by the subjugation of their brethren in Akhal, and who applied for support in vain both to Persia and to Cabul, Merv—‘the Queen of the East,’ as she has been called—surrendered to Russia in February 1884, and the first act of the great Central Asia drama, after twenty-five years of sustained and energetic action, was brought to a successful close. It is needless to say that during this long and desperate struggle to reach and occupy Merv there were many phases which tended to distract public attention from the main object in view. To many persons who followed the Russian proceedings with an observant and even friendly eye—for the atrocities committed by the Turcomans had excited general indignation against them—the explanation which most commended itself was, that as Russia had already established an important government in Turkestan very imperfectly supplied with the means of communication with the Wolga, she found it indispensable to supplement the northern line with a more direct and assured route to the west, which route should traverse the Turcoman steppe *via* Merv and Askabad, and should thus connect Tashkend and Samarcand with the Caspian. And it is quite possible that considerations of this nature—which from a strategical point of view were perfectly sound and proper—may have had some weight in determining the course of events, combined, as they naturally were, with a full appreciation of the advantages in respect to prestige and military power which must accrue from the creation of a new empire in Central Asia ; but I must adhere to my view that neither strategy, nor lust of conquest, nor military glory, nor any of the thousand and one motives which in matters of peace and war ordinarily actuate nations, was the governing principle in directing the Russian advance into Central Asia. That principle was, I believe, an intense desire to reach the threshold of India, not for the purpose of direct or immediate attack, but with a view to political pressure on Great Britain, with which Power she would thus, for the first time, be brought in territorial contact.

Sir Henry Rawlinson puts the following questions: Ought we to have remained passive, while the meshes were thus being wove round us? Ought we not rather to have impeded by all the means at our command the passage of the Russian columns from the Caspian to Merv?

There were many such means available. We might have persuaded Persia, whose jealousy was already excited by the movement of the Russian columns along her frontier, to interdict that supply of grain and transport animals from Khorassan which was indispensable to a successful advance. We might have furnished the Tekkehs of Akhal with arms and money to resist the invaders. We might have warned the Russian Government in plain but forcible language that her occupation of Merv would infallibly lead to war. It is impossible, indeed, to acquit ourselves of shortcoming in this respect. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that, by a want of firmness in action as in language, the crisis which now threatens us has been unduly accelerated. I have no wish to reopen old sores, or to revive the acrimonious strife of 1881, when the questions of the evacuation of Candahar and the abandonment of the Quetta railway were debated with the keenness of political disagreement, embittered by the virulence of party feeling; nor, indeed, although strongly advocating at the time the retention of the Western Afghan capital, and believing as I still do that Russia was mainly encouraged to advance on Merv by our retirement from Candahar, am I at all insensible to the solid advantages which resulted from the adoption by the Government of the day of an opposite course of action. I freely admit three distinct sources of gain. Firstly, the considerable expense of maintaining an independent government in Candahar for the last four years has been saved to the public treasury; secondly, we have avoided local friction with the Dúrání population, which might have seriously hampered us under present circumstances; and, thirdly, we have succeeded during the interval in maintaining friendly relations with the Amír of Cabul, a result which, according to the best authorities—I refer especially to Sir Lepel Griffin's statement on this head—would have been impossible had he been subjected to the constant sense of humiliation, as well as to the pecuniary loss, occasioned by the dismemberment of his kingdom and the continued presence of a British garrison at Candahar. Yet, admitting the value of such results, I cannot but think them a poor compensation for the cramped position, both military and political, in which we now find ourselves. At any rate, if we were at present established in strength at Candahar as we were in 1881, with the railway completed to that town from Sibi, and with a small detachment occupying Girishk on the Helmund, the improvement in our military position would be at least equivalent to an additional force of 20,000 men in line should hostilities really supervene with Russia, whilst the relations we should have been able to establish during the interval with the Hazáreh and Parsiwán section of the population—relations which must in the future constitute our chief element of strength in the country—would have rendered us almost indifferent to the jealousy and opposition of the Afghans.

The article proceeds to take up the frontier question from which arises our present acute misunderstanding with Russia.

Oriental states have notoriously elastic and fluctuating frontiers, and Afghanistan is no exception to the general rule. At different periods, indeed,

since the institution of the kingdom of Cabul by Ahmed Shah in 1747, the Afghan power has extended on one side to Cashmere, on another to Deregez in Khorassan, while to the south it has stretched into Beluchistan and even to the frontiers of Sinde. More frequently of late years it has been circumscribed within much narrower dimensions, and has moreover been disintegrated and broken up into three distinct chiefships. The normal condition of the kingdom may be considered to be such as it presented on Shir Ali Khan's accession to power in 1868, Herat and Candahar being united to Cabul, and the seat of government being established at the eastern capital. It was shortly after this, in 1872, that on the invitation of Russia, who had already brought Bokhara under her influence, and was exercising a tutelary direction of her affairs, we undertook, in the interests of Shir Ali Khan, to specify the Northern districts over which we considered that he was entitled to claim jurisdiction, the object being thus to define a frontier between the Afghans and Uzbegs, which should obviate in the future all risk of collision or misunderstanding. As Russia at that time had no relations whatever with the Turcomans of Merv, it is not very obvious why it should have been thought necessary to protract the Afghan frontier beyond the Bokhara limit to the west of the Oxus. Perhaps the object especially was to protect the Afghan-Uzbek states of Andekhúd and Mymeneh, which in the time of Dost Mohammed Khan had been subject to Bokhara. Perhaps Russia already contemplated the absorption of Merv, and foresaw that all territory outside of the Afghan boundary would naturally fall into her own hands. At any rate, the memorandum of 1872, better known as the Granville-Gortchakoff arrangement, after defining the Bokhara frontier as far as Khoja Saleh on the Oxus, went on to name, as districts to be included in Shir Ali's dominions, 'Akcheh, Sir-i-Púl, Mymeneh, Shibergán, and Andekhúd, the latter of which would be the extreme Afghan possession to the north-west, the desert beyond belonging to independent tribes of Turcomans;' and further: 'The Western Afghan frontier between the dependencies of Herat and those of the Persian province of Khorassan is well known and need not be defined.' Now, however much it may be regretted that this memorandum, which was evidently drawn up as a mere basis for negotiation, and not as a formal declaration of territorial rights, was not more explicit in defining the trace of the line, and especially in marking the points at which it would cross the Murgháb and abut on the Heri-rúd, it did at any rate establish two main points of geographical interest. In the first place, it clearly distinguished between the independent Turcoman desert to the north and the Afghan hilly country to the south; and in the second place, it naturally, and as a matter of course, assigned to Afghanistan the 'dependencies of Herat' to the west of the Murgháb, which dependencies again were divided, it was said, from Persian territory by the 'well-known' boundary of the Heri-rúd.

The terms of this agreement were in February 1873 formally accepted by Russia; and, faulty and irregular as the document is from a diplomatic point of view, it has quieted all frontier agitation between the Oxus and the Heri-rúd for the last ten years, and would have served the same purpose for another ten years in advance, but for the unfortunate intrusion of Russia into the controversy as a sequel to her conquest of Merv. In July 1884 the Afghan Boundary Delimitation Commission was appointed, with instructions

to meet at Serakhs in the following October. Russia had proposed two years previously in 1882, that the arrangement of 1872-73 should in respect of the western portion of the line be complemented by some formal demarcation, determined by actual survey of the country ; but as the Tekkehs were then independent, the proposal for a joint commission of delimitation was then received by England with some coldness. However, General Lumsden at last got his marching orders and proceeded to the rendezvous.

Now, it is quite evident that in the earlier stages of these frontier discussions the Russian Foreign Office understood the provisions of the 1872-73 arrangement, which were held to govern the later negotiation, in their natural and common-sense acceptance. The principle of a distinction between plain and hill was fully recognised, and the phrase 'dependencies of Herat' was held necessarily to include the province of Badgheis, a tract which extended from the Paropamisus range to Serakhs, and which had been a dependency of Herat from the time of the Arab conquest. The line on which the commissioners were to be engaged is thus everywhere spoken of by M. de Giers and M. Zinovieff in the preliminary negotiations as a direct line from Khoja Saleh to Serakhs, or to the neighbourhood of Serakhs, and there is no hint of any deflection of the line to the south. After the annexation of Merv, however, and especially after M. Lessar had perambulated Badgheis and made a careful study of the valleys of the Kushk and Murgháb rivers, larger views appear to have dawned upon the Russian authorities. Geographical and ethnological conditions were then invented that had never been thought of before. It was discovered that the Paropamisus range was the true natural boundary of Herat to the north, that the district of Badgheis, which lay beyond the range, had been absolved from its allegiance to Herat by efflux of time, Afghan jurisdiction having been suspended during the Turcoman raids which had desolated the district for above fifty years ; above all, it was asserted that the Saryk Turcomans who dwelt at Penj-deh and in the valley of the Kushk, well within the Afghan border, must be registered as Russian subjects, because another detachment of the same tribe, who dwelt at Yolatan, beyond the desert and near Merv, had proffered their allegiance to the Czar. Questions of principle of such grave moment, it was further stated, required to be settled by the two European Governments before the commissioners could enter on their duties, and General Zelenoi was accordingly, without further explanation or apology, sent to rusticate at Tiflis, regardless of the public convenience or of the respect due to his colleague, who had been waiting for him for four months on the Murgháb with an escort of 500 men and a large gathering of attendants and camp-followers.

The abrupt and discourteous manner in which Russia gave effect to her altered views, by withdrawing her Commissioner, was not calculated to improve the prospect of an amicable settlement, and other graver matters soon supervened.

Before General Lumsden had arrived at the Heri-rúd, Russia had pushed forward a patrol to Púl-i-Khatún, about fifty miles south of Serakhs, thus occupying one of the points on which the Commission would have had to adjudicate ; and subsequently she extended her advance still further into the 'debateable'

land, placing a strong post at Ak Robát, in the very centre of Badgheis, so as to cut off from the Afghans a famous salt lake which supplies the whole country with salt as far as Meshed and Askabad, and was thus a valuable source of revenue; and also taking possession of the pass and ruined fort of Zulfikár, fifty miles south of Púl-i-Khatún, where one of the favourite tracks of the old Turcoman raiders crossed the Heri-rúd, and where an Afghan picket was already stationed. This last aggression, which was later sought to be justified by Russia on the ground of retaliation for an unauthorised Afghan advance on the Murgháb, brought the outposts of the two nations into immediate contact, and would certainly at the time have caused a collision but for General Lumsden's urgent remonstrances. On the Murgháb, too, affairs were equally critical. As long ago as 1883, before the appointment of a frontier commission was ever thought of, the Amir of Cabul, alarmed by the Russian proceedings at Merv, had established a strong military post at Bala Murgháb, in the Jamshídi country, and about fifty miles short of the Saryk settlement at Penj-deh. This was a purely military precaution, with no political significance, and could give offence to no one. In March of the following year, however, the situation was a good deal altered. Owing to a visit from M. Lessar, who came from Merv for the express purpose of testing the fidelity of the Saryk Turcomans to the Amir of Cabul, and who was generally regarded as the forerunner of a Russian advance, so much alarm was created in the neighbourhood that application was made to the commandant at Bala Murgháb to send a detachment of his troops to Penj-deh for the protection of the Saryk tribesmen; and it was fortunate that this requisition was complied with, for otherwise the chances are that the Afghans would have lost the place, as the Russians were actually preparing to attack it.

The importance of this incident of the Afghan occupation of Penj-deh has been a good deal exaggerated by Russian partisans, who claim that the 'debateable' land reserved for the adjudication of the commissioners was thus first invaded by the Afghans; but in reality, as will be presently explained in detail, no question had ever been raised in the country as to Penj-deh being outside the jurisdiction of Herat, previous to M. Lessar's visit in March 1884, and the Cabul commander at Bala Murgháb, in ignorance of the appointment of a commission in Europe to consider any such question, naturally and properly supposed that he was merely carrying out an arrangement of internal police in strengthening his northern outpost. As it afterwards turned out, however, Russia attached the greatest importance to this obscure position of Penj-deh. Colonel Alikhanoff, indeed, always preferring action to negotiation, made an attempt to seize it with a detachment from Merv a few months after its occupation by the Afghans, and only desisted when he found that he must fight for its possession. There have been since repeated demonstrations of attack from the northward, and at the present moment it is the point where a collision between Russians and Afghans is most to be apprehended, the Saryks of Yolatan under Russian orders holding Púl-i-Khishti on the Kushk river, while the Saryks of Penj-deh under Afghan orders hold the neighbouring position of Ak Tepe, within half a mile's distance, at the junction of the Kushk and Murgháb, and peace being only kept between the rival parties by the presence of our Assistant Commissioner, Colonel Ridgeway, who has been directed by Sir P. Lumsden to watch the frontier with an escort of fifty lancers, as long as he can with safety remain.

It must be patent to all the world that if Russia were pursuing

a really honest policy, and were not striving to make a bargain especially favourable to her own interests, she would leave the Delimitation Commission to decide, according to evidence obtained on the spot, what was meant in the arrangement of 1872-73, by the distinction drawn between the Afghan hilly district and the Turcoman desert, as well as what extent of territory ought to be fairly included within the "dependencies of Herat." On these points Sir H. Rawlinson puts forward certain arguments in favour of the Afghan claims.

Firstly, then, in regard to what is meant by the dependencies of Herat, the district between the Murgháb and Heri-rúd is known by the name of Badgheis, not, as has been fancifully suggested, from any traditional connection with the mythical Bacchus, but rather, as is stated in the *Bundehesh*, that curious repository of ancient Aryan legends, from the tribe of Vad-keshan, who were probably a sub-division of the Hiyátheleh or Ephthalities, and who, according to Beladheri, were first established in the district, in direct dependency on Herat, by the Sassanian king Firoz in the fifth century A.D. Badgheis, from its rich and abundant pasturage and its sylvan character, soon became the favourite appanage of Herat, and the two names have been bracketed in all history and geography ever since, the Lord of the Eastern Marches being called, under the Sassanians, the Marzabán of Herat and Badgheis, and the district in question having followed the fate of the capital in all subsequent revolutions. The geographers, Istakhrí, Ibn Haucal, Mokadassi, Edrisi, and their followers to the time of the Mongol conquest, all describe Badgheis as the most valuable portion of the Herat territory. Although indifferently supplied with running streams, and being thus deficient in irrigated lands, particularly in the northern part of the district, it was on the whole well peopled, wells and *kahrízes* (or underground aqueducts) supplying the wants of the inhabitants. Again, in the southern and eastern portions of Badgheis, including the northern slopes of the Paropamisus range and the valley of the Kushk river, the natural beauties of the district became proverbial. The author of the *Hefi Akllm* describes this part of Badgheis as a flower-garden of delights, and adds that it contains a thousand valleys full of trees and streams, each of which would abundantly supply an army not only with encamping ground but with grass and water, and fuel, and fodder, and all the necessities of life. He also alludes to the strong hill forts in the Kaitú range, Naraitú and others, of which our officers have lately seen the remains, and thus illustrates the famous passage in the *Bundehesh* which records that 'Afrasiáb of Tur (the eponym of the Hiyátheleh) used Bakesir of Badgheis (*Baghshúr* of the Arabs; now called Kileh Maúr) as a stronghold and made his residence within it, and a myriad towns and villages were erected on its pleasant and prosperous territory.' The geographers enumerate some ten or twelve considerable towns, which continued to flourish till the time of the Suffaveans, the capital being Dehistán (probably modern Gulran or Gurlan), which must have been founded by the Dahæ when they accompanied the kindred tribe of Tokhari or Hiyátheleh in their original immigration.

The argument that neither Dost Mohammed Khan, nor Shir Ali Khan, nor even Abdur Rahman Khan, until quite lately, exercised any effective jurisdiction

in the district, or held it in military subjection, is certainly of no value ; for this condition of recent possession, which at one time did really govern the distribution, was specially excluded from consideration in determining claims to Afghan nationality by Prince Gortchakoff's letter of the 19th of December 1872 ; and it would be a monstrous aggravation of the original outrage if the Turcomans, who had rendered Badgheis uninhabitable for fifty years, were, in virtue of their forcible interruption of Afghan government, to become themselves the legal owners of the country.

With regard to the claims of Russia to inherit through the Saryk Turcomans, a portion of whom have lately become her subjects, the pretension is still more preposterous, since her outposts were not within 500 miles of the disputed territory, when in 1872 the dependencies of Herat were adjudged to Afghanistan.

It must be acknowledged that Badgheis has for the last fifty years been swept and harried by the Turcoman raiders till not a vestige of habitation has been left in the district. The land, especially along the Heri-rúd, is utterly desolate ; but who will pretend that violence and outrage of this exceptional character has obliterated the rights of Herat to resume possession of the country on the re-establishment of order and security ? In real truth Herat has never abandoned her hold *de jure* upon Badgheis. The towers along the southern hills, which Macgregor remarked in 1875, were intended to protect the immediate plain of Herat from the further incursions of the Tekkeh savages, who suddenly swept down like a hurricane from the north whenever an opportunity offered not to serve as landmarks for the Afghan territorial border ; they were strictly works of internal defence, and as such have no analogy with the line of border towers along the course of the Heri-rúd, which at an earlier period had been erected by Kilich Khan, an officer of Shah Zaman's, with a view to resist invasion from Persia, and the ruins of which are still to be seen in a scattered line, extending from Kohsan to Garmab in the vicinity of Púl-i-Khatún. Practically, and in so far as the safety of Herat is concerned, it can make no great difference if the Russian outposts are stationed at Púl-i-Khatún, or Zulfikár, or at Kohsan. Herat would be equally open to attack from any of these points, and must rely for protection on its own means of defence ; but it must be remembered that this is not a mere strategical question ; on the contrary we are dealing with the rights and property of an independent sovereign as the guardian of his interests, and have no sort of authority to override the one or alienate the other on grounds of geographical or political convenience. Badgheis is unquestionably Afghan territory. Rescripts are still extant, addressed to the inhabitants by the Suddozye kings of Cabul. In 1873 Shir Ali Khan specially named Badgheis, in his negotiations with Lord Northbrook, as an Afghan district which was likely to be overrun by the Turcomans if these tribes were expelled from Merv by the Russian arms. Again, in the famous memorandum of 1872, I have a certain knowledge that the phrase, 'dependency of Herat,' was specially intended to cover Badgheis, and finally the assessment of the district is actually borne on the Herat register at the present day.

We now come to a name which recent events have invested with a significance even greater than it possessed a month ago,



when Sir H. Rawlinson wrote about it, Penj-deh. The following is a brief summary of its history :—

In antiquity Penj-deh was a mere suburb of the great city of Merver-Rúd, now marked by the ruins of Ak-tepe. Formed, according to the geographer Yacút, of five separate villages (whence the name) on the river Murgháb, which had been gradually consolidated into a single township under Malik Shah, it was at the time of Yacút's visit, in A.M. 617, one of the most flourishing places in Khorassan. Shortly afterwards it was ruined by the Mongols, and a second time it was devastated by Timour, but under his successors, and especially during the reigns of Shah Rúkh and Sultan Hussein Mirza, it again rose to a state of great prosperity, and ever since, except during some brief intervals of foreign dominion, it has remained in close dependency on Herat. When Ahmed Shah Abdalli, on the death of Nadir in 1747, established the kingdom of Cabul, the Kushk and Murgháb valleys were held by Eymák tribes, Hazáreh, Fírozkois, and Jamshídís, who cultivated the lower lands along the rivers and pastured their flocks over the downs of Badgheis, unmixed with either Afghans or Turcomans, but paying revenue to Herat in common with all the other tribes who inhabited the ranges of the Paropamisus.

The earliest Turcoman intruders into the valley were Ersáris, from the Oxus. These nomads first appeared in about 1825, and were shortly followed by Salors from Yolatan, and somewhat later by detached parties of Saryks from Merv, all the new visitors, however, acknowledging the jurisdiction of the local Jamshídí or Hazáreh chief, and paying their dues to the Afghan ruler of Herat. In 1858 a further dislocation occurred; the Ersáris, who never liked the Murgháb, returned to the Oxus, while the Salors and Saryks, retreating before the Tekkchs of Merv, took their places at Penj-deh. Later still the Salors crossed over to the Heri-rúd, leaving the Saryks alone in possession of the lands on the Murgháb and Kushk, where they remain in the same condition of squatters on Afghan lands to the present day. During all this long period, that is, from the first appearance of the Ersáris at Penj-deh, an annual tax has been levied on the Turcoman cultivators and shepherds, either by the local Eymák chiefs—lords of the soil, and themselves accountable to Herat—or by an officer specially deputed for the purpose by the Afghan Governor of Herat. The names of the *naibs*, or deputy governors, who have thus acted in command of the district, are all well known, and in many cases the individuals are still living to attest their employment at Penj-deh under the Afghans. In fact, no question was ever raised as to the Afghan right to Penj-deh, or as to the political condition of the Saryks, until after the Russian occupation of Merv. The Saryks were Turcoman tribesmen renting Afghan lands, and during their tenancy accounted as Afghan subjects, precisely as other divisions of the great Turcoman community who were settled temporarily in Persia, in Khiva, and in Bokhara, during their sojourn paid tribute to, and acknowledged the jurisdiction of, those States. If the Saryks of their own free will desired to quit their Afghan lands at Penj-deh and in Badgheis and migrate to their former pastures, which have passed under the rule of Russia, the Afghans could not properly interfere to prevent them; nor, indeed, with a view to avoiding friction on the frontier, is it at all clear that an arrangement of this nature might not be to the advantage of the Herat Government. But it was wholly indefensible that Russia, on the broad principle of ethnographical unity, should, as she recently did, demand as a right

the registration of the Saryks as Russian subjects, and should require the transfer of the lands which they occupied to Russian jurisdiction. A frontier, too, is now boldly claimed, assigning to Russia Penj-deh, with all the adjacent lands on the Murgháb and Kushk, and troops are moved up the river from Merv to support the claim, at the imminent risk of provoking collision and thus initiating war.

In all the recent discussions between London and St. Petersburg regarding the lines of frontier, work of the Commission, relation with the tribes, &c., it is clear that Russia, in prosecution of her own interests, has been guided by three distinct considerations, all aiming at the strengthening of her position in view to future pressure upon England.

Firstly, she requires the best strategical base available for immediate demonstration against Herat. As far as actual attack is concerned, her power would be as formidable if launched from Serakhs or Merv as if she had already advanced half-way to Herat and were encamped at Zulfikár and Chemen-i-bíð ; but in respect to a passive but continued pressure, no doubt her best position would be on the northern skirts of the hills which divide Badgheis from Herat, and in full command of the upper valley of the Kushk. Hence her desire to possess a boundary line from Zulfikár on the Heri-rúd by Chemen-i-bíð to Meruchek on the Murgháb, and hence the persistency with which she clings to this line, even at the risk of actual conflict. Secondly, she requires the full command of the Murgháb and Kushk valleys, not only because the most direct, and by far the most commodious, road to Herat from her northern base, the Caspian and Askabad, leads by Merv and Penj-deh, but also because Penj-deh dominates the communication between Herat and Afghan Turkestan, and would be thus of the greatest strategical importance in the event of war between Russia and Cabul. Hence the insistence with which she clings to Penj-deh, and the boldness she has shown in enveloping the place with her troops, hoping, as it would seem, to redeem Alikhanoff's former failure to obtain peaceful possession by now provoking a disturbance between the Saryks and Afghans which shall justify her own forcible interposition. And, thirdly, in regard to the Saryks of Penj-deh, it should be clearly understood that it is not the tribesmen that Russia principally cares about, but the lands which they occupy. She is tempting them, no doubt, to declare in her favour by every means in her power, and she ostentatiously displays before them the bait that she has now occupied Badgheis as far as Ak Robát, and thus commands the Salt Lake and the pastures which they have hitherto enjoyed as Afghan tenants ; but if the Afghans were to resume occupation of Badgheis, and the Saryks were to offer, nevertheless, to migrate to Merv or the Tejend, it is doubtful whether she would receive them. The whole controversy, indeed, may be regarded as a sham, or at best a means to an end, the possession of Penj-deh being the real object aimed at, on account of its affording such a convenient basis for threatening, or even for attacking, Herat.

Russia has, in fact, superseded the work of the Commission, she has arbitrarily drawn up a line of frontier, deciding all the moot points of jurisdiction in her own favour, and by her mili-

tary dispositions she has given evidence that she intends to uphold this territorial distribution by force of arms. We, in the meantime, have done all that was possible with honour to avert hostilities.

We have refused to abandon the hope of a settlement of the frontier dispute through the agency of the delimitation commission, and we have in various ways stretched conciliation to the utmost, merely requiring that no further advance shall be made into the debateable land by the pickets or patrols on either side, pending negotiation. Although no formal arrangement to this effect has been agreed to, orders have been issued to the Russian commanders on the spot, and a sort of truce of a very temporary character has been thus established; but what is to be the outcome of this strained position of affairs? The truce cannot be prolonged indefinitely, and in the meantime any chance collision between Cossack and Afghan patrols may set the whole country in a blaze, for considerable reinforcements are said to be marching on Penj-deh both from Merv and from Herat, and there is much exasperation of feeling upon either side.

It is, of course, well understood that neither Russia nor England is desirous of entering on a war at the present time, and if the quarrel were really what it is ostensibly, it might be safely assumed that a recourse to arms would be impossible. To suppose, indeed, that two mighty nations like Russia and England would enter on a serious conflict, which would cost millions of money and entail the sacrifice of thousands of lives, upon a paltry squabble regarding a few hundred square miles of barren desert, or a few hundreds of savage Turcomans, would be a simple absurdity. But the fact is that there are far graver interests in the background.

Russia, in pursuance of her original design of demonstration against India, will certainly strain every nerve and encounter very serious risks in order to obtain a frontier suitable to her purpose. She desires to secure a strong and permanent position at the foot of the Barkhút hills, not perhaps with a view to undertaking the siege of Herat, for if such were her object the route up the Kushk valley would offer a more convenient mode of approach, but especially in order to increase her prestige among the Turcomans and Persians, and, if possible, to overawe the Afghans, while at the same time she would exert a severe and continuous pressure upon India. This pressure undoubtedly would be very inconvenient to us, entailing, as it would, the necessity of a constant preparedness for war, and we should be fully justified in seeking to protect ourselves against it by every means at our command. Already, for defensive purposes, we have created a strong and friendly government in Afghanistan, and we have undertaken to give it our cordial support. If, therefore, Russia continues to maintain the positions which she has usurped far within the Afghan limits, and thus permanently violates the integrity of the country, resisting all negotiation and even thwarting our efforts through the commission to effect a compromise, there would seem to be no alternative but a resort to arms. The Afghans are quite aware of this, and are prepared to bear the brunt of the attack. The Amir, with very brief preparation, could probably put 100,000 men into the field, and supported with an auxiliary British army, which India, it may be confidently

assumed, is ready to supply, would prove at least as formidable an antagonist as Omar Pasha or Shamil. Fortunately there is already a small British force under Sir P. Lumsden in the immediate vicinity of Herat, which in conjunction with the garrison of the city would be sufficient, it is thought, to protect the place from a Russian *coup de main*, pending the arrival of British reinforcements; and it must be borne in mind that if once the die were cast and Russian supremacy were fairly challenged by us in Central Asia, we might be joined by unexpected allies. The Turcomans and Uzbeks, though cowed at present, are not subdued. Persia is incensed at her spoliation by Russia of the slopes of the Attock and the canals and rice-grounds of old Serakhs, besides being much alarmed at the gradual envelopment by Russian arms of her rich and warlike province of Khorassan; and even Turkey would not be indisposed to strike another blow on behalf of her ravished provinces, if there were the faintest prospect of success. To the possibility of European complications I need not allude, but it is hardly to be doubted that in any general *débâcle* the balance would be against Russia and in favour of England.

Even if at the eleventh hour immediate war be avoided, it must not be supposed that, unless forced by severe military disaster, Russia would really abandon the great object of threatening India, in pursuit of which she has already sacrificed so much blood and treasure. All that England would gain would be a temporary respite.

With her attention riveted on Herat, which would henceforward become the centre-piece of the Asiatic political tableau, Russia might be content to withdraw from her present aggressive attitude, and bide her time at Merv and Serakhs. Our own proceedings must in any case mainly depend on the issue of the interview which is about to take place between the Viceroy of India and the Amir of Cabul. If, as there is every reason to anticipate, a complete understanding should be arrived at between the two authorities, the further demonstration against India would be met and checked. The defences of Herat, under British superintendence, would rapidly assume the dimensions and completeness befitting the importance of the position as the frontier fortress of Afghanistan and the "key of India;" and an auxiliary British garrison might even, if the Amir required its co-operation, be furnished from India, so as to enable him to show a bold front to his enemies, or, in case of need, to beat off attack from the north. Under such circumstances, the situation would very closely resemble that which I ventured to foreshadow in 1874—the only difference, indeed, being that whereas I then proposed, much to the dismay of the peace party both in England and in India, to lease Herat and Candahar of the Amir of Cabul, so as to enable Great Britain to negotiate direct with the Russian Government, in the present case the normal arrangement of territory would remain unchanged, and England would merely appear in relation to Herat as the Amir's ally and representative. The passage will be found in *England and Russia in the East*, second edition, 1885, p. 378, and is as follows: "What this occupation [of Herat] might lead to, it is impossible to say. Russia might recoil from contact with us, or we might mutually retire to a convenient distance from each other, or in our respective positions at Merv and Herat—Russia being able to draw on her European resources through the Oxus and the Caspian, while a railway through Candahar

connected our advanced garrison with the Indus—we might lay the foundation of that liminary relationship along the whole line of frontier, which, although unsuited to the present state of affairs in Central Asia, must inevitably be the ultimate condition of our joint dominion in the East."

**AN ANGLO-TURKISH ALLIANCE.**—I. Hobart Pasha supplements in this short article the arguments which he brought forward in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* (see *Indian Review*: April) in favour of England's seeking an alliance with Turkey in the task of confronting Russian ambition.

Looking back to the events which have occurred since Russia tore up the most important clauses of the Treaty of Paris, which prevented her from increasing her navy and making fortifications in the Black Sea, we may ask what was Russia's object in her last attack upon Turkey.

Not for the sake of humanity, on account of the so-called atrocities committed by Turks on Bulgarian Christians, otherwise she would never have allowed the far more atrocious doings of the Bulgarians against the unfortunate Turks after the war (regarding which, by the bye, even the so-called philanthropists and atrocity-mongers in this country never uttered a word or raised a finger beyond shrugging their shoulders and saying that all these doings were "much to be deplored"). No; far from it. Russia went to war with Turkey to obtain Batoum and the Kilia branch of the mouth of the Danube. These objects she succeeded in obtaining. By the latter feat she obtained a position by which she threatened Austria and all Eastern Europe strategically in the event of a war. In regard to the former achievement, we have only to refer to the will of Peter the Great and to the dream of the Empress Catherine, in both of which we find that Russia's destiny was to be the possessor of Constantinople and India.

At the time that the Treaty of Berlin was made, Hobart Pasha raised his voice in protest against Batoum being given over to Russia. It was, however, given up, and the only satisfaction was that the Russians were to confine their operations to making it a commercial port. What is Batoum to-day?

Alas! How vain has been our faith in the value of treaties! Batoum is now a strong military fortress, and by its possession Russia flanks any movement of any army that might be employed against her. The strategical importance of Batoum is apparently unperceived by English statesmen, but it is fully understood by lookers-on abroad, who are well aware that, holding Batoum, the Russians could despatch the vast army now occupying the Caucasus *en route* to the Indian frontier. The heaviest guns from Sebastopol have recently been transported from that fortress to Batoum, which has become—as I foretold at the time of its cession that it would become—a place of prodigious strength. This so-called "commercial" port, situated in an out-of-the-way, seemingly unimportant corner of the Black Sea, puts the army of Trans-Caspiana, as it is called, in easy communication with Odessa, the Crimea, and the mouth of the Danube. In the course of a week an army of 100,000 men could be conveyed

to the right towards India or to the left towards Europe. In Peter the Great's will, already referred to, it is said: "Docks and ports must be established in the Black Sea; the downfall of Persia must be assured; the way to India *forced*." The capture of Kars and Batoum are part of this plan, because they lie on the most convenient road to Herat and the Indian frontier. Thus it is evident that Russia is carrying out steadily and surely her programme of conquest. It is evident that she profits by every occasion which arises to turn away the attention of England from her designs. The most dangerous point is that Russia as she advances strengthens her position in a manner altogether irretrievable by those against whom she is acting. This is done in many ways; by establishing her system of government (such as it is); by conciliating the ignorant inhabitants of the countries she forcibly annexes, she succeeds in persuading them that her system of civilisation surpasses that of all other nations; by making railways that can, in fact, only be used for the conveyance of troops; by forcing the people into her army; and by Russifying the whole population, she guards herself from any formidable rising against her arbitrary rule.

Is England so blind as to do nothing to counteract this insidious policy? At this critical time it must be more than ever evident to the English people that to check the actions to which reference has been made, an alliance with Turkey is of the greatest importance, because England can take no steps to effectually stop Russian encroachment, except with the aid and assistance of her old and natural allies, the Turks.

How is England in any way to control the action of Russia while moving her armies by water from point to point, unless English fleets could be sent into the Black Sea to prevent her doing so? By existing treaties, both the Dardanelles and Bosphorus are neutral in time of war. Except by permission of the Sultan of Turkey, no war ships can pass into the Black Sea, and thus Russia commands the situation, with water-communication for her armies free, and the Black Sea to all intents and purposes a Russian lake, forming an admirable base for the Russian Army. It is evident that this must eventually be fatal to our defence of India. On the other hand, an alliance, *offensive and defensive*, with Turkey would assure England a commanding position which would paralyse the hostility of Russia. Instead of acting on the defensive, England could, very shortly after the commencement of a war, take the offensive, and not only utterly ruin Russia, but drive her back in her ambitious projects at least a century. This could be done by attacking the base of her operations at Batoum, which would never be able to resist the combined action of the English and Turkish fleets. Destruction of railway communication with Tiflis; cutting off communication with the southern provinces of Russia, and thus stopping the expedition of reinforcements from that side; the disembarkation of an Anglo-Turkish army on the Caucasian coast, and the organisation of a revolt among the tribes (with whom hatred of the Muscovite is a matter of religion, and who only want leaders and assistance to break out), would give ample employment to the Russian army in the Caucasus, and teach Russia a lesson effectually putting Peter's will and Catherine's dream out of her head for the next hundred years.

South of Batoum lie the provinces of Lazistan and Armenia;

of which very little is really known to the English people. We hear a great deal of Armenia for the Armenians, and of the cruelty of the Turks to the Christians of that country. All these stories are one-sided and, like all one-sided stories, they are greatly exaggerated.

With regard to Lazistan, it is inhabited by a poor, hardy, sober, and long-suffering race, brave as lions, and as miserable as any poor wretches on the face of the earth. Their country is situated between the disturbed and unsettled provinces on the south of the Caucasus on one side and Armenia on the other. One day they are under Russian control, another day they are on their own hook, and a third day they are overrun by the lawless hordes who inhabit the northern part of what we call Armenia. What hope have they of either peace or happiness? Since the last war Russian authority has made itself felt in the neighbourhood of Batoum. The Russian frontier, having been considerably advanced into Lazistan, what has been the result? The so-called mild rule of the Muscovite has been tried, and, after a few months of its blessings, every man and woman who could scrape together the means of doing so have emigrated into Turkey, preferring to suffer the pinching poverty experienced by the refugees in that country to remaining under the paternal government of Russia. I have said that the Lazis are a brave race. I will give one instance of their unflinching pluck. During the Russian siege of Batoum (which ended, I may say *en passant*, in a dead failure, for Batoum remained in Turkish hands till foolishly handed over to Russia by the Treaty of Berlin) I myself was witness of an attack made on the Russian lines by about 500 Lazis. These grand fellows rushed out of the fortress of Batoum, and, with knives in their mouths and rifles in their hands, dashed into the Russian trenches, over which they jumped, and, in spite of a desperate opposition, forced their way into the Russian camp, where they played the very devil with their invaders; 125 of these heroes came back. These are the kind of men who could be utilised by the English in the event of war with Russia, not in untrained batches of 500, but in well-organised irregular corps of as many thousands, who wouldn't ask for better sport than to get at the hated Muscovite.

#### Next as to Armenia.

The Armenians are an ancient people who were once a great nation. In many respects they can be compared to the Jews. They are dispersed over the face of the earth. There is no large town which contains a population exclusively Armenian. Therefore the idea of giving them what is commonly called "autonomy" can only be compared in absurdity to giving "autonomy" to the Jews in England. They are Christians, however, and although belonging to a faith hostile to the Russian Church, that is enough for the Russians to profess the greatest sympathy with them, and to talk of them, in their usual canting way, as 'our brothers groaning in Turkish slavery.' In former ages there was a country called Armenia, extending from the Hindoo Koosh to the Mediterranean. At the present moment there is no such country as Armenia. The districts where the Armenians live in the greatest numbers are divided between Turkey, Persia, and Russia. These districts, roughly speaking, lie round the foot of Mount Ararat. Here is a celebrated monastery and cathedral called Echmiadzin. The Armenians look to this spot in the same way as the Jews look to the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. In 1828, the Russians took possession of this sanctuary, and in doing so got a hold on the

Armenians and made them pose as an interesting nationality. From that time the Russification of the Armenians began. The Russian Government got possession of the schools and the education of the children. They interfered and meddled with everything. In Turkey the Armenians exist as a nation, and are called a "nation" in the Turkish language. In Turkey they are allowed to manage their local affairs, and justice, in cases where Armenians only are concerned, is administered by the priests or elders. This is why they prefer the government of the Turks to that of the Russians. They want to be Armenians and not Russians. The Russians do everything in their power to discredit the Turkish administration, and to fill the heads of the Armenians with exaggerated notions of their wrongs. Agents of the Russian Government are constantly wandering about the country in every kind of disguise, and under every sort of pretence, exciting discontent. Whenever an Armenian conceives himself wronged he looks to Russia for support, and even family disputes about property, when referred to Tiflis, receive encouragement from the Russian Government. The English Consuls in Turkey are sent to protect the Christians. The Russian Consuls are sent to foment disorder.

Why do the Russians show such a sympathy for the Armenians living in Turkey, and why do they not care a straw about the Armenians living in Persia? The answer is simple enough.

Because the Turkish Armenians live on the road towards Constantinople. No one but a Russian could define the frontiers of Armenia, because the Armenians are scattered all over the country and mixed up in towns and even small villages with hundreds of other sects and tribes. Besides, as I said before, Armenia has no official designation in Russia, Turkey, or Persia. The Russians, however, pretend that Diarbekir is the extreme limit of Armenia, and no doubt their next move will be to try and get possession of that strategical point. Russian sympathy for "brothers groaning in Turkish slavery" and Russian strategy always hunt in couples. Once in Diarbekir, it is not necessary to be a prophet to predict that the Russians would put forward their old claim to a protectorate of the holy places in Jerusalem. Nothing could be more popular than this pretension with the mass of the Russian peasants. Like everything done by Russia, this, too, would be disguised under the name of religion. Religion! what crimes are committed in thy name! On the plea of protecting Turkish Christians, whose religion they persecute at home with a virulence altogether unknown in the Ottoman Empire, another European power has succeeded quite recently in overturning an admirable system of government in a province of the Turkish Empire, and it is positively certain that if the Turkish government in Armenia were equally admirable, it would be just as much the policy of Russia to upset it too. The hankering of the Russians after Diarbekir is on a par with the rest of their manœuvres in Armenia. They want to obtain possession of it for excellent strategical reasons. It is, in plain words, the Metz of the Euphrates Valley, and the Russians once in that commanding position would threaten the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta. It was with the intention of checkmating in advance the palpable game of the Russians on this side, that Lord Beaconsfield guaranteed what was left of Armenia to the Turks and made of Cyprus an English dépôt.

The aims of Russian ambition extend like the arms of an octo-



pus throughout Asia Minor. Having once annexed Armenia, she will try to push her conquests further south, so as to threaten the coveted goal of Constantinople from the Asiatic side, and thus avoid a conflict with Austria, as well as a dispute with her jealous German neighbours, should Turkish-European conquests be attempted.

It is for this reason that the Turkish Government, fully aware of the insidious and carefully pre-arranged designs of their natural enemy, always insist that those projectors who propose developing the enormous natural riches of Asia Minor, by the construction of lines of railway, should include in their propositions a great railway communication through the northern districts of Anatolia, combining military strategy with commercial enterprise. This wise determination on the part of Turkey has naturally greatly retarded the progress of railway communication through Asia Minor to the Tigris and Euphrates valleys; however, there is every reason to hope that this difficulty will be overcome by a mutual accord being arrived at between the railway contractors and the Ottoman Government.

The timidity of the Turkish Government in granting concessions for the construction of Railways, as well as for otherwise developing the riches of Asia Minor, arises altogether from their fear of political complications resulting from the employment of foreigners in the heart of the Empire; for what with the capitulations, consular interference, intrigues being got up and encouraged against the Porte whenever the foreign element is too strong, the former, while only maintaining its just rights, finds itself eternally engaged in impossible controversies. To prevent this the Ottoman Government have resolved that all future concessions shall be given to companies only on the undertaking that they will act under Turkish law, as does, indeed, that very successful establishment, the Imperial Ottoman Bank. Now Turkish law, which is based on common sense and sound principle, is so very little understood that this proviso unnecessarily frightens many serious proposers of schemes which, if carried out, would be the saving of Turkey financially.

In conclusion, Hobart Pasha refers to the fact that the Kilia branch of the Danube is now through Russian astuteness at the Congress of Berlin, in the hands of the Muscovites.

I have been considerably snubbed by the high and mighty authorities composing the Danube Commission, who have lulled themselves into perfect security as to the utter unimportance of Russia's having established herself as controller of one of the branches of that river; but I appeal to ordinary mortals—who, like myself, think it dangerous that an ambitious nation such as Russia should hold possession of a branch of a river through which the whole commerce of Southern Austria, Wallachia, Moldavia, Hungary, and other grain-growing provinces, is carried—not to forget that the Danube in its course towards the sea brings down goods that are shipped on board vessels loaded at places as far up in the interior of Austria as Linz and Passau, and that the command of an important outlet of that water-way will greatly interfere with the liberty of commerce should any misunderstanding arise with the countries through which it flows. The great authorities above referred to ridicule the strong protest of Roumania, as well as

the complaints of the other countries interested. They say: "We have opened the lower branches of the Danube for you, and you need not fear the upper branch ever being utilised to your detriment." This, however, is purely a matter of opinion; and one has only to ask those most nearly interested in the question to find that, although folding their arms and accepting the inevitable, they are intensely disgusted at the cool way in which their interests have been stamped upon and disregarded.

II.

"The present condition of affairs in the East makes it the duty of every man interested in the welfare of his country to endeavour to find some solution of the difficulty."

Prefacing his article with the above extract from 'Hobart Pasha's recent paper, which appeared in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the late Military Vice-Consul in Anatolia proceeds to traverse the arguments adduced in favour of an alliance with the sublime Porte.

With Hobart Pasha's eloquent panegyric on the Turkish people, a cordial agreement is expressed. It would be difficult to meet with a finer, more kind-hearted, more loveable race than the purely Turkish inhabitants of Anatolia. In this brave, hardy, simple peasantry, Turkey undoubtedly possesses one great element of strength; but, it is urged, in every other respect she is deplorably weak, and an alliance with her must sooner or later lead to dangers compared to with those which England has now to face are mere trifles.

The advantages which it is supposed we may gain by a Turkish alliance are, I take it, twofold. Firstly, the material aid of the Ottoman army and navy; secondly, the moral support which, as a great Mussulman power, we should derive from the friendship of the Caliph of Islam.

Now it is a very remarkable circumstance that, with reference to the assistance to be expected from the Turkish navy, Hobart Pashais discreetly silent; and this silence is the more significant as, from his official position, he is thoroughly acquainted with the present condition of that navy, and could have told us how many of the ironclads which perpetually lie at anchor in the Golden Horn could put to sea at short notice.

Reliable information on this point would be of the greatest value, inasmuch as at Constantinople grave doubts are entertained as to the seaworthiness of the fleet, and strange stories are told of machinery eaten up by rust, and of boilers which even a Yankee skipper would decline without thanks.

With reference to the army, however, no such reticence is maintained, and we are tempted by the promise of "half a million of the finest troops in the world available at a moment's notice," ready and able to do all our fighting for us, and render the calling out of our reserves and the proffered help of our colonies alike unnecessary.

This sounds well, but I very much fear that nearly half of these redoubtable warriors are men in buckram, and that we might call for a good many moments before they answered to our appeal.

That the Turkish army can muster over half a million on paper is, no doubt,

true enough, but Hobart Pasha ought surely to know, as well as most men, the difference between this phantom host and the actual fighting force which could take the field in time of need ; and he will not, I think, find much fault with the figures given below, which, without pretending to exact accuracy, afford a tolerably correct estimate of the number of soldiers actually available.

The Turkish army consists of the "Nizam," or active army, and the "Redif," or Landwehr. The latter is divided into two "Bans," into the first of which all men are transferred as soon as their period of service with the colours is completed. The regulation, or paper strength of the army, is as follows :—

NIZAM.				
<i>Infantry.</i>				
5 <sup>th</sup> army corps, each consisting of 32 battalions of 1,000 men	...	...	...	160,000
2 army corps, incomplete, about	...	...	...	40,000
Total	...	...	...	200,000
<i>Cavalry.</i>				
6 army corps of 30 squadrons each	...	...	...	150 squadrons
Artillery	...	...	...	112 batteries
Engineers	...	...	...	6 battalions.
Army service train, &c., making up in all perhaps	...	...	...	50,000
REDIF.— <i>Infantry only.</i>				
1st Ban, 5 army corps of 32 battalions each	...	...	...	160,000
2nd Ban	..	..	...	160,000
Total	...	...	...	320,000
<i>Nominal total strength.</i>				
Nizam, or active army	...	...	...	250,000
Redif, or Landwehr	...	...	...	320,000
Total	...	...	...	570,000

which is somewhat over the half million mentioned by Hobart Pasha.

So much for the strength as it should be ; now for the real strength, so far as it is possible to estimate it.

When a war with Greece was imminent in 1881, the commander of the second army corps at Adrianople was ordered, on the 24th of June, to mobilise as rapidly as possible, and by the end of July it was officially reported that the strength of each battalion had been brought up to 800 men.

This, however, was not really the case, and, at the end of August, the force on the Greek frontier, in Thessaly and Epirus, consisted of only 30,000, all told, in forty-eight battalions, giving an average of only 625 men to each battalion, instead of 1,000.

Assuming that Turkey has grown stronger during the last four years (a very bold assumption), and calculating that, within three months, each battalion could be raised to 700 combatants (instead of 625 as in 1881), we may place the fighting strength of the active army at 112,000 Infantry, exclusive of the two incomplete army corps, which it would not be safe to remove from Baghdad and Yemen : to this must be added 38,000 Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers, &c., making a total of 150,000.

As regards the Redif the case is still worse, and it is tolerably certain that the first Ban would not muster more than 600, and the second Ban more than 500, to each battalion.

I arrive at this conclusion from what I myself observed at Brussa, in the spring of 1881, when many battalions of Redif passed through that town, on their way to the Greek frontier.

Many battalions were extremely weak, from 400 to 450, rank and file, while the strongest did not muster over 650 to 700 men; an average of 600 would certainly have been very much over the mark.

The fighting strength of the Redif may therefore be estimated at

1st Ban, 160 battalions of 600	...	...	...	96,000
2nd Ban, 160 battalions of 500	...	...	...	80,000
				<hr/>
Total			...	176,000
Active army, as noted above	...	...	...	150,000
				<hr/>
Total			...	326,000

Our "half million of the finest troops in the world" has now dwindled down to about 326,000 at the outside, of whom considerably less than one-half are regulars, the remainder being composed of men many of whom have passed the prime of life, and who for several years have not handled a rifle or done a day's drill.

In thus calculating the actual force which the Porte could put into the field, I have purposely omitted the "Mustafiz," or Landsturm. My reason for so doing is, that these veterans are of every little use, being quite unfit for active service, and ought to be called out only in the last extremity.

It is probable that Hobart Pasha, when estimating the strength of the Ottoman forces, has failed to allow for the terrible losses which they sustained during the three years' war, 1875-78, which terminated in their total collapse—losses so heavy as to be almost incredible. Here are a few particulars.

There is no reason to suppose that the two provinces over which my consulate extended suffered more than other parts of Anatolia, and their returns were as follows :—

Khudavendikyar	...	80,000	went to the wars,	20,000	returned.
Kastamuni	...	52,000	"	16,000	"

Believing at first that these figures could not possibly be correct, I made inquiries in all the villages that I passed through in the course of my tours, and the following numbers are taken at random from my note-book :—

1st village	...	...	180	went to the army,	30	returned.
2nd "	...	...	18	"	5	"
3rd "	...	...	36	"	7	"
4th "	...	...	30	"	12	"
			<hr/>			
			264			54

A few of the missing men may have remained in Russia, where all prisoners were very kindly treated, and a few more may have settled down in different parts of the country, but the vast majority have fallen in action, or died from wounds, want of food, exposure and sickness.

Brave as the Turkish soldiery undoubtedly are, I very much doubt whether they now feel that confidence in themselves and their leaders which would enable them to encounter the Russians again with anything like their former spirit. The memory of their last fatal campaign weighs heavily on them, and they are disheartened by the belief that they were betrayed before, and may be betrayed again, by some of their own chiefs.

What is the first duty that must be required of the Turkish army? Obviously the defence of their own territory. Provision must be made:—

1. For garrisoning Erzeroum and defending Armenia.
2. For holding, in force, the line of the Balkans, or, failing that, some positions nearer to Constantinople.
3. For "observing" the Greek, Albanian, Montenegrin, and Servian frontiers.

After these purely defensive arrangements have been made, how many sabres and bayonets will be available to assist us in an attack on Russia?

On the answer to this question depends the value of the Turkish alliance, from a purely military point of view.

The next advantage we have to consider is the moral effect which a Turkish alliance might produce on the 50,000,000 Mussulmans in India. We now enter on the debatable land of supposition and conjecture, where facts and figures cease to act as guides.

Judging from my own experience in India, I am of opinion that the vast majority of Mussulmans there, like the vast majority of Christians in Europe, are occupied chiefly with the things of this world, taking thought for the morrow, how they may eat and drink, and wherewithal they may be clothed, and troubling their heads very little about the Caliph of Islam, his triumphs and his defeats.

In the event of any war between Christians and Turks, the sympathies of the Indian Mussulmans would no doubt be with their co-religionists, but this would be purely a matter of sentiment, and would certainly not dispose them to draw their swords from their scabbards or the rupees from their pockets. There are, no doubt, some earnest fiery spirits who would be eager to fight for the faith, but their zeal would be damped by the fact that they are staunch believers in the martyrs Hassein and Hussein, while the Caliph is at the head of the opposite faction, to whom those martyred saints are Anathema Maran-atha.

It is therefore at least doubtful whether our Indian Mussulman subjects would welcome with any extreme enthusiasm a Turkish alliance; and if one may judge from the small success which attended certain efforts of the Sultan in our Eastern Empire in 1881-82, his influence there may easily be over-rated.

Supposing, however, that I am entirely mistaken on this point, and that the influence of the Sultan, as Caliph of Islam, is so great and so widely spread as Hobart Pasha believes it to be, would it be for our benefit in the long run to fan into a flame the smouldering fires of fanaticism, to encourage our Indian Mussulmans to look for orders to Constantinople rather than to London, and to transfer their allegiance from the Empress of India to the Sultan of Roum? Might we not, some fine day, find that we were hoist with our own petard?

To what extent Turkish support would avail England in the Soudan and Egypt is almost beyond conjecture. No one seems to know much of the feelings of the Mahdi's followers. They have certainly no reason to love the Turk, and their prophet, apparently, denies the Sultan's right to the Caliphate, and denounces him as an impostor, a usurper, and a Laodicean.

So much for the advantages to be gained by a Turkish alliance. There is another side to the picture.

First and foremost, in certainty though not in importance, is the question of pounds, shillings, and pence ; if we know nothing else, of this at least we are well assured, that a Turkish alliance must be an expensive luxury ; the Sultan may be the greatest, wisest, best of monarchs ; his legions may be as the sand on the sea-shore for multitude, and bold as lions, but the Imperial treasury is as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

During the Russian war, when the Turks were fighting against a hated invader and the foe was at their very gates, the men put up with scanty rations and no pay, but their patience was tried to the utmost, and when they were turned adrift, after the war, in rags and all but penniless, to find their way home as best they could, they felt and spoke bitterly enough of the treatment they had received. One man made me a handsome offer of his three years' pay in arrears for a medjidie (three shillings and fourpence) in hard cash, while others vowed that come what might they would never go to the wars again.

All these grievances might be forgotten if the country were once more invaded by the infidel, and these brave fellows might again turn out in defence of hearth and home, taking their chance of semi-starvation as being all in the day's work : but, if they were called on to fight on behalf of Great Britain, they would certainly expect to be treated as became the allies of the wealthiest nation in the world, and, to supply their wants, English gold would have to flow like water.

The next disadvantage of the proposed alliance is that, whether it brought a strong force to our aid or not, it would certainly array against us all the enemies of Turkey, whose name is legion.

Without pretending to any special knowledge of the present state of Eastern Europe, I may venture to prophesy, that the first shot fired by a Turkish soldier against a Russian would call to arms nearly all the Christian nationalities which have been, or still are, under the Turkish yoke.

Eastern Roumelia and Macedonia would be in a blaze ; the warlike clans of Albania and Montenegro would pour down from their mountains, and the armies of Bulgaria and Servia, numbering some 120,000 men, would be set in motion, while it is more than probable that Roumania would back them up with another force of equal strength.

Greece might possibly be kept quiet by our influence, but should she join in the fray, yet another army of 70,000 or 80,000 soldiers would be thrown into the scale against us.

Supposing, however, that fortune favoured us on every occasion, and that the campaign was one long series of victories ; that the Russians were smitten, hip and thigh ; and that all the smaller nation-

alities that had ventured to oppose us were driven to sue for peace, what then would be our position, and what reward would our brave ally require at our hands ?

Surely the very least the Sultan would demand, in return for all the sacrifices he had made, would be the recovery of a portion, if not of all, the territory which had been wrested from him after the disastrous campaigns of 1877-78 ; he would, moreover, consider us bound to assist him in retaining his hold on those lands.

England would then have to choose between defrauding her faithful ally of the rightful spoils of war, and trampling the Christian nationalities into the dust and handing them over to the tender mercies of their old oppressors.

'Either course would lower us in the eyes of Europe, while the whole Mohammedan world would glorify our ally. " ' Ul-humd-ul-illah,' the Commander of the Faithful, is ever victorious ; the Ingleez may rest in safety under the shadow of his sword "

GORDON AT GRAVESEND.—The writer of this brief personal reminiscence of General Gordon worked under him for nearly two years, at a time when he was perhaps less conspicuous to the world, but better known as a man than at any other period of his eventful life. He claims, therefore, to be able to give a fair account of the man himself as he appeared apart from the glare of fame through which he is commonly viewed.

When I first stood face to face with the St. Paul of the nineteenth century—for surely no other man of modern times has united in his person so many points of resemblance to the great Apostle, in career as well as in character—I was a long slip of a lad rejoicing in the post of assistant to the manager for the contractors who were constructing the fortifications at and near Gravesend. I was standing, with my chief, Mr. Woodhouse, on the terre-plein of the New Tavern Fort, then nearly completed, when the Colonel came across the little parade ground from his office and joined us.

"This is my new assistant, Colonel Gordon," said my chief by way of introduction. My hand was grasped heartily, a quick nervous voice bade me a kindly "Good morning," and the next moment I was looking into "Chinese Gordon's" eyes. What eyes they were ! Keen and clear, filled with the beauty of holiness ; bright, with an unnatural brightness ; their expression one of settled feverishness, their colour blue grey, as is the sky on a bitter March morning. I know not what effect those eyes had on all whom he came in contact with, though from the unfailing and willing obedience with which his orders were carried out I fancy that to some extent he unconsciously mesmerised nine out of ten to do his will, but I know that upon me their effect was to raise a wild longing, a desperate desire to do something, anything, at his bidding. It was not an unpleasant or uncanny sensation ; it was not that any evil thought or suspicion lurked within the windows of his brave and pure soul, his power was the power of resolute goodness, and it was strong, so strong that I am sure had he told me to stand on my head, or to perform some impossible feat, I should certainly have tried my utmost to accomplish it without giving a moment for reflection as to whether the order was reasonable or not.

I saw much and heard more of Gordon during the time I was on the Tilbury, Gravesend, and Cliffe Forts. I can fully confirm the account Mr. Hake gives of his life at that time, except that I never saw any of the inscriptions "God bless the Kernel," which he says were to be found chalked on the walls and fences in the neighbourhood, nor have I been able to find any one who ever did see them.

It was Gordon's custom to begin his working day at eight o'clock in the morning, and to end it at two in the afternoon. Before and after those hours, he was practically as inaccessible as if he had been at the other side of the Globe.

On one occasion the clerk of the works at Tilbury Forts was helping his brother sergeant at New Tavern Fort to set the firing lines for an embrasure. Some of the workmen were thrown idle until the pegs were driven to guide them in their work. A difficulty arose which could only be settled by the Colonel; it was but seven o'clock; they could see that his bedroom window was open wide, so concluded that he had risen, and my chief suggested that to avoid delay they should appeal to the Colonel at once.

"I won't risk it," said one sergeant.

"I wouldn't go for any money," said the other.

What was to be done? At last both urged my chief to go, he being considered, and with good cause, to stand as high as any one in the Colonel's good graces. As the matter was pressing he went. The Colonel himself opened the door in response to his summons, and on seeing who it was half closed it again.

"What do you want?" he said shortly, and with an expression on his face which boded no good to the mission on which he was thus disturbed.

Mr. Woodhouse is an even-tempered, imperturbable man, not easily upset, so in spite of his chilling reception he explained very blandly, "We cannot get the firing lines to No. 1 gun set properly without some instructions from you, Colonel, and——"

"By-and-bye," broke in the Colonel, testily, and closed the door in his face.

My chief retired, naturally somewhat nettled at this behaviour, but at eight o'clock the Colonel sallied forth, with a face as bright and a manner as cheerful and complacent as if he had never heard of the difficulty before, and at once settled the question offhand. And yet the sight of the men standing idly waiting for him must have touched his soft heart with a pang of regret that he had not come out when asked, for he took occasion to say, ere he walked away, that he was so sorry the men had been kept waiting; he did not know they were unable to get on with anything else until that particular job was done.

"Ah! you wouldn't give me time to tell you that, Colonel," my chief replied with a laugh; but all the same he vowed within himself that the Colonel should see many and many a sun rise and set before he found *him* at his door earlier than eight in the morning again.

When Gordon *was* at work there was never any mistake about it, and woe to the man who then kept him waiting for anything a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. "Another five minutes gone! we shall never have them again;" he would rap out at



such times, and a whole world of meaning lay in the words when he was the speaker.

In the early days of his command at Gravesend his soul was sorely tried by the time spent in rowing from one fort to another, and before long he discarded the pair-oared boat which his predecessor had used in favour of a four-oared gig, which soon came to be known as the fastest pulled boat in those waters. When I was at the forts he had his crew in a high state of discipline, and it was a most suggestive sight to see these men, who had perhaps been waiting for hours on the chance of being wanted, smarten themselves up when he came through the Ordnance Yard and gave the word for the boat—to see them scurry along down the jetty and into the boat, and almost before he was fairly seated have her cast off and their oars dipped. I believe they adored him in their hearts, but he certainly did take it out of their bodies. They fairly groaned within themselves when he chanced to take a down-stream journey with a tide running strongly up, for it meant a constant fire of impatient appeals—"A little faster, boys, a little faster!"—which they could not disregard until their goal was reached. I have seen them tumble out at Cliffe after a four-mile pull against tide about as limp as four strong men could well be without dropping.

There was indeed nothing more remarkable about Gordon than his almost morbid appreciation of the value of time; he would not, of his own accord, waste a single moment; his own words, "Inaction is terrible to me," were in fact literally true.

For a man of his small stature his activity was marvellous—he seemed able to walk everyone else off their legs, over rough ground or smooth. It was a most comical sight, for any one with a sense of humour, to see him land at a fort and run up the glacis and round the works, followed by one or more of his own staff, my chief (a massive, slow-moving man), and two or three foremen, all "comfortable" in bulk. Whenever he paused, his followers would straggle up one by one in various stages of breathlessness; and invariably did he require to address his first remark to one of those who were furthest behind. At Cliffe I, being young and slim, was able to keep close to him, and I took care always to use the advantages Nature had given me when he visited that fort.

To all of us, his subordinates, he was always scrupulously polite; but although there was no undue self-assertion or *hauteur* in his manner, it was never possible to forget, when he was on duty, that he was the Colonel-Commandant. He was extremely reticent and sparing of remarks when on the works, and always confined himself strictly to the business in hand.

In Gordon, strength and weakness were most fantastically mingled. There was, of course, no trace of timidity in his composition, or he could never have occupied his unique position in the world. But he was of a highly nervous temperament, which made him extremely sensitive in some respects, especially as to the feelings of others, who might be affected by his doings. But when his mind was made up on a matter, it never seemed to occur to him that there could be any more to say about it.

This superb confidence in himself, without the least arrogance or conscious egotism, went far towards making Gordon the distinguished figure he was to every one with whom he had to do. No doubt his ability and industry can be

equalled by many now serving their Queen and country, but it is given to few to have such natural powers combined with a like absence of self-pride. Indeed, with him the desire to efface himself amounted almost to a disease. Nothing irritated him more than to be effusively or even gratefully thanked for any kindness, though kindness he was ever ready to show where there was want or misery to relieve. All sorts and conditions of men became the objects for his labour and the recipients of his charity; and of their deserts he was not critical.

There were those among his acquaintances who, declared oftentimes that he was too indiscriminate, particularly those who themselves discriminated so much as to relieve themselves from any efforts to help their fellow-creatures in trouble, but Gordon was never swayed by these; any visible want or misery was sufficient to arouse his sympathy and ensure his help.

As was but natural, Gordon's indiscriminate charity was often imposed upon, but it needed many failures to prove to him that the defaulters were really incorrigible.

In one instance Gordon took a boy into his house, fed, clothed, and taught him, and at last placed him satisfactorily on board ship. But this youth, having no mind for work, bolted at the first chance, loafed about for a while, and then, finding he was getting thinly stocked both within and without, came in rags and tatters to the Colonel, and appealed to him for one more chance. The result was another trial, followed by another situation with another complete outfit. But it was all to no purpose. Three times this little impostor was taken in, fed back to strength, clothed afresh, and well placed by the Colonel, and as often did he return to the streets to sink again into wretchedness and rags. The last time he came back was at night. The Colonel was not then at home, but when he returned he found his twice-tried *protégé* on the door-step, half dead with hunger and cold—though it was not winter time—a mass of rags, and in a disgusting state of filthiness. To take him in with three other boys, then living in the house, was out of the question; and to leave him outside was, for the Colonel, no less impossible. He solved the difficulty by leading him across the yard to the stable (which, as he did not keep a horse himself, the Colonel allowed my chief to use). There was a second stall therein which was used as a storage place for the clean straw: there were several bundles in it that night, and on them the Colonel bade the boy rest till morning, and went out, leaving the candle, which had been blown out by a puff of wind, on the manger.

In the morning, when the groom came, he noticed the candle with some surprise, and in going for it walked over the boy.

"Hello!" said he, "what are you a-doing here?"

"Oh!" replied the boy, "the Colonel brought me here, and told me he would come for me at six o'clock."

John grinned and made answer: "Oh, very well, bide where you are."

Just after six the Colonel made his appearance, carrying a lump of soap, a towel of goodly proportions, a brush, and a sponge. He called the little vagabond out into the yard, and having poured a pail of hot water into the half barrel which did duty as the drinking trough, he then and there stripped his young friend, and gave him a thorough cleansing from head to foot, and afterwards dressed him in entirely new clothes—his own being only fit for the flames.

Gordon used to buy boys' boots by the gross, and coarse raiment by the dozen, to clothe his *protégés*, and he literally went out into the highways and hedges to bring in his guests.

As he was walking one day along the high road, just beyond the village of Chalk, he came upon a ragged, wretched-looking boy sitting in the hedge-row, gently crying to himself for hunger. The Colonel could not pass *him*, of course ; so he entered into conversation with him, and after a while drew from him all his story. He was a Norfolk boy, and had run away, some three years before, from his home near Cromer ; since then he had lived by his wits, which had not done any great things for him, and he had now got to his worst state, being homeless, starving, and destitute. The Colonel couldn't take him home, as he was on his way to a cottage further on, so he gave him his Testament in which was written his name and address, and told him to go thereto and await his return. Subsequently he found employment for him on the adjacent fort, and kept him some six weeks in his house while he made inquiries about him. As the result of these confirmed the lad's account of himself, the Colonel thought it but right that he should return to his home ; so having made arrangements for him to be met, he one day sent him off, carriage paid, booked to Norwich. He probably reached his destination safely, for the mother never wrote to the contrary, neither did she or the boy ever think it necessary to send one word to the Colonel in acknowledgment of his kindness to the wanderer !

His house truly was, as Mr. Hake says, "school and hospital and almshouse in turn." Sometimes it was a sick lad he was nursing back to strength ; at others a few boys for whom he was seeking places ; while all the year round there were night classes—I believe on two evenings a week—which were attended by dozens of ragged youngsters.

Two afternoons a week he went to the Infirmary, where he read, talked, and prayed with all who were lying sick there. Of his great sympathy with the sick, and his exertions on their behalf, I always heard more grateful words spoken than of anything else he was in the habit of doing. He was especially fond of seeking out old and bedridden people living outside the town, and in the country districts, who had few to look after them. To these old people he was more genial and communicative than to any one else, and would tell them long stories of his doings in Russia and in China, which it was simply impossible for any well-to-do person to extract from him.

Gordon's forgiving nature, and also his keen sense of humour, are well illustrated by the following incidents :

An old woman, a soldier's widow, who had frequently been helped by him, walked up from Chatham one morning seeking help once more. She was a bad old person, long since innocent of the habit of drawing a fine distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. After the Colonel had heard her pitiful tale he went into another room to find a half-sovereign for her. The old woman's eyes fell on a light overcoat of his which she thought would be useful to her, so she slipped it under her crinoline and got safely away with it. Walking down the hill, just after passing Dickens's house at Gad's Hill, she perceived a policeman coming towards her, bound for Gravesend. She promptly returned the overcoat to its first hiding place until he had passed. Unfortunately for her, just when the policeman had turned round to have a look at her, the overcoat dropped under

her feet and nearly upset her. That caused the constable to follow her and inquire how she came by her strange possession. She admitted she had got it from Colonel Gordon, and the policeman thereupon made her retrace her steps, and took her back to the Colonel's house. The Colonel confessed that the coat was his. 'Of course you'll charge her, sir?' the constable remarked inquiringly, as no comment followed on his explanation. The kindly Colonel tapped his moustache with his handkerchief rolled up in his left hand—a habit he had whenever he was not quite prepared to speak, or was about to make a suggestion not strictly within his right—he looked at the constable, then at the hardened old woman cringing before him, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said hurriedly to the old woman in a kind or stage whisper (which was also a trick of his), 'You *wanted* it, didn't you?' Of course she said yes! The policeman was confounded. 'Won't you charge her, sir?' 'Oh, take her away, take her away,' said the Colonel persuasively, 'and send her about her business.' And they had to go.

Here is another instance of Gordon's tendency to be lenient when it was possible to be so. One day when the magazine doors at Tilbury Fort were being fitted with their proper fastenings, several of the locks—they were valuable patent lever locks of gun metal—were carelessly left exposed on a bench in an open shed when the carpenters ceased work. During the night one of the soldiers, who had returned to quarters somewhat the worse for liquor, carried off five of them. Of course they were missed next morning, and suspicion having fallen upon the soldiers, a search was made and the offender discovered. The Colonel, who in some way or another always got to know everything there was to know, heard of the theft, and at once asked Mr. Woodhouse what he intended to do about it. When he was told that, as the carpenters had been to blame for leaving the locks about, and as they had not been disposed of by the thief, my chief proposed to take no action at all, the Colonel was apparently as much relieved as he would have been if he had been the pardoned culprit. 'Thank you, thank you,' he said; 'that's just what I should have done myself.'

Nothing that has been written regarding the extent to which Gordon was swayed by religious motives exceeds the truth. All that he did was done without a thought of man's approbation or regard; he spared himself no exertion that could add to the comfort of those who were sick or miserable; his purse was never well stocked, for his gifts were limited only by his means.

When he left Gravesend for Galatz in 1871, he made arrangements to have the old and disabled persons whom he had regularly relieved up till then, still provided with regular pensions at his expense in amounts varying from one to ten shillings per week, and I am told that even at the time of his death some of these were still living, and still benefiting from his purse. It was no wonder that he was frequently without money with which to meet unexpected calls; and it is true that on one occasion—when the Hospital Sunday Fund was started—not having any money by him at the time, he sent, as his contribution to the fund, a gold medal, worth 10s., to be melted down.

With all his belief, Gordon was perfectly free from cant, and never sought to press religion indiscriminately upon the notice of those with whom he came in contact, but confined himself in that way very much

to those who were sick, and to boys and old people. He was, however, an assiduous tract-distributor in a quiet way. Any one who next trod the same path when the Colonel had walked from one fort to another, as he sometimes did, would generally find a sprinkling of tracts on the way, all so placed that they could not be mistaken for stray papers deposited by wind or chance. If there was a stile to get over, a tract would be on the top bar, kept in place by a heavy stone ; if the footpath was narrow, another tract would be found in the middle of it, secured in the same way ; others would be seen hung on any nails that might project from fence, or wall, or wrapped round gate-handles or bars, all so ingeniously placed that no one could fail to see they had been put there purposely.

At one fort a powerful telescope was kept, through which the actions of those at the next fort—a mile and a half distant—could be watched ; and I fear it was very frequently used, when the Colonel left on foot, to count up the tracts which he disposed of on the way.

The last time that Mr. Stannard saw Gordon an incident occurred, which well showed his kindly regard for the feelings of others. Gordon was making a farewell visit to the forts in company with his successor previously to handing over the command.

At Cliffe Fort my chief went round with the distinguished party, and I followed him. On the visitors reaching the jetty after the inspection, on their way to the boat, I turned back, and, crossing the glacis, entered my little hut at the east corner of the fort. I had scarcely closed the door when it was violently thrown open again, and in rushed Colonel Gordon ! He hastily wrung my hand, and exclaimed, ' Good-bye, Stannard ; God bless and keep you always ! ' Before I could utter a word in return he had darted out again, and was making his way at a sharp double across the glacis toward the steam launch, on which all the others had by that time taken their places.

That was my last sight of him who was born in the cradle of modern warfare, and, half a century later, after such a life as no man has lived since the days of the mighty Apostle to whom I have likened him, fell by the dagger of a Mahomedan fanatic in the betrayed city of the burning desert ! More than ever do I now value his last message to me, written from Galatz—' Tell Stannard to thank God he was born an Englishman ; ' more than ever do I see the force and truth and beauty of the lines written upon the great soldier of the past :—

. . . His work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :  
Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory.

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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1885.

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### ENGLAND AND EUROPE: I. THE BULWARKS OF EMPIRE.

—It is only in accordance with common prudence that we should consider with what resources we should enter upon a conflict which would spread from the west coast of Ireland to the banks of the Amoor, and from the White Sea to Afghanistan.

The insular position of the United Kingdom brings with it some disadvantages. Supplies for our population have to be brought over sea, and if the seas were closed to our merchantmen for a very limited period, the United Kingdom would soon be in a position similar to that of a blockaded city, and it would only be a question of time how soon surrender must be made. Cruisers, therefore, are required to guard our lines of communication, and coaling-stations to supply them and the merchantmen with coal, and these stations must be fortified and protected against attack with guns, munitions of war, and adequate garrisons.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the imperial property that must be nationally insured by means of the army and navy. The army and navy estimates are the premiums of insurance on our imperial wealth, but it is very difficult to estimate what the amount of the national wealth itself is. With regard to the United Kingdom alone the property assessed to pay income-tax in

1865 was roundly valued at £400,000,000. At the present time it may be supposed to be £600,000,000, while the income of the classes not paying income-tax may be fairly considered as close upon £600,000,000, more. If these figures are correct the funded value of property in the country should be something like £36,000,000,000. It is probably an under-estimate to consider the wealth of the colonies at a quarter of this, or £9,000,000,000. Thus the total imperial wealth may be estimated at £45,000,000,000. The army and navy estimates normally amount to £26,000,000, which is only a very small premium of insurance on the amount covered, indeed only fifteen pence per cent. Nor is our taxation at all heavy. If indeed the estimates for the maintenance of our naval and military forces are larger man for man than those of foreign countries, it must be borne in mind that the people of this country are free of the most onerous form of taxation—conscription and personal service in the army and navy. It is impossible to estimate what amount of taxation conscription represents, but our country is the only one in Europe which is free from it. This freedom is not only advantageous to individuals but is advantageous to the services. Plenty of men can be obtained voluntarily to serve the country, if the country is only willing to pay them at the market price of labour, and men who serve of free will are always better than conscripts. There is no country indeed in which military spirit is so much developed as in Great Britain. There is probably no other country where not only a voluntary navy, voluntary army, and voluntary militia, but large numbers of unpaid volunteers could be maintained without compulsory service. The splendid instance of patriotic devotion shown by the colonies within the last few weeks tells what enormous resources of men could be obtained from them in case of dire need on the part of the mother country.

To establish universal compulsory military service would not be desirable. The best brains of the country would thus (as in Germany) be practically compelled to become officers in the army; and it by no means follows, because it is every man's duty to defend his country, that he can defend it more ably or usefully in person than in purse. The fact is, we have splendid resources in voluntary soldiery, and it is only through want of the most ordinary administration in the whole system of supplies, which are doled out from a single arsenal, that these resources are liable at any moment to be dispersed to the winds.

Is it not the case that a Royal Commission sat for three years under the presidency of Lord Carnarvon, and has offered several recommendations which the Admiralty and War Office has studiously burked, for the sake of an unwise economy or for party purposes?

If it could be once settled, as it is believed that Lord Carnarvon's commission suggested it should be settled, what the functions of the navy and army are to be, what vessels should be stationed at different parts of the world, what forces should be maintained in India and in the colonies, and at the coaling stations, what depôts should be kept up, what reserves created, and what men should always be available at home—how to obtain the number of seamen and soldiers to fulfil our requirements would simply be a question of money, and how to utilise them correctly a matter of administration. It is admitted on all hands

that our navy must be the first defence of the United Kingdom, the first defence of our colonies, and the link to keep up communication between our colonies and the mother country. It must, too, protect our merchantmen from capture on the high seas. This last duty is especially important, since a belligerent power has now declared that rice is contraband of war, and consequently wheat, flour, and all food-stuffs may equally be so declared; and if we were at war these supplies could not be obtained for this country in neutral vessels. Within the last six months there has been so much agitation in the country with regard to the navy, that in last autumn session the Admiralty was kicked into bringing forward a supplementary estimate. Nor was this unnecessary. The naval expenditure of other powers has increased 40 per cent. since 1868. The population has grown 16 per cent., our trade 40 per cent., our merchant shipping 30 per cent., and yet our naval expenditure had been slightly diminished! Neither in ironclads afloat nor building have we that superiority which is necessary to make sure our command of the seas.

That our guns mounted on our ships are inferior, both in weight and power to those of France and Italy, and that we have not one ironclad afloat armed with the new breech-loader in case of sudden war, is admitted on all hands. The French have better fighting-ships on the China station than we. The Chilean ironclads are stronger than our Pacific cruisers, and one new ironclad of Brazil could sweep our South American squadron off the sea. Our fast ocean cruisers available for the police of our maritime highways are so few that we could not allot three to each naval station. Yet we have close upon twenty thousand merchantmen scattered all over the world, and only twenty-four unarmoured ships of sufficient speed to cover them.

Our coaling stations at Hong-Kong, Singapore, and other points are virtually unprotected. There is no dock in India where an ironclad could refit; and a man-of-war of the first class could find no port for repair between Malta and Sydney. Our home harbours are not protected, and we have not sufficient trained men to man our fleet on a declaration of war, without drawing eight thousand from the reserve. Yet, although in December last Lord Northbrook in the House of Lords and Sir Thomas Brassey in the House of Commons proposed an addition of £3,100,000 for the improvement of navy, £2,600,000 for naval ordnance, and £825,000 for coaling stations—altogether £5,525,000—it was agreed that the expenditure of this sum should be spread over five years, and up to the present time no contract for any of the new ships promised has yet been accepted, and the autumn programme is already threatened with serious curtailment under the pressure of the Treasury. No designs for any of the new vessels except those of the *Scout* class are yet ready, and will probably not be prepared before April; while some of the vessels most important for the defence of our commerce may even, with good fortune only, be completed in March, 1886.

There are many points of this question which any man of common sense can form an opinion. It is evident that the supply of guns to our fleet is unsatisfactory, because the conversion of muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders has not been soon enough undertaken.

There is another point which is equally unmistakable, *viz.*, that whatever may be the state of our vessels, the men of our navy are by no means so strong



in numbers as those of even one other navy alone—the French. It appears that the entire strength of the English navy, including seamen of the fleet, royal marines, 4,000 boys in training, naval reserve, and naval volunteers, does not number 78,000 men, while France for a naval war can count on 172,000 men, 66,000 of whom are seamen. The strength of the Italian navy, in round numbers, consists of 210,000, of whom 148,000 are seamen. In the present state of gunnery, and the complicated machinery on board men of war, it is hardly safe to trust to recruiting our navy in great numbers from the mercantile marine in case of sudden hostilities, especially as that marine is now largely manned by foreigners.

It certainly would appear very desirable that some effort should be made to raise a sea militia, such as the sea-fencibles which were organized in 1805 when Napoleon threatened this country with invasion. At that time there were 26,000 sea-fencibles and 3,000 boats enrolled. As the fishing population in this country numbers 122,000 there should be no difficulty in raising a sea militia. With regard to material, some naval officers declaim against the construction of vessels with unarmoured ends; others held that it is well to concentrate the armour to cover certain vulnerable points, and that vessels constructed on this principle will float longer than those on the lines advocated by their opponents. These are technical matters, but we can all see that the development of artillery and of naval armour has reduced the number while increasing the size of battleships; so it has come to pass that the vessels available for the protection of widely distant points of importance, and for operations on our far extended and still extending commercial routes, have become fewer than before.

It appears that, if this country is not to be greatly hampered in war, the British fleet ought to be strong enough not only to fight battles with an enemy's fleet, but to blockade every hostile vessel, and prevent her from taking the sea.

If even individual cruisers like the *Alabama* are able to keep the sea and molest our commerce, not only would enormous losses be caused to the country, but our carrying trade might be diverted to neutral bottoms; and possibly never return to this country at all. There is seldom sufficient food in this country for the needs of the population for even a few months, and before harvest sometimes the supply is only sufficient for a few weeks. It is therefore absolutely essential that these supplies should be brought into the country without hindrance; and on account of our commercial necessities even if we were compelled, as Mr. Cobden said, to devote £100,000,000 to the task, that sum should be spent to keep the navy strong enough to drive every enemy's vessel off the sea.

It was only when hostile fleets were blockaded at the end of the great French war that the commerce of this country was enabled to be carried out in safety. The distances at which our fleet would have to operate are now much more extended. It may happen that the blockade of a fleet some thousands of miles away, for instance, on the Amoor, may be as practicable and even a more thorough defence of the country than an action fought in the English Channel. During the Crimean war the seas all over the world were as safe to British merchantmen as the Firth of Clyde, because the Russian fleet could not keep the sea. It must also be borne in mind that it is of the first importance, not only for military purposes, but in the interest of commerce, that the telegraphic communica-

tion with our colonies and countries of export should be uninterrupted. Cruisers would be required constantly to be patrolling the principal lines of submarine cables in order to prevent these being raised and cut by hostile cruisers. Since in future wars the fleet must keep the sea for a considerable time to maintain blockades, it will also be necessary that means should be taken for coaling vessels while afloat, and for this reason colliers must also be protected. When we reflect that our fleet must do these duties, that it must watch nearly 100,000 miles of communication, and guard the enormous traffic which in at least 20,000 vessels is passing continually to and fro (this number of vessels is certainly not exaggerated, since the number borne in *Lloyd's Weekly Index*, which excludes coasting and various special trader, is nearly 20,000); when we consider that the fleet must carry stores and reinforcements to our garrisons abroad, and supplies and munitions to our coaling stations, which, without relief and stores, must perish; when we also remember that the fleet must protect the coast line of Great Britain and Ireland, 3,000 miles in extent, in which there are between fifty and sixty vulnerable points—we must see that the fleet would, even if twice or three times as numerous as at present, be too small for the work required from it, and that no effort should be lost in increasing its numerical efficiency."

To ensure the efficiency of such a fleet, it must have behind it dock-yards, arsenals, and coal depôts so fortified as to be beyond the reach of an enemy's attack. The base of our operations must also, manifestly, be safe from attack.

This is not the case at the present time. Not only are our commercial ports not sufficiently strong to resist bombardment and contribution by any hostile cruiser, however small, but London itself is an open town, and within three days' march of the coast. If London fell, and the enemy were in possession of the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, the pulse of commerce throughout the country must cease to beat, and the threat of clearing out the Bank cellars, burning the City, and setting fire to all the shipping in the Thames, would compel this country to sue for peace on any terms without venturing to strike another blow. Nor is this all—with London must fall Woolwich Arsenal, which is the only arsenal whence a single round of ammunition or a single field-gun can be turned out. It would certainly then appear that it is necessary that some means should be taken for throwing works around London, in accordance with the recommendations which many years ago were made by the Defence Commission. Such works, to cover the enormous province of houses which constitutes London, must be fortresses, not mere forts, and should contain within their area the arsenal at Woolwich.

The first military writer of the present day, Sir Edward Hamley, is of opinion that it would not be necessary to construct forts in the neighbourhood of London, but that positions could be taken up and prepared beforehand, which, manned by the Volunteers, could repel an invader without the cost or inconvenience of permanent works. Even in the face of this high authority it may, however, be submitted that troops, especially troops who have not been long trained or exercised together, should have casemated protection against artillery fire, and should not be exposed to make, under compulsion or hurriedly, extensive manœuvres in order to protect their flanks from being turned. Therefore, forts which an enemy could not turn, and which he could not pass by, would seem to

be preferable to field positions and field works, however skilfully chosen, to cover our metropolis.

It is desirable that there should be another arsenal somewhere in a central position, or in the manufacturing counties, as was recommended by the Defence Commission. The confusion of issuing all stores from one point in case of need would be frightful; and it is very hazardous to keep all our eggs in one basket, so that the fall of Woolwich must mean the ruin of the country.

Many home ports, besides—such as Hull, Clyde Ports, Tyne Ports, Tees, Swansea, Dublin, Belfast, Sunderland, Folkstone, New-haven—have no defences worthy of consideration, and they are places which through their wealth invite attack, and would afford an enemy a secure base for future operations. With regard to ports abroad, these are chiefly important as coaling stations and refitting harbours; and here it should be noted that many foreign dock-yards, which were sufficient for the necessities of wooden vessels, are obsolete when iron-clads require them.

The British Admiralty divide the waters of the world into nine portions for naval stations. These are :—(1) The Channel Station, which, for refitting and coaling, may rely upon home ports. (2) The Mediterranean Station, which covers the direct road to India, Australia, and China, by the Suez Canal. It is provided with two strongly fortified stations, Gibraltar and Malta, but some port appears to be required at Port Said. (3) The North American Station is fairly provided for. In the north there is the fortified harbour of Halifax, in mid-ocean Bermuda strongly fortified, while in the south there are Jamaica and Antigua, fortified or being fortified. Telegraphic communication is much needed on this station. There is no telegraph to Bermuda, and Jamaica is dependent upon either the United States or Havanna for communication with London. (4) On the South American Station there is only the Falkland Islands. (5) At the Cape Station coaling places fairly secure may be found at St. Helena and Ascension, Sierra Leone or Cape Coast; but a station out at sea here is much required, and it is unfortunate that the Cape de Verd Islands are not available. (6) The Indian Station has a fortified harbour at Bombay, with ample means for refitting; Aden, strongly fortified, secure the outlet of the Red sea and Trincomalee is fortified. Mauritius has a fortified harbour at Port Louis, but its value as a refitting station is very small in these days. (7) The Australian Station is very badly provided for. The nearest coaling places to Australia are Ceylon and Singapore, both over 4,000 miles distant from Melbourne. A station could be formed at King George's Sound, 1,200 miles distant from Melbourne. Melbourne has facilities for docking large ironclads, and is protected, through colonial enterprise, with strong works of modern construction, aided by guns and torpedo boats; so also is Sydney, 650 miles to the eastward. (8) The China Station centres round Hong-Kong, which requires fortification. Singapore connects Hong-Kong with Ceylon, and is the centre of an important trade. In this direction either station is well provided; but towards the East there is no coaling station or port of refuge nearer than Australia towards the south, or Vancouver's Island eastwards. The great lines of steamers which trade in these waters have established depôts for coal at Thursday Island; and it would appear

that some coaling stations which should be available in war should be established on the long line between Hong-Kong and Sydney, of about 6,000 miles in length. (9) The Pacific Station is the farthest from Great Britain and widest in extent. On it the only port is the naval port of Vancouver, which has coal-fields in its vicinity.

The coaling stations on these foreign stations are not satisfactory as far as fortifications go, and probably it would require an amount of at least £3,000,000 to place them in a satisfactory condition; but this amount is little when we consider what enormous risk is at present run, not only by shipowners, underwriters, and merchants, but by the community at large, from the danger of supplies of food, upon which this country depends, being cut off.

Further, the British Army, although much improved of late years, is not numerically strong enough for the duties required of it.

The army in England and Scotland at the present time consists of about 59,000 regular troops not under orders for foreign service; of 24,000 regular troops in Ireland, who can hardly be removed from that island; of 24,000 in foreign stations (exclusive of Egypt, the Soudan, and India); of 22,000 in Egypt and the Soudan, or under orders (of these, 15,000 are already there and 7,000 on the way); 60,000 in India; and two West Indian regiments of Negroes, numbering about 1,700 of all ranks. There are also about 34,500 in the first class reserve, 7,000 in other reserves, and a militia reserve of 26,000. In case of a complication, no troops could be called out except those in England and Scotland and the reserve—a total of 126,500. From this total, however, must be deducted all sick men and recruits—about 25,000—leaving only 101,500 available for the greatest emergency. With regard to the militia, its establishment is 142,000, but the actual strength is about 107,000. Of these, 26,000 belong to the militia reserve, already counted in the regular army; absentees and deserters number 11,000; recruits, 18,000: so that only 52,000 is the total force of militia that can be depended upon in case of war. Thus only 153,500 men can be brought together. Of these garrisons abroad will require 40,000 to fill them up; the arsenals and military ports, 18,000 regulars, even supposing that volunteers form the chief part of their defence, in addition to 28,000 pensioners and 30,000 militia; the commercial ports would require, in addition to the volunteers, 4,000 regulars and 8,000 militia. These, taken all together, number 118,000. Taking that number from 153,500, there remains only 25,500 for the movable army, a force totally inadequate to take the field with any prospect of success against an invading force—which would not certainly be less than 120,000 men—or with which to conduct any offensive expedition into an enemy's country.

As a result of our investigation, then, it appears that, while our resources are enormous, they are paralysed and impotent on account of serious drawbacks in our administration, organization, and mechanical appliances.

Wars are in the present day quick in their beginning and rapid in their decision, and the nation that is found asleep must suffer severely. Yet our statesmen seem to trust to good fortune and not to good management. Let them be wise in time.

**II. THE ARMED STRENGTH OF ENGLAND.**—This article begins by combating the pessimistic view of England's military power. A paper, for instance, appeared some three or four years ago, by an Austrian officer, which arrived at the conclusion that under no circumstances could we place more than 18,000 men in the field for a foreign expedition.

Shortly afterwards we sent some 40,000 to Egypt and smashed Arabi with such remarkable speed and facility that our foreign critics declared the victory to have been won by gold. It is worth while just now to remember one or two facts, real facts, not simple declarations that matters are so and so. On the 24th July 1882, the Government brought forward a vote of credit in the House. On the 25th the Queen issued a proclamation calling out a portion of the Reserves. On the 27th the vote of credit was passed. On the 30th the First Scots Guards sailed for Alexandria as the head of the Expeditionary Force; the last battalion sailed twelve days later and arrived at Alexandria on the 21st August. Thus, from the starting of the head of the column to the arrival of the tail at Alexandria, the time occupied was twenty-three days, including both the days of departure and arrival. On the 13th of September the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was fought, and Cairo was occupied on the 14th. Conceive the feelings of "An Austrian Officer" at such a stroke as this—all in direct contradiction to those laborious statistics collected and collated with so much care and skill.

The first question is the number of men available for the regular army in case of war with a great power.

The actual strength of the force available on the 1st January of this year—1885—without counting the native army in India or the troops possessed by different colonies was—

Non-commissioned officers and men actually serving in the ranks	...	...	...	...	...	181,008
First-class Army Reserve, all trained men in the best period of life	...	...	...	...	...	39,224
Militia Reserve, consisting of partially trained men, always available for any war service	...	...	...	...	...	30,813
						<hr/>
Total	...	...	...	...	...	<u>251,045</u>

There are other reserves, but on the whole they can hardly be counted upon for efficient service abroad, immediately on the outbreak of a war. The main fact to lay hold of here is that the War Office has at its disposal more than 250,000 men.

Behind this army there exists the Militia, a force strangely undervalued and misunderstood. It is the only one to which conscription can be legally applied, and is, therefore, capable of almost unlimited expansion in case of emergency.

At present it is supplied by voluntary enlistment, and holds only about 108,000 men, though it is now increasing in strength. It supplies the regular army with many recruits, who have already gone through an elementary course of drill. About a third of the army recruits last year came from the Militia, and

were thus half-formed soldiers. It receives back into its ranks many old soldiers who have passed through both army and reserve service, and this class is increasing. It can be called out for service whenever the state of the Army may require it, and there is never a serious war in which Militia regiments do not anxiously try to be employed at the front or to garrison fortresses. It is an interesting fact that the one episode in the Franco-German war really creditable to the French was the defence of Belfort by troops who were practically Militia. For many years the Militia gradually declined; but it has again begun to grow. In spite of the large number of militiamen who joined the regular army in 1884, there was a net increase in the Militia of about 5,000 men. The number enlisted has grown rapidly. In round numbers the enlistments for the Militia have lately been as follows :—

In 1881	...	...	...	25,500
„ 1882	...	...	...	26,500
„ 1883	...	...	...	35,500
„ 1884	...	...	...	42,000

The rapid increase in 1883 was due to recommencing enlistments in Ireland. We have, then, in the Militia a constitutional force which is capable of large expansion. It has lately been bound more closely to line regiments, and this is, no doubt, one cause of its increasing popularity. Even deducting the Irish recruits, there were 10,000 more men enlisted in England and Scotland during 1884 than during 1882.

Behind the Militia are the Volunteers, a force, which in the last ten years, have grown from 181,000 to 215,000 men, and has at last won the privilege of carrying the same rifle as the line. The bulk of the forces, however, are indifferent shots, and their weak point is that there is no legal right to call upon them for service, except in case of threatened invasion.

In the list given above, nothing is said of Asiatic or Colonial forces, yet we know that there are many resources among these which could be counted upon. In a former crisis Canada offered 10,000 men to serve against Russia, and it is now evident that other colonies might be relied upon for contingents. In every Indian crisis the great feudatory chiefs offer their armies, and it will be no exaggeration to say that the native Indian army could be increased by such means to fully 200,000 men. If, therefore, there were a war with Russia in the East we could depend upon having in India and on the frontier fully 300,000 men, if the Militia be used for garrison purposes. There are already about 20,000 Anglo-Indian troops, and the remainder would be easily made up by say, 70,000 men from home, including the 1st Class Reserve, and by feudatory troops, with small contingents from colonies.\*

The other side of the picture shows that long and culpable negligence has left us without the stores necessary for the army corps, which would be mobilised without a sufficient field or engineer

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\* Compare the pessimistic groans over our weakness in India with the statement of the *Times* correspondent, 23rd March, that the natives are enthusiastically loyal, and that Lord Dufferin has already a field force of 50,000 men quite prepared to march for Herat.

force. It has been shown that of merely armed men, there would be enough for the needs of the country. But the armed men must be made more available for our probable requirements.

So long as we remained an insular power ; so long as Russia was separated from us by wide regions of desert ; so long as the Continental nations were content without colonies, we could afford to be unready, because the danger was always distant. But all that is altered now. We are to touch the possessions of great military empires all over the world, and we must reconsider the whole scheme of imperial defence from top to bottom. There have been great exaggerations as to the condition of the fleet, but none the less is a large increase required, because our needs have changed. And the same must be said of our military strength. There is no use in blinking the fact that the interests and military possibilities of the world have been modified amazingly during the last few years, or even months. Formerly we held a position of complete independence. European wars were fought in Europe, and we were content to look on. Russia's aggressive designs touched Austria more nearly than England, and the only objectives of a Franco-German war were of necessity Berlin and Paris. To-day, and for ever hereafter, Russia touches our outposts in the East, where Austria has no interests, and a war between France and Germany would be fought over the habitable globe. The whole conditions of imperial power have changed, and we must meet them by new adjustments. It is time to cease wrangling on questions of long or short service, and the like. Not the addition or subtraction of a few thousand men more or less in the regular army are in question, but the complete reconstruction and renovation of the means of imperial defence. It has been shown that we have gained, not lost, in military strength of late years ; but this is not the point. The question is, are we prepared to meet the new responsibilities which have come upon us unsought ? and if not, what should we do ?

The first answer is to prepare in good earnest the means which should always have existed for the mobilisation of army corps.

The German Minister of War touches a bell, and the army commences to mobilize itself, to be on a complete war footing in less than a week. But if a couple of English corps are to be moved, or even prepared for mobilization as at present, the excitement and confusion of the War Office is as prodigious as that of a disturbed ant-heap, and the whole manufacturing power of the country has to be called into play, though the equipment of these army corps has been laid down for ten years past, and, according to theory, should always be ready. Not a single Government has faced this question, and the natural result is seen in a hesitating attitude towards Russia, which may, like all hesitation, cause us to drift into war. At last the necessary preparations are being made. Whether war comes or not, we trust that they will never again be suffered to fall into abeyance.

The needs of the empire are quite clear, though not so simple as those of Germany, for instance. They resolve themselves into two different requirements :—

*First.*—A sufficient army, with strong reserves for home defence and possibilities of European warfare.

*Second.*—A force in Asia, always ready for war. Necessary as this has always been considered, the necessity has been accentuated since Russia brought her forces up to the borders of Afghanistan.

Since the Indian Mutiny there has been a constant endeavour to work the two on one system, and to this attempt at compromise most of our failures are due. We are trying to put new wine into old bottles, and the result is unsatisfactory. A new departure must be taken, and the right direction seems sufficiently evident. The key to the problem is a frank recognition that the two armies for Europe and Asia must be worked on different lines. We must accept the principle of a localised Anglo-Asiatic army and a localised Home army, which would also garrison the Mediterranean fortresses and such of the colonies as are within reach. This principle is gradually making its way into favour, and Sir Lumley Graham has lately pointed out that every one of the sixteen essays written for the prize medal of the Royal United Service Institution accepts short service for the Home army as a necessity, but says that it is inapplicable to India. The essayists have, no doubt, ransacked every available source of information, and the unanimity of their opinion almost amounts to a demonstration. As a matter of course, the two armies would be available for general service in time of war just as they are now. There is good reason to believe that we might have a cheap and strong Home army closely approximate in principle with that of Germany, and the wailing of commanding officers, who have little to do but to train recruits and send them abroad, would no longer be heard. With such an army it might even be possible to adopt the manly principle, that it is the duty of every citizen to give personal service, if required, for the safety of the country, though it is fairly certain that the principle would not need to be applied any more than it now is for the Militia.

It may be said that this is a new departure, and we do not like new departures in England. Unfortunately there are some new departures which we like no better, but cannot help. It is a new departure to find ourselves a continental Power both in Asia and Africa, in exactly the same sense as France, Germany, and Austria are Continental Powers in Europe. And it is a very satisfactory new departure to see the colonies, for the protection of which we used to have to spend so much, now actually offering help in arms and money to the parent country. The conditions are all new, and no measures will be worth talking about which do not honestly face the new problem.

The writer sums up the conclusions to which he arrives, under the form of the following propositions :—

*First.*—That the present military strength of the country is much greater than it was ten years ago, and quite double that which existed in the time of the Crimean war.

*Second.*—That there has been gross national carelessness in allowing all the preparations for mobilizing an army to stand over till time of actual danger ; and not keeping up the reserves of stores as they ought to have been kept up.

*Third.*—That, supposing time given us to provide the material now deficient, we could in addition to the force in Egypt and the Soudan, at once put with ease two army corps into the field as re-inforcements to India, or to act wherever may be necessary.



*Fourth.*—Though this is sufficient for the moment, it is not nearly enough to meet the new condition of continental responsibilities all over the world. The process of drawing in our horns everywhere when challenged must come to an end at last. Other nations will cease to press us when we have accepted our responsibilities and provided for them, but not before then.

*Fifth.*—That definite principles must be laid down for a new departure, and those principles should be : A distinct organization for the Home and the Asiatic armies, the former to be based upon shorter service than now, and larger reserves, with honest decentralization and complete readiness for war, just as the German army is always ready ; the latter to be based upon moderately long service with pensions, and the readiness of all units for the field.

*Lastly.*—Let us get out of our heads all nonsense about fortifications being a challenge to foreign Powers. They are challenging us rather freely just now. The most pressing need of all is the fortification of commercial ports and coaling stations, with the necessary supply of guns for the new works. Till these are ready the fleet is half paralysed.

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## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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**RUSSIA AND THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.**—The writer premises by endeavouring to show that some special agency is required to supplement the Foreign Office in watching over our interests in India and Central Asia.

For Asiatic Turkey, Asiatic Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan, there should be a permanent Oriental Under-Secretary of State, who would be the responsible exponent of a fixed national policy ; a referee for the past and present status of all nationalities within his range of supervision ; a kind of "Speaker" to the Councils of State and India Office, for the disposal of all doubtful questions of fact and precedent. With a voice, but without a vote, his advice and arguments should always be available for the guidance of his immediate superior—*i.e.*, the Minister or Ministers to whom he would be directly attached. His staff of assistants need not be large, but should be thoroughly efficient. An officer of Engineers might be in charge of maps, and geographical information should be the latest and most trustworthy procurable. That there is an admirable Intelligence Department already existing in connection with the War Office, and that there are good libraries in the Foreign and India Offices, are no reasons against the formation of the separate *bureau*. Transfer from the older establishments might be effected with advantage, or duplicates of books and maps might be supplied, and no harm done. The great object is to *educate*, and it will not do to be stingy of means or material.

The fact is that the present crisis has been to a great extent brought about by a want of intelligent interest and knowledge in Oriental matters—a fault which belongs alike to the Government, the Press, and the People. The reason is that it is impossible for those who do not make a study of the question to preserve an instructive continuity of interest or knowledge regarding it, without more or less occasional lapses into error and inconsistency. Here is an instance :—

The *Times* quotes its own correspondent as authority for the statement that the “mountain ranges which have been supposed to offer an impenetrable barrier to an advance from the northward on Herat, have for the most part no existence save in the imagination of map-makers.” All this is perfectly true, but is not new. More than two years ago the practised eye of Sir Henry Rawlinson had taken in the fact, disclosed from a glance at the published work of the surveyor-diplomatist Lessar.

But Sir Henry Rawlinson at the same time told his hearers, incidentally as it were, a great deal more which is pertinent to the present dispute. The material item was that M. Lessar, in travelling from Sarakhs to Kusán, travelled “exclusively on Afghan soil,” and that the whole of Badgheis was “distinctly Afghan territory.”

To say that the great organ of public opinion, in quoting from a newly-acquired source of information, apparently ignored the older and perhaps equally direct evidence, is but the expression of a natural conclusion on an ordinary occurrence, and conveys no disparaging insinuation. Strange indeed were it otherwise in the conditions of emergent papers, prepared rapidly for the printer. But the illustration will serve to indicate that the Press must not be regarded as a steady instructor in all things. Moreover, it is quite impossible for a statesman to fulfil the duties of his office, or even for an acknowledged politician to maintain his professional reputation, by no more strictly educational process than being posted in the events of the day, as reported and commented on in the best of newspapers, or by acquaintance with current official correspondence only. Neither the daily journal nor the occasional Blue Book can supply the information that is obtained from a lifelong study of the geography, politics, and people of the regions north and north-west of Afghanistan, facilitated by intercourse with Persians, Afghans, and their border tribes. They may contain the very data that are most required ; in truth, the batch of printed despatches headed “Central Asia, No. 1 (1884,)” is teeming with interesting particulars collected by M. Lessar ; but some one is needed to ferret them out, and hold the candle while they are read in the November obscurity which prevails, for so many other months also, in London offices and departments.

For another instance of the desultory character of our teaching on this subject, let us turn to the Blue Book last mentioned.

Lord Granville's suggestion, in February 1882, to Prince Lobanow, that “an agreement should be come to between England, Russia, and Persia, for the settlement of the frontier.....from.....Baba Durmaz to the point where the Persian frontier meets that of Afghanistan, in the neighbourhood of the Hari-Rúd,” was an admirable one, better even than the after-thought, “that something

might be done with regard to the adjacent Afghan frontier." Why was the argument abandoned? It had the force of right, and was backed up by the written understanding of half a century ago, when the Governments of Great Britain and Russia were "equally animated by a sincere desire to maintain, not only the internal tranquillity, but also the independence *and integrity* of Persia." It is probable that more than one reader of Sir Henry Rawlinson's able volume of 'England and Russia in the East,' published in 1875, missed in it a clearer explanation why the two named Powers should not have agreed upon the line of the Shah's northern frontier, between the Caspian and the Oxus, when giving boundaries to Bukhára and Afghanistan. Had this line been drawn, London society would have heard nothing of Panjdeh, Zulfakár, Akrobat, and the Barkhút Hills, in the spring of 1885. But the words "Bábá Dhurmáz" are ominous, and seem to reject the notion of a fixed boundary. If Turkish, as is almost evident, they imply incessant progress, a meaning which may not have been apparent to negotiators. "Daddy Neverstop" would be a vulgar but nearly literal rendering; and indeed the recent progress of Russia south and east has been of marvellous extent and rapidity. How utterly strange at the present day—nay how impossible—would be the words of Count Nesselrode in the lips of M. De Giers: "A single glance at the map ought to be sufficient to dissipate . . . all prejudice and to convince every impartial and enlightened man that no hostile designs against England can direct the policy of our Cabinet in Asia." Verily, Astrakhan and Orenburg are not such advance posts on the road to India as Askabad and Old Sarakhs—or shall we say the Rabát Pass?

The action of Persia, again, on the Central Asian field has been strangely neglected. We seem to undervalue her friendship, and to be leaving her to the machinations of Russia. Witness the arrangement by which Persia abandoned a large portion of her northern territory to the Cossack guardians of the Atak. We should do well to take a livelier interest in this ancient but far from exhausted country.

Our administrative deficiencies as regards Oriental politics may be summed up in a few words:—

There is no one recognized official or department charged with the delicate duty of enlightening the Government on it—no oracle to be consulted, as, for instance, the chief of the Asiatic Bureau at St. Petersburg; and there ought to be. It is natural that responsible statesmen should select their own particular advisers, who may or may not be those whose counsel is the legitimate return for money paid by the public. In any case, they are not bound to follow the dictates of subordinates, and are free to act upon their own opinions. But discrimination in these things is a crucial test of individual power, and the admission to State secrets of an interested or unsound councillor must be a sore and fatal evil. Without attempting to penetrate the cause, it is evident that not only the Government, but a large section of the British nation, has been repeatedly told that Russia was advancing upon Herat, and the statement made no impression. It has now been trumpeted forth that a Commission of British officers has been sent out to the Afghan frontier to meet a similarly constituted Russian Commission, on an understanding that the two Commissions would work

together to effect the peaceable settlement of a boundary which should protect Herat ; moreover, that the British Commissioners had already reached the appointed ground, but, instead of finding their colleagues, were without positive information of their coming at all ; while Russian soldiers were taking advantage of the occasion to establish themselves on debateable points of the territory to be investigated.

General Walker, formerly Surveyor-General of India, has told us, in a recent lecture, how in the fourth and two subsequent editions of his map of Turkistan (the last of which was published in 1882), the northern limit of Afghanistan was "brought up to Sarakhs in accordance with an agreement between Lord Clarendon and a Russian ambassador." General Walker added the information that in the last edition of the Russian map of Central Asia the boundary was also shown "stretching from Sarakhs to Khwaja Saleh."

As regards the high mountain ranges, there is no doubt that for many years the advocates of a forward policy in Russia have wished to bring their frontier to the northern bases of the Hindu Kush and Himalayas, and that the suggestion of the Oxus as a boundary could only have been made acceptable to them by the intervention of a neutral zone between this river and Afghanistan, or any State under the ægis of British India. They would have preferred Afghanistan itself, as the zone contemplated, but this was out of the question ; indeed, the rejection of any scheme of neutralizing territory at all was a wise resolve. Neutral ground would have afforded a constant pretext for encroachment, and such encroachment as the Government of British India would have found it impossible to check without an officer on the spot, supported by an unusually strong escort. But the tracts due north and north-east of Afghanistan have been cast into comparative shade by the critical state of affairs on the immediate north-west of Herat, the vital but heretofore neglected part of the Anglo-Russian contention in Central Asia. Here, between the Hari-Rúd and Tejend rivers, Russia has certainly intruded in a spirit contrary to the pledges and assurances of her responsible diplomatists. If it were necessary to insert the wedge for purposes of self-defence and protection against Salors, Sariks, or other Turkoman tribes, who serve to illustrate her ethnological "rights," the case should have been fairly stated at the time the Boundary Commission was proposed, when a formal recognition to the possession of Pul-i-Khatun and other places, or a simple assent to their temporary occupation might have been given—or the whole matter might have been referred to the Commissioners themselves. If no geographical line had been actually defined and accepted by the Courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg, as joining the Oxus at Khwāja Sâleh and the Tejend at Sarakhs, an imaginary straight line connecting these two points would naturally be understood to limit all advances from the north, pending an actual settlement ; in other words, all lands south of that supposed link would represent the territory open to discussion between the British and Russian Commissioners. There could be no shadow of doubt on the subject. Seizures of land below Sarakhs, where an Afghan claim could in any shape be put in, were not to be justified ; and the annexation of Merv by Russia could in no way change the position in respect of pledges made to England.

The understanding arrived at in January 1874, between the two

Governments, was pronounced by Count Gortschakow to be "complete." His letter on the occasion is worth quoting:—

"In my opinion the understanding is complete. It rests not only upon the loyalty of the two governments, but upon mutual political advantages which are palpably evident. So long as they shall be animated by a spirit of mutual good will and conciliation, no political misunderstanding is to be apprehended between them.

"For our part, we remain constantly faithful to the programme traced by mutual agreement, as it resulted from my interview with Lord Clarendon, and was developed and defined by the communications between the two Cabinets. I have repeated to Lord A. Loftus the positive assurance that the Imperial Cabinet continues to consider Afghanistan as entirely beyond its sphere of action. If on either side the two Governments exercise their ascendancy over the States placed within the range of their natural influence, in order to deter them from all aggression, there is reason to hope that no violent collision will occur to disturb the repose of Central Asia, and interfere with the work of civilization which it is the duty and the interest of the two great empires to bring to a favourable issue.

"As far as we are concerned, it is in this sense that we act towards the Khanate which lie upon our borders. We have a\*ful! assurance that the Government of India will act in the same manner with regard to the Amir of Kabul, and we have no doubt that it possesses the means of making itself listened to."\*

If the "understanding," so emphatically dwelt upon here, do not comprehend limitation of encroachment, it can have no practical meaning whatever.

Whether Panjdeh is an integral part of the Afghan kingdom, of which the Amir Abdul Rahman has held possession for more than two years, according to the statement of the more determined anti-Russian writers, or whether it has been bandied about from chief to chief since the days that it paid tribute to Khiva, as Abbott represented, does not seem material to the question at issue. The explanations called for and Commissions proposed, when Merv fell into the hands of Russia, should have preceded instead of resulted from the appropriation of that place. A boundary treaty of the nature of that concluded two or three years ago with Russia, and the fall of Giuk Tepé, showed plainly what strong measures were likely to follow. Voices were raised in all directions, but they were not heard. The cry may have been "Wolf," but there was more cause for it than in the fable, and the wolf came sooner than he was expected. We have been to blame in want of vigilance, of preparation, of *continuous* knowledge. We have not done what we might reasonably have done; in fact, we have done literally nothing but talk and write.

A brief allusion may not be inappropriate here as to the retention of Kandahar, a course which was opposed by Lord Lawrence because he saw in it, its aggressive rather than its protective side.

Many persons appear to consider the retention of Kandahar as an armed occupation of Afghanistan. According to the geographical position of the city,

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\* Russia. No. 2 (1874). Correspondence respecting Central Asia, pp. 10, 11.

with the desert to its south-west, it is almost on the outskirts of the Amir's territory ; and enough is known of its history to show its separation from Kabul to be as much the rule as the exception. There was reason to suppose that the presence of our soldiers would have been welcome to many, even had it aroused jealousy and suspicion in the breasts of some. The Amir himself would, it is believed, have been materially strengthened, though his people's confidence in him might have been in some sort weakened, by our comparatively close neighbourhood. Abdul Rahman was our own choice, and it was natural that, under the circumstances, we should give him the continued support of our troops—not, as in the case of Shah Shuja in 1839, to watch over him in his capital, and so render him contemptible in the eyes of his subjects, but in readiness to help him against aggression from without. The murder of our envoy had given us a warrant which could not be admitted a second time if we once retired from every part of Afghan territory. Much has already been said of the strategical advantages of a post practically, if not palpably, midway between Herat and Kabul ; but there were political advantages in holding the city which perhaps outweighed in value the strategical. It had a prestige for the world without, which would have secured peace to the Perso-Afghan and Perso-Baluch frontiers ; and in the hands of England this prestige would have been productive of much good. The result for India would have been the consolidation of an outer frontier—a double security for her peaceful population. There is certainly another side of the picture, and one to which public attention was called with marked success by able and distinguished men of the Lawrence school. Like many advocates, however, they dwelt rather upon the asserted merits of their own case than upon the confutation of adverse arguments. Thus they failed to perceive that their opponents were pleading the cause of good government ; that occupation might have been provisional only ; and that the dreaded danger might have been minimized by prudent diplomacy. Such risk as there was would have been worth incurring had the outcome been an undisturbed north-west frontier and Abdul Rahman without anxiety for Herat and its outlying districts and villages.

We now arrive at the weightiest question of all : What is the fitting course to be pursued in existing circumstances ?

Boundary Commissioners of one nationality—notably those appointed for the disposal of Russo-Afghan, Russo-Persian, and Perso-Afghan disputes—should not be kept waiting for fellow-Commissioners of another nationality beyond a certain time, any more than a visitor in a drawing-room should be kept waiting for the person he has come to visit. The exact period allowed must depend on considerations of distance, of weather, of local requirements, and of an *amour propre*, which is a perfectly legitimate feeling when bound up with national dignity. It is hard to believe it possible that our officers left Europe or India for the somewhat inhospitable region they now occupy without that sort of understanding which would not only indicate the general line of conduct to be pursued in discussing a settlement, but would provide also for impediments to action and similar contingencies. With this exception, little official foolscap would be required. In these cases nothing can be more unwise than for a Government to fetter its trusted agents with minute and conventional instructions which may be found impossible of execution. Details of procedure are as much

out of place as details of geography ; all such should be treated as general principles by the officers concerned, and room should be left for the free exercise of that firmness, tact, intelligence and judgment, the proved possession of which by the British Commissioners was, doubtless, the main, if not the sole, cause of their nomination to the work. Of course, time may be utilized by the waiting Commission, and the names of those employed in it afford a sufficient guarantee that it will be utilized to good account ; but this can only be regarded as a temporary expedient, and there must be no loss of prestige occasioned by the absence of the Russians.

Mr. Gladstone has explained the situation, and though the explanation may not be so full as desired by his interrogators, we gather from it that no advance further than that now certified shall be made on either side. It is therefore clear that the right to all doubtful and disputed lands or villages is to be a subject of discussion, and that if it be proved that any of these have been taken surreptitious possession of after date of the "agreement made between Russia and England to ascertain the frontier by inquiry and correspondence" (these are the Prime Minister's own words), such an act should, under the order rules of *meum* and *tuum*, rather invalidate than strengthen the present possessor's claims. Reference to the Sistan Arbitration of 1871-72 will show in how direct a manner proceedings of this nature prejudiced the case on one side and affected the final decision.

Only let there be no misapprehension that this is the true situation, and there is no reason why all political parties should not unite in one common policy to deal with it in the way that an upright judge would do in a litigation between man and man. Patriotism demands firmness and clear-sightedness in these matters ; not necessarily war.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN. I.—The failure of the autumn expedition to the Soudan, which started with the general acquiescence of all Englishmen, entirely altered the whole aspect of affairs. Gordon was no more. The garrison of Khartoum had either been massacred, or had joined the Mahdi. The fortifications and arsenals were in the hands of the enemy.

The question now to be determined, as to whether the power of the Mahdi was to be overthrown or not, was not a military but a political one ; and such, then, was the decision embodied in the instructions sent by the Government to Lord Wolseley.

The question is one of the utmost importance ; the course on which we are entering seems to me to involve ruinous expenditure, and the sacrifice of thousands of lives without any corresponding advantage ; while it would carry "war, ravage and misery" into the Soudan, for no permanent object ; it would, less directly perhaps, but not less surely, lead to almost equal suffering and distress in our own country.

I recognise the difficulty of the problem, and no one feels more fully than I do that the Government are most anxious to take the wise and right course under all the circumstances. At the same time I am most anxious, if possible, to induce



them and the country not to embark on an enterprise which I feel sure that ere long we shall bitterly repent. If indeed it were considered desirable to extend the frontiers of Egypt so as to include Khartoum, the case would of course be different. Khartoum stand in a very different position from the rest of the Soudan. It is a new city the creation of commerce. It has not been under native Sultans, and from its position on the Nile it occupies a position of great importance with reference to the irrigation of Egypt. 'It is true that the Romans preferred the limit of Wady Halfa, but since their time the conditions of the problem have greatly altered. If they had had railways and telegraphs, it is very probable that they would have extended their dominions further south. Thothmes III., whose proud boast it was that during his reign Egypt placed her frontiers where she pleased, certainly did so.

If, then, the Government determine to hold Khartoum and the country round, that would be a policy for which much might be said. It would indeed involve great sacrifices on our part : we should spend some millions and lose hundreds of valuable lives ; but at least we should open out the interior of Africa, and civilize a vast country. The distress involved would no doubt for a while be great, but we might hope that the permanent advantages would outweigh present sufferings, and that material benefits would eventually reconcile the natives of the Soudan to our rule.

On the other hand, to overthrow the Soudanese without any such intention is to incur great sacrifices, and to involve the Soudanese in terrible sufferings, without any national object or prospect of ultimate advantage either to ourselves or to them.

Moreover, to advance against Khartoum, announcing at the same time that we intend afterwards to retire, increases immensely the difficulty of taking it all. For such a statement naturally unites all the tribes against us, since such as might join us would know full well that they would be put to death as soon as our backs were turned. The course we are taking, therefore, unites the minimum of good with the maximum of difficulty.

But whatever may be the case with reference to Khartoum, the Southern and Western Soudan occupy a very different position. To hold them would be a task beyond the strength or power of Egypt. The attempt would be ruinous to Egypt, and unjust to the people of the Soudan. For my own part, I acquit the authorities at Cairo of any intention to plunder and oppress the Soudanese. We may admit that they honestly desired to confer on them a just and good government. But they could not control their own officials ; no one can read the late lamented Colonel Stewart's able and interesting report on the Soudan without being convinced that the attempt had hopelessly broken down. One Governor to whom he expressed his dissatisfaction naively excused himself by saying that he only robbed the poor, and never interfered with the rich.

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It would, I think, be difficult for any one who has looked into the evidence to come to any other conclusion. Moreover, it is unnecessary to dwell on this part of the question, because on this point the declarations of Ministers are quite clear. " I need only remind the House," said Mr. Gladstone on the first night of the Session, "that the policy declared by Her

Majesty's Government with respect to the Soudan, has always been the evacuation of the Soudan by Egypt and its restoration. That policy has undergone no change. I am not about to argue it or to defend it, but merely to state the fact, which is the point on which I set out, that it has undergone no change."

Nay, the Egyptian Government themselves came, though reluctantly, to that conclusion. Sir Evelyn Baring, writing on January 8 in last year, said: "The Khedive now accepts cordially the policy of the abandonment of the whole of the Soudan, which he believes, on mature reflection, to be the best in the interests of the country."

In fact, the Government has stated over and over again that the establishment of Egyptian authority over the Soudan is no part of their intentions. Lord Hartington, speaking last February, said:

"I am prepared to maintain that the policy of Her Majesty's Government with regard to the Soudan is a right policy. I hold that our policy of non-interference in the affairs of the Soudan is a right policy."

And why did he consider that this was the right policy for us to adopt? Because, he went on to say, "we have no British interests in the Soudan; there are no European interests in the Soudan, at least no adequate British or European interests which would justify the employment of British forces or the expenditure of British resources."

Mr. Gladstone himself told us in the same debate that—

"The Soudan is a vast country, equal in size to France, Germany, and Spain—a desert country—with a deadly climate, inhabited thinly by sparse and warlike tribes; but still it is the country of those tribes. They love it as their country. . . . ."

"We have refused—and I believe the House will approve our refusing—to have anything to do with the reconquest of the Soudan. . . . ."

"I look upon the possession of the Soudan—I will not say as a crime, because that would be going a great deal too far; but I look upon it as the calamity of Egypt. It has been a drain on her treasury; it has been a drain on her men. I believe it is estimated that 100,000 Egyptians have laid down their lives in endeavouring to maintain that barren conquest."

If the conquest—the barren—Mr. Gladstone might have said, worse than barren—conquest of the Soudan cost the lives of 100,000 Egyptians, of men themselves natives of a hot country, accustomed to the dry and torrid climate of Africa; what number of Englishmen may we not sacrifice, of men accustomed to the cool, moist, and comparatively equable climate of these islands?

Nay, only a few days ago, in resisting Sir S. Northcote's vote of censure, Mr. Gladstone stated that he did so—

"Because it means committing your gallant army to a struggle from year to year in a tropical country with a people who are courageous by birth and reckless by fanaticism. It means a despotic Government to be established and upheld by British lands against those who hate it."

But do not these descriptions apply to our present policy? Are we not committing our gallant army to a struggle from year to year with a people courageous by birth and reckless by fanaticism?

Are we not endeavouring to re-impose a Government upon a people who hate it? What did General Gordon himself think on this subject? Speaking of good government in the Soudan, just before he started for Khartoum, he said :—

It is evident that this we cannot secure them without an inordinate expenditure of men and money . . . . The Soudan is a useless possession. It ever was so and ever will be so. . . . It is larger than Germany, France and Spain together. It cannot be governed except by a dictator, who may be good or bad, and if bad he will cause constant revolt. No one who has ever lived in the Soudan can escape the reflection what a useless possession is this land. Few men, also, can stand its fearful monotony and its deadly climate. Therefore I think that the Government are fully justified in recommending its evacuation. The sacrifices necessary towards securing good government are far too onerous to admit of such an attempt being made. Indeed, one may say it is impracticable at any cost.

On this attempt, however, which General Gordon said could not be made "without an inordinate expenditure of men and money," which "might indeed be said to be impracticable at any cost," we are now, it seems, about to embark.

Mr. Stanley, indeed, maintains that the construction of a railway from Suakim to Berber would have entirely changed General Gordon's opinion. But General Gordon had himself in 1882 advocated the formation of a railway as a great advantage to the Soudan, and a year subsequent used the language quoted without any qualification.

But I shall be told circumstances have altered since these opinions were expressed.

Yes, that is true ; they have altered indeed. But how? At that time Gordon was still alive ; at that time the tribes of the Soudan were disorganized ; at that time they had no single leader ; at that time they were but ill supplied with arms ; at that time the fortifications and arsenals of Khartoum were at our disposal. That is all changed now ; Gordon is no more ; the tribes are united ; they have an able leader ; they occupy the fortifications of Khartoum ; and have secured the immense stores of arms and ammunition which it contained.

Is this enterprise then any easier now? Will it be any less costly? Is it likely to involve any smaller sacrifice of life?

Can the Government give us any idea what this new policy is to cost us?

Mr. Cross, the Under-Secretary of State for India, has told us that while the ordinary expense of an Indian soldier is about £4 per man per month, the extraordinary expenses of the Indian contingent in the Egyptian expedition of 1882 were £66 per man per month, while in the Abyssinian expedition they were over £70 per man per month. In the present case our troops will be still further from their basis of operations, and it is probable that the expense will be still greater. Even, however, if they only cost us as much as in the Abyssinian expedition, it comes to this, that every man we send to the Soudan will be costing us at the rate of £800 a year.

Again, we read every day of hundreds of camels here and hundreds there ; and every one who has been in the East can imagine what a frightful expenditure this must involve. Mr. Brand, speaking on behalf of the War Office, told us officially on March 9, that "it would be impossible for General Graham to advance in the absence of railway transport without a huge army of camels. He had had a camel estimate made, and he found that from 50,000 to 70,000 camels would be required to maintain such an army for a year, and it would cost £3,350,000 " Three million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds for camels ! and that only for one section of our expedition, and for one year !

To avoid a recurrence of this expenditure it is proposed to construct the railway from Suakim to Berber, a distance of 280 miles, through a hostile country and with gradients, as pointed out by Sir J. Pease, rising to 3,000 feet, or 1,000 feet higher than any railway in the United Kingdom. No estimate has been obtained. No one, however, would put the cost at much less than £10,000 a mile, and probably £20,000 would be nearer the mark. Moreover, it would require to be constantly guarded.

Altogether we cannot possibly hope that the Soudan expedition will cost us less than £10,000,000 ; and that when we are told that we must spend several extra millions upon our army and navy, and when our relations with France and Russia (not to speak of Germany) are in a complicated or critical condition,—relations which our Soudan entanglement will be far from tending to strengthen or improve. Surely, this is not the moment to send our troops away to the far south, and squander our resources in a fruitless war.

Nor can it be maintained that we must attack the Mahdi to prevent the Mahdi from attacking us.

What did the Prime Minister himself tell us, when that very argument was used last May by Sir M. Hicks Beach ? He said that the right hon. baronet used the argument, that unless the army of the Mahdi is "put down in the Soudan it will advance on Egypt. To keep it out of Egypt it is necessary to put it down in the Soudan, and that is the task that the right hon. gentleman desires to saddle upon England. Now I tell hon. gentlemen this, that that task means the reconquest of the Soudan. I put aside for the moment all questions of climate, of distance, of difficulties, of the enormous charges, and all the frightful loss of life. There is something worse than that involved in the plan of the right hon. gentleman. It would be a war of conquest against a people struggling to be free, and rightly struggling to be free."

It has been argued by one high Indian authority that we ought, at any cost, to overthrow the Mahdi in order to maintain our prestige in India, but against that view we may quote another high Indian authority, who considers that in this attempt to crush a Mahomedan people, we shall run a great risk of alienating our Mahomedan fellow-countrymen in India.

We have, then, on this point a conflict of opinion. But even suppose the first view is correct, will our prestige suffer less if we evacuate Khartoum next year or the year after ? Moreover, can any one calmly and on reflection justify

such a policy? To carry fire and bloodshed through the Soudan, to burn the villages, to ravage the crops, to fill up the wells, to destroy the humble homes, to reduce women and children to beggary and starvation, to slaughter thousands of miserable natives in the heart of Africa in order to produce an impression in India, is a policy too heartless, too cynical—I might say too wicked—to contemplate. That this should be done in the name of England is almost incredible, and I feel satisfied it is a policy which the heart and conscience of England will indignantly repudiate.

For my own part, I believe that unless we are prepared to stay in the country permanently, it is hopeless for us to attempt to give the Soudanese a better Government than they can give themselves. Nor do I see that we have under such circumstances any right, still less that it is any part of our duty, to impose on them any Government, whether it be good or bad, against their will.

One object put forward is the suppression of the slave trade, an object for which the country would, no doubt, be willing to make great sacrifices. But to attain this, we must not only reconquer the Soudan, but stay there permanently.

Surely the Government are not really going to involve us in this terrible and ruinous undertaking, to squander millions of English money, and sacrifice hundreds, if not thousands, of English lives with no adequate object or definite policy?

We are now increasing our army; are we going to “commit it to a struggle in a tropical country with a people courageous by birth, and reckless by fanaticism,” for an object which cannot be secured “without an inordinate expenditure of men and money,” and which, indeed, may be said to be impracticable at any cost: “are we about to carry the line of conquest by British and Italian arms among a Mahometan people, struggling for their liberty in the Soudan;” in a country where “there are no British interests, at least no adequate interests which would justify the employment of British forces, or the expenditure of British resources;” the natives of which owe us no allegiance, whose revolt was “justified by the oppression which they had suffered;” are we really going to use the strength of England at a terrible sacrifice of men and money, to overthrow a people “struggling, and rightly struggling, to be free?”

It seems to me almost incredible that we should be entering on such a course, and that too under a Liberal Government.

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Would not the most consistent and dignified course be that, the main object of the expedition having been to save General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, and that being now unfortunately impossible, we should confine ourselves to the protection of the peaceful inhabitants of the Nile Valley against any attack from the south; to decide at once on the limits which are to constitute the permanent frontiers of Egypt; to announce this by proclamation, stating at the same time that while we had no desire to attack the tribes beyond that limit, or to interfere with their right of self-government, any attack by them would be resisted by the whole power of England?

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1885.

Court Royal. By the Author of "JOHN HERRING," "MEHALAH," &c.						
<i>Illustrated</i>	...	...	...	...	...	—
The Fire Brigade	...	...	...	...	...	—
Mrs. Wilmington's Garden Party. <i>Illustrated</i>	...	...	...	...	...	—
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Rainbow Gold. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY	...	...	...	...	...	—

**BIG ANIMALS.**—The subject divides itself into two heads : the date of "Geological times" so-called, and the bigness of the animals that existed in them.

What then is the ordinary idea of "Geological times" in the minds of most people ?

They think of it all as immediate and contemporaneous, a vast panorama of innumerable ages being all crammed for them on to a single mental sheet, in which the dodo and the moa hob-an'-nob amicably with the pterodactyl and the ammonite ; in which the tertiary megatherium goes cheek by jowl with the secondary dinosaurs and the primary trilobites ; in which the huge herbivores of the Paris Basin are supposed to have browsed beneath gigantic club-mosses of the Carboniferous period, and to have been successfully hunted by the great marine lizards and flying dragons of the Jurassic Epoch. Such a picture is really just as absurd, or, to speak more correctly, a thousand times absurder, than if one were to speak of those grand old times when Homer and Virgil smoked their pipes together in the Mermaid Tavern, while Shakespeare and Molière, crowned with summer roses, sipped their Falernian at their ease beneath the whispering palmwoods of the Nevsky Prospect, and discussed the details of the play they were to produce to-morrow in the crowded Colosseum, on the occasion of Napoleon's reception at Memphis by his victorious brother emperors, Ramses and Sardanapalus.

Competent authorities have shown good grounds for believing that the glacial epoch ended about 80,000 years ago ; and every thing that has happened since is, geologically, described as "recent."

A shell embedded in a clay cliff sixty or seventy thousand years ago, while short and swarthy Mongoloids still dwelt undisturbed in Britain, ages before the irruption of the "Ancient Britons" of our inadequate school-books, is, in the eye of geologists generally, still regarded as purely modern.

But behind that 80,000 years lie the ages of an illimitable past, whose vast divisions unfold themselves slowly, one behind the other, to our aching vision in the half-deciphered pages of the geological record.

Before the Glacial Epoch there comes the Pliocene, immeasurably longer than the whole expanse of recent time; and before that again the still longer Miocene, and then the Eocene, immeasurably longer than all the others put together. These three make up in their sum the Tertiary period, which entire period can hardly have occupied more time in its passage than a single division of the Secondary, such as the Cretaceous, or the Oolite, or the Triassic; and the Secondary period, once more, though itself of positively appalling duration, seems but a patch (to use the expressive modernism) upon the unthinkable and unrealisable vastness of the endless successive Primary æons. So that in the end we can only say, like Michael Scott's mystic head, "Time was, Time is, Time will be." The time we know affords us no measure at all for even the nearest and briefest epochs of the time we know not; and the time we know not seems to demand still vaster and more inexpressible figures as we pry back curiously, with wondering eyes, into its dimmest and earliest recesses.

These efforts to realise the unrealisable make one's head swim; let us hark back once more from comical time to puny bigness of our earthly animals, living or extinct.

If we look at the whole of our existing fauna, we shall soon see that we could bring together at the present moment a very goodly collection of extant monsters. Every age has its own *specialité* in the way of bigness: in one epoch it is lizards, in another fishes, in a third the sloths or the proboscideans that blossom out into Titanic proportions. The present is, no doubt, the period of the cetaceans.

Now, the fact as to the comparative size of our own cetaceans and of 'geological' animals is just this. The *Atlantosaurus* of the Western American Jurassic beds, a great erect lizard, is the very largest creature ever known to have inhabited this sublunary sphere. His entire length is supposed to have reached about a hundred feet (for no complete skeleton has ever been discovered), while in stature he appears to have stood some thirty feet high, or over. In any case, he was undoubtedly a very big animal indeed, for his thigh-bone alone measures eight feet, or two feet taller than that glory of contemporary civilisation, a British Grenadier. This, of course, implies a very decent total of height and size; but our own sperm whale frequently attains a good length of seventy feet, while the rorquals often run up to eighty, ninety, and even a hundred feet. We are thus fairly entitled to say that we have at least one species of animal now living which, occasionally at any rate, equals in size the very biggest and most colossal form known inferentially to geological science. Indeed, when we consider the extraordinary compactness and rotundity of the modern cetaceans, as compared with the tall limbs and straggling skeleton of the huge Jurassic dinosaurs, I am inclined to believe that the tonnage of a decent modern rorqual must positively exceed that of the gigantic *Atlantosaurus*, the great lizard of the west, *in propria persona*. I doubt, in short, whether even the solid thigh-bone of the dinosaur could ever have supported the prodigious weight of a full-grown family razor-back whale.

Turning from selected specimens to the general aspect of our contemporary fauna, the writer claims for our human period as fine a collection of big animals as any other ever exhibited on this planet by any single rival epoch, comparing honestly age with age, one at a time.

Take then the two Augustan periods of big animals in the history of our Earth. The Jurassic period, which was the zenith of the reptilian type, and the Pliocene, which was the zenith of the colossal terrestrial tertiary mammals.

In the Jurassic age there were undoubtedly a great many very big reptiles. "A monstrous eft was of old the lord and master of earth. For him did his high sun flame and his river billowing ran, and he felt himself in his pride to be nature's crowning race." There was the ichthyosaurus, a fish-like marine lizard, familiar to us all from a thousand reconstructions, with his long thin body, his strong flippers, his stumpy neck, and his huge pair of staring goggle eyes. The ichthyosaurus was certainly a most unpleasant creature to meet alone in a narrow strait on a dark night; but if it comes to actual measurement, the very biggest ichthyosaurian skeleton ever unearthed does not exceed twenty-five feet from snout to tail. Now, this is an extremely decent size for a reptile, as reptiles go; for the crocodile and alligator, the two biggest existing lizards, seldom attain an extreme length of sixteen feet. But there are other reptiles now living that easily beat the ichthyosaurus, such, for example, as the larger pythons or rock-snakes, which not infrequently reach to thirty feet, and measure round the waist as much as a London alderman of the noblest proportions. Of course, other Jurassic saurians easily beat this simple record. Our British *Megalosaurus* only extended twenty-five feet in length, and carried weight not exceeding three tons; but his rival *Ceteosaurus* stood ten feet high, and measured fifty feet from the tip of the snout to the end of his tail; while the dimensions of *Titanosaurus* may be briefly described as sixty feet by thirty, and those of *Atlantosaurus* as one hundred by thirty-two. Viewed as reptiles, we have certainly nothing at all to come up to these; but our cetaceans, as a group, show an assemblage of species which could very favourably compete with the whole lot of Jurassic saurians at any cattle show. Indeed, if it came to tonnage, I believe a good blubbery right whale could easily give points to any deinosaure that ever moved upon oolitic continents.

The great mammals of the Pliocene age, again, such as the *deinotherium* and the *mastodon*, were also, in their way, very big things in livestock; but they scarcely exceeded the modern elephant, and by no means came near the modern whales. A few colossal ruminants of the same period could have held their own well against our existing giraffes, elks, and buffaloes; but taking the group as a group, I don't think there is any reason to believe that it beat in general aspect the living fauna of this present age.

The fact is few people really remember how very many big animals we still possess.

We have the Indian and the African elephant, the hippopotamus, the various rhinoceroses, the walrus, the giraffe, the elk, the bison, the musk ox, the dromedary, and the camel. Big marine animals are generally in all ages bigger than



their biggest terrestrial rivals, and most people lump all our big existing cetaceans under the common and ridiculous title of whales, which makes this vast and varied assortment of gigantic species seem all reducible to a common form. As a matter of fact, however, there are several dozen colossal marine animals now sporting and spouting in all oceans, as distinct from one another as the camel is from the ox, or the elephant from the hippopotamus. Our New Zealand Berrardius easily beats the ichthyosaurus ; our sperm whale is more than a match for any Jurassic European deinosaure ; our rorqual, one hundred feet long, just equals the dimensions of the gigantic American Atlantosaurus himself. Besides these exceptional monsters, our bottle-heads reached to forty feet, our Californian whales to forty-four, our hump-backs to fifty, and our razor-backs to sixty or seventy. True fish generally fall far short of these enormous dimensions, but some of the larger sharks attain almost equal size with the biggest cetaceans. The common blue shark, with his twenty-five feet of solid rapacity, would have proved a tough antagonist, I venture to believe, for the best bred enaliosaurian that ever munched a lias ammonite. I would back our modern Carcharodon, who grows to forty feet, against any plesiosaurus that ever swam the Jurassic sea. As for Rhinodon, a gigantic shark of the Indian Ocean, he has been actually measured to a length of fifty feet, and is stated often to attain seventy. I will stake my reputation upon it that he would have cleared the secondary seas of their great saurians in less than a century. When we come to add to these enormous marine and terrestrial creatures such other examples as the great snakes, the gigantic cuttle-fish, the grampuses, and manatees, and sea-lions, and sunfish, I am quite prepared fearlessly to challenge any other age that ever existed to enter the lists against our own for colossal forms of animal life.

Again, many of the big animals about which people talk vaguely as belonging to "those days" are, geologically, quite recent.

For example, there is the mammoth, which is, chronologically, a thing of yesterday. He was hunted here in England by men whose descendants are probably still living, and in Siberia his frozen body, flesh and all, is found so fresh that the wolves devour it. It was the glacial epoch, that yesterday of geological time, that finally killed off the last mammoth. Then, again, there is his neighbour, the mastodon, which survived as long as the Pliocene age—our day before yesterday, and which, to compare the relative lapses of time with human chronology, stands to our own fauna as Beau Brummel stands to the modern master, while the saurians stand to it as the Assyrian warriors stand to Lord Wolseley and the followers of the Mahdi.

Once more, take the gigantic moa of New Zealand, that enormous bird who was to the ostrich as the giraffe is to the antelope ; a monstrous emu, as far surpassing the ostriches of to-day as the ostriches surpass all the other fowls of the air. Yet the moa, though now extinct, is in the strictest sense quite modern, a contemporary very likely of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne, exterminated by the Maoris only a very little time before the first white settlements in the great southern archipelago. It is even doubtful whether the moa did not live down to the days of the earliest colonists, for remains of Maori encampments are still

discovered, with the ashes of the fireplace even now unscattered, and the close-gnawed bones of the gigantic bird lying in the very spot where the natives left them after their destructive feasts. So, too, with the big sharks. Our modern carcharodon, who runs (as I have before noted) to forty feet in length, is a very respectable monster indeed, as times go; and his huge snapping teeth, which measure nearly two inches long by one and a half broad, would disdain to make two bites of the able-bodied British seaman. But the naturalists of the "Challenger" expedition dredged up in numbers from the ooze of the Pacific similar teeth, five inches long by four wide, so that the sharks to which they originally belonged must, by parity of reasoning, have measured nearly a hundred feet in length. This, no doubt, beats our biggest existing shark, the rhinodon, by some thirty feet. Still, the ooze of the Pacific is a quite recent or almost modern deposit, which is even now being accumulated on the sea bottom, and there would be really nothing astonishing in the discovery that some representatives of these colossal carcharodons are to this day swimming about at their lordly leisure among the coral reefs of the South Sea Islands.

If these things are so, the questions naturally suggests itself: Why should certain types of animals have attained their greatest size at certain different epochs, and been replaced at others by equally big animals of wholly unlike sorts?

The answer, I believe, is simply this: Because there is not room and food in the world at any one time for more than a certain relatively small number of gigantic species. Each great group of animals has had successively its rise, its zenith, its decadence, and its dotage; each at the period of its highest development has produced a considerable number of colossal forms; each has been supplanted in due time by higher groups of totally different structure, which have killed off their predecessors, not indeed by actual stress of battle, but by irresistible competition for food and prey. The great saurians were thus succeeded by the great mammals, just as the great mammals are themselves in turn being ousted, from the land at least, by the human species.

Looking at the succession of big animals in the world, the earliest existing fossils would lead us to believe that life on our planet began with very small forms.

The animals of the Cambrian period are almost all small mollusks, star-fishes, sponges, and other simple, primitive types of life. There were as yet no vertebrates of any sort, not even fishes, far less amphibians, reptiles, birds, or mammals. The veritable giants of the Cambrian world were the crustaceans, and especially the trilobites, which, nevertheless, hardly exceeded in size a good big modern lobster. The biggest trilobite is some two feet long; and though we cannot by any means say that this was really the largest form of animal life then existing, owing to the extremely broken nature of the geological record, we have at least no evidence that anything bigger as yet moved upon the face of the waters. The trilobites, which were a sort of tripletailed crabs (to speak very popularly), began in the Cambrian Epoch, attained their culminating point in the Silurian, waned in the Devonian, and died out utterly in the Carboniferous seas.

It is the second great epoch, the Silurian, that the cuttle fish .

tribe—the nautilus, argonaut, squid, and octopus—began to make their appearance.

The cuttle-fishes are among the most developed of invertebrate animals; they are rapid swimmers; they have large and powerful eyes; and they can easily enfold their prey (*teste* Victor Hugo) in their long and slimy sucker-clad arms. With these natural advantages to back them up, it is not surprising that the cuttle family rapidly made their mark in the world. They were by far the most advanced thinkers and actors of their own age, and they rose almost at once to be the dominant creatures of the primæval ocean in which they swam. There were as yet no saurians or whales to dispute the dominion with these rapacious cephalopods, and so the cuttle family had things for the time all their own way. Before the end of the Silurian epoch,\* according to that accurate census-taker, M. Barrande, they had blossomed forth into no less than 1,622 distinct species.

\* \* \* \* \*

At what date the gigantic cuttles of the present day first began to make their appearance it would be hard to say, for their shell-less bodies are so soft that they could leave hardly anything behind in a fossil state; but the largest known cuttle, measured by Mr. Gabriel, of Newfoundland, was eighty feet in length, including the long arms.

These cuttles are the only invertebrates at all in the running so far as colossal size is concerned, and it will be observed that here the largest modern specimen immeasurably beats the largest fossil form of the same type. I do not say that there were not fossil forms quite as big as the gigantic calamaries of our own time—on the contrary, I believe there were; but if we go by the record alone we must confess that, in the matter of invertebrates at least, the balance of size is all in favour of our own period.

The vertebrates first make their appearance, in the shape of fishes, towards the close of the Silurian period. The earliest fish appear to have been small, elongated, eel-like creatures, which rapidly developed in size and variety, maintaining their supremacy till the rise of the great secondary saurians.

Even then, in spite of the severe competition thus introduced, and still later, in spite of the struggle for life against the huge modern cetaceans (the true monarchs of the recent seas), the sharks continued to hold their own as producers of gigantic forms; and at the present day their largest types probably rank second only to the whales in the whole range of animated nature. There seems no reason to doubt that modern fish, as a whole, quite equal in size the piscine fauna of any previous geological age.

It is different with the next great vertebrate group, the amphibians, represented in our own world only by the frogs, the toads, the newts, and the axolotls.

Here we must certainly with shame confess that the amphibians of old greatly surpassed their degenerate descendants in our modern waters. The Japanese salamander, by far the biggest among our existing newts, never exceeds a yard in length from snout to tail; whereas some of the labyrinthodonts (forgive the word) of the Carboniferous epoch must have reached at least seven or

eight feet from stem to stern. But the reason of this falling off is not far to seek. When the adventurous newts and frogs of that remote period first dropped their gills and hopped about inquiringly on the dry land, under the shadow of the ancient tree-ferns and club-mosses, they were the only terrestrial vertebrates then existing, and they had the field (or, rather, the forest) all to themselves. For a while, therefore, like all dominant races for the time being, they blossomed forth at their ease into relatively gigantic forms. Frogs as big as donkeys, and efts as long as crocodiles, luxuriated to their hearts' content in the marshy lowlands, and lorded it freely over the small creatures which they found in undisturbed possession of the Carboniferous isles. But as ages passed away, and new improvements were slowly invented and patented by survival of the fittest in the offices of nature, their own more advanced and developed descendants, the reptiles and mammals, got the upper hand with them, and soon lived them down in the struggle for life, so that this essentially intermediate form is now almost entirely restricted to its one adapted seat, the pools and ditches that dry up in summer.

The reptiles, again, are a class in which the biggest modern forms are simply nowhere beside the gigantic extinct species. First appearing in the Permian age, they attained in secondary times the most colossal proportions, never exceeded since by any later forms of life.

But one must remember that during the heyday of the great saurians, there were as yet no birds and no mammals. The place now filled in the ocean by the whales and grampuses, as well as the place now filled in the great continents by the elephants, the rhinoceroses, the hippopotami, and the other big quadrupeds, was then filled exclusively by huge reptiles, of the sort rendered familiar to us all by the restored effigies on the little island in the Crystal Palace grounds. Every dog has his day, and the reptiles had *their* day in the secondary period. The forms into which they developed were certainly every whit as large as any ever seen on the surface of this planet, but not, as I have already shown, appreciably larger than those of the biggest cetaceans known to science in our own time.

During the very period of the enaliosaurians and pterodactyls, however, a small race of unobserved little prowlers was growing up in the dense shades of the neighbouring forests, which was destined at last to oust the huge reptiles from their empire over earth.

In the trias we get the first remains of mammalian life in the shape of tiny rat-like animals, marsupial in type, and closely related to the banded anteaters of New South Wales at the present day. Throughout the long lapse of the secondary ages, across the lias, the oolite, the wealden, and the chalk, we find the mammalian race slowly developing into opossums and kangaroos, such as still inhabit the isolated and antiquated continent of Australia. Gathering strength all the time for the coming contest, increasing constantly in size of brain and keenness of intelligence, the true mammals were able at last towards the close of the secondary ages, to enter the lists boldly against the gigantic saurians. With the dawn of the tertiary period, the reign of the reptiles begins to wane, and the

reign of the mammals to set in at last in real earnest. In place of the ichthyosaurs we get the huge cetaceans ; in place of the dinosaurs we get the mammoth and the mastodon ; in place of the dominant reptile groups we get the first precursors of man himself.

The history of the birds has been somewhat more singular. They never seem yet to have had their day. Their evolution went on side by side with that of the more powerful mammals, in whose presence they had to limit their aspirations to a very humble standard.

Terrestrial mammals, however, cannot cross the sea ; so in isolated regions, such as New Zealand and Madagascar, the birds had things all their own way. In New Zealand, there are no indigenous quadrupeds at all ; and there the huge moa attained to dimensions almost equalling those of the giraffe. In Madagascar, the mammalian life was small and of low grade, so the gigantic *æpyornis* became the very biggest of all known birds. At the same time, these big species acquired their immense size at the cost of the distinctive birdlike habit of flight. A flying moa is almost an impossible conception ; even the ostriches compete practically with the zebras and antelopes rather than with the eagles, the condors, or the albatrosses. In like manner, when a pigeon found its way to Mauritius, it developed into the practically wingless dodo ; while in the northern penguins, on their icy perches, the fore limbs have been gradually modified into swimming organs exactly analogous to the flippers of the seal.

Are the great animals now passing away, and leaving no representatives of their greatness to future ages ? On land at least that is very probable. Man has upset the whole balanced economy of nature, and is everywhere expelling and exterminating the great herbivores. Hence, it seems not unlikely that the elephant, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the buffalo must go. Whether man himself will ever develope into Titanic proportions, seems far more problematical. Brain counts now-a-days for more than muscle, and Goliath of Gath has shrunk into insignificance before the gatling gun.

Now-a-days it is our "Minotaurs" and "Warriors" that are the real leviathans and behemoths of the great deep ; our Krupps and Armstrongs are the fire-breathing krakens of the latter-day seas. Instead of developing individually into huge proportions, the human race tends rather to aggregate into vast empires, which compete with one another by means of huge armaments, and invent mitrailleuses and torpedos of incredible ferocity for their mutual destruction. The dragons of the prime that tare each other in their slime have yielded place to eighty-ton guns and armour-plated turret-ships. Those are the genuine lineal representatives on our modern seas of the secondary saurians.

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**THE RABBIS PRESENT.**

A Rabbi once, by all admired,  
Received, of high esteem the sign,  
From those his goodness thus inspired,  
A present of a cask of wine.  
But lo ! when soon he came to draw,  
A miracle, in mode as rapid  
But quite unlike what Cana saw,  
Had turned his wine to water vapid.  
The Rabbi never new the cause,  
For miracles are things of mystery,  
Though some, like this, have had their laws  
Explained from facts of private history.  
His friends, whom love did aptly teach,  
Wished all to share the gracious task,  
So planned to bring a bottle each,  
And pour their wine in one great cask.  
Now one by chance thought, "None will know,  
And with the wine of all my brothers  
One pint of water well may go ;"  
*And so by chance thought all the others !*

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APRIL, 1885.

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PHASES OF STATE LEGISLATION.—In this article Mr. Theodore Roosevelt takes us into his confidence concerning the legislative bodies in America. He writes mainly with reference to the Legislature of the New York State, a body which controls the laws of its

province, and is second in importance only to the National Legislature at Washington. Mr. Roosevelt speaks with authority as he was himself a member of this assembly which holds its sittings at Albany.

This little parliament, composed of one hundred and twenty-eight members in the Assembly and 32 in the Senate, is, in the fullest sense of the term, a *representative* body ; there is hardly one of the many and widely diversified interests of the State that has not a mouth-piece at Albany, and hardly a single class of its citizens—not even excepting, I regret to say, the criminal class—which lacks its representative among the legislators. In the three Legislatures of which I have been a member, I have sat with bankers and brick-layers, with merchants and mechanics, with lawyers, farmers, day-laborers, saloon-keepers, clergymen, and prize-fighters. Among my colleagues there were many very good men ; there was a still more numerous class of men who were neither very good nor very bad, but went one way or the other, according to the strength of the various conflicting influences acting around, behind, and upon them ; and, finally, there were many very bad men.

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The representatives from different sections of the State differ widely in character. Those from the country districts are generally very good men. They are usually well-to-do farmers, small lawyers, or prosperous store-keepers, and are shrewd, quiet, and honest. They are often narrow-minded and slow to receive an idea ; but, on the other hand, when they get a good one, they cling to it with the utmost tenacity. They form very much the most valuable class of legislators. For the most part they are native Americans, and those who are not are men who have become completely Americanized in all their ways and habits of thought.

The worst class of members are those who represent the large cities. These men are mostly foreigners who have not thoroughly assimilated themselves to American ideas of Government. They are often both ignorant and vicious. Those among the members who are open to direct bribery are generally fairly well known among their fellows : indeed, it is almost essential, if a measure is to be successfully passed through the Legislature, to study the motives and influences which regulate the conduct of members.

As a result, and after very careful study, conducted purely with the object of learning the truth, so that we might work more effectually, we came to the conclusion that about a third of the members were open to corrupt influences in some form or other ; in certain sessions the proportion was greater, and in some less. Now it would, of course, be impossible for me or for any one else to prove in a court of law that these men were guilty, except perhaps in two or three cases ; yet we felt absolutely confident that there was hardly a case in which our judgment as to the honesty of any given member was not correct. The two or three exceptional cases alluded to, where legal proof of guilt might have been forthcoming, were instances in which honest men were approached by their colleagues at times when the need for votes was very great ; but, even then, it would have been almost impossible to punish the offenders before a court,



for it would have merely resulted in his denying what this accuser stated. Moreover, the members who had been approached would have been very reluctant to come forward, for each of them felt ashamed that his character should not have been well enough known to prevent any one's daring to speak to him on such a subject. And another reason why the few honest men who are approached (for the lobbyist rarely makes a mistake in his estimate of the men who will be apt to take bribes) do not feel like taking action in the matter is that a doubtful lawsuit will certainly follow, which will drag on so long that the public will come to regard all of the participants with equal distrust, while in the end the decision is quite as likely to be against as to be for them. Take the *Bradly-Sessions* case, for example. This was an incident that occurred at the time of the faction-fight in the Republican ranks over the return of Mr. Conkling to the Senate after his resignation from that body. *Bradly*, an assemblyman, accused *Sessions*, a State senator, of attempting to bribe him. The affair dragged on for an indefinite time; no one was able actually to determine whether it was a case of blackmail on the one hand, or of bribery on the other; the vast majority of people recollected the names of both parties, but totally forgot which it was that was supposed to have bribed the other, and regarded both with equal disfavor.

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From the causes indicated, it is almost impossible to actually convict a legislator of bribe-taking; but, at the same time, the character of a legislator, if bad, soon becomes a matter of common notoriety, and no dishonest legislator can long keep his reputation good with honest men. If the constituents wish to know the character of their member, they can easily find it out, and no member will be dishonest if he thinks his constituents are looking at him; he presumes upon their ignorance or indifference.

The fact, that the large cities are the constituencies which chiefly depute corrupt legislators, is partly accounted for by the gross ignorance and stupidity, even of many educated men, in political affairs. The shop-keepers of the large towns are selfish, and unwilling to devote any portion of their time to the public interests.

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In the country the case is different. Here the constituencies, who are usually composed of honest though narrow-minded and bigoted individuals, generally keep a pretty sharp look-out on their members, and, as already said, the latter are apt to be fairly honest men. Even when they are not honest, they take good care to act perfectly well as regards all district matters, for most of the measures about which corrupt influences are at work relate to city affairs. The constituents of a country member know well how to judge him for those of his acts which immediately affect themselves; but, as regards others, they often have no means of forming an opinion, except through the newspapers,—more especially through the great metropolitan newspapers,—and they have gradually come to look upon all statements made by the latter with reference to the honesty or dishonesty of public men with extreme distrust. This is because the newspapers, including those who professedly stand as representatives of the highest culture of the community, have been in the habit of making such constant and reckless

assaults upon the characters of public men, even fairly good ones, as to greatly detract from their influence when they attack one who is really bad.

The legislature has many temptations for weak members: in many cases men deteriorate after they join the assembly at Albany. Those who, after a time, see little hope of ultimate success in political life, cannot resist the temptation to make some money before they retire. Others, interested in measures which they think essential to their own future with their constituents, are drawn into alliance with bad men, who promise to support their bills, if corresponding support is given to some dishonest schemes of their own.

A still larger number of men are good enough in themselves, but are "owned" by third parties. Usually the latter are politicians who have absolute control of the district machine, or who are, at least, of very great importance in the political affairs of their district. A curious fact is that they are not invariably, though usually, of the same party as the member; for in some places, especially in the lower portions of the great cities, politics become purely a business; and in the squabbles for offices of emolument it becomes important for a local leader to have supporters among all the factions. When one of these supporters is sent to a legislative body, he is allowed to act with the rest of his party on what his chief regards as the unimportant questions of party or public interest, but he has to come in to heel at once when any matter arises touching the said chief's power, pocket, or influence.

Other members will be controlled by some wealthy private citizen who is not in politics, but who has business interests likely to be affected by legislation, and who is, therefore, willing to subscribe heavily to the campaign expenses of an individual or of an association so as to insure the presence in Albany of some one who will give him information and assistance.

On one occasion there came before a committee of which I happened to be a member a perfectly proper bill in the interest of a certain corporation; the majority of the committee, six in number, were thoroughly bad men, who opposed the measure with the hope of being paid to cease their opposition. When I consented to take charge of the bill, I had stipulated that not a penny should be paid to insure its passage. It therefore became necessary to see what pressure could be brought to bear on the recalcitrant members; and, accordingly, we had to find out who were the authors and sponsors of their political being. Three proved to be under the control of local statesmen of the same party as themselves, and of equally bad moral character; one was ruled by a politician of unsavory reputation from a different city; the fifth, a Democrat, was owned by a Republican Federal official; and the sixth by the president of a horse-car company. A couple of letters from these two magnates forced the last members mentioned to change front on the bill with surprising alacrity.

There are two classes of cases in which corrupt members get money. One is when a wealthy corporation buys through some measure which will be of great benefit to itself, although, perhaps, an injury to the public at large; the other is when a member introduces a bill hostile to some moneyed interest, with the expectation of being paid to let the matter drop. The latter, technically called a 'strike,' is much the most common; for, in spite of the outcry against them in legislative matters, corporations are more often sinned against than sinning. It

is difficult, for reasons already given, in either case to convict the offending member, though we have very good laws against bribery. The reform has got to come from the people at large. It will be hard to make any very great improvement in the character of the legislators until respectable people become more fully awake to their duties, and until the newspapers become more truthful and less reckless in their statements.

But Mr. Roosevelt thinks that the majority of the members are thoroughly interested in their work for its own sake, and work honestly and conscientiously for the public good. They come to learn that, if they wish to enjoy their brief power and to attain to permanent success, they must give their votes without reference to the probable results on their own political prospects :—

In the long run, and on the average, the public will usually do justice to its representatives ; but it is a very rough, uneven, and long-delayed justice. That is, judging from what I have myself seen of the way in which members were treated by their constituents, I should say that the chances of an honest man being retained in public life were about ten per cent. better than if he were dishonest, other things being equal. This is not a showing very creditable to us as a people and the explanation is to be found in the shortcomings peculiar to the different classes of our honest and respectable voters,—shortcomings which may be briefly outlined.

Mr. Roosevelt attributes many of the evils, which exist in American legislative bodies, to the indifference of the people in politics. They are ready to take part in public meetings ; but these often lead to no practical result, because even the men of education and good social position are ignorant of the methods by which the voice of the people can be brought to bear on the machinery of the State. Many of the people in the large cities are out of sympathy with the mass of the American people : they are even now influenced by what is termed the “Colonial” spirit—a spirit of dependence on foreign opinion—which is repugnant to true Americanism. The labouring classes, also, while themselves honest of heart, often throw the great weight of their votes into the hands of foolish or dishonest men, simply because they are deluded by the loud professions of so-called labour reformers.

Mr. Roosevelt, in writing of the viciousness and ignorance of some of the members, speaks thus of the Irish :—

It has been my experience in the Legislature that when Paddy does turn out well, there are very few native Americans who are his equal. There were no better legislators in Albany than the two young Irishmen who successively represented one of the districts of Kings County ; and when I had to name a committee which was to do the most difficult, dangerous, and important work that came before the Legislature at all during my presence in it, I chose three of my four colleagues from among those of my fellow-legislators who were Irish either by birth or descent.

The best friend I have never had or hoped to have in politics, and the most disinterested is an Irishman, and is also as genuine and good an American citizen as is to be found within the United States.

A good many of the Yankees in the house would blunder time and again ; but their blunders were generally merely stupid and not at all amusing, while, on the contrary, the errors of those who were of Milesian extraction always possessed a most refreshing originality.

The following incidents, which occurred in the Legislature at Albany, are amusing :—

In 1882 the Democrats in the house had a clear majority, but were for a long time unable to effect an organization, owing to a faction-fight in their own ranks between the Tammany and the anti-Tammany members, each side claiming the lion's share of the spoils. After a good deal of bickering, the anti-Tammany men drew up a paper containing a series of propositions, and submitted it to their opponents, with the prefatory remark in writing, that it was an *ultimatum*. The Tammany members were at once summoned to an indignation meeting, their feelings closely resembling those of the famous fish wife whom O'Connell called a parallelopedon. None of them had any very accurate idea as to what the word *ultimatum* meant ; but that it was intensely offensive, not to say abusive, in its nature, they did not question for a moment. It was felt that some equivalent and equally strong term by which to call Tammany's proposed counter address must be found immediately ; but, as the Latin vocabulary of the members was limited, it was some time before a suitable term was forthcoming. Finally, by a happy inspiration, some gentleman of classical education remembered the phrase "*ipse dixit*" ; it was at once felt to be the very phrase required by the peculiar exigencies of the case, and next day the reply appeared, setting forth with self-satisfied gravity that, in response to the County Democracy's "*ultimatum*," Tammany herewith produced her "*ipse dixit*." Some of us endeavored to persuade the County Democratic leaders to issue a counter-blast, which could be styled either a *sine qua non* or a *tempus fugit*, according to the taste of the authors ; but our efforts were not successful, and the *ipse dixit* remained unanswered.

Nor is it only Latin term that sometimes puzzle our city politicians. A very able and worthy citizen, Mr. D., had on one occasion, before a legislative committee, advocated the restriction of the powers of the Board of Aldermen, instancing a number of occasions, when they had been guilty of gross misconduct, and stating that in several other instances their conduct had been " identical " with that of which he had already given examples. Shortly afterwards the mayor nominated him for some office, but the aldermen refused to confirm him, one of them giving as his reason that Mr. D. had used " abusive and indecorous language " about the Board. On being cross-examined as to what he referred to, he stated that he had heard " with his own ears " Mr. D. call the aldermen " identical " ; and to the further remark that " identical " could scarcely be called either abusive or indecorous, he responded triumphantly that the aldermen were the best judges of matters affecting their own dignity. And Mr. D.'s nomination remained unconfirmed.

Shortly afterwards the aldermen fell foul of one of their own number, who, in commenting on some action of the Board, remarked that it was robbing Peter to pay Paul. Down came the gavel of the acting president, while he informed

the startled speaker that he would not tolerate blasphemous language from any one. "But it was not blasphemous," returned the offender. "Well, if it wasnt, it was vulgar, and that's worse," responded the president, with dignity; and the admiring Board sustained him with practical unanimity in his position of censor extraordinary over aldermanic morals.

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In many parts of the United States, owing to a curious series of historical associations (which, by the way, would be interesting to trace out), anything foreign and un-English is called "Dutch," and it was in this sense that a West Virginian member of the last Congress used the term when, in speaking in favor of a tariff on works of art, he told of the reluctance, with which he saw the productions of native artists exposed to competition "with Dutch daubs from Italy"; a sentence pleasing alike from its alliteration and from its bold disregard of geographic trivialities.

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Sometimes a common phrase will be given a new meaning. Thus, the mass of legislation is strictly local in its character. Over a thousand bills come up for consideration in the course of a session, but a very few of which affect the interests of the State at large. The latter and the more important private bills are, or ought to be, carefully studied by each member; but it is a physical impossibility for any one man to examine the countless local bills of small importance. For these we have to trust to the member for the district affected, and when one comes up the response to any inquiry about it is, usually, "Oh, it's a local bill, affecting so-and-so's district; he is responsible for it." By degrees, some of the members get to use "local" in the sense of unimportant, and a few of the assemblymen of doubtful honesty gradually come to regard it as meaning a bill of no pecuniary interest to themselves. There was a smug little rascal in one of the last Legislatures, who might have come out of one of Lever's novels. He was undoubtedly a bad case, but had a genuine sense of humor, and his "bulls" made him the delight of the house. One day I came in late, just as a bill was being voted on, and meeting my friend, hailed him, "Hello, Pat, what's up? what's this they're voting on?" to which Pat replied, with contemptuous indifference to the subject, but with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Oh, some unimportant measure, sorr; some local bill or other—a *constitootional amendment!*"

The old Dublin Parliament never listened to a better specimen of a bull than was contained in the speech of a very genial and pleasant friend of mine, a really finished orator, who in the excitement attendant upon receiving the governor's message vetoing the famous five-cent fare bill, uttered the following sentence: "Mr. Speaker, I recognize the hand that crops out in that veto; *I have heard it before!*"

The article concludes:—

I would say that while there is so much evil at Albany, and so much reason for our exerting ourselves to bring about a better state of things, yet there is no cause for being disheartened or for thinking that it is hopeless to expect improvement. On the contrary, the standard of legislative morals is certainly higher than it was fifteen years ago or twenty-five years ago, and, judging by appearances, it seems likely that it will continue slowly and by fits and starts to improve in the future; keeping pace exactly with the gradual awakening of

the popular mind to the necessity of having honest and intelligent representatives in the State Legislature.

I have had opportunity of knowing something about the workings of but a few of our other State Legislatures; from what I have seen and heard, I should say that we stand about on a par with those of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Illinois, above that of Louisiana, and below those of Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Dakota, as well as below the National Legislature at Washington.

NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CAPTURE.—A vivid picture is here drawn of the state of the great Cotton Mart in the spring of 1862, just previous to its capture by Admiral Farragut, the prelude to the final catastrophe of the Confederate cause.

The day of grand reviews was past. Hussars, Zouaves, and numberless other bodies of outlandish name had gone to the front in Tennessee and Virginia. Our cultivated eyes were satisfied now with one uniform that we saw daily. Every afternoon found us around in Coliseum Place, standing or lying on the grass watching the dress parade of the "Confederate Guards." Most of us had fathers or uncles in the long, spotless, gray, white-gloved ranks that stretched in such faultless alignment down the hard, harsh turf of our old ball-ground.

This was the flower of the home guard. The merchants, bankers, underwriters, judges, real-estate owners, and capitalists of the Anglo-American part of the city were "all present or accounted for" in that long line. Gray heads, hoar heads, high heads, bald heads. Hands flashed to breast and waist with a martinet's precision at the command of "Present arms,"—hands that had ruled by the pen—the pen and the dollar—since long before any of us young spectators was born, and had done no harder muscular work than carve roasts and turkeys these twenty, thirty, forty years. Here and there among them were individuals who, unaided, had clothed and armed companies, squadrons, battalions, and sent them to the Cumberland and the Potomac. A good three-fourths of them had sons on distant battle-fields, some living, some dead.

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In those beautiful spring afternoons there was scarcely a man to be found, anywhere, out of uniform. Down on the steamboat landing, our famous Levee, a superb body of Creoles drilled and paraded in dark-blue uniform. The orders were given in French; the manual was French; the movements were quick, short, nerry. Their "about march" was four sharp stamps of their neatly shod feet—*un, deux, trois, quatre*—that brought them face about and sent them back, tramp, tramp, tramp, over the smooth white pavement of powdered oyster-shells. Ah! the nakedness of that once crowded and roaring mart.

And there was a "Foreign Legion." Of course, the city had always been full of foreigners; but now it was a subject of amazement, not unmixed with satire, to see how many whom every one had supposed to be Americans or "citizens of Louisiana" bloomed out as British, or French, or Spanish subjects. But even so, the tremendous pressure of popular sentiment crowded them into the ranks and forced them to make every show of readiness to "hurl back the foe," as we used to call it. And they really served for much. Merely as a gendarmerie they relieved just as many Confederate soldiers of police duty in a city under martial

law, and enabled them to man forts and breastworks at short notice, whenever that call should come.

That call, the gray heads knew, was coming. They confessed the conviction softly to one another in the counting-rooms and idle store-fronts when they thought no one was listening. I used to hear them—standing with my back turned, pretending to be looking at something down street, but with both ears turned backward and stretched wide. They said under their breath that there was not a single measure of defence that was not behindhand. And they spoke truly. In family councils a new domestic art began to be studied and discussed—the art of hiding valuables.

There had come a great silence upon trade, Custom warehouses were empty and shut, and the iron bolts and cross-bars of their doors were gray with cobwebs.

One of them, where I had earned my first wages as a self-supporting lad, had been turned into a sword-bayonet factory, and I had been turned out. For some time later the Levee had kept busy ; but its stir and noise had gradually declined, faltered, turned into the commerce of war and the clatter of calkers and ship-carpenters, and faded out. Both receipts and orders from the interior country had shrunk and shrunk, and the brave, steady fellows, who at entry and shipping and cash and account desks could no longer keep up a show of occupation, had laid down the pen, taken up the sword and muskét, and followed after the earlier and more eager volunteers. There had been one new, tremendous sport for moneyed men for a while, with spoils to make it interesting. The seagoing tow-boats of New Orleans were long, slender side-wheelers, all naked power and speed, without either freight or passenger room, each with a single, tall, slim chimney and hurrying walking-beam, their low, taper hulls trailing behind scarcely above the water, and perpetually drenched with the yeast of the wheels. Some merchants of the more audacious sort, restless under the strange new quiet of Tchoupitoulas street, had got letters of mark and reprisal, and let slip these sharpnosed deerhounds upon the tardy, unsuspecting ships that came sailing up to the Passes unaware of any declaration of war. But that game too was up. The blockade had closed in like a prison gate ; the lighter tow-boats, draped with tarpaulins, were huddled together under Slaughterhouse Point, with their cold boilers and motionless machinery yielding to rust ; the more powerful ones had been moored at the long wharf vacated by Morgan's Texas steamships ; there had been a great hammering, and making of chips, and clatter of railroad iron, turning these tow-boats into iron-clad cotton gun-boats, and these had crawled away, some up and some down the river, to be seen in that harbour no more. At length only the foundries, the dry-docks across the river, and the ship-yard in suburb Jefferson, where the great ram *Mississippi* was being too slowly built, were active and the queen of Southern commerce, the city that had once believed it was to be the greatest in the world, was absolutely out of employment.

There was, true, some movement of the sugar and rice crops into the hands of merchants who had advanced the money to grow them, and the cotton-presses and cotton-yards were full of cotton, but there it all stuck ; and when one counts in a feeble exchange of city for country supplies, there was nothing more. Except—yes—that the merchants had turned upon each other, and were now engaged in a mere passing back and forth among themselves in speculation the

daily diminishing supply of goods and food. Some were too noble to take part in this, and dealt only with consumers. I remember one odd little old man, an extensive wholesale grocer, who used to get tipsy all by himself every day, and go home so, but who would not speculate on the food of a distressed city. He had not got down to that.

Gold and silver had long ago disappeared. Confederate money was the currency; and not merely was the price of food and raiment rising, the value of the money was going down.

The State, too, had a paper issue, and the city had another. Yet with all these there was first a famine of small change, and then a deluge of "shinplasters." Pah! What a mess it was! The boss butchers and the keepers of drinking-houses actually took the lead in issuing "money." The current joke was that you could pass the label of an olive-oil bottle, because it was greasy, smelt bad, and bore an autograph—Plagniol Frères, if I remember rightly. I did my first work as a cashier in those days, and I can remember the smell of my cash drawer yet. Instead of five-cent pieces we had car-tickets. How the grimy little things used to stick together! They would pass and pass until they were so soft and illegible with grocers' and butchers' handling that you could tell only by some faint show of their original color that company had issued them. Rogues did a lively business in "split tickets," literally splitting them and making one ticket serve for two.

Decay had come in. In that warm, moist climate it is always hungry, and, wherever it is allowed to feed, eats with a greed that is strange to see. With the wharves, always expensive and difficult to maintain, it made havoc. The occasional idle, weather-stained ship moored beside them, and resting on the water almost as light and void as an empty peascod, could hardly find a place to fasten to. The streets fell into sad neglect, but the litter of commerce was not in them, and some of their round-stone pavements after a shower would have the melancholy cleanness of weather-bleached bones. How quiet and lonely the harbour grew! The big dry-docks against the farther shore were all empty. Now and then a tug fussed about, with the yellow river all to itself; and one or two steamboats came and went each day, but they moved drowsily, and, across on the other side of the river, a whole fleet of their dingy white sisters lay tied up to the bank, *sine die*. My favorite of all the sea-steamers, the little *Habana*, that had been wont to arrive twice a month from Cuba, disgorge her Spanish-American cargo, and bustle away again, and that I had watched the shipwrights, at their very elbows, razee and fit with three big, raking masts in place of her two small ones, had long ago slipped down the river and through the blockaders, and was now no longer the *Habana*, but the far-famed and dreaded *Sumter*.

The town had never been really glad again since the awful day of the battle of Shiloh.

She had sent so many gallant fellows to help Beauregard, and some of them so young,—her last gleaning,—that when, on the day of their departure, they marched with solid column and firm-set, unsmiling mouths down the long gray lane made by the open ranks of those old Confederate guards, and their escort broke into cheers and tears and waved their gray shakoes on the tops of their bayonets and seized the dear lads' hands as they passed in mute self-devotion and steady tread, while the trumpets sang "Listen to the Mocking-bird," that was



the last time ; the town never cheered with elation afterwards ; and when the people next uncovered it was in silence, to let the body of Albert Sidney Johnston, their great chevalier, pass slowly up St. Charles street behind the muffled drums, while on their quivering hearts was written with a knife the death-roll of that lost battle. One of those who had brought that precious body—a former school-mate of mine—walked beside the bier, with the stains of camp and battle on him from head to foot. The war was coming very near.

Many of the town's old forms and habits of peace held fast. The city, I have said, was under martial law ; yet the city management still went through its old routines. The volunteer fire department was as voluntary and as redundantly riotous as ever. The police courts, too, were as cheerful as of old. The public schools had merely substituted "Dixie," the "Marseillaise," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and were running straight along. There was one thing besides, of which many of us knew nothing at the time,—a system of espionage, secret, diligent, and fierce, that marked down every man suspected of sympathy with the enemy in a book whose name was too vile to find place on any page. This was not the military secret service,—that is to be expected wherever there is war,—nor any authorized police, but the scheme of some of the worst of the villains who had ruled New Orleans with the rod of terror for many years—the "Thugs."

The public mind was at a transparent heat. Everybody wanted to know of everybody else, "why don't you go to the front?" Even the gentle maidens demanded tartly, one of another, why each other's brothers or lovers had not gone long ago. But the laggards were, in truth, few.

The very children were fierce. For now even we, the uninformed, the lads and women, knew the enemy was closing down upon us. Of course we confronted the fact very valorously, we boys and mothers and sisters—and the newspapers. Had we not inspected the fortifications ourselves? Was not every man in town ready to rush into them at the twelve taps of the fire-alarm bells? Were we not ready to man them if the men gave out? Nothing afloat could pass the forts. Nothing that walked could get through our swamps. The *Mississippi*—and, in fact, she was a majestically terrible structure, only let us *complete* her—would sweep the river clean !

But there was little laughter. Food was dear ; the destitute poor were multiplying terribly ; the market men and women, mainly Germans, Gascon-French, and Sicilians, had lately refused to take the shinplaster currency, and the city authority had forced them to accept it. There was little to laugh at. The *Mississippi* was gnawing its levees and threatening to plunge in upon us. The city was believed to be full of spies.

At last the day came when the alarm-bells called every man to his mustering point. The children poured out from the school gates and ran crying to their homes, meeting their sobbing mothers at their thresholds. The men fell into the ranks.

I was left entirely alone in charge of the store where I was employed. Late in the afternoon, receiving orders to close it, I did so, and went home. But I did not stay. I went to the river-side. There until far into the night I saw hun-

dreds of drays carrying cotton out of the presses and yards to the wharves, where it was fired. The glare of those sinuous, miles of flame set men and women weeping and wailing thirty miles away on the farther shore of Lake Pontchartrain. But the next day was the day of terrors. During the night fear, wrath, and sense of betrayal had run through the people as the fire had run through the cottons. You have seen, perhaps, a family fleeing with lamentation and wringing of hands out of a burning house ; multiply it by thousands upon thousands : that was New Orleans, though the houses were not burning. The firemen were out ; but they cast fire on the waters, putting the torch to the empty ships and cutting them loose to float down the river.

Whoever could leave the town was going. The great mass, that had no place to go to or means to go with, was beside itself.

"Betrayed ! betrayed !" it cried, and ran in throngs from street to street, seeking some vent, some victim for its wrath. I saw a crowd catch a poor fellow at the corner of Magazine and Common streets, whose crime was that he looked like a stranger and might be a spy. He was the palest living man I ever saw. They swung him to a neighbouring lamp-post, but the Foreign Legion was patrolling the town in strong squads, and one of its lieutenants, all green and gold, leaped with drawn sword, cut the rope, and saved the man. This was one occurrence ; there were many like it. I stood in the rear door of our store, Canal street, soon after reopening it. The junior of the firm was within. I called him to look toward the river. The masts of the cutter *Washington* were slowly tipping, declining, sinking—down she went. The gun-boat moored next her began to smoke all over and then to blaze. My employers lifted up their heels and left the city—left their goods and their affairs in the hands of one mere lad—no stranger would have thought I had reached fourteen—and one big German porter. I closed the doors, sent the porter to his place in the Foreign Legion, and ran to the levee to see the sights.

What a gathering ! The riff-raff of the wharves, the town, the gutters. Such women—such wrecks of women ! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steam boat landing, well covered with sugar, rice, and molasses, was being rifled. The men smashed ; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rainstorm began to threaten. "Are the Yankee ships in sight ?" I asked of an idler. He pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette—the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me ! I see them now as they come slowly round Slaughterhouse Point into full view, silent, so grim, and terrible ; black with men, heavy with deadly portent ; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the *Mississippi* ! the *Mississippi* ! Just then here she came down upon them. But how ? Drifting helplessly, a mass of flames.

The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word ; but one old tar on the *Hartford* standing with lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

And now the rain came down in sheets. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common

street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I looked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, bawling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man there had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States Navy were walking abreast unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done.

The last scene of the tragedy soon followed.

An officer from the fleet stood on the City Hall roof about to lower the flag of Louisiana. In the street beneath gleamed the bayonets of a body of marines. A howitzer pointed up and another down the street. All around swarmed the mob. Just then Mayor Monroe—lest the officer above should be fired upon and the howitzers, open upon the crowd—came out alone and stood just before one of the howitzers, tall, slender, with folded arms, eyeing the gunner. Down sank the flag. Captain Bell, tall and stiff, marched off with the flag rolled under his arm and the howitzers clanking behind. Then cheer after cheer rang out for Monroe. And now, I daresay, every one is well pleased that, after all New Orleans never lowered her colors with her own hands.

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**EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE AND EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE.**—How closely the present situation of the Afghan question resembles the circumstances which led to the Crimean War is well brought out in this short article.

In 1853 Russia based her quarrel on her right to a Protectorate over all Eastern Christians subject to the Porte. She grounded her claims on the Treaty of Kainardji. When the Porte declined to acknowledge her claims, she crossed the Pruth and occupied Moldavia.

The object of English, and, indeed, of European diplomacy, was to induce Russia to withdraw from the Principalities. Many circumstances conspired to render it probable that diplomacy would be successful. The European concert was agreed in regarding the invasion of Turkish territory by Russia as unjustifiable, and all of the Powers were interested in various degrees in resisting her encroachments. Had they insisted with a common voice that she should evacuate the positions she had occupied before her claims under the Treaty were considered in a European conclave, it is unlikely that she could have resisted the pressure brought to bear upon her.

What were the causes that led to the failure of diplomatic influences ?

First, no doubt, the divided counsels of the German Powers. Austria, the Power most interested in the withdrawal of Russia from the Principalities, was also the one which was least disposed to resist her infraction of the Public Law of Europe.

Secondly, Russian delusion as to the state of public opinion in England. Though England was less immediately interested in the quarrel than any other

Power, the warlike spirit of the people was high, and sympathy with the Turks was general. The Czar, on the other hand, believed that we really had become at last a nation of tradesmen whom nothing would ever rouse to fight, and he was encouraged in his mistake by the mission to St. Petersburg of the Peace Party, which he regarded as a message from the English people.

Thirdly, the characters of Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, and other statesmen at the head of affairs in England. These, instead of making use of the warlike spirit of the country to force Russia to withdraw from her unjust pretensions, were bent upon preserving peace by conciliation and concession. Lord Aberdeen, in particular, was unable to believe that Russia, whom he had long regarded as one of the great guardians of the peace of Europe, could have so far changed her character as to have become an aggressive Power. "Aberdeen," says the Prince Consort, in a letter to Baron Stockmar, "is quite right, and is to be honoured and applauded for maintaining as he does that we must deal with our enemies as honourable men ; but that is no reason why we should think and maintain that they are so in fact : this is what he does, and maintains that he is right in doing so." Hence the English statesmen who, if they had really represented their country, would have breathed a spirit of determination into the European Concert, continued to act with a simplicity and timidity that hardened the Russians in their aggressive designs. "Aberdeen," says the Prince Consort again, "has unfortunately made concessions *which bring us nearer war.*"

Turning from the past to the present, let us substitute Afghanistan for Turkey, and we shall see that as far as Russia is concerned, her conduct in the present crisis is precisely what might be expected from her antecedents.

Her Divine Mission is now not the protection of Eastern Christians, but the preservation of order in Central Asia. So long as she confines herself to keeping the robber Turkomans in order she will carry with her our best wishes for her success. But why should she come into Afghan territory in the accomplishment of her self-appointed task ? Everything—the evidence of language ; the evidence of maps, Russian as well as our own ; the evidence of diplomatic agreement—shows that she has no more business there than she had in the Principalities in 1853. The only question is, how far do her boundaries extend ? And before we can settle how far her boundaries extend, old experience proves that she ought to be required to withdraw from the positions she has wrongfully occupied. Why, then, is she suffered to remain in them precisely as she was on the eve of the Crimean War ?

The answer to the above question is, that the man who was Lord Aberdeen's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who shared his opinions, who sympathised with his temper, is now Prime Minister of England.

Mr. Gladstone is determined to have Peace for the moment, at any price. He knows perfectly well that Russia has invaded the territories of an ally whose dominions we are bound in honour to defend, and he has feebly suggested to her that it would be advisable for her to withdraw from them, pending negotiations. Russia, however, has declined to do anything of the kind, and England

in the person of her Prime Minister, has pleaded humbly for an "arrangement" that there shall be no further advance on "the debatable or debated ground" till the Boundary has been settled by agreement.

Russia then is the same as she was in 1853; Mr. Gladstone is the same; the great question is,—“Is England different?”

We are richer and more numerous than we were then; are we as great, as honest, as courageous? It must be admitted that, at least in public esteem, we scarcely stand where we did before the Crimean War. Then we were, by common admission, the leading Power in the European Concert. Now, estranged by Mr. Gladstone's offensive conduct from our natural allies, in constant antagonism with the Power for whose friendship we have made so many sacrifices, we occupy a position of complete isolation, and suffer almost every day insults and contumely that humiliate our national self-respect. In 1853 we rejected with indignation proposals from the Czar for the partition of the Turkish Empire; to-day Russia seems to think that we ourselves may be regarded as the Sick Man, and that the British Empire is in a state of dissolution.

What, then, is the difference between ourselves and the Englishmen of the last generation? In 1853 public opinion was represented in a free Parliament, and Ministers felt themselves to be really responsible to the country. But in 1880, under the influence of an epidemic of party spirit, the nation returned to Parliament a majority pledged to follow blindly the lead of the single man who was able to hold them together, and, ever since, the foreign policy of England has been the sport of the nerveless hand and the vacillating will of the Prime Minister. Without an object in view, without a principle to guide their course, the Government have drifted into dishonour in South Africa, into anarchy in Egypt; and are now drifting steadily towards war in Afghanistan. In 1853 ten Governments of such a character would have fallen; to-day the Ministry have ten times been saved from defeat by the servile fidelity of their party.

There seems to be some want of *manliness* in the people and their leaders. The majority are afraid to vote as their consciences bid them, lest they should let in—the Tories.

Their opponents seem to be deficient in that plainness of speech which made the nation in 1854 turn to Lord Palmerston as the man who showed himself ready to assume responsibility. Added to which there is a natural reluctance in the people and in Parliament to weaken their Government in a great crisis, which they have indeed brought about by their own folly, but which they make some show of meeting with firmness at the eleventh hour. The Ministry have called out the Reserves. So far, good; good, that is to say, if, by this step, they mean to show Russia that she must either retire at once from the “debatable or debated” territory or fight England. But if it means anything short of this, it is not good. It may be only a device to gain time. At the very moment that he is making this display of vigour, Mr. Gladstone has forced Parliament to accept a Convention which will, in two years' time, allow Europe the right of interference in the affairs of Egypt. He has, in fact, surrendered to France. Will he surrender to Russia in the same way by consenting to negotiate with her on the principle, *beati possidentes*? If so, in two years' time we shall have to fight Russia with Afghanistan as our enemy instead of our ally, and with our road to the East barred by the interposition of a hostile Power.

## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE ASTROLOGY OF SHAKSPEARE.—In the 16th century the influence of prediction on the popular mind was very great. The astrologer, patronised by the Court, was a common figure at the country fairs, where, for a small fee, he was prepared to cast a nativity. The references in Shakspeare to the skill and practice of the alchemist and the astrologer are frequent, and a close examination will reveal his intimate acquaintance with the general principles of the science of the custom of casting figures from the appearance of the heavens at the time of birth. Thus in *As You Like It*, Rosalind says to Jaques:—

“Be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making that countenance you are.” (iv. 1, 35.)

In *1 Henry IV*, the self-importance of Glendower asserts itself in the words—

“At my nativity”  
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
 Of burning cressets; and at my birth  
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
 Shaked like a coward.” (iii. 1, 13.)

Richard III says of the murdered princes:—

“At their births good stars were opposite.” (iv. 4, 215.)

The enraged Margaret, in a spirit of fierce fatalism, cries to Gloucester:—

“Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity,  
 The slave of nature and the son of hell!” (i. 3, 229.)

New theories in astronomy marked the age of Shakspeare.

The Ptolemaic system placed the earth as the centre of the mundane universe, with the orbs of the seven planets revolving round it at different distances. Beyond these, as an eighth sphere, was the firmament, supposed to turn diurnally from east to west, carrying with it the seven planets and all the fixed stars. To account for the precession of the equinoxes, a ninth, the crystalline sphere, was added beyond that of the fixed stars. A tenth, the *primum mobile*, or first moved, was ultimately added, inclosing all these. The completion of the Ptolemaic system was made by Alphonso the Tenth of Castile, in the thirteenth century. In 1543, Copernicus published his celebrated work on the revolution of the heavenly bodies. His views soon engaged the attention of other astronomers, and received strong confirmation by the theories of Galileo, extending from 1610 to 1616. Tycho Brahe, while adopting some of the views of Copernicus, did not quite shake off his belief in the Ptolemaic creed, but his elaborate astronomical observations were utilised by his friend Kepler, who, in 1609, published his demonstration of the laws which govern the motions of the heavenly bodies. Galileo, who was born in 1564, the same year as Shakspeare, constructed his telescope in 1609. In the year 1610, the first telescope in London was constructed. Many causes prevented the spread of the new discoveries of these scientific pioneers. Publication was slow and translators few. The condemnation the new theories received from the disciples of the old faith and the orthodox ecclesiastics of the day rendered their acceptance a matter of difficulty and danger. The story of Galileo's public recantation is well known, while he muttered to himself, "*E pur si muove.*" Milton, though strongly interested in the work of Galileo, and thoroughly conversant with the theories of Copernicus, seems not to have finally accepted them till towards the close of *Paradise Lost* (Book viii.) We have no evidence from the plays of Shakspeare that he favoured the acceptance of the new faith. Rejected as they were by Bacon, who says of their author, "He is a man who thinks nothing of introducing fictions of any kind into nature, provided his calculations turn out well," it is highly probable Shakspeare left the rival dogmas of science, as he did those of religion, to fight their own battles. In 1583, Giordano Bruno visited Oxford with the purpose of establishing the Copernican system, and successfully refuted the learned advocates of the old creed. But the belief in the revolution of the sun round the earth still remained.

Shakspeare's astronomy is distinctly Ptolemaic. Thus, in *Twelfth Night* (1601), the Clown says to Viola :—

"Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere." (iii 1, 44)

The mundane astrology of Ptolemy placed England under the rule of Mars in Aries, hence the force of the words of John of Gaunt :

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this scat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war." (ii. 1, 40.)

The Pythagorean idea that the motion of the planets was



attended with waves of sound, was accepted down to the 17th century. Thus in the *Merchant of Venice* we read :—

“There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.”

In *Twelfth Night* Olivia declares to Viola :—

“But, would you undertake another suit ;  
I had rather you to solicit that  
Than music from the spheres.” (iii. 1, 119.)

\*Cleopatra says of Antony :—

“His voice was propertied as all the tuned spheres.” (v. 2, 84.)

In *As You Like It*, the Duke says of Jaques :—

If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.”

Pericles, in his joy for the recovery of long-lost Mariana, declares he hears a heavenly strain.

*Per.* But hark, what music ? . . .  
*Hél.* My lord, I hear none.  
*Per.* None ! The music of the spheres ! List, Marina.  
*Lys.* It is not good to cross him ; give him way.  
*Per.* Rarest sounds ! Do you not hear ?  
*Lys.* My lord, I hear.  
*Per.* Most heavenly music !  
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes. Let me rest.” (v. 1, 228).

The supposed foreshadowing of important events by celestial phenomena is made elaborate use of by Shakspeare. At the last rites of Henry V, the Duke of Bedford cries to the heavens :—

“Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have consented unto Henry’s death !” (1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2.)

Calpurnia, again, warns Cæsar with an account of recent portents :

“Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol . . . . .  
When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.” (ii. 2, 19.)

In *Hamlet*, Horatio forebodes dangers to the kingdom by a comparison to the appearance of the heavens before Cæsar's death.

"Stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse." (i. 1, 117.)

Pandulf stirs up the flagging zeal of Lewis the Dauphin with the words :—

"No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event ;  
But they will pluck away his natural cause  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John." (iii. 4, 153.)

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses, in diagnosing "the fever whereof all our power is sick," says to the assembled princes :—

"But when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents ! What mutiny !  
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !  
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,  
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixure." (i. 3, 94.)

And the fall of Richard II is noted in the ominous words—

"The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophet<sup>s</sup> whisper fearful change." (ii. 4, 8.)

The subject of eclipses largely engaged the attention of astrologers, and in *King Lear* Shakspeare epitomises the astrological doctrines on these phenomena :—

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects : love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide ; in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father." (i. 2, 112.)

Othello in agony of soul exclaims :—

"O heavy hour !  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration." (v. 2, 97)

And Antony betrays his fears to Cleopatra in the words :—

"Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed ; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony." (iii. 13, 154.)

The attention of mankind in early times naturally directed itself to the science of meteorology.

The ablest of ancient philosophers advocated the doctrine of atmospheric astrology. The general principle observed was the position of the sun towards the planets. It caused the weather to be of the nature of the planet it was in conjunction with, or zodiacal parallel to, at that particular period of time. After a conjunction the next powerful influence on the weather was considered to be the period when the sun was in an opposition aspect to an evil planet.

Shakspeare makes peculiar use of this astrological idea by causing the aspect of the heavens to be in harmony with the mental condition or fortunes of his characters.

In *Richard II*, Salisbury moralises on the fate of the unfortunate King :—

"Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest." (ii. 4, 21)

Ptolemy observes :—

"If the sun have a wavering of fiery orb, or seem to emit or attract red rays, or if he be accompanied in any one part of the clouds called parhelia, or by other reddish clouds or extended figure in the form of long rays, he then portends violent winds, chiefly liable to arise from those parts in which the said phenomena may have shown themselves."

And we find Shakspeare no less observant of the fall of nature. Thus, in *Henry IV*, we meet with this dialogue :—

*King.* How bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathise,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win." (v. 1, 1.)

*Winter's Tale* gives us two illustrations of this :—

"The skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience  
The heavens, with that we have in hand, are angry  
And frown upon's." (iii. 3.)

"There's some ill planet reigns ;  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable." (ii. 1, 106.)

Exeter, in puzzled consternation over the death of Henry V, says :—

"Shall we curse the planets of mishap  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow."

And Bedford prays—

"Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,  
Combat with adverse planets in the heaven." (1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1.)

Shakspeare makes frequent reference to the influence of the moon. In *Richard III.*, the broken-hearted Elizabeth says :—

"All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world." (ii. 2, 67.)

And Titania, upbraiding Oberon, says :—

"Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound."

— the evil aspects of the moon being held to be productive of rheumatism, among other diseases, as dropsy, ophthalmia, &c.

It may be noted here that an important part of the character and genius of Prospero lies in his astrological skill. He strikes the key-note to his whole action in the play with the words :—

"By my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop." (i. 2, 180.)

The belief in the general planetary influence in mundane affairs is shown in many passages of Shakspeare. Kent attempts to account for the gulf between Cordelia and her "dog-hearted" Sisters thus :—

"It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions ;  
Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues." (iv. 3, 35.)

The evil aspects of Mercury, the god of thieves, incite to theft and deceit. In *Winter's Tale* Autolycus says :—

"My traffic is sheets ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus ; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." (iv. 3, 23.)

And Thersites, in loosing his venomous tongue at Ajax and Achilles, thus apostrophises :—

“Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little less than little wit from them that they have!” (*Troil. and Cres.*, ii. 3, 13.)

Similarly, those born under Mars were bold and boastful, and in *All's Well that ends Well* Helena banters Parolles—

“*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

*Par.* Under Mars I.

*Hel.* I specially think under Mars. . . .

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think rather. . . .

. . . You go so much backward when you fight.” (i. 1, 201.)

We find a remarkable parallel passage to this in Congreve's *Love for Love*. There the old star-gazer Foresight says :—

“It is impossible that anything should be as I would have it ; for I was born, Sir, when the crab was ascending ; and all my affairs go backward.” (ii. 1.)

Saturn, in nativities, denotes persons of a dull, cold, dry nature, liable to envy and deceit. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Don John replies to Conrad's exhortation : —

“I wonder that thou, being as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief.” (i. 3, 11.)

Hence, again, Prince Henry's witticism, on finding Falstaff cuddling Doll Tearsheet :—

“Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction !” (2 *H. IV.* ii. 4, 286.)

In *King Lear*, Edmund well ridicules the doctrine of astrological necessity—

“This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars ; as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence.”

(i. 2, 128.)

But here Shakspeare hardly makes Edmund, the man who believes in nothing, the mouthpiece of his own real sentiments. Edmund, like Iago and Richard II, finds the regulating force of the universe in the *Ego* of the individual will. In the age of Shakspeare to doubt the astrological faith was scepticism, as to believe it now is superstition. Whether Shakspeare himself believed it is a matter of little moment.

## ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

**M**R. GEORGE MEREDITH is one of the very few contemporary novelists who will outlive the transient popularity of the hosts of novel-writers whose productions are devoured to-day by the omnivorous reader, and to-morrow are forgotten. He will rank with Richardson, Thackeray, Balzac, as a "classic," and it will then doubtless be a matter of wonder to his admirers why he was so little appreciated in his own day. One reason is that we are in too great a hurry in this feverish whirl of modern life to sit down patiently and read with great care and sustained attention anything in the three-volume form. But no ordinary novel, indeed, is "*Diana of the Crossways*," Mr. Meredith's last work. It must be read thoroughly or not at all, and we venture to think that there will be less diversity of opinion regarding it than its predecessor, "*The Tragic Comedians*;" for it has fewer of the faults of obscurity of expression, and is decidedly a finer book in all respects.

It deals with society in the time of the Georges, and the heroine is supposed to be Mrs. Caroline Norton, whose life is here in part reproduced, and from whose works quotations are taken. Diana Merion is a brilliant witty woman who marries a Mr. Warwick. Her husband becomes jealous of her in connection with an elderly statesman, accuses her, takes his supposed wrongs into the Divorce Court and loses his case. Diana lives by her writings for a while, falls in love with a Percy Dacier, whom she idealises into a finer character than the reality warrants. Mystery, deception, misunderstanding are her lot in life, but finally happiness comes to her. Her character is finely drawn, but Mr. Meredith on the whole excels in the delineation of some of his minor personages—as in Lady Dunstane, the perfect wife, friend, woman; Sir Lukin Dunstane, an empty-headed, warm-hearted, weak-willed man; Lady Wathin, the real representative of the eminently respectable, fussy British matron. The work is a fine one, but the reader must be warned that luminous as, broadly speaking, the style is, there is every now and then obscurity of language that almost baffles the most careful perusal.

The most widely noticed book of the month has been the "Memoirs" of Mark Pattison, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and at first sight it seems a little surprising that it should be so, considering his limited reputation. But he was a man of keen intellect, of wide culture, a great classical scholar, and he exercised an influence in Oxford altogether exceptional. The friend of Newman and other leaders of the famous Oxford movement, he passed to new intellectual stages, but never bound himself down to any sect, Catholic or Anglican. He was a man of great earnestness and thoroughness, who put his whole heart into his work whatever it was. His "Memoirs" are the story of the mental and spiritual growth of a man of marked individuality. He says of himself: "I have seen no one, known none of the celebrities of my own time intimately, or at all . . . . If there is anything of interest in my story, it is as a story of mental development." Of this development he writes:—

"I experienced what Marcus Aurelius reckoned among the favours of the gods, *μη πρὸ ὥρας ἀνδρωθῆναι ἀλλ' ἐτι καὶ ἐπιλαβεῖν τοῦ χρόνου* (i, 17) and the growth of anything that could be called mind in me was equally backward. But slow as the steps were, they have all been forward. I seemed to my friends to have changed, to have gone over from High Anglicanism to Latitudinarianism, or Rationalism, or Unbelief, or whatever the term may be. This is not so; what took place with me was a simple expansion of knowledge and ideas. To my home Puritan religion, almost narrowed to two points—fear of God's wrath and faith in the atonement—the idea of the Church was a widening of the horizon which stirred up the spirit and filled it with enthusiasm. The notion of the Church soon expanded itself beyond the limits of the Anglican Communion, and became the wider idea of the Catholic Church. Then Anglicanism fell from me, like an old garment, as Puritanism had done before. Now the idea of the Catholic Church is only a mode of conceiving the dealings of Divine Providence with the whole race of mankind . . . . If God interferes at all to procure the happiness of mankind it must be on a far more comprehensive scale than by providing for them a church of which far the majority of them will never hear. It is on this line of thought, the details of which I need not pursue, that I passed out of the Catholic phase, but slowly, and in many years, to that highest development where all religions appear in their historical light as efforts of the human spirit to come to an understanding with that Unseen Power whose pressure it feels, but whose motives are a riddle. Thus Catholicism dropped off me as another husk which I had outgrown. There was no conversion or change of view; I could no more have helped what took place within me than I could have helped becoming ten years older."

But certainly the most important publication of the season is the sumptuously bound volume entitled "Landscape," the latest work of Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the author of many interesting and valuable art-books, and an artist of considerable standing. Unlike most magnificently illustrated new books (and there are fifty separate illustrations, many of which are original etchings) this work is an elaborate and deeply interesting exposition of Landscape itself, of how it has affected the life and thought of man, and of its treatment in art and literature. Mr. Hamerton's style is graceful and easy, and the reader is carried on as much by the literary as by the intrinsic interest. Among the most attractive of the illustrations are Brandard's engraving in line of a hitherto unreproduced Turner, a heliogravure of Van Eyck's *Vierge au Donateur*, and of Millet's *Mantes la Jolie*. The large paper copies of "Landscape" were all sold on the day of publication.

Among works of minor importance and of transient interest may be mentioned Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Affinities*—a not very successful but rather clever satire on the Theosophists. The translation of Bourrienne's Record of the Great Napoleon, whom, it will be remembered, he served as secretary for a prolonged period, naturally attracts a good deal of attention.

Among the books of the coming season that are being most looked forward to are—the ex-Empress Eugenie's Memoirs, Mr. Swinburne's new volume, Mr. Theodore Watt's "Aylwin," a novel called "Karma" by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Theosophical writer, and Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel. The last is to be called "Zoroaster the Prophet," and the scene is laid in ancient Persia. Mr. Watt's romance, whose appearance has been unavoidably postponed, will be published as soon as possible; some curious latter-day problems are introduced into it, but it is primarily a story of striking interest. Mr. Swinburne's new book is a drama, and the subject is that already treated by Byron, *viz.*, *Marino Faliero*. In connection with the mention of literature may be noted the fact that the Senate of the University of Edinburgh has decided to confer the degree of LL.D. on Professor Rhys Davids in recognition of his studies and writings on Buddhism and Pali literature.

It will be a matter of interest to many to learn that Mr. Fergus ("Hugh Conway") the author of "Called Back" and "Dark Days" was in his early youth one of the boys on board the training ship stationed in Bristol Roads. Mr. Fergus was a long time in a commercial position in Bristol itself before he made his first great hit in literature. He had written one or two tales for Blackwood's



Magazine, which the publisher thought highly of, and when r. M. Arrowsmith brought out "Called Back" the success of the book was instantaneous and widespread. Curiously enough, Messrs. Blackwood refused the author's offer of the famous story, thinking it would not take. From the drama founded on his work Mr. Fergus has received as his share over £1,200, and he has just sold the right of a new novel to a syndicate of newspaper proprietors for the sum of £1,500. Nothing pays like popularity, indeed—as Mr. Fergus is pleasantly experiencing.

It is a happy idea to adopt the present Japanese mania and put it into musical and dramatic form. Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have hitherto always been successful in adapting their compositions to the popular taste, and never more so than in the present case of the "Mikado." The success of the opera depends mainly on the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. In this new score of his there is a decided advance on its predecessors; the composer repeats himself less, and the general tone is fresh and refined; the construction is good and contains concerted pieces in the style of old madrigals and glees that are really charming. From this most amusing Japanese opera, a simple quotation may be made, but first the following condensed account from the *World* will give some idea of the plot.

"It is a story of Japan, not modern but pre-historic Japan. The plot arises from the theory that, in mediæval Japan, every ruler was also Lord High Executioner, and carried out his own sentences. As sentences must be carried out in order of date, it occurred to the logical inhabitants of the city in which the action is supposed to take place, that it would be advisable to elect as Lord High Executioner the criminal next in order for execution, arguing that, as he could not cut off another's head until he had first cut off his own, they might follow their own devices without fear of the consequences. By this arrangement the post of Lord High Executioner becomes practically a sinecure. The attention of the Mikado, however, is at length attracted by the fact that no executions take place in this town, and he decrees that the town shall be reduced to the rank of a village, unless an execution takes place within a month. Upon this the leading inhabitants insist on the Lord High Executioner beheading himself, unless he can find a substitute who is willing to take his place. The rest of the story deals with the difficulties that arise from the arbitrary conditions imposed on the Lord High Executioner by the substitute, as the condition of his consenting to be beheaded."

The dresses are genuine old Japanese costumes in nearly every case.

The following amusing piece of nonsense is sung by Mr. Grossmith in his part as Ko-Ko, or Lord High Executioner of Titip :—

On a tree by a river a little tomtit  
Sang "willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit  
Singing "willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
"Is it a weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,  
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"  
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,  
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,  
Singing "willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,  
Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!  
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,  
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,  
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave,  
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name  
Isn't willow, titwillow, titwillow,  
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,  
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"  
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I  
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,  
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,  
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

E. A. SHARP.

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## FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

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. PARIS, *March* 1885.

IT IS with something akin to amazement that the French view the matter of coarse manner with which the English prepare to roll back the tide of Russian aggression, after submitting for years to her insidious advance and deceitful pledges of honesty respecting Central Asia. And this, too, when it was already discounted that to smash the Mahdi was as hopeless as for the French to conquer China. But while recognising that Russia has been faithful to her policy of stealing a march, when another power is believed to have its hands fully occupied, the French recognise that this time the Czar has blundered. England is ready, and her people to a man united for the fray ; while India herself is no less desirous to repel an invader, the incarnation of autocracy and its train of ills. It is not forgotten that, while Russia is financially poor, she must, in the end, be exhausted and compelled to pay the cost of the struggle. Further, there are so many vulnerable points in her European, as well as Asiatic armour, that the giant may be overthrown from his very enormity—and enormities. The moment has arrived to fix her frontier line by actual measurement, and not by the raids of her generals or the caprice of her statesmen.

The bold front that the Governor-General of India displays, and the taking of time by the forelock, are duly scored to the English side, though the French would not be grieved, it is needless to say, at the success of the Czar. The fire once kindled in India will soon embrace the world, and France will be compelled to look after her interests in the conflagration. She must by this time be convinced that her friendship is not necessary for the existence of England.

The Afghan question, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up the rest. Egypt is still mess and muddle. The financial guarantee by the powers that be, is certainly interpreted on the Continent as establishing the multiple control in Egypt at the expiration of two years, if anything goes wrong ; and it is so easy to ensure things going wrong, when persons lay themselves out they shall so go. If there be

nothing in the agreement against the control, no interpretation interdicts collective interference. England bears the heat and burden of the day, and, in addition, can be knocked about for her generosity as recompense.

The French Budget for 1886 has been introduced; no one views it as a serious production: it builds its hopes of revenue on an excess of receipts from the new protection tariffs when everything indicates that no corn exists in that Egypt.

Jules Vallès, the anarchist editor, who has just died, and been buried with all the pomp and circumstance of Communism, was not a very gentle critic in his day. All his life he was but a *poseur*; claiming to be the medicine man *par excellence* for the poor; admitting no other *frère* or *compagnon*, to represent the *proletariat* distressed in mind, body, or estate. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* has always influenced the judgment of at least the contemporaries of a defunct; not so with Vallès; his motto was "Death is no excuse." Vallès made a great deal of noise in his time, and whether he be estimated by *Vingtras* or as a man, both will be found to lack dignity, greatness, and conviction. He lived on turtle soup, while his outcasts had not even black broth. He was devoured by envy, and had the most ardent thirst for ambition and vanity.

But Vallès had talent; unfortunately it was of the destructive kind, unfruitful, poisonous—a talent devoted to sowing hatred and discord between the various classes of society; to drying up the wells of human sympathy; to keeping in a state of perpetual irritation the social ulcers that he ought to have endeavoured at least to cicatrize. Vallès detested the middle classes, but he was himself the accomplished type of its worst features. He speculated in stocks and scrips to become rich and to secure all the material joys flowing from a command of wealth.

Poor Gill, the caricaturist, hit off Vallès in 1867 in a capital squib, which depicted him as a fat bull dog, having an old saucepan attached to his tail, and following the bier of a pauper. In his journal *La Rue* Vallès secured the collaboration of many young writers who have since made their way—by quitting him; such as Georges Cavalier better known by his sobriquet of *Pipe en bois*, because he led the cabal of fifers who played down the drama of *Henriette Maréchal*. He was employed in the ambulatory Foreign Office at Tours, during the days of the National Defence Government, and nearly shocked the English Ambassador, Lord Lyons, to death, by inviting him "to have a drink." Of the other apprentices, Henry Maret, Jules Claretie, A. Ranc, Charles Lepère, and Francis Maynard, are the best known. Of course Vallès was the terror of the band.

In criticising Hugo's drama *Hernani*, he thus spoke of the idol of French literature :—

"M. Hugo is only a superb monster : he is come into the world with an empty head and heart ; he is the Memnon, who can only sing when the ray touches him—be it a ray from glory's sun, or the sword, or the church. He was the Memnon of many things ; of Napoleon I, of Charles IX, of Louis Philippe ; he was the sub-Memnon of Louis Napoleon, when President ; and last, the grand Memnon of the Republic."

He concludes by comparing Hugo to a hollow statue, which will be erected to him as the god of defeat, but which will serve as the peasants employ old saucepans to beat upon when they desire to call or to curse bees.

There is a tendency to commence a Semitic agitation in France, but not exactly on the same lines as in Germany. Paris, not Jerusalem, is the abiding city of the Israelites ; they own leading newspapers, and dominate the financial world. Their aim is not to conquer civil and political equality ; the new departure is to secure social consideration ; to rehabilitate themselves respecting the past as they have done in the present. They desire to demonstrate the injustice of their original reprobation, of which they are still generally the object ; to establish that the conduct attributed to them in the middle ages is pure calumny. In a word, the Jews wish to elevate their character, which they allege is not understood, and their race which has been perfidiously disfigured ; sufferance, as in Shakespear's day, is the badge of all their tribe. Judaism does not exactly, in the campaign which it has organized, attack in any marked manner either creeds, Christian society, or modern races—over all three of which it aspires to rise. It is thus that Dr. Guidette, of Turin, in his *Pro Judæis*, advocates their cause. M. Reinach, in his *Histoire des Israelites*, observes of his co-religionists : "Israel at the downfall of Jerusalem refused to assimilate herself with Rome. The ruin of the Holy City left Judaism intact, even after its day-dreams of political restoration had been dissipated. Conquered, decimated, blotted out from the list of nations, dispersed, and persecuted, Israel not the less clings to her lair, to the dogmas of Moses, and to her religious practices, which protect her faith with an impenetrable threefold shield. Neither the seductions of tolerance, nor the rigours of oppression, have prevented Israel from playing her original rôle in the development of civilization." The period in which to fill more actively that rôle appears to have arrived, according to M. d'Alvedre in his *Mission des Juifs*. He lays down that the reconstitution of Society is only to be effected by the union of Judaism and Christianity deplorably separated at

their origin. The author adds, that if governments have been able to make the two ends of their budget meet, it is simply due to the intelligence of the Israelites, whose economical virtues have been saving money for three thousand years. It is they who have given the impetus to printing and the creation of railways. M. Reinach, previously alluded to, views Christianity as an evolution of Judaism, which has deviated to a wrong road : it has only to re-enter the fold, and the world will go well.

He concludes that each country, as each age, has the Jews that it merits. It has been also observed that each people has the government it deserves. As throwing shades over these pictures, *Les Monach* by M. de Bonnières, *Baron Vampire* by M. de Charnacé, and the *Comtesse Shylock* by G. d'Orcet, should be read : they depict rather the Jew which Shakespear drew. The *Comtesse* is intended to show that the Rothschild altitude, which is the ideal-even of the Old Clo' fraternity, is due to the tenacity with which the tribe converge their ambition and energy on a single end, never frittering away their ways and means on any side issues, and pressing into their services all the influences they can coax or squeeze out of Christians.

An extraordinary work has been brought out by the Rev. M. Paillorex—*Le Temple de Solomon*. It is a complete sketch of Solomon's temple, with maps, plans, and views of that marvellous structure. It was some ten centuries before the Christian era that the temple was commenced by David's sons ; it surpassed all previous vast structures, whether in Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, or Greece. The size of the stones used in the foundation of the temple was ten times greater than any employed in the Great Pyramid—Solomon employed, it appears, 200,000 workmen, and completed the structure in seven years. The author has devoted his life to the study he has produced, and has made frequent voyages to the Holy Land to verify his statements. He declares that not a vestige, not an authentic stone of the edifice, is recognisable.

M. Yves Guyot is one of the very few hard-headed Frenchmen who judge questions from a thoroughly independent point of view, backed up with the resources of a well-stored mind, and an acquaintance with public life, without sharing its prejudices or participating in its cliques. He is an advanced politician, it is true, but holds his views without violence, and maintains them with loyalty and courtesy. He is a respectable authority on economical and social questions, and sympathises with progress, as embodied in English ideas. He appears to not even leave his spare moments

unemployed, as he has just brought out a novel—*Un Drole*. It belongs to the school of actuality, and is intended to point a moral. Now romances, like stage teachings, are not the best schools wherein to study as a general rule. He points and brands certain villainies, which are peculiarly the outcome of "Men of the Time," engaged in the *coulisses* of politics. The hero—that is, the leading scoundrel—is a man ambitious, without heart, scruples, or merit. Not content with being an important publisher, he desires to become a "power;" he weds an heiress, purchases, by a bject submission to his electors, a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, becomes a hack ministerialist, and associates his influence with every swindling company brought out. The pitcher is at last broken going to the well; a financial catastrophe ruins him; all his means, his wife's fortune, moneys entrusted to him even by mistresses, barbers, and servants, disappear in the common gulf. He is branded from the Tribune of the Chamber; he is refused reparation by a duel, not being deemed a man of honour, and ends his career as an obscure clerk in one of the city tax offices. The story is piquant, full of every-day application, depicts scenes that you feel have been witnessed only too closely by the author. It is a curious study of public life of the year 1885, and especially of its political wire-pullers, and their manners. Except for a rather free use of scientific terms, the volume is interesting reading.

M. Karasine, a Russian, in his *Pays ou l'on se Battra*—a title of actuality—lets in some light on the manner in which his countrymen secure "takes" in Central Asia. General Ivanoff is selected as the type of a soldier, who permits neither scruples nor humanity to influence his designs. He is called the "Yellow Beard Chief," from the colour of his beard. He has terrible audacity, and his acts are based on the "neck or nothing" principle. He ignores authorizations from St. Petersburg to carry out his schemes; some six months would be required to conduct communications; he would have secured conquests within that time. St. Petersburg is only good for registering successes. It is by sheer cruelty that the Russians are enabled to terrorize over Khans and their subjects, and to keep them in subjection. The great fact of the Lumsden mission is this, that the natives can see other soldiers besides the Russians, and these soldiers have been able to at last fix their gaze on the dark ways and means that the Muscovite practically employs to dominate for dominion's sake. It is time to call upon him to "halt," or to pay the penalty of not heeding the challenge.

E. DE LUTECE.

## THE MONTH.

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### EUROPE.

THE story of the past month, unlike that of its predecessor, admits of being very briefly told without much dropping of the threads of current history or sacrifice of what is likely to be permanently interesting.

The interest of the war in the Soudan has been transferred for the moment from the Nile to Suakin, where the campaign, if it can be dignified with the name, has been inaugurated by a series of operations probably unique in military annals for their combined inaptitude and fruitlessness. Not once, but half a dozen times, have the forces under General Graham's command enacted, with variations, the farce identified by tradition with the memory of the famous king of France who marched his troops up the hill and then marched them down again. Unfortunately the loss of life that has attended these operations places them in a different category from that of their French prototype.

There have been reconnaissances of every description for which a name is to be found in the vocabulary of war, resulting in the acquisition of information which, when it has not proved altogether illusory, has turned out useless, or in the occupation of positions which have been subsequently abandoned as untenable or purposeless. There have been advances of the entire force which, owing to miscalculation or unpreparedness, have resolved themselves into reconnaissances for which no name is to be found in any military dictionary. As a climax, the original plan of campaign has collapsed so completely that General Graham is fain to write it off under the head of "preliminary" and begin everything afresh.

To follow, item by item, the various movements that have gone to make up this fiasco would be neither interesting nor edifying.

Active operations may be said to have commenced on the 20th ultimo, when, as a preliminary to a general advance on Osman Digma's position at Tamai, it was decided to drive the enemy's left out of Hasheen and occupy a hill which was erroneously supposed



to command the valley. So far as the attainment of its immediate object was concerned, this movement was successfully carried out, the hill being occupied and the enemy being driven out of the valley, beyond, into the hills to the west of it, though not without a loss on our side of twenty-one killed and about twice as many wounded. Measured by its ultimate results, on the other hand, the movement must be pronounced a failure, for it was subsequently found, not only that the hill occupied commanded nothing in particular, but that the troops occupying it were completely isolated; and, though admirably placed for defensive purposes, rendered absolutely incapable for the time being of contributing to the general object of the operations.

The next stage in this so-called "preliminary" campaign was the advance on the following day, of the second brigade, under General M'Neill to the site of Baker's zareba on the road to Tamai, where they were to construct a series of zarebas, and remain, pending a general advance. The surprise by which this movement was interrupted will long be remembered, not only for the disastrous loss of life that attended it, but for the desperate bravery by which the enemy were ultimately repulsed. While the force, consisting of the Berkshire regiment, the Indian infantry, the Marines and the Naval Brigade, were occupied in constructing the zarebas, most of them being more or less scattered in working parties and unarmed, the cavalry vedettes who had been posted in the bush rode in with the cry that the enemy were upon them. Almost at the same moment there was a general rush of Arabs from the bush. Some of the men succeeded in gaining the shelter of the half-formed zarebas; others, not having time for this, formed themselves into groups outside. All fought desperately, and, though for some minutes the scene was one of the wildest confusion and the fate of the entire force trembled in the balance, the enemy were at last driven off on all sides by the withering fire that met them. The northernmost of the three zarebas was occupied at the time of the attack by the Marines, who, as usual, exhibited conspicuous bravery, and maintained so steady a fire that only twelve of the enemy succeeded in getting inside, where they were immediately killed. The Berkshire men, in the southern zareba, which they had fortunately completed, repulsed every charge; but the Naval Brigade who held an unfinished redoubt at one end of it, suffered severely owing to the exposed character of their position, though not one of the hundred and ten Arabs who entered the work left it alive. It was in the large central zareba, defended by the Indian infantry,

that for a time most doubt attached to the issue of the struggle. Owing to the width of the unfinished gaps and the cover afforded to the enemy by the crowd of baggage animals collected outside, the Indian troops fought at a great disadvantage. The Sikhs and the 28th Native infantry, nevertheless, stood their ground well, but the 17th Native infantry, thrown into confusion by a stampede of the transport animals, many of whom broke through the zareba fence, gave way, and some of them rushed for shelter to the northern zareba.

Our total loss in this unfortunate affair was ten officers and two hundred and fifty-four men killed or missing, of whom three officers and ninety men belonged to the Indian Contingent, and ten officers and two hundred and seven men, of whom four officers and seventy-one men belonged to the Indian Contingent, wounded.

The first onslaught of the Arabs was the signal for a general stampede of the transport animals and camp-followers, chiefly natives, who rushed or were carried headlong towards the camp at Suakin, numbers of them falling by the way. The loss of camels alone was upwards of seven hundred; that of camp-followers does not appear to have been ascertained, but was probably between two and three hundred. After the fight more than a thousand dead bodies of the enemy were found lying round the zarebas, and it is probable that their total loss was not less than half as many again.

They nevertheless continued to attack our convoys between Suakin and the position at Hasheen, which was finally abandoned during the following week.

The third stage in the "preliminary" campaign was the general advance against Osman Digma, which, owing to the disorganisation of the transport arrangements by the heavy losses of the 22nd ultimo, was delayed till Thursday last, and which was brought to an abrupt conclusion at Tamai, on the following day, by the discovery that the enemy had retired to Tamanieb; that the wells at Tamai were exhausted; and that, owing to the inadequate supply of water brought from camp, it was impossible to proceed any further.

The force commenced its return journey at once, and reached Suakin again on the 4th instant. On Monday the stores were brought away from the zarebas on the road to Tamai, which were finally abandoned.

On the same day a new series of operations were commenced by the advance of a battalion of the Guards and the New South Wales Contingent to a point about five miles out on the road to Handoub, where they are to construct a zareba. To this point the

railway will be at once pushed forward, when a further advance will be made to Handoub itself, and the railway again brought up.

Proceeding thus, by five-mile stages, the line will be advanced to the elevated plateau of Es Sibil, fifty miles from Suakin, where, circumstances permitting, it is intended to establish summer quarters for the troops.

In the meantime, the position, strength and intentions of the enemy are all doubtful. Two days before the advance on Tamai, it was believed at head-quarters, on the evidence of spies and friendly natives, that the greater part of the tribes had abandoned Osman Digma and dispersed; and, though a party of cavalry sent out to reconnoitre Tamai on the following day reported the Arabs to be in great force there, the result of the advance tends rather to confirm the statements of the natives. The latest accounts represent Osman as having fled, with a few hundred followers, to the hills between Eukowit and Sinkat.

The news received from the Nile force during the month has been of the scantiest description. The troops remained unmolested in their summer quarters between Korti and Dongola, except by sickness, which is very prevalent, and, it is to be feared, is likely to increase as the season advances. A new Mahdi has arisen in Kordofan, and is said to have attracted a large following and, captured El Obeid. Lord Wolseley, who has been summoned to Cairo by the Government,—with what object is uncertain,—left Dongola for that place on the 30th ultimo, and on the 3rd instant the Mudir of Dongola also left for the capital by order of the Khedive.

Though public anxiety regarding our relations with Russia, which may be said to have reached a climax on Thursday, the 26th ultimo, when a Royal message announced the determination to call out the Reserves, has, since that date, somewhat abated, there is no very solid ground for supposing that the situation is less critical than it was when I last wrote.

On the 16th ultimo, Lord Granville made certain proposals to the Russian Government, the precise purport of which is not of course known, but the main feature in which is understood to be the establishment of a neutral zone, including the territory recognised by England as debateable, pending the final delimitation of the frontier by the joint Commission. To this communication the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, after protracted delay, despatched a reply on the 28th ultimo. The actual terms of this document, which reached London on Wednesday evening, and was

considered by a Cabinet Council on Saturday, have not been allowed to transpire; but it is rumoured that Russia, while declaring in it her acceptance of the principle of a neutral zone and professing a virtuous solicitude for the early assembling of the Commission, not only demands a considerable southward extension of the zone proposed by Lord Granville, but declines to submit an important portion of the disputed frontier to the examination of the Commissioners, except on the condition that territories hitherto treated as undisputedly Afghan shall be included within the debateable area.

Ministers in the House, on Monday week, represented the tone of the reply as conciliatory, but, on the plea partly of ignorance of its exact terms and partly of the delicacy of the situation, declined to make any further statement. As it is merely by a convenient diplomatic fiction that they can be supposed to have been ignorant of the precise terms of a document, the text of which, though it had not reached them officially, must have been communicated to their Ambassador at St. Petersburg at least two days previously, the employment of this guarded language is in itself a clear indication that the reply is considered very far from satisfactory.

The natural inference from the language used is, in fact, that, while conciliatory, as it was sure to be, in tone, the reply is unyielding and unacceptable in substance. That such should be the case is but a natural result of the want of dignity and firmness shown by the Government in first peremptorily requiring Russia to withdraw her troops from certain positions, and then, when she refused to comply, tacitly ignoring their own demand and proceeding with the negotiations as if it had never been made.

The best hope for peace lies in the fact that Russia is not ready for war; but even this hope vanishes if the British Government, instead of insisting on an immediate understanding on vital points, allow their adversary to gain all the time she wants by prolonging futile negotiations.

Though the Reserves have not yet been called out, extensive preparations are being made at the various dockyards and arsenals to meet the contingency of a rupture. About a fortnight ago orders were issued to prepare for immediate commission all the available vessels of the Steam Reserve at Devonport, Portsmouth, and Sheerness, and the Government is now in a position to despatch a powerful fleet at any moment to the Baltic. Four of the largest and fastest of the Atlantic liners have also been chartered for conversion

into armed cruisers, and orders have been issued for the construction of fourteen new torpedo boats which are expected to be completed within six months.

In view of the existing situation, the following account of the strength of the Russian forces in Central Asia, furnished by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard*, may prove interesting. Though the figures refer to last spring, they are believed to hold good for a comparatively recent period.

Of the Regular and Irregular forces in Turkestan the former comprise twenty battalions of infantry, four battalions of rifles, half a battalion of sappers, one brigade of artillery with fifty-six guns, and one mountain battery of eight guns. The Irregulars consist of sixteen squadrons of Cossack cavalry and six guns. In the Trans-Caspian district there are six battalions of rifles and six squadrons of Kouban Cossacks, besides a quantity of artillery at Askabad, and a force of local militia. Reinforcements for the Trans-Caspian must be drawn from the Caucasus, where two Army Corps are stationed. The first of these consists of fifty battalions of the line, fifty-two squadrons of cavalry, four of them dismounted, and one hundred and twenty-eight guns. The Second Army Corps comprises forty-eight battalions of infantry, twenty-four squadrons of cavalry, and ninety-two guns, in addition to several small detachments of foot and horse artillery. There are also four battalions of rifles, six battalions of Caucasus Reserves, seven so-called local battalions, thirty squadrons of irregular horse, and twenty-nine squadrons of cavalry of the militia, six of the latter being dismounted. Thus the total of the Regular forces in the Caucasus comprises one hundred and twenty-eight infantry battalions, twenty-four squadrons of cavalry, and one hundred and ninety-two guns, while the Irregulars include altogether one hundred and one mounted and ten dismounted squadrons of cavalry, two infantry battalions, and twenty-eight guns, without counting the fixed artillery defending various fortified places. A regiment in Russia consists of four battalions of sixteen companies, each company on a war footing numbering two hundred and seven men. A regiment of cavalry contains six squadrons or so-called sotnias. Sotnia is the Russian word for hundred; but as a matter of fact the sotnia numbers seldom far short of one hundred and fifty.

In spite of the fact of its containing no express stipulation that the financial responsibility accepted by the powers, as joint guarantors of the new loan, should convey no right of political interference, the House of Commons has passed the resolution necessary to enable the Government to carry out the Egyptian Convention, by a majority of 294 to 246. Previous to the debate Mr. Gladstone had declared the question one of confidence, but the Government, by their action, had so completely foreclosed every other avenue of escape that the result of the division would

probably have been the same, even if the majority had been free to vote according to their convictions. In the eyes of Mr. Gladstone and those who think with him it will detract nothing from the merits of the settlement that it deprives England of the only plea short of political necessity on which she could have prolonged her sole occupation of Egypt beyond the period necessary for its re-organisation on a footing of tolerable security.

It is understood that the convention was signed by Turkey under extreme pressure and with the following reservations :

1. That in the Suez Canal Convention, which will be signed at Paris, it shall be stipulated that Turkey shall enjoy the right to take the necessary measures for the defence of Egypt in case of intestine troubles in that country, or with respect to a belligerent Power. (2.) That the question of the expenses of the English occupation shall not be dealt with by the Convention. (3.) That the mention in the Convention of the Mixed Tribunals shall not be interpreted as implying the indefinite prolongation of the Tribunals. And, lastly, that the Porte will never accept the character of interference that may be assumed by the Commission of foreigners which may hereafter be deputed to inquire into the financial resources of Egypt.

From Canada comes the unexpected intelligence of a serious rebellion of the half-breeds in the remote North-West, under the leadership of Riel, of Red River notoriety.

The insurgents, who, according to the reports received, have been joined by several of the Indian tribes, appear, for the time being, to be having it all their own way, and have not only defeated the police sent against them with heavy loss but captured Fort Carleton and Battleford, and established a provisional government.

The Canadian authorities having been wholly unprepared for any such movement, there has been a lamentable delay in the adoption of adequate military measures for the suppression of insurrection. Though the first news of Riel's movements reached the Government more than a fortnight ago, it was only on the 5th instant that General Middleton was able to commence his advance, from Fort Qu'Appelle, and even then he was obliged to move without the re-inforcements for which he was waiting.

That the rebellion will be speedily suppressed there is no room to doubt, but in the meantime numbers of peaceful settlers will have been ruined, even if they escape with their lives, and the development of the country will be seriously retarded.

The rebels, who probably have some real grievances, demand, according to the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times*, that the North-West territory may be divided into provinces; that the

half-breeds may receive the same grants and other advantage as the Manitoba half-breeds; that land-patents may be issued at once to the colonists in possession; that half a million acres of the dominion lands may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the establishment in the half-breed settlements of schools and hospitals, and the equipment of the poorer members of the community with seed-grain and implements; that a hundred townships of the swamp lands may be reserved for distribution among the children of half-breeds during the next hundred and twenty years; that a grant of a thousand dollars may be made for the maintenance of an institution, to be conducted by nuns, in each half-breed settlement; and that better provision may be made for the support of Indians.

The dissatisfaction of the public in France with the policy of M. Ferry has been suddenly brought to a climax by the disaster sustained by General Negrier at Langsen. At a Cabinet Council held on the 30th ultimo, it was decided to ask the Chamber for a credit of two hundred million francs for the purpose of effectively vindicating French honour and securing the safety of the French establishments in Tongkin.

The statement with which M. Ferry prefaced this demand at the meeting of the Chamber, on the following day, was received with a storm of indignation; and when, after submitting his proposal, he added that the Government had, from patriotic considerations, determined not to treat the vote as one of confidence, the uproar and confusion were redoubled.

M. Clemenceau then ascended the tribune, and, after branding the ministers as culprits with whom it was for the law to deal, submitted a resolution declaring "that the Chamber resolved to vote all the credits necessary for the relief of French soldiers in the East, and, condemning the policy of the Government, passed on to the orders of the day." M. Ribot followed with another vote of censure, couched in somewhat different terms, and, M. Ferry having demanded priority for his vote of credit, the Chamber divided and rejected his request by a majority of 381 to 161. M. Ferry, thereupon, after declaring that the Cabinet could not misunderstand the meaning of the vote, immediately went with his colleagues to the President and tendered his resignation. M. Grevy, the same evening, sent for M. Freycinet, who, after some hesitation, undertook the task of forming a fresh Cabinet. He having failed, M. Constans was applied to and succeeded in forming a Ministry which collapsed after a few hours. Finally M. Brisson, who had, at first, declined the responsibility, was persuaded to throw himself into the gap.

Though the action of the Chamber, in driving M. Ferry from office, had the appearance of being dictated by the passion of the moment, there is every reason to think that it was largely the result of intrigue, and that the blow had been long in preparation. Had the late Premier been less precipitate and postponed his application for a few days, he would probably have been still in office; for within forty-eight hours of his resignation the news reached him that his last proposals for peace had been accepted by the Government at Peking. M. Ferry, however, has had his revenge, such as it is, and, with the aid of the President, has cleverly contrived that the men who ousted him from power shall have no share in the credit of bringing the war to a conclusion. Having been apprised by him of the result of the negotiations, which were conducted through the friendly medium of Mr. Hart, M. Grevy availed himself of his constitutional powers, and appointed M. Billot as Plenipotentiary, to sign the preliminaries, which he did on Friday last.

In the meantime, M. Brisson, who had been kept in entire ignorance of what was going on, succeeded in forming a Ministry, with M. Freycinet as Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Allain Targe as Minister of the Interior, and General Camponon as Minister for War. The new Ministry was duly gazetted on Tuesday morning, and, on the same date, Mr. Brisson met the Chamber and asked for a credit of a hundred and fifty million francs, in addition to fifty millions, granted on the application of the Tongkin Committee, immediately after M. Ferry's fall, for the prosecution of the war. The credit was granted by a majority of 373 to 92, and immediately afterwards it became known not only that peace had been signed in Paris four days previously, but that a telegraphic despatch announcing its ratification at Peking had been received that very day. It remains to be seen what, if any, steps M. Brisson and the Chamber will take to resent the deception that has been practised on them. The principal condition of the peace, or more properly speaking of the armistice, is the gradual evacuation of Tongkin by the Chinese, the claim for an indemnity having been very wisely abandoned.

The University Boat-race, which, according to annual custom, was rowed on the 28th ultimo was marked by a partial revival of the old interest. The day broke somewhat raw and foggy, with a keen north wind blowing, but long before the time for starting it had become bright and temperate, and by noon the banks of the river at all the favourite spots were well lined with spectators. Neither crew was in particularly good form, and the odds in



favour of Oxford, which had been at one time as long as 100 to 30, had entirely disappeared the day before the race, owing to some remarkably bad practice on the part of the favourite crew. On the morning of the race, in fact, it was generally felt that the issue, barring accidents, depended on the choice of stations, which, it was considered, owing to the obstructions at Hammersmith-bridge, would give the winner of the toss an advantage of from one-and-a-half to two lengths. When it was learnt that Oxford had won the toss, and, as a matter of course, had chosen the Surrey side, they again became the favourites at eleven to eight. As it turned out, the race was by no means the sure thing that it seemed to be; for, though Oxford showed themselves the better crew, an accident to one of their number, who sprained his shoulder during the contest, very nearly enabled their opponents to snatch the victory from them; since it was owing quite as much to bad tactics and to their disadvantage of position, as to inferior pace that Cambridge were beaten.

At the start Oxford were quickest away, and got an advantage of about an oar's length; but Cambridge, rowing a faster stroke, rapidly overhauled them, and, at the half-mile post, were three-quarters of a length ahead. About this point, however, Oxford began to draw up again, and a little beyond Rosebank Cottage had recovered their lost ground. Near the Soap Works, Cambridge who had been for some time boring their opponents out towards the Surrey side, had to yield ground to enable them to clear the flag boat. Here Oxford were leading by nearly a length, and at the Bridge they were a length and a half ahead of their opponents. Between the Bridge and the Mall the rowing became very bad, and the distance between the boats was increased to three lengths. At Chiswick Church, Oxford were four lengths ahead, and it looked as if the race were over; but a little beyond, the accident already mentioned occurred, and their boat, rolling badly, began to lose ground. A little below the Bull's Head, a row-boat got in the way of the crew, who had to steer divergent courses to avoid it, Cambridge losing more than their opponents by the mischance, the result being that at Barnes Bridge they were again four lengths behind. Here, however, they put on a spurt, and began to go up very fast, favoured by the rough water off Mortlake Brewery, which they got through much better than the favourites. For a few seconds the result of the race seemed to hang in the balance, but the Cambridge spurt died out, and Oxford passed the winning post with between two and three lengths to the good.

The Royal Commission appointed for the purpose of organising the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in South Kensington held its first meeting on the 30th ultimo, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, who made a brief statement regarding the arrangements proposed, and announced his intention of taking the same active part in the Exhibition as he did in that in Paris in 1878. His Royal Highness laid special stress on the fact that the exhibition was essentially of a National and Imperial character, differing in this respect from previous undertakings of the kind in which elements of trade rivalry and profit largely predominated. He announced, among other things, that negotiations were in progress for the purpose of procuring for visitors from India and the Colonies special facilities for visiting the chief manufacturing centres and places of interest in Great Britain, and proposed the appointment of a Finance Committee, consisting of Sir John Rose, Sir George Birdwood, Mr. Edward Birkbeck, Sir Barrow Ellis, and Sir W. C. Sargeaunt. The guarantee fund, derived entirely from colonial and private sources, amounted, at the date of the meeting, to £128,600.

On Tuesday night, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, embarked at Holyhead, on board the *Osborne*, for Kingstown, on their Irish tour. In spite of the ill-humoured attitude of the Corporation, the loyal population of Dublin are making great efforts to give their Royal guests a hearty reception. Upwards of forty addresses of welcome are to be presented, and the Levée and Drawing-room, to be held on Thursday, are likely to be very largely attended. The central branch of the National League have held a meeting, under the presidency of Mr. Healy, to express their disgust at what they characterise as an attempt to use the Prince of Wales for the purpose of whitewashing Dublin Castle; and Mr. Healy, in a most disgraceful speech, plainly hinted that, if any attempt were made to use the city flag, which has been taken from its disloyal custodians, in the demonstrations of welcome, force would be resorted to for its recovery. There is a general feeling that, apart from all question of danger to the persons of their Royal Highnesses, the visit, if only on the ground of the party conflict to which, on the slightest provocation, it may give rise, is particularly ill-advised.

The trial of the dynamiters, Cunningham and Gilbert, has resulted in their committal for trial on a charge of treason-felony. Since their arrest and the attempt on the life of O'Rossa, the faction has been remarkably quiet; and the evidence adduced at the trial

affords some ground for hope that the dimensions of the conspiracy have been exaggerated.

The expectations of an improvement in trade with which the year opened have been grievously falsified by the net results of the quarter which terminated on the 31st ultimo. Prices, except in a few instances, are lower than they were this time last year. Railway receipts show a falling-off of more than three per cent, and in no branch of trade, except those affected by the demand for war materials, has there been any tendency to increased business. It is but little consolation to know that this state of things is chiefly attributable to political causes, for the political situation is likely to grow much worse before it improves.

The chief literary event of the month has been the production of a poem by Lord Lytton, entitled "*Glenaveril; or, the Metamorphoses*," to be completed in six books. Judging from the portion before the public, his lordship's story in verse, in which much political discussion and portraiture is blended with a romantic plot, and which is written in the metre, but very far after the manner of *Don Juan*, is as dull as it is pretentious, and is not at all likely to add to the reputation of its author.

LONDON: *April 8th*, 1885.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

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#### INDIA.

Despite the rain which heralded the Amir's arrival in British territory, and lasted almost continuously till his departure, robbing the military show of much of its glitter, the Conference between the Rulers of India and of Afghanistan is pronounced to have effected its great purpose. Though the greatest secrecy has been observed as to the actual agreement made, and, in fact, as to whether any definite terms of alliance were arranged or not, it is believed that the Amir has returned to his own country with his loyalty towards the British Government strengthened, with a deeper impression of its power, and with a determination to call in British aid should a crisis demand it. The Amir's own words uttered, without previous notice, at the Durbar, are the more significant, because of the reticence observed on the British side. "The Amir is much obliged," he said, "to Lord Dufferin for his kindness and for Queen Victoria's favour. In return for this, every possible service to the British Government will be rendered by his army and people. As the British have declared to help Afghanistan to repel an invasion, the Afghan nation will join in the firmest manner,

standing side by side with the British Government." And again, on receiving from Lord Dufferin's hands the presentation sword: "With this sword I hope to strike any enemy of the British Government." Of the sincerity of these professions little doubt need be entertained, and were it certain that the Afghan people are of one mind with their ruler, the result of these negotiations might be accepted as completely satisfactory. It is, however, understood that the Amir expressed a decided distrust of his subjects' temper in case British forces should appear in Afghanistan before open declaration of war and actual hostilities, and that he expressed his full confidence in the power of Afghanistan unaided, except by money and arms, to give a good account of the Russians at Herat.

The news of the attack made on the entrenchment at Panjdeh, and of the rout and slaughter of the Afghan garrison, reached Rawul Pindi before the Amir left, and was the occasion of several more interviews with the Viceroy. It is reported that the Amir did not regard the occurrence as being of such critical importance as to demand any change of tactics or any reconsideration of the arrangements made for British interference. And indeed the later accounts of the Panjdeh incident are all more favourable to the Russian view that it was a distinctly threatening advance on the part of the Afghans that precipitated hostilities. It is admitted by the *Times of India's* special correspondent with the Afghan Delimitation Commission that the Afghans advanced the greater part of their force across the Khusk and entrenched themselves. Previously to the conflict the Russians demanded that the Afghans should retire from their entrenchments. The Afghan refused to do so, and the next morning, the 29th March, the Russians made their attack. The Afghans offered a stout resistance, and two companies were completely massacred in the trenches. In all they lost about 700 men, and the remnant retreated to Maruchack.

On the other side it is asserted that the Afghan movement was in a *southerly* direction, and that it was meant merely as a strengthening of the position at Ak Tepe, which was commanded by the Russian advance to Pul-i-Khisti. While these lines are being written the prospects of a reference to the matter to arbitration seem to incline the balance in favour of peace; the King of Denmark, related to the reigning houses of Russia and of England, has been mentioned as umpire.

Meantime war preparations in England and in India are being conducted on a scale proportionate to the magnitude of the impending

ing conflict. The vote of credit for eleven millions which was passed in the House of Commons without a division stands out in significant contrast to the failure of Russia to raise a paltry two millions even at a discount of, perhaps, 50 per cent. In 1882, Russia prevailed on Messrs. Baring Brothers to bring out a three per cent loan for about nine millions sterling, the price of issue being no more than 55 per cent., and thus gave promissory notes to the extent of £9,000,000 for a temporary relief of little more than half that amount. Russia's national debt is about 750 millions sterling, the interest of which is about 20½ millions per annum, out of a total revenue of 70½ millions. It is difficult to imagine that this last refusal of the financing agencies of Europe to supply Russia with the sinews of war should fail to open the eyes of the war party at St. Petersburg to the terrible odds against her in a struggle with the richest nation in the world.

In India, material progress of all kinds is checked by the demands on the Treasury for the purchase of transport and supplies for the two army corps which have been prepared to cross the border. Railways and docks are left just begun or half completed, and education must be content with its present insufficient allotment. In the event of war actually being declared, we may expect, to begin with, an increase and extension of the existing license-tax, and a prolonged conflict would necessitate the re-imposition of the impost dues; one great advantage of the latter form of taxation is that it furnishes a ready and simple means for drawing from the Native States their fair share of contribution to the Imperial Treasury.

The reports concerning the discovery of treasonable correspondence between the Maharajah of Kashmir and Russia appear to have been without any solid foundation. They arose probably from the absence of the Maharajah from the Rawul Pindi Durbar. But the feeble state of the Maharajah's health is well known, and a prolonged residence in tents at the camp involved a risk not to be faced unless the necessity was most urgent. The Viceroy met the Maharajah at Lahore, but whether for the discussion of frontier or of domestic politics is not known.

The fight between Suakin and Tamai, one of the most complete surprises that has happened to English troops, while reflecting anything but credit on the strategy of General MacNeil, served to bring into strong relief the splendid fighting powers of our soldiers, British and Indian alike. After the first moment of surprise the

men rallied shoulder to shoulder, the Berkshire Regiment mixed up with the Ludiana Sikhs, and loyal Purbeahs dovetailed with the Royal Marines. By sheer pluck and unwavering discipline the men turned what might have been another Isandula into a splendid victory, and the results of the slaughter they inflicted on Osman Digma's forces have been far-reaching ; they have never again faced our troops, and the Suakin campaign is practically at an end.

The reply of the Viceroy to the address of the Indian Association on the subject of the repeal of the Arms Act and the enlistment of Natives as volunteers, should set the question at rest for the present. Both these matters, said Lord Dufferin, must be discussed and adjudicated upon on their own merits, and apart from the circumstances of the hour. Gratifying as is the genuine spirit of loyalty to British supremacy both on the part of Independent States, who have hastened to place their contingents at the disposal of the Viceroy, and of many hundreds among the educated classes in towns and villages throughout the different Presidencies, it would be clearly a mistake to take the opportunity of impending external disturbance to revoke a policy hitherto deliberately pursued ; and the truest loyalty would, we think, be shown by the Native community in refraining from pressing for an immediate decision on these points at a time when the Government is not in a position to give them the requisite amount of calm attention. No mistrust of the sincerity of these loyal professions is implied by this postponement, and when quieter times have come again, measures will, no doubt, be taken to afford a practical proof that the Supreme Government recognises the sincerity of the feeling displayed in so marked a manner. When once started, we think that mixed corps of European and Native would act as the very strongest bond between the two races. The gallant behaviour of the native contingent at "Baker's zareba," when Sikh and Englishman, Hindu and Christian, stood shoulder to shoulder and together hurled back the hosts of Osman, should make any Englishman proud to have his Native fellow-subjects as his comrades in the ranks of the Volunteer Corps. Meanwhile the enrolment of names for the Volunteer Reserve goes on apace throughout the country.

The bitter cry of outcast Calcutta has, at last, been heard, and practical measures are being taken by the Eurasian and Anglo-Indian Association for the purchase of sites and the building of model kintals. Subscriptions in aid of this project have already reached Rs. 10,000, but the Association hope to be able to make the scheme eventually self-supporting. There is little doubt that such a

movement, to be of any permanent benefit, should be as far as possible conducted on commercial rather than charitable principles ; and if we may judge by the success of the efforts of Miss Octavia Hill in London, money laid out in providing decent dwellings for the poor can be made to bring in a satisfactory interest and to be a thoroughly sound investment.

The absorbing interests of Central Asia have thrown the Burman Caligula and his vagaries into the background, and nothing more than a languid interest has been felt in the announcement of the despatch of a French Consul to Mandalay, and of the introduction of Constitutional Government into the dominions of Theebaw.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

### Travel.

Mr. A. B. COLQUHOUN'S "Amongst the Shans" is at once an entertaining record of travels and an important contribution to our authentic knowledge of a country and people of which we have hitherto had but very imperfect information, but which, in the opinion of the author, may play an important part even in European politics if French annexation continues to progress. The territory described is occupied by tribes of different calibre and culture, the feeblest of whom are the Siamese, who are described as being in a corrupt and declining condition, ready to fall an easy prey to France if France cares to take them. The slave trade is rampant in all the territory—and Madras girls and daughters of the poorer Burmese are sold, it seems, even in British Burmah—but the slavery is of so mitigated a type that, though the Shan slaves who come to Burmah with ponies and cattle might escape from their servitude by breaking their trust, Mr. Colquhoun has never heard of a case of one doing so. The value of the book is greatly increased by an introductory chapter on the cradle of the Shan race from the pen of M. de Locouperie, by a historical sketch of the Shans by Mr. Holt Hallett, and by many excellent illustrations.—*The Contemporary Review*.

### "Not the American way."

PROBABLY no unphysical argument addressed to genuine dynamiters would be likely to have any powerful effect. But words may not be entirely misapplied when addressed to certain American politicians who seem at times to hesitate in their attitude toward dynamiters themselves, the aiders and abettors of dynamiters, for the sentimental sympathizers with such outlaws. The reason for hesitation is generally obvious. It is a question of political votes—of personal or of party success.

Well, there is one thing to be said to such doubting and hesitating politicians: Gentlemen, you are making a mistake. To use an expression made popular, we believe, by General Hawley some years ago in regard to a very different question, dynamiting is "*not the American way!*" The methods of the assassin, of the sneaking and cowardly murderer, are not, and never will be, popular in this country. It is true that two of our Presidents have met their death at the hands of the illegal taker of life, but there was no popular support to either mad and murderous act. Lynch-law, on our borders especially, has had too much vogue, but this is decreasing; and there is a long distance between lynching a villain who it is feared may escape

justice, and the dastardly and reckless use of explosives, where invaluable works of art, and innocent men, women, and children, together with the supposed "oppressor," are confounded in a common destruction.

Let the question once be brought to an issue in our American communities, and the politician who hesitates to denounce dynamite, and all that goes with it,—all cowardly and conscienceless attempts to settle either public or private questions by means of private and secret violence,—such a man is lost. He will find too late that his deference to an unreasoning, brutal, and restricted sentiment has brought him into contact with the great, sound, uncowardly, law-abiding sentiment of the people of these United States.—

### The Attempt to Save Niagara.

A NATURAL phenomenon of the proportions of Niagara constitutes a public trust. The people cannot escape responsibility for its care and preservation, even if they would. The experiment of private ownership and management of the lands about the Falls has been fully tried, under circumstances more favorable than can ever exist in the future, and has failed completely. The existing state of things is one which no intelligent person can defend. The demoralization is natural and inevitable; competition between the owners of rival "points of view" naturally develops a tendency to the employment of tawdry, sensational attractions. The increasing ugliness everywhere; the destruction of all vernal beauty and freshness; the crowding of unsightly structures for manufactures of various kinds around the very brink of the Falls; the incessant hounding of travellers, and the enormous exactions of which they are the victims,—all these evils are inseparable from the system of private ownership of the land, and nothing could be more idle or fruitless than to find fault with individuals because the results of the system are disagreeable and mischievous.

The only practicable remedy is ownership by the State, and suitable permanent guardianship over these lands, with such provision for the safety, convenience, and comfort of myriads of visitors as can be supplied only by a competent directory clothed with the authority of the State, and acting in the interest of the general community. This is the object of the measures recommended by the Commissioners appointed by Governor (now President) Cleveland in the spring of 1883. These Commissioners have selected about one hundred and eighteen acres of land contiguous to the Falls, comprising Goat Island and all the other islands in the river, with a narrow strip of land on the



"American shore," running from the upper suspension bridge to Port Day, and including Prospect Park. The various separate portions constituting this tract have been appraised, and the Supreme Court has confirmed the appraisement, which fixes the value of the lands in question at \$1,433,429.50. The Commissioners recommend the appropriation of this sum by the Legislature for the purchase of these lands, and the establishment of a State Reservation, as the only means of preserving the scenery of Niagara. The highest interests of the people of our State will be promoted by the passage of the bill in which this plan is embodied. There is no ground for opposition except what is sordid, and hostile to public spirit. No man in public life will hereafter be able to feel pride or satisfaction in the remembrance that he resisted the endeavour of the people of the State of New York to rescue the scenery of Niagara from destruction.—*The Century*.

#### Place Aux Dames.

THE following letter and notice explain themselves. They are printed *verbatim et literatim* from the manuscript of the writer, whose name and address are for obvious reasons withheld :—

Jan. 1, 1885.

DEAR GENTLEMEN,—Will you not be so kind as to do me a favor? I am a Bachelor & want a Wife. In the City of Boston it is said there are 20 thousand more Females than Males & no doubt in the country, in many places, in the old States the females are in excess of the males; here—there are about ten men for every Woman. Many of these men have homes & want wives, but where will they get them? Not here for they are not to be found in this country,—they must come from somewhere else. It is likely that many of these females are without parents & have no homes, & are compelled to hire out for to make a living & little or no prospect of laying up something for the future. If we Bachelors had them here we could furnish them with homes that would be better than living in other people's houses & being servants. We would be more happy & so would they. A good Woman is a great blessing to any man—yea fortune—if she has nothing but the clothes she has on. The favor I had reference to in the commencement of this letter & which I am going to ask of you is to be so kind & condescending as to publish in your paper—if you publish one & if not in some other paper—the notice found in this letter. If I had known the name of any paper printed in Boston I could have sent it direct, but I know the name of none. I hope Gentlemen you will do me this favor—every body is pleased with matrimony & almost any one will aid in marriage. I was much pleased & thankful for the favor you did me, I will be equally so for this.

Your Friend,

#### NOTICE.

##### TO UNMARRIED WOMEN.

I am a Bachelor, living alone & lonely—5 feet & 7 inches high—weight 150—gray eyes—light complected—dark hair—not wealthy—out of debt—own 91 acres of land on the—River—Local Minister of the Gospel in the M. E. Church—Want a Wife—good domestic Woman—not under 40—one never been married much preferred—if a widow must have no children—good character—healthy—kind and affectionate—chunky made—Religious? Religiously inclined. Will answer all letters received, unless too numerous. Let' me hear from you Ladies I am in ea<sup>st</sup>-nest. My address is—, —County, —.

Other papers will please copy.  
Your obedient

—*The Atlantic*.

#### POETRY.

##### Cold Comfort.

(*The hope of the Evolutionist.*)

Men say, in the course of the eras—  
For the date 'tis not easy to know,  
But we think we may fix it as near as  
A billion of Æons, or so—  
That all 'ur intelligent Aryans  
(The globe growing wofully cold)  
Will slowly revert to barbarians,  
And shelter in caves, as of old.

When Colonies crumble asunder,  
When the Empire of England is o'er,  
When Sweetness and Light have gone under,  
When Savages come to the fore,  
When no longer historians languish  
To mark how the remnant may strive,  
The Darwinian will smother his anguish—  
*He knows that the Fittest survive!*

When all that is wooden must perish,  
Cabs, tramcars of happier days,  
And archives we solemnly cherish  
Are kindled to furnish a blaze;  
When Nihilists fail of their mission,  
And when, in the perishing State,  
The head of the last Opposition  
Arises in a final debate,

And says, 'It's a national crisis;  
Let Party dissension go freeze,  
A hundred of feet when the ice is  
Down yonder in tropical seas;  
If taxing our caves is intended,  
We take it our duty is clear:  
We vote for the Bill, unamended,  
And the House is too chilly to cheer!

Then, Prospero, triumph no longer,  
Then, Caliban, live and prevail,  
Then, speed to the arm that is stronger,  
Then, woe to the arm that is frail!  
But, though Duty and Justice be sleeping,  
Though Plunder and Anarchy thrive,  
Till Death takes the Stars in his keeping,  
As now, shall the Fittest survive!

MAY KENDALL.

—*Longman's*.



# The Indian Review.

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## THE PROSPECTS OF ADVANCEMENT IN THE SERVICES OF THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION IN INDIA.

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ONE of the most curious results of the remarkable expansion of the British power in India has been the growth of the Services which administer the civil departments of the State. These Services have been established according to the necessities of the moment, have expanded with the extension of our power, and have now secured such firm root in the system of government that they could be eradicated only with great difficulty, even were it shown—and in some cases perhaps it would not be difficult to show—that the work to be done could be more efficiently executed by other agency than that of a State department. Few other countries can show such a luxuriant crop of Services, each formed more or less on a basis of its own, each remunerated at rates which appear to be regulated by no system, each struggling intermittently for concessions regarding promotion, pay, leave and pension rules, which each department extorts by dribblets from a reluctant government, and which should seemingly be conceded or withheld on general principles.

Until 1883 the Services of the civil administration in India were primarily divided into two main classes—the Covenanted and the Uncovenanted Services. The former class was exclusively composed of highly educated men recruited in England for the

strictly obtain, by calculating the prospects on the basis of those conditions and allowing for the variations from them.

The prospects of advancement in a regularly recruited service depend entirely on the rate at which men are removed from the service. These removals are due to three causes:—first, death; secondly, compulsory retirements at end of service; thirdly, casual retirements due to illness, or to dismissals, or to caprice and other causes. There are sufficient statistics to justify a fairly reliable estimate as to the vacancies caused by death: the second cause can be accurately estimated: the third can only be surmised. The death-rate among men between 22 and 55 years of age in Indian services is generally taken to be 2.13 per cent. per annum. This rate is, of course, not uniform. The deaths which cause this reduction are not equally distributed among the men according to their ages. The older men are more liable to death than the younger, hence the proportion of deaths is larger in the higher ranks of a service than in the lower. Thus, according to the tables of mortality which are generally adopted, if a batch of 37 men were sent to India at 22 years of age, there would be during the—

First 5 years	...	2 deaths	...	leaving 35	of the batch alive.
Next 5 "	...	2 "	...	"	33 "
" 5 "	...	2 "	...	"	31 "
" 5 "	...	3 "	...	"	28 "
" 5 "	...	3 "	...	"	25 "
" 5 "	...	4 "	...	"	21 "
" 5 "	...	4 "	...	"	17 "

So that of 37 men who join at 22 years of age to work in an Indian service, only seventeen would live to retire on their pensions at 55 years of age. By the help of these data it is easy to calculate what number of men it would be necessary to recruit yearly in order to maintain a service at any constant strength.

In Col. II. of *Table A* is shown year by year the number of survivors from a recruitment of 3.75 men, that is to say, the figures, in Col. II., opposite each of the years mentioned in Col. I., give the number of men that would be alive after the number of years referred to, supposing that 3.75 men joined at first. The decimal points must, of course, be read in a statistical sense, as a fraction of a man could neither join nor be alive. Thus if 3.75 men joined in 1880 there would be 3.38 of them alive in 1890 and 2.75 of them alive in 1900, and 1.75 of them alive in 1913. If 3.75 men joined an Indian Department regularly every year at 22 years of age, and the survivors left the department when they were 55 years of age,

**TABLE A**, illustrating the method of calculating the probable rate of advancement in Indian Services. Drawn out with immediate reference to the Public Works Department.

Col. I.	Col. II.	Col. III.	Col. IV.	Col. V.	
Years from commencement of Service.	Number of men in each year as gradually reduced by deaths	Approximate "Scale" or proportion of men in each rank to the total number in the Service.	Grades.	Salary of Grades.	
0	3'75	10'99	Assistant Engineer, 2nd Grade ...	Rs. 350	
1	3'62				
2	3'62				
3	3'62				
4	3'62				
5	3'50				
6	3'50				
7	3'50				
8	3'50				
9	3'38				
10	3'38				
11	3'38				
12	3'25				
13	3'25	34'63	Assistant Engineer, 1st Grade ...	500	
14	3'25				
15	3'12				
16	3'00	6'50	Executive Engineer, 4th Grade...	600	
17	3'00				
18	2'88				
19	2'88				
20	2'75	14'88	Executive Engineer, 3rd Grade...	700	
21	2'75				
22	2'62				
23	2'62				
24	2'62				
25	2'50	13'36	Executive Engineer, 2nd Grade .	800	
26	2'38				
27	2'38				
28	2'38				
29	2'25				
30	2'12	11'89	Executive Engineer, 1st Grade...	950	
31	2'00				
32	1'88				
33	1'75				
		7'75	Superior Grades...	1,100 to 3,000	
	100'00	100'00			

By grouping the figures in Col. II to correspond, as nearly as may be, with the "scale," the prospects of promotion in any Indian Department can be ascertained.

there would be 3·75 men of one years service, 3·62 men of two years service, 3·62 men of three years' service, and so on right down the list of Cols. I. and II. By adding all the figures in Col. II. together, the total number of men in the service would be ascertained ; for, as the figures give the survivors in each of the 33 years, the total of all the figures must give the total number of survivors at any time during the 33 years. The figures in Col. II. have purposely been calculated to aggregate 100, so that they become percentages and can be employed with reference to an establishment of any strength. Thus, if an establishment of 1,000 men was required, it would be necessary to recruit 37·5 men yearly ; of these 33·8 would be alive after ten years and 27·5 after 20 years' service.

If the figures in Col. II. be added up in groups so that the totals of each group shall be, as near as may be, the same as the figures of the "scale" of any particular service, the result will show at once the prospects of advancement in the service concerned. For example, take the case given above of the regiment having twelve lieutenants, ten captains, two majors, and one colonel. The scale is 48, 40, 8, 4 : by adding up the figures in Col. II. by groups from above, it will be found that—

The figure for the years 0 to 13 aggregate 48 as nearly as may be.

"	"	13	"	27	"	40	"
"	"	27	"	31	"	8	"
"	"	32	"	33	"	4	"

So that in that regiment, if men entered at 22 and left at 55, the prospects of advancement would be that each man would be 13 years a lieutenant, 14 years a captain, 4 years a major and 2 years a colonel. The truth of this is, perhaps, not apparent at first sight ; it must be remembered that the table assumes the steady recruitment year by year of a definite number of men at the bottom of the service, and the equally steady retirement of the remnant of this number from the top of it. These conditions are not, of course, ever entirely fulfilled : the exceptions will be presently referred to ; but if these conditions are borne in mind, and if promotion by pure seniority is accepted, a little consideration will show that, since the figures in Col. II., which go to make up the total forming the "scale," represent the number of survivors of the years grouped, the years which correspond with the figures of any one group must necessarily be the number of years which a man would serve in that group or rank.

The statements given in *Table B* are calculated on this principle for some of the chief Indian services.

In this table the departments have all been divided primarily into three great classes : this division is one which is to some extent

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a technical one, and to some extent an empirical one. As a rule, the appointments which are called "superior," and which are marked as Class I, are all administrative posts, those in Class II are executive posts, those in Class III are appointments of which the incumbents are mainly assistants to the executive officers.

This classification, more particularly as regards Class I, is not strictly accurate ; indeed, it is not possible to make it so, as the duties of the appointments in some of the departments do not lend themselves to any such classification : this is the case in the Educational, and also in the Financial Department ; but as far as it is possible to divide all the departments into three general classes, the classification adopted is correct. In Class I are included all the administrative appointments : in some departments, as in the Public Works Department, there are as many as six different grades of these appointments ; in others, as in the Educational Department, there is only one grade in this class. The table would have been cumbersome had all these different grades been given in full. The rates of salary given in the third column show the actual rates of each grade in Class II and Class III ; but in Class I the salaries shown are those of the lowest and the highest grades only. It must not, therefore, be assumed that the average pay of Class I can be ascertained by taking a mean of the figures given, as there may be several appointments on the lowest pay quoted, and only one on the highest rate quoted. For instance, in the Public Works Department, there are about twenty appointments on the lowest rate of salary of Class I, but only one appointment on the highest rate. In the Telegraph and Bengal Educational Departments, again, there is only one appointment on the highest rate.

Although many objections might be raised to the table, it presents as concise an estimate as it is possible to frame of the relative prospects of advancement in those services ; or rather of what those prospects would be were the services in a normal condition of steady recruitment, steady promotion, and steady retirement. The columns in this table which are the most instructive are those headed "Approximate scale," and "Probable number of years of service in each grade." These really convey the same information in a different form : the "scale," or "percentage of men in different grades," is just as much a measure of probable promotion as a statement of the number of years a man may probably have to serve in each grade : that "scale" is the best which gives the highest figures in the upper grades ; for the larger the proportion of high appointments, the larger will be the proportion of his service which a man will spend in the higher

grades. Take for example, the Public Works Department and the Survey Department : in the former the number of years in Class III is 13, in Class II, 17, in Class I, 3 ; in the latter the figures are in Class III, 10, Class II, 18, Class I, 5, shewing that in the latter department the prospects of its members are considerably superior, as they must necessarily spend a longer time in higher appointments ; and not only in higher appointments but on higher pay, for the rates of salary in the Survey are superior to those in any other department. One fact which is pretty plainly manifest from *Table B* is that the Financial Department of the Government of India is quite able to recognise the importance of the "scale." That department controls to a great extent the organisations of the Indian departments, since it holds the purse strings and issues the codes of regulations. It appears that the Financial Department not only knows on which side of the bread the butter generally lies, but prefers to spread a little surreptitiously on both sides of its own share of the loaf. For not only is the "scale" of the Financial Department very far the best of any of the services under consideration, but the salaries are higher than those of any department, except the Survey of the Government of India, which holds the palm in that respect over all Uncovenanted Services. These two departments, the Financial and the Survey, are more particularly under the wing of the Supreme Government than others are ; and it may be that they owe their favourable circumstances mainly to this fact. Again, comparing the Opium with the Forest Department, it will be seen that the latter offers far better prospects than the former : in the Opium Department a man may serve 13 years on Rs. 300 a month or less ; in the Forest Department he would remain only five years on that rate of pay. In the Opium Department a man would be 29 years before he received Rs. 800 a month ; in the Forest Department he would get that salary in 21 years.

But *Table B* is not an accurate measure of the probabilities, for it ignores the third cause which has been mentioned as one which aids promotion, that is, the retirements—the *lateral* retirements as they are aptly called—which are due to dismissals, illness, and other causes, and which create vacancies before men have reached the full length of their service.

It has been found by experience in one of the largest departments that these lateral retirements have, up to the present time, been about equal in number to the deaths. A new cause of lateral retirements has lately been added in the case of two of the Indian services.



Up to last year the pension rules applicable to all the uncovenanted services did not permit any man to retire on pension, except on medical certificate, unless he had either served for thirty years or had reached 55 years of age ; now, in two departments, retirements on pension are permitted at any time after twenty years' service without medical certificate. This concession will materially increase the number of lateral retirements. It is difficult to make any general actuarial calculation of the effects produced by lateral retirements, as these retirements are very fluctuating and uncertain ; but it is easy to do so if any definite rate of such retirements is assumed. In order to show the comparatively small effect of lateral retirements on the rate of advancement, a calculation, which is too cumbersome to give in detail, has been made with reference to the Public Works Department. This calculation assumes that the number of lateral retirements, during the first twenty years of service, are equal to the number of deaths, and that at twenty years,' twenty-five years' and thirty years' service one-fourth of all the survivors at each period also retire. These assumptions are probably rather extravagant and consequently exaggerate the advantages which these retirements give to those who remain in the service. The result of this calculation, which assumes of course that the strength of the department is maintained at the same number, gives the following results :—

GRADES.				Probable number of years service in each grade assuming that lateral retirements occur as supposed above.	Probable number of years service in each grade ignoring lateral retirements (as in Table B).
Class. III.	Asst Engineer, 2nd ... ..	...	...	2	3
	" " 1st ... ..	...	...	9	10
Class. II.	Executive Engineer, 4th ... ..	...	...	2	2
	" " 3rd ... ..	...	...	4	5
	" " 2nd ... ..	...	...	5	5
	" " 1st ... ..	...	...	5	5
Class. I.	Superior grades ... ..	...	...	7	3

Hence the effect of the lateral retirements would be that a man would reach the fourth executive grade about two years earlier, and the higher executive grades about three years earlier than he would do if there were no such retirements at all. It appears, then, that lateral retirements accelerate promotion but very slightly, except in the higher grades of Class II and in Class I. This acceleration has moreover a counterpoise in the effects produced by such promotions as are made by selection and not by

seniority. It must be remembered that while selection benefits the few selected, it hinders the promotion of those who are not selected ; since it must generally be that men will be appointed to the first class of appointments by selection, it follows that the rate of advancement of the second and third classes will be slower than it would otherwise be. The retardation due to this cause is probably rather more than compensated by the acceleration given by lateral retirements. Taken generally, then, it may be said that the prospects which are held out by the statements in *Table B* are not far from correct as regards those men who never rise above the second class of appointment, but that the prospects of the few who rise by selection to the higher posts are brighter during all stages of their career than that table indicates.

But it will be said that, as a matter of fact, men have advanced in Indian services much more rapidly than is here anticipated. This is perfectly true. It is also true that men enter these services day by day in the happy hope that they will rise at the same rate that their predecessors did : in this hope they have been at times encouraged by statements displayed to them at the India Office ; but many men have already learnt that their hopes are fallacious, and there is good reason to anticipate that the outlook in the immediate future is not a bright one. During the last twenty years, it is true, that men have advanced with comparative rapidity. But why ? The answer is an extremely simple one. During those years, nearly all the departments have been expanding ; the number of men has greatly increased ; many new appointments have been created. The Public Works Department has increased by about one hundred per cent. since 1860, the Telegraph Department by about 25 per cent., and some of the other departments as largely. The effect of this development has been that men have advanced to the higher appointments more rapidly than would otherwise have been possible. The ranks of men have not been compelled to follow one after another up the same single ladder of promotion ; but at different stages of their career they have found two ladders or three ladders, side by side, so that they have been able to climb *pari passu* with others who, had there been but one ladder, must have been above them. Signs are not wanting that the development of Indian services has now reached its limit or nearly so. Reduction rather than increase is the order of the day : the result of this must be that the rate of advancement in the future will more nearly coincide with the actuarial forecasts. Indeed those forecasts are likely to show rather too favourable

a rate of progress than the reverse: for the result of the developments just referred to has been to place in the higher grades of the services comparatively young men who will retain their hold on the appointments longer than the statements in *Table B* show would be the case under normal conditions. This of course leads to the retardation of the advancement of their juniors. An instance of this may be taken from the Public Works Department, where 73 per cent of the First Grade Executive Engineers are under 47 years of age, which would be a favourable estimate of the average age in that grade under normal conditions; 75 per cent. of the Second Grade Executive Engineers are under 42 years of age, which would be the similar age in that grade. It is possible, by a laborious calculation based on the "scale" of any department, the present ages of the men in it, and the average death-rate, to estimate the probable future retardation of promotion below the normal rate. Such a calculation has, indeed, been worked out in one case, and it confirms in a very marked manner the conclusion to which all general investigations point, *viz.*, that it is impossible that the rate of advancement in Indian services can be maintained, in the future, either at the rate current in the past, or indeed at the normal rate due to the "scales" of the services, unless special measures are adopted to secure that object.

The Government has already been driven to adopt such special measures. In the Covenanted Civil Service special personal allowances have been granted in some provinces, and are loudly demanded in others. These allowances were first granted for a period of five years, but they have been renewed once, and will have to be renewed again and again. In the Public Works Department, during the last year, the "scale" of the department has been altered, and the rates of salary increased. An alteration was made in the "scale" of the Telegraph Department only a few years ago, and another measure of a somewhat similar nature is understood to be in contemplation. These measures have been taken mainly in consequence of the discontent prevalent in the departments—a discontent based almost entirely on the fact that the rate of advancement which has been obtained by the members has been less than that which they had hoped, from the precedent of the period of development, to obtain. It has, apparently, but recently dawned upon the Government, and the mass of Government servants have certainly as yet not grasped the fact—that the rate of advancement of past years has been abnormal, and that such a rate of advancement cannot be maintained in future years, unless the "scales" are very materially altered. This is the same

thing as saying that men must be paid much more highly than they used to be for the discharge of the duties of the lower classes of appointments in order to raise their emoluments to the level of those which their fathers obtained, at corresponding periods in their service, for doing the more responsible work of the higher appointments.

It cannot be doubted that this is the tendency of recent measures. It is certain that great pressure will be brought to bear on the Government in the same direction in future ; and it may be that the Government will purchase the good-will of their servants by increasing the cost of the administration. But will this be a real cure for the evil ? There is room for much doubt on this point. Advancement in rate of salary alone is not the only ambition of able men. Advancement in position, in responsibility, in the nature of the duties to be performed, is, to many minds, at least as great a satisfaction as mere increase in emoluments. It is easily possible to cure the retardation of promotion as regards money by adding to salaries, but there is absolutely no cure to the retardation as regards position and responsibility so long as the departments are maintained at their present numerical strength, and retirements practically prohibited, in the majority of services, until men reach 55 years of age. Referring to the example of the regiment : it has been seen that if there be two majors and one colonel, with 22 other officers, the chances are that a subaltern would be 27 years, from the day he joined the regiment, in reaching the rank of major ; and that must be the average time, unless the conditions assumed are altered. If the circumstances of the case demand that there should only be two majors and one colonel, there are but two ways in which it is possible to expedite the promotion of the juniors to those ranks : the one way is to reduce the number of captains and subalterns, the other is to compel the retirement of the senior captains after a definite number of years' service. The latter device has been actually adopted in the army, and often recommended, but never put in force, in the services of the civil administration. There are, perhaps, good reasons for this ; but the result is that the number of years which men now serve in positions of comparative insignificance—be the pay what it may—is rapidly increasing. This is very noticeable in the Public Works Department ; twelve years ago a percentage of Assistant Engineers held charge of executive divisions, now an equally prominent percentage of Executive Engineers do not obtain executive charges. A similar result may be seen in other services.

It may well be doubted whether this is a state of things which is, in any way, to the interest of the administration. The duties attach-

ing to the lower appointments in any service are generally of such a nature, that, while they offer an excellent training ground for men who hope to rise to the higher grades, they are not in themselves duties which need in all cases the higher qualifications which are essential in those higher grades. It follows that when good men have served in the lower appointments for a certain time, they are ripe for the higher ones, and if they are compelled to serve beyond that time in lower appointments, they often degenerate and become actually less fit, not only for the more responsible duties which are denied them, but for the lower ones for which they acquire a distaste.

If this is a correct view of the case—and it appears to be warranted by the actual experience of at least two departments—the conclusion seems unavoidable that the numerical strength of Indian services is too great: that too large a number of men with high aspirations are recruited. What appears necessary is to diminish the numbers of such men, and increase the number of those who will be contented to seek no higher duties than those which are usually given to the junior men of the regular establishments. There can be little doubt that this is possible, and that the right way in which to effect this reform is to recruit more largely from the natives of the country.

It may have been partly with the view of checking the silent increase in the cost of Indian services that the Government initiated the system of "two-thirds pay for natives." This measure has been adopted in a half-hearted and partial manner. Native Judges of the High Court and native members of the Educational Department draw two-thirds the salaries of men appointed from England by the Secretary of State. It has been ordered that native members of the Telegraph Department should get two-thirds of the regular salaries, but no native has ever done so, as none have been appointed since the date of the order. Members of the Statutory Civil Service draw two-thirds of the salaries of those in the Covenanted Civil Service. It has been proposed to make this principle of two-thirds pay for natives applicable to all services; but this has not been done, and the whole matter is in a very unsatisfactory condition. It is not proposed to enter here into any discussion concerning this measure: there is certainly room for argument as to whether it is a just measure, and if it be just, whether it is expedient. It is referred to here only that it may be pointed out that, even if the principle is universally adopted, it is one which has no tendency to remove either of the two forms of retardation of advancement which

have been pointed out in the previous pages. The only result will be a diminution of the gross cost of the administration.

It is quite open to argument that the rates of advancement which will probably obtain in future in Indian departments are in themselves sufficient to secure efficiency and contentment. It may be said that the surplus of educated men is now so large that the market rate for their services is diminishing, and that consequently Indian services can still be easily recruited, although smaller inducements are offered. This may perhaps be so. But it will at least be desirable that no false hopes should be fostered, as they were in former years, and that men who now join Indian services, and indeed many of those now in them, should clearly understand that their prospects of advancement are far less hopeful than they were twenty or even ten years ago.

R. B. BUCKLEY.

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## THE ETHNOLOGY OF UP-COUNTRY BRAHMANS.\*

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THE Brahman caste has, with that of Chattris, become one of the last strongholds of Aryan ethnology, so far as this theory of race has been applied to the Indian people. On account of the great diversity in the aims and character of these two castes, it would not be possible to discuss the question on lines equally applicable to both. The remarks which follow will therefore have reference to Brahmans only.

Originally, when Aryanism first came into vogue, *all* natives of India, of whatever caste, who spoke any form of neo-Sanskrit or Hindi, were for this reason declared to be Aryans; and the phrase "Aryan brother" has passed into a proverb. No one would think of denying that Sanskrit and neo-Sanskrit are Aryan tongues; and, if the statement made by Professor Max Müller is correct, that "the evidence of language is irrefragable, and is the only evidence worth listening to with regard to ante-historical periods," (*Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, p. 13, Edit. 1859), there is nothing further to be said. But it has become the fashion of late years, amongst writers of the same school, to say that only the upper castes of Hindus are Aryans, all the rest being either aboriginal or mixed. A moment's reflection will show that the linguistic theory as thus applied refutes itself. The very lowest of Indian castes, such as Chamars, Pasis, Bhars, Arakhs, &c., not to mention tribes still lower in the scale, such as Doms, Kanjars, Haburas, &c., speak Hindi quite as much as Brahmans do, and from time immemorial have known no other language. If then these castes and tribes are not Aryan at all, and the test of language proves to be worthless in their case, it must be equally worthless in the case of the Brahman also.

Convinced, however, that Brahmans at least, whatever the other castes may be, are of Aryan blood, many writers have learnt to speak of them as having fairer complexions and finer features than

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\* The following pages were written originally in connection with the subject of "Castes" for the Government of the North-West Provinces.

ordinary Indians, and find in this a further proof of their Aryan descent. Mr. Sherring, for example, speaking of the Brahmans of Benares, writes thus: "Light of complexion, his forehead ample, his countenance of striking significance, his lips thin, his mouth expressive, his carriage noble and almost sublime, the true Brahman \* \* \* is a wonderful specimen of humanity walking on God's earth." We can only meet this statement with a simple denial of the fact. A walk through the class rooms of the Benares Sanskrit College, in which some 400 students, all of the Brahman caste and hailing from all parts of India, south as well as north, are assembled, would convince any one who used his eyes that the great majority of Brahmans are not of lighter complexion or of finer and better bred features than any other caste. The expression of the face may be more intelligent than that of the labourers working in the roads; but expression is the result of culture, and this is quite a distinct thing from diversity of physical type. A stranger visiting India for the first time, and walking through the Benares class rooms, would never dream of supposing that the students seated before him were distinct in race and blood from the scavengers who swept the roads. But a man who has lived long enough in this country and seen more provinces than one, might discern that some difference of feature and general appearance exists among the different students, and that this difference depends on the nationality to which they belong. He would observe, for example, that a Bengali Brahman looks very like other Bengalis, a Hindustani like other Hindustanis, a Mahratti like other Mahrattis, and so on, which proves that the Brahmans of any given nationality are not of different blood from the rest of their fellow-countrymen. It is not denied that rather fair complexions, recalling the Aryan type, do occasionally show themselves amongst men of the Brahman caste. But similar instances of atavism occur among the lowest castes also, and occur much less frequently among Brahmans than among some of the trading castes. Aryan blood has undoubtedly filtrated to some extent through all classes of the people. If Brahmans have rather a larger share of this than Chamars, the difference is not so great as to entitle us to speak of the two castes as belonging to different races. The truth, then, appears to be that the Aryans, who entered the river-basins of the Indus and the Ganges *via* Cabul and Kashmir, became absorbed after two or three centuries in the pre-existing population, leaving, however, as evidence of their immigration, some slight modification of the features and complexion of the native race, a language which has superseded



most of the indigenous languages of India (as Latin, or neo-Latin, has almost ousted the Basque languages of Spain), and a religion which a few centuries later became profoundly modified, or rather completely transformed, by the rites, customs, and beliefs of the aboriginal savage.

Some writers, again, who admit that Brahmans in certain parts are a dark-complexioned race, ascribe this fact to the effect of a long residence under a tropical sun, and believe them to be Aryans notwithstanding. Professor Max Müller, for example, in discussing the physiognomy of Brahmans, observes: "Time, however, has worked many changes; and there are at present Brahmans, particularly in the south of India, as black as Pariahs"—(*Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. II., page 323). But the argument has the fatal defect of proving too much. If physical appearance is a mere matter of time and climate, and if through these causes Brahmans have become as dark as the ordinary native, we have nothing but the worthless evidence of language to show that they are Aryans at all. Moreover, the argument is opposed to facts. There are Jews in the south of India who have lived there for more than a thousand years, and are still as fair as the Jews of Palestine: these are called the white Jews. In the same part there is another community of Jews, holding no intercourse with the preceding, who are as dark as the darkest natives, and are called the black Jews. The latter have taken wives from the native tribes, while the former have not. The Aryans who settled in the plains of India followed the same course as that adopted by the black Jews, and consequently their blood has been lost in that of the native population. On the other hand, the Aryans who remained in Kashmir and never entered the plains of India at all have retained their Aryan features and complexion to this day.

No one can now be called a Brahman (as every one is aware) unless he can satisfy his neighbours that his parents on both sides, were, like himself, of Brahman parentage. This is what is meant by caste, so far as birth is concerned. Assuming that the priests of the earliest or Vedic age were Aryans, writers have drawn the conclusion that the modern Brahmans, who by the rules of caste are their hereditary descendants, must be Aryans also. But the restrictions of marriage which are *now* imposed by the rules of caste did not begin to exist until at least a thousand years after the Aryans had come into the country, and by this time the Aryan blood had been absorbed beyond recovery into the indigenous. It was not till the time of Manu, that is, about 200 B.C. or later, that

the caste rules in regard to marriage were coming into force. Even then, as his own writings show, they were not universally accepted by Brahmans themselves: for he waxes very wrath with certain Brahmans of his own day who persisted in the habit of taking Sudra or low-caste women as their first wives, and dooms them in consequence to the most terrible penalties in the next life (III, 17). It is clear, then, that prior to his time, that is, ever since the Aryan invader had set foot on Indian soil, which must have been more than a thousand years before his Code was compiled, a Brahman or professional priest (for the Brahman *caste* did not then exist) could marry any woman that he liked. The hymns of the Rig Veda Sanhita are said to be "the earliest collection of Aryan poetry"; yet some even of these were composed by a man of "Dasya" or aboriginal descent—(Max Müller's *Ancient Sanscrit Literature*, page 58). The authors of such hymns were, in the Vedic age, called by the name of Brahman, because a hymn was called *brahmana*. But if the author of a hymn could be the son of an aboriginal mother, the word Brahman must have meant something very different in that early age from what it means now. The meaning which Manu laboured to fix upon it, or rather the rule which he laboured to establish as binding upon priests, was that no one could be considered a real Brahman, unless his mother was of that class as well as his father. But as Brahmans of this perfect stamp were not always to be found, he was kind enough to tell his countrymen that, in selecting a priest for making offerings to the gods, they should not enquire too closely into a Brahman's parentage: "For an oblation to the gods, let not the man who knows what is law scrupulously enquire into the parentage of a Brahman; but for an oblation prepared for ancestors, let him examine it with strict care" (III, 149). It is quite clear, then, that even in Manu's time, and *a fortiori* in the centuries preceding it, the gods were accustomed to be fed through any priest who was versed in the intricacies of the sacrificial art, and that the acceptability of the offering did not depend upon the parentage, but upon the knowledge of the officiating priest. \*

The original distinction of colour which marked the Aryan race from the indigenous is alluded to once or twice in the Vedic hymns, because the event of the Aryan immigration was still comparatively recent, and the distinctions themselves may have still existed. But nothing of the kind is ever alluded to in Manu's Code. Indeed, he cautions his Brahman friends against marrying "a girl with reddish hair" (III, 8), because in a dark or Indian race, such

as Manu and his fellow-Brahmans had become, red hair is a disease, while to a white or blue-eyed race it is the sign of a healthy temperament.

In the earlier days of Hinduism the great qualification required in a professional priest was, as we have already hinted, not the parentage of his mother, but an accurate knowledge of his father's art, or in other words intellectual ability—ability, that is, to grasp the endless rules and remember the endless texts necessary to the correct performance of the sacrifice. But intellectual quickness, as any one who has lived in India must know, is not a question of colour or race, and a Brahman of the olden time desiring to train a son in his own art would select, from among the sons born to him by his various wives, the one in whom he discerned the greatest aptitude, and no consideration of the tribe or class to which the mother of such a son belonged would deter him from so making his choice. In fact, by the ancient custom of exogamous marriage a woman took the rank of her husband as a matter of course, whatever her own origin might have been. Such was the rule in other parts of the world; and if this had not been the case in India also, Manu could not have penned such maxims as the following, all of which tell strongly against the very principle of caste which it was the main object of his code to establish: "Whatever be the qualities of the man with whom a woman is united by lawful marriage, such qualities she also assumes, like a river united with the sea. Akshamála, a woman of the lowest birth, being thus united with Vasishta, and Sarangi being united with Mandopála, were entitled to very high honour. These and other females of low birth have attained eminence in this world by the good qualities of their lords" (IX, 22-24). Vasishta, as the reader need scarcely be reminded, was one of the most distinguished of the seven great Rishis or sages, and one of the great priests of the Vedic age, from whom Brahman claim to have sprung. He, then, was the man who took a "woman of the lowest birth" as his wife, and by so doing raised her to very high honour.

Enough has been said, then, to show that long before caste was established in India, the Aryan invader, to whatever class he might belong, was in the habit of taking the women of the country as wives, and that hence no caste, not even that of the Brahman, can claim to have sprung exclusively from Aryan ancestors. But apart from all the written evidence that can be quoted in proof of this fact, the marked deterioration of tone and sentiment, which is conspicuous in the later writings of the Vedic age, is alone sufficient to show that

the true Aryan race had by that time ceased to exist on Indian soil.

In the *earlier* Vedic poetry the Aryans portray themselves in characters that might have fitted the Gaul, the Roman, the Homeric Greek, or the ancient Briton. They are a free and warlike race, fond of wine and the chase, boar-hunters, eaters of beef, and, like the ancient Persians, with whom they were closely allied in blood, worshippers of the simple elements or forces of nature—the sun, the moon, the winds, the waters, the storm, &c. But all this becomes changed two or three centuries later. The worship of the personified elements is hardened into a series of dry mechanical rites, which only a professional priest could perform. Vishnu, whom the Aryans had honoured as the propitious and “all-permeating” Sun-god, is transformed into the smoky messenger of the sacrifice, and his elemental significance is forgotten. The repulsive and thoroughly non-Aryan Shiva, descending with matted locks and closed eyes from the mountains of the north, thrusts himself into the Brahmanic scheme, and becomes identified in name, but not in nature, with Rudra, the Storm-god of the Vedic poets. The gloomy superstitions of the savage self-torturing ascetic, of whom this terrific divinity was the model, override the cheerful faith of the old Aryan warriors. The desire, so natural to the human mind, for a personal second life beyond the grave, to be enjoyed in the bright kingdom of Yama among the forefathers of mankind, is superseded by a morbid longing for personal annihilation by absorption into the World-spirit, Brahma. The widow, instead of being led away from the tomb of her deceased husband, as she was in the old Vedic ritual, the text of which was wilfully corrupted by the new class of priests, is now made to burn herself alive on his funeral pyre. A five days’ sacrifice of human victims—a rite altogether unknown to the Aryans who migrated into India—is performed once a year to the numerous gods of the changed pantheon. The *Aitareya Brahmana*, or book of liturgies, discloses to us a Brahman, by name Ajigarta, as the seller and butcher of his own son for the altar of sacrifice. The *Mahabharata* alludes to Brahmans, who not only sacrificed human victims but eat their flesh. In the same poem we find Bhima, the hero, thirsting to drink human blood, and Draupadi, the heroine married to five brothers—a custom unknown to the Aryan invaders of India, but still practised by certain savage tribes in the south of India. Even the name of Pándu, by which the heroes of the *Mahabhárata* were called, is suggestive of the savage tribe called by the very same name in the *Institutes of Manu*.

A similar deterioration of race is noticeable in the literature of the period. Speaking of the Brahmanas or liturgic treatises which succeeded to the early age of Vedic poetry, Professor Max Müller (though himself an ardent believer in the Aryan ancestry of the Hindus) remarks: "These works deserve to be studied as the physician studies the twaddle of idiots and the ravings of madmen. They will disclose to a thoughtful eye the ruins of faded grandeur, the memories of noble aspirations"—(*Ancient Sanscrit Literature*, page 389). The writer adds: "It is most important to the historian that he should know how soon the fresh and healthy growth of a nation can be blighted by priestcraft and superstition. It is most important that we should know that nations are liable to these epidemics in their youth as well as in their dotage." But possibly other writers might see the fact in a different light, not as the premature blighting of a fresh and youthful nation by superstition and priestcraft, but as the absorption of the Aryan blood into that of the pre-existing indigenous savage. Such is the view taken by Mr. Gough in his very interesting volume on the philosophy of the Upanishads, a type of literature far superior to that of the Brahmanas, which have been so strongly condemned by Professor Max Müller. At the close of his work Mr. Gough describes the Upanishads as "the loftiest utterances of Indian intelligence, but the work of a rude age, a deteriorated race, and a barbarous and unprogressive community" (page 268). Again, in page 3, speaking of the material out of which the blood of the Brahman theosophist was moulded, he observes: "The greatest confusion has been introduced into the popular study of Indian matters by the term Aryan. This word has been fertile in every variety of fallacy, theoretical and practical. Before the work of thought begins in India, the invading Aryan tribes have become Indo-Aryans or Hindus. They have been assimilated to and absorbed into the earlier and ruder population, whom they at first fought against as the dark-skinned Dasyus, and then made to till the soil and drudge for them as Sudras."

But this is not all. A great prophet arose about 500 B.C. who protested against the whole theory of Brahmanical sacrifice, and drew most of his converts from the lowest classes of the people. Buddhism, as we know, died out in India after contending for more than ten centuries with the rival creed, and the whole of India at last reverted to Brahmanism. But what could have become of the numerous orders of low-caste priests by whom this long pending contest was sustained? It is not at all improbable that they were won

back into the earlier creed by the bait of admission into Brahmanhood, provided they brought their followers with them; or, what is still more likely, that they themselves imperceptibly slid back into Brahmanism, retaining, however, the rank and title of priest and bequeathing the same to their children. Brahmanism has never been noted as a persecuting or missionary creed, but it has evinced, and still evinces, an extraordinary power of assimilating and absorbing every religious agency that crosses its path. There is scarcely any reason to doubt that it assimilated hordes of aboriginal magicians or Ojhás, and thus created the large and powerful sect of Hindus called Sáktas, who, like the Ojhá Brahman, lean upon Káli as the female principle of creation (*sakti*). It is not less likely that it absorbed in the same way, one after another, the mixed brotherhoods of priests who represented the rival creed of Buddha. The great Brahmanical tribe known as Sarjupari or Sarwaria, and so called because they live to the east of the Sarju or Gogra, belong to the very districts in which Buddhism first arose and where it secured the largest following. Mr. Carnegie is probably right in asserting that they were once Buddhists. They themselves have a legend which connects them with Ramchandra, the great king of Ajudhya, who is said to have transplanted them from the western to the eastern side of the Gogra. But the fact of such a legend having arisen implies that there was something unusual in their origin which the legend was intended to conceal.

Local traditions in Oudh and the North-West Provinces abound in tales of Brahmans being manufactured out of low-caste men by Rajas, when they (the Rajas) could not find a sufficiently large number of hereditary Brahmans to attend some sacrifice or feast. For example, the Kunda Brahmans of Partabgarh, are said to have been manufactured by Raja Manik Chand, because he was not able to collect the quorum of 125,000 Brahmans to whom he had vowed to make a feast: "in this way an Ahir, a Kurmi, or a Bhat found himself dubbed Brahman and invested with the sacred thread; and their descendants are Brahmans to this day" (*Oudh Gazetteer*, I, 305). A similar tale is told of Tirgunait Brahmans in Vol. III, 229; of the Pathaks of Amtara in Vol. I., 365; of the Pandi Parwars in the Hardoi district; of the large clan called Sawalikhs in the Gorakhpur and Basti districts, who have nevertheless assumed the high-sounding titles of Dube, Upadhyay, Tiwary, Misra, Dikshit, Pande, Awasthi, and Pathak (*North-Western Gazetteer*, Vol. VI, 351-2.) Only about a century and a half ago a Luniya, or man of the salt-making caste, which ranks decidedly low, was made a Brahman by Raja Bhagwant Rac of Asothar, and this man is the ancestor of the

Misra Brahmins of Aijhi (*Gazetteer*, Vol. VIII, Part III, 49). The writer remarks: "Numerous Brahmins have been co-opted into the caste through the influence of the Rajas of Argat and Asothar, when the latter were at the height of their power. To carry out this ceremony a number of Brahmins were collected, among whom the candidate was seated and with whom he fed. Henceforth the man was known as a Brahmin of the sub-division into which he had been elected."

If such things could be done within recent times, what could have prevented their being done during the last two thousand years, and especially during the long contest which prevailed between the rival creeds of Brahmanism and Buddhism; and who can now venture to assert that the Brahmin of to-day is the lineal descendant of the ancient Aryan invader?

Mr. Growse is among those who consider that Brahmins with Kshatriyas are "in the main descendants of the early Aryan conquerors;" and as regards the former he observes that "the strength of a community which lays claim to any esoteric knowledge lies in its exclusiveness" (*Mathura*, page 414.) But, so far as I can learn, the only class of Brahmins that lays claim to esoteric knowledge is that of the Ojha or sorcerer, and of all the Brahmanical sub-castes this is the one whose origin can be most clearly traced to aboriginal priests.

Brahmanism is indigenous to India. From small beginnings it has gradually won over to its side almost the entire Indian race, and is even now continually gaining fresh victories. I believe that one of the great secrets of its influence lies in the fact that its professional expounders are one in blood, in character, and in sympathies with the general population. It is to me quite inconceivable, and opposed, I believe, to all the teachings of history, that a race of over two hundred million souls could have been brought into the most abject spiritual subjection by a foreign priesthood.

JOHN C. NESFIELD.

## NERO: A DRAMA BY PIETRO COSSA.

THE *Edinburgh Review* for January 1882 contained an interesting article on the two leading poets of modern Italy, *Pietro Cossa* and *Giosue Carducci*. The leading feature of the school of which they are the undisputed chiefs, is its classical and Pagan tone. "The chief glories connected with the eternal city (Rome) in a modern Italian mind are not the confessors and apostles, not the Christian martyrs, not even the splendour and supremacy of the Papacy, the last inheritance of the old universal empire of Italy: the traditional glories of Rome which now attract their imagination and fire their patriotism are all pagan. Paganism represents 'to them growth, grandeur, power, fame; Christianity (inextricably associated in their minds with the Papacy) typifies decay, defeat, dissolution." Thus Cossa takes the subjects of his principal plays from the days of Imperial Rome, while Carducci sees in the opening primroses, on the sunny hills round Brindisi in April, the eyes of the nymphs of ancient days\* and weds to Sapphic and Alcaic measures "rhyme which (as he says) sparkles and bubbles up from the very heart of the people." This wedding of Faust and Helena, the classical and the modern, is perhaps shown most happily in his *Nuove Poesie*, a volume not noticed by the Edinburgh reviewer. Carducci, whose earlier poems were written under the pseudonym of Enotrio Romano, still lives to delight his fellow-countrymen. Cossa died in 1880. Carducci's genius is lyrical; Cossa's, though he has published some lyrics, is essentially dramatic.

The epithet Pagan is less applicable to Cossa than to his great contemporary, for, while Cossa's imagination is fired with the magnificence, the greatness, the grandeur, and the might of Imperial Rome, he is fully alive to her hideous vices and her inhuman tyranny. In his prologue to *Nero* he speaks of the Emperor and his companions as persons such as Imperial Rome might see constantly

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\*E son le primavere  
Per le Colline apriche  
Occhi di ninfe antiche.  
("Brindisi D'Aprile.")  
*Nuove Poesie*, II. 3.



in an age all corrupt gay in its vices, and his *Messalina* is, if possible, a sterner portrayal of these vices than even his *Nero*. He is also full of appreciation of the humanising and elevating influence of Christianity, and gives a tender and touching example of it in the Christian slave girl *Silva* in *Messalina*. Born at Rome in 1830, Cossa achieved no success till his 40th year. But in 1870 *Nero* was received with enthusiasm at Turin, "from which time," he writes, "began in Italy what little fame I own." This fame he only lived to enjoy for ten years. His works are published in six volumes by F. Casanova of Turin. We propose to give a sketch of *Nero*, probably his best play, which forms Vol. I of the above-mentioned edition of his works.

To *Nero* the author has prefixed a preface and a prologue setting forth his views on art in general and on the character of his Nero in particular, which differs much from that of the conventional stage Nero. The keynote of all this is contained in the sentence "*what is true is beautiful*." To the criticism that his Nero "is always an artist, never an Emperor," he replies by citing the testimony of Nero himself who, when dying, exclaimed, "What an artist, I perish," showing that he affected the artist rather than the Emperor. "The statesman in fact," adds Cossa in his preface, "is nil in the Nero of history; all his life was wasted, and though lord of the world, he passed his days as an idler who had nothing to lose. He never led his armies, though he often showed himself jealous of those who did. But it was only a momentary jealousy; had he had them under his hand, he would have killed them; being afar, he forgot them. He sacrificed his victims openly and without pretence. He had no idea of personal dignity. The Emperor, a grave statesman, folded loftily from head to foot in his purple, may exist in the imaginations of several but is not to be found in history. His cruelty and love of art are the leading features of his character. His greatest crimes are his matricide and his burning of Rome. His mother Agrippina was worse than her son" (what she was our author shows in *Messalina*), "and Nero burnt Rome, not like the petroleum heroes of Paris, for the mere sake of destruction, but in the cause of art; he wanted space to build, and the ancient city was encumbered with narrow muddy malodorous streets flanked with mean houses built of dark tufa. But he should have remembered that in those poor huts were born and lived the conquerors of Pyrrhus and of Hannibal.

"Less cruel than Caligula, in whom cruelty was innate as a pleasure, while in Nero it arose from fear, cowardly as a child, superstitious as a woman of the lower orders, a good poet, a good painter, a better sculptor, magnificent as a builder, vainglorious to the extent of

desiring to give his name to Rome, in lewdness lower than the beasts—such was Nero.”

Cossa next deals with the objection that the rest of his characters are unknown and hence uninteresting. “To this,” he says, “I must reply that I could not resuscitate them (Agrippina, Poppœa Sabina, Seneca, Lucan, the Pisos, &c.) for the good reason that they were all dead and burnt long before” the time treated of in the play. “I wished to show only the last days of Nero.”

Finally, he says, he has been asked why he does not show the struggle between Christianity and Paganism which had then begun. To this he replies that it has been already well done by *Gazzoletti* in his *St. Paul*, and he has no wish to try to do it over again.

The prologue is spoken by Menecrates, one of the characters of the drama, the Emperor's Citharœdus (harp-player) whom Cossa calls his buffoon, and who is the “Comic Villain” of the piece. As perhaps some of my readers are not acquainted with Italian, I have ventured to give English renderings of passages quoted: in parts a condensed prose version suited to our limited space, but in the more important quotations a very close blank verse translation line for line. Italian scholars must accept this as an excuse for attempting a rendering of the stately “*Michelangislescamente scolpito*” blank verse of Cossa.

Bowing to the audience, and excusing himself with the remark that “the messenger must not be blamed, as he merely says what he has learned from the author,” Menecrates tells them that—

“ This personage of evil memory,  
Whom you shall see appear before you soon,  
Is not the Nero of the older plays,  
The stilted tragedies, an awful figure  
Whose glance strikes terror as he slowly stalks  
Upon the high cothurnus, takes three steps  
To measured time, utters some words to music  
In which he slaughters in his tyrant's vein  
Our mother tongue. My Nero (mine I say  
Since I'm his fool) is quite another person,  
Behold him, merry always, virtuous never.

The tavern he frequents with other like  
Loose livers, is a singer, pugilist,  
Sculptor and chariotceer, as poet poses,  
Is such, in short, as he whom we admire

Emerging life-like from the immortal page  
 Of Tacitus or Suetonius. My Nero  
 Was a true artist, very different from  
 Those other Neros of more recent times,  
 Who were, in short, negations the most brutal  
 Of all art and of God. And here I may  
 Indulge in a parenthesis, and tell  
 Events that I foresee in Italy,  
 How king Galantuomo in *the capital*,  
*Become once more a free Italian bill*,  
 Shall tear away, ne'er to be seen again  
 'The long black list of petty tyrants' names,  
 Verier buffoons than I, mean, ludicrous  
 Parodies of Tiberius and of Nero."

These last lines, heard soon after the restoration of her "Capitolian Rome" to Italy, must have stirred the hearts of an Italian audience. *Punch* translates "Re Galantuomo," (the popular name of King Victor Emanuel) "King Honestman" in lines published on his death.

The Prologue continues :—

"As to the style and manner of conducting  
 The plot, our author holds, as I believe,  
 To whatsoever school clings to the laws  
 Of the real—and deeming that in every art  
 The truth is fairest, casts forth from the stage  
 The line that hath more sound in it than meaning ;  
 Content if he may win esteem and voices  
 From the heart's music. Now if he hath called  
 A play where blood is spilt, a comedy,  
 And where Locusta Borgia of her time,  
 Ministers to her guests her poisons, he  
 Is constrained to 't by plot and incidents  
 Of this same play. Æschylus first, and then  
 Sophocles have entitled tragedies  
 The mad Orestes tale and Philoctetes,  
 Whose stories lead up to a happy end.  
 And th' author follows on the other side  
 The Greek exemplar. Nero shows himself  
 A figure strangely comic in his wild  
 Ferocity, and his companions are  
 Such as Imperial Rome might daily see  
 In such an age corrupt, devoid of faith,  
 Gay in its vices."

As a fact the first two acts are almost pure comedy, the last two tragedy. The bulk of the third is hardly necessary to the action, and it is the weakest part of the play.

The first act introduces us to Nero's golden house. The Emperor is discovered seated, dictating verses to his freed-man Epaphroditus in a hall with statues, including one of Venus, between the columns. To him enters Menecrates and announces that two persons await admission to the Emperor's presence in the adjacent ante-chamber, the bald-headed chief of the Senate and a winsome lass with a wealth of golden hair—which of these shall he admit? To his astonishment Nero calls for the former, cynically adding "affairs of state first," and Menecrates goes out muttering that he fears such unusual conduct presages evil. Epaphroditus is dismissed, and Cluvius Rufus, the chief of the Senate, enters. To his enquiries after his health Nero replies that it is vigorous; that he lately flogged the first bruiser of Gaul in the circus, but that he can mention an invalid that needs all the care of the good conscript fathers, to wit, the treasury. Menecrates suggests new taxes; Nero declares that the jester is a doctor; then, rising and changing his tone, he says:

"To-morrow morn the glorious sun shall rise,  
That shone upon the field of Actium,  
And I, the heir of great Augustus, purposed  
To celebrate the anniversary  
With largest of festivities and games.  
I summoned the head-keeper of the beasts  
Of the circus Maximus, and—only think,  
Good Rufus—there were in the place but thirty  
Lions and other beasts of less account.

( *Breaking into a fit of rage* )

By Jupiter Stator I had made, i' faith,  
I, Claudius Nero, a very pretty figure,  
In sight of the assembled Roman world,  
With this same sorry show of thirty lions."

Rufus suggests to give up the games and have a public banquet, the Romans being, as Menecrates says, a hungry lot, but Nero cannot bear to see them gorge and get drunk. The treasury, he repeats, is sick. Rufus, who has come expressly to inform him of the revolt of the army of Gaul, tries to edge in a word as to the danger of laying fresh burdens on the provinces. Nero declares that he is too lenient, and that the taxes are too light. "Why" he cries, "dost thou look at me with such frightened eyes, good Rufus?"

Oh ! I see why. Thou canst not endure the thought that my imperial purple covers a beggar's rags, and that I, the lord of all the Roman world, must stretch out my suppliant hands for alms to the citizens that pass along the road. The Prætorians," he adds, pulling Rufus by the toga, "have not seen their Emperor's image on a coin for three months, and have to be content with that on the standards." "Which consolation they will soon lose," says Menecrates, "for they will sell them." Frightened by the Emperor's frown, he comes to the rescue with the suggestion that many patricians are rich ; for example Cassius Longinus, learned in law but blind, has four villas filled with statues, one that of Brutus, \* Cæsar's vile stabber. "The blind man is half dead already," mutters Nero. "Jove pardon me," cries Menecrates, delighted to fall in with his master's humour, "but this stone Brutus shows its owner a Pompeian (the party opposed to Cæsar) and guilty of treason." "Now," cries Nero, "I applaud thee, the Senate is the law's guardian and bound to punish traitors. I only look to confiscation, unpopular truly, but what of that, I do not mind patrician hate, the child of fear. The people are with me and the people is no longer the handful of brave men launched from the seven hills against even the remotest peoples, but now includes all nations of the earth." Rufus reminds Nero of the care of the Senate in extinguishing the Pisos' conspiracy, but again urges the danger of taxing the provinces, for the Gallic legions have rebelled. "Let Vindex," says Nero, "decimate them." "But they have saluted him Emperor." Filled with terror, Nero breaks out in impotent wrath :—

"The truth

Dost tell ? By all the gods of high Olympus,  
And of the Styx, Vindex, I here proclaim  
His country's foe. He gives up his command,  
And straight returns to render full account  
Of his treason."

"But," he adds, "can I trust the Senate? Answer, Am I still Emperor?" "Yes, the Senate deems the rising a paltry matter, and as a happy omen desires to name the present month of April after the Emperor." Nero consents and wishes Rome to be similarly renamed after him, because of the splendid manner in which he has rebuilt it. He then promises to give at the theatre a public recitation of the *Œdipus the King* of Sophocles,—“a sovran artist truly, what limpid harmony his, of thoughts and verses,”—and dismisses Rufus with the part-

\* Cassius Longinus had, according to Suetonius, a statue of his ancestor Cassius. I do not know why Cossa makes it Brutus ; Cassius would have done as well.

ing words "Let Vindex be recalled promptly ; the traitor shall find his cross." The rest of the act is taken up with the introduction of the other personage announced by Menecrates, the Greek dancing girl, Ecloge, whom Nero has seen and admired at the theatre. He tells Menecrates to show her in and begone, for, though the chief of the Senate and the fool go well together, his snout harmonizes with beauty no better than a barbarian's lute with a verse of Homer. "An Homeric comparison, truly," says Menecrates as he departs. Nero comforts himself with the reflection that the people are with him, and so he need not fear Vindex. "Meantime let me pass my days in pleasure, and (seeing Ecloge approach) lo, the goddess. Thy name?" "Ecloge." "Thy country?" "Greece."

"A land adorable

Is thine sweet girl, it hath the privilege  
Of beauty ; 'tis a land where everything,  
From the Iliad to the Parthenon, is fair.  
There too Leonidas and his three hundred,  
What time they shed their blood, made the most fair  
Of battles. O most blessed soil of earth  
Where nature, all artistic, still produces  
Statues divine and yet diviner women."

Her age Ecloge knows not ; she lives but to dance and to please the people ; a slave, she remembers little of her country, for while almost a child she was sold to her master, and she has danced since in the theatres of many African and Italian cities ; but she is ever gay, and knows not sorrow. "Knowest thou me?" "Yes, thou art Nero the Emperor."

"Yet I am often sad,

E'en Jove himself is sad, and at such times  
Cities he overturns, awakes the tempests,  
And seems to wish to tear the world to shreds—  
A double pleasure ; who creates, destroys.  
I, Jove on earth, but imitate that other  
Who dwells on high Olympus. Shone a lamp  
Monotonously on mine eyes when they  
Sought sleep—Ha ! let me light a vaster lamp  
I said, and rising set I Rome ablaze."

"A terrible power." "But not terrible as thy glances, fair girl ; that sweet form of thine must no more be shown to a low populace. I, skilled in the art of thy countryman Pheidias, will immortalize it in marble. I love thee."

*Ecloge* (shrinking from Nero's embrace) "In Greece I've heard  
The sad tale of a maid beloved of Jove\*

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\* Theban Semele, mother of Bacchus.

I' the days when he was wont to walk the earth  
 In human semblance. She, unhappy one,  
 By blind love urged, wished to embrace her lord  
 In his resplendent majesty divine,  
 And, burnt to a cinder, perished. Does high Jove's  
 Embrace then slay?"

Idle tales, Nero tells her, but she says that, once when he entered the theatre, a companion said: "See that man exalted as Jove; evil befalls all women whom he loves." And she adds laughing: "I know you have killed your wives." Astonished he asks how she dares laugh at him; she replies that, though she knows his power, she, who has nothing to lose, has nothing to fear.

"For youth and beauty in a slave are like  
 The crown which joyfully the bidden guest  
 Places upon his brow for the gay feast;  
 But while the brimming cups ring merrily,  
 See the poor crown, ere long it falleth down  
 From his brow when he hath drunk, and is picked up  
 By a slave, and tossed away without a thought,  
 To rot upon the street."

Nero promises that she shall be free, the mistress of Rome's lord, and that all shall bow down before her as before a goddess. He goes out. Left alone, the girl gives thanks to her patroness Venus, standing before her statue.

*Acte* enters. She was a freed woman of whom Suetonius relates that Nero loved her so that he put forward men of consular rank to swear before the Senate that she was of royal race, in order to prepare the way for his marrying her and raising her to the throne. After his death she was amongst those who gave sepulture to his body. Cossa represents her as the only being who loves Nero and strives to reform him. The scene between her and *Ecloge* brings out strongly the contrast between her earnest nature, and the shallow butterfly personality of her rival; neither fears the tyrant, the one owing to her love and desire for his welfare, the other through sheer giddiness and levity. Learning who *Ecloge* is, *Acte* endeavours to persuade her to leave the palace, promising her freedom and wealth; painting the delights of a return to her native Athens, and finally striving to work on her fears by accounts of the horrors she has seen since she grew up a freed woman in the Domitian house; but all in vain. To her promises of freedom and wealth the dancing-girl replies that Nero has already given her the former, and promised her the latter. While to her stories of the Emperor's murders, she retorts that the best answer is that *Acte* herself Enraged at her survives.

failure, Acte rushes on Ecloge with a dagger, when the return of Nero interrupts her, and she retires muttering that he shall not always be able to protect her.

Nero committing the girl to the care of Epaphroditus, prepares for the theatre. "A fatal power," he says:—

"A fatal power  
Hath Acte over me ; oft dareth she  
Jealously to oppose my will, and I,  
Who with a nod can stop the eloquence  
Of all the senators' throats and make them dumb,  
Find myself helpless face to face with this  
Woman alone. The thing's not natural ;  
She must have managed to procure a philtre  
Of magic power from some Thessalian hag  
And given it to me ; but the infernal spell  
I'll break."

But he reflects that a sudden burst of wrath like this takes away the clearness of his voice which he requires for his coming recitation and checks himself. Menecrates enters and tells him that great crowds flock to the theatre, and that armed Prætorians beset all the doors, so that he will have loud and *spontaneous* applause. As they start for the theatre the jester adds that Cassius Longinus is dead. When he heard the accusation he calmly rose in his place in the Senate, saluted his friends and opened his veins. "Our Romans have courage," sneers the Emperor. "The dead man had four villas, and I have none," adds Menecrates. "Well you shall have one." "Laurels for the great singer," cries the delighted jester.

Act II passes at a tavern in the Suburra. At his door stands the host Mucro, gazing at the terrible comet that seems to fill up half the sky, and reflecting that, while famine broods over the city, and people lack bread, the inn-keeper's trade is a poor one ; he goes in to send his black slave to the cellar for wine, and coming out again, he begins to throw dice idly.

"Playing alone at least I have the favour  
Of the jade whom men have made a goddess of,  
Calling her Fortune."

Presently Petronius, a gladiator, Nævius, an actor, and Eulogius, a slave-dealer enter and call for wine. Nævius hopes it may sparkle in the glass like a glance of the fair Ecloge of whom the Emperor has robbed him. The conversation turns on the present calamities and portents and thence to the evils of Nero's reign, and



the superiority of the days of old, and Nævius soon breaks out with a fine piece of treason :

“And I with all the voice I’ve in my throat,  
And anger in my breast, cry out upon  
This modern age—this age of abject ones  
Who, on bent knees, burn incense to the tyrant.  
An age of bastard souls—You, comrades, you  
But laugh I know at me. Poor player, I  
Am wont upon the stage to change my face,  
Just as I do my garments. I am sold  
To the caprice and laughter of the people,  
But ne’ertheless ’mid this forgetfulness  
Of bygone greatness, on the tombs I read  
Of buried heroes, and so learn their names,  
And when the base successors of those fathers  
Who, fearless, all stayed seated before Brennus,  
Decreed a crown to the foul matricide—  
Poor player though I am, I could not help  
But hide my face that blushed for very shame,  
Thanking the gods that in so sad and deep  
Humiliation of the patrician name,  
They kept alive in my poor humble blood  
Even a spark of the honour of old days.”

The slave-dealer claps his hands and says this beats Roscius, most famous of Roman actors, but asks the orator to keep away from him as his talk smells of the headsman a mile off. The player retorts that the other stinks of cowardice ; he replies :

“I am of those  
(The majority I think) who wish to leave  
The world as they have found it. Through a peaceful  
Nature and by necessity of my calling  
I hate all change. Lately amongst my slaves  
I’ve heard a talk of grace and eke of rights  
Which a newfangled law has given to them,  
Invented by a Jew who died on the cross,  
While yet Tiberius reigned, and now I ask you  
How it would be for us, if, while in dreams  
We reconstruct the ancient capital,  
These slaves of ours find out that they are also  
True men, and not mere goods to buy and sell.”

“You might then shut up shop, dealer in poor human flesh,” cries the gladiator, and the slave-dealer with an “*et tu Brute,*” sits sullenly apart.

Scene III introduces the Prætorian centurion Icelus (who will be met with again in the last scene of the play). The actor joins him, and the two sit apart, conferring on the revolution that is brewing in Rome. The others throw with the dice for the price of the wine; the host loses and throws away the dice exclaiming that it is always so with those accursed things.

Scene IV opens with the sudden entrance of Varonilla, daughter of the murdered Cassius Longinus, flying from some pursuers. In reply to the questions of the rest, she tells them that as she and her maid were returning from her father's tomb, two drunken slaves beset them, and on their flying, followed. Scarcely has she spoken, when Nero and Menecrates, disguised as slaves, burst in. Icelus advancing asks how they dare assault a free citizen. Menecrates replies that he did not know that such could be found in Rome. Nero draws a dagger, but the old gladiator interposes and claims the combat, and, throwing down his weapon, Nero closes with him. He soon finds, however, the difference between knocking over the Hercules of Gaul when he knew his antagonist's rank, and doing the same with even a somewhat worn-out professional who does not recognise him. Nero is quickly laid sprawling on his back, when Acte, who, ever watchful, has followed the Emperor, brings in some Prætorians, and Nero is made known. At first he threatens but afterwards pardons, Menecrates exclaiming "Yet people call Nero cruel." The gladiator declares that had he known he fought with the divine Emperor, he would have stinted his blows, but the actor, reckless with anger, says he should have used his victory. "Let us hear the citizen," cries Menecrates, and then the actor pours forth a fierce invective, recapitulating most of Nero's crimes, which culminates in the following words:—

"Thou hast wrought

Infamies many amongst the few remaining

Patrician families; but who can reckon

The infinity of ills which in thy name

Thy bravos wreak on the people? Ah! thou heed'st not,

But the sore cry poured out amongst the huts

Of the oppressed, breeds hate, and of that hate

In time is born the day of retribution."

What does Nero say to this? The hero of the stilted tragedies would have cried "Off with his head," but Cossa's Nero, after listening attentively, turns to Menecrates and says: "He's an artist, declaims well, has a good voice," and invites the actor to supper as a brother artist. He next enquires for the fair fugitive, but she repulses him, saying he reeks of blood. Learning who she is, he is

somewhat smitten with remorse, endeavours to lay the blame on the Senate, and finally restores to her the confiscated property, thereby disgusting Menecrates who is disappointed of his villa, and hardly comforted by the injunction to find another Brutus so long as he is only stone. The company now depart, the centurion escorting Varonilla home, and Nero is left with the innkeeper, Acte standing unobserved in the background. Nero orders wine and bids the host drink.

*Mucro.* So great an honour ?

*Nero.* Honour if you like to call it so. I give 't another name.

*Mucro.* What name ?

*Nero.* Why ? Prudence. \*

Asked if he sleeps well, Mucro says yes ; hard work makes him do so. Taxed with giving entertainment to the Emperor's enemies, he begins to stammer excuses, but is told to put down the jar and go. Nero then goes into a rhapsody on wine that lifts man to the highest realms of poesy, and seeing Acte invites her to pledge him and praise him. " I weep for thee," she replies. He warns her not to try giving him lessons in moral philosophy. Seneca tried it, and his reward was a death that made him immortal. " That babblers owes his fame to me ; drink (offering the cup)—a hymn to the god of pleasure." " Fool," cries Acte, " thou invokest thy deadliest foe. I will speak, though it be my last word, and as thou hast listened to the first fellow thou ravest against in the streets, listen to me. Thou art Cæsar's successor. The oppressed Germans, the Gauls, the Britons, all rise against thee, and thy mutinous armies and famished people join them, yet thou dancest and drinkest in presence of the coming ruin, and, instead of being a hero on the battle field, thou choosiest the part of stage hero. Oh ! by the tutelary gods of Rome, be ashamed, and, casting off sloth, seek to go down to posterity by the fame of great deeds, not by lavish waste, and let shine in thee once more the majesty of Rome."

Nero, with a burst of laughter, declares that he knows nothing of the majesty of Rome, but the solid one of his temples, palaces, and baths. He is the last of his line, but no worse than his predecessors, whose follies he proceeds to enumerate. " Let their shadow brighten the light of thy glory," urges Acte. " Knowest thou what the dead are," replies Nero ; " blind, miserable phantasms, virtue is out of date, and its last champion died at Philippi. The legions of Germany may be pitted against Gaul's rebel army, and, as for the

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\* How well Mr. Henry Irving would manage this bit.

despicable rabble, they starve and curse loudly, but they know it is not I who parched the plains of Sicily and Egypt; they will only deny incense to Jove the rain-giver. Another cup; I thirst."

*Acte.* "Aye drink—drink thyself drunk, mad boy,  
And, like a fool, plume thyself on thy house  
That totters o'er thine head. Say would'st thou see  
Thine empire? Look on it then in the fragments  
Of that cup there.

[*Snatches the cup from Nero's hand and dashes it on the ground.*]

"Hold ye your saturnalia  
O'er all the earth, ye nations long enslaved,  
And raise to heaven hymns of your great revenge.  
The terrible ascent o' the capital  
Which once your captive monarchs scaled in chains  
Now leadeth only to a tavern's door;  
And Cæsar's awful sword, no longer potent,  
Falls from the grasp of Cæsar's drunken heir."

*Nero* (*striving to rise and reeling.*) "Well pick me up that sword—To-morrow, I  
Will gird it on my side, but now its brightness  
Dazzles me. I have cast forth from her seat  
Dull care—who, as the poet Horace says,  
Sits fast behind the horseman as he rides—  
And joyously a thousand fantasies  
Play all around me. *Acte*, haste thee, choose  
The whitest roses, and, with odorous crowns,  
Adorn my temples for me. The sweet flowers  
Conceal time's wrinkles. For this night I would  
Be verily the boy thou callest me—  
A happy thoughtless boy, fond and impassioned,  
Beaming soft dalliance from his every glance.  
And, sated with the dance, before mine eyes  
Eclogue floats."

*Acte.* Of thee, vile public actor,  
Right worthy is the ballet wench thine arms  
Have lifted from the mud.

*Nero.* How passing fair  
Eclogue is!

*Acte.* Fair!

*Nero.* And thou *Acte* growest  
Daily more hateful to me.

*Acte.* Dost thou dare  
To tell me so?

*Nero.* Art thou amazed? The truth

Emerges from the foam of the Falernian,  
 Naked as Aphrodite when she rose  
 From that of the bright sea, but heed it not.  
 Although I hate thee thou hast got some power  
 Over my will. Dost laugh? Ah! still I have  
 No power to kill thee.

*Acte. (springing on Nero with a storm of rage.)*

Misbegotten one,  
 Art well assured that some one will not rise  
 With power to kill *thee*?

*Nero. (retreating in terror.)*

So—What sort of speech  
 Is this thou holdest? And I am alone—  
 By Hercules thou could'st. What ho there, guards!  
 'Tis strange, the earth sways underneath my feet  
 And no one hears me. Ho there, my Prætorians—  
 Menecrates.

*Acte.* Coward.

*Menecrates. (enter's and goes to Nero.)*

I looked for this  
 And made them bring a litter.

*Nero. (abandoning himself to the support of Menecrates.)*

O delightful  
 Menecrates, sustain thou with thine arm  
 Thine emperor. *Kill me!* Why, what further  
 Dares she?

*Menecrates. (supporting him.)* It never is an easy task  
 To walk straight when a fellow leaves a pothouse.

*Acte.* Is this the thing that people call a god?

*Menecrates. (turning to Acte with a grin.)* At other times—Now is he less  
 than man.

[*They go out.*]

We cannot recall anything to equal the picture contained in the above for merciless and ghastly realism, limned by an unfaltering hand directed by a piercing insight. The first six scenes of the third act do not much advance the action of the play, and might well be omitted or greatly cut down. In the opening scene Acte is discovered standing in Nero's studio before an unfinished statue of Ecloge reflecting that her reign will be short. "The wives of Nero were noble and haughty beauties, but where are they." "Where they were before they were born in nothingness," sneers the voice of Menecrates behind her, he having approached unperceived and caught the last words. An altercation ensues, in which he

taunts her with boring Nero and exults in his own power of amusing the Emperor and boasts of having pointed out Ecloge to him ; she retorts that, for all his cunning, his deeds are known to many, and the coming troubles may be fatal to him. With this she leaves the room, and he soliloquises that there is something in what she says, and perhaps it would be prudent to look out for a safe retreat. Hearing Nero approach, he turns to greet him, and Nero enters felicitating himself on escaping Acte's jealous reproaches, and declaring her to be the dark shade of his life. "Why not make a veritable shade of her?" asks Menecrates. "My fool's my wisest counsellor," says Nero, "but at present I've another matter on hand ; what think you of this?" (*leading him to the statue.*) "Worthy of Pheidias or Praxiteles." "What might a monied man give for it?" "Its weight in gold." "Not a bad price ; alas ! the artist has come so low that he must sell." "A good bargain ; you bought in flesh what you sell in stone." "I bet, I don't cover my expenses, though. What Patrician will buy?" "Our good Rufus is rich, and loves that head of his, even though it is bald." "He is a safe purchaser." Menecrates then announces that the astrologer Babilus awaits Nero's pleasure. Nero declines to be bored by him just then ; the jester urges that it is hard to refuse him admission, when he has spent the night star-gazing for his benefit. Then a piece of childish mischief comes into Nero's head, and he plans with Menecrates to decoy the astrologer close to the window and throw him out—a jest worthy of him, as Menecrates tells him. Scene V brings in Babilus, who announces two portents—one that the comet now blazing over the city is the same as that which terrified the nations when great Julius Cæsar fell ; the other that the Ficus Ruminalis, which had flourished since the days of Romulus, and was looked on as the type of the Roman power, was drooping, and seemed about to die. Menecrates mocks him by asking if he has heard of the learned man whose gaze went so far into the depths of stellar space that he forgot the things of earth and walked into a pit. Gradually he is drawn towards the window, Nero blandly inviting him to cast his eyes far as the Alban hills over the Campagna, wakening into life in the young spring, and to forget in that fair scene his gloomy prognostications. Feeling Menecrates wind his arms round him from behind, he perceives his intent, and boldly tells Nero that he knows that he will die an hour after himself. The superstitious Emperor at once changes his purpose, and consigns him to safe-keeping, hoping thus to prolong his own life. This is recalled in the penultimate act, where the news brought by chance of Babilus's death convinces Nero that his hour has

come. This Babilus, Cossa tells us in a note, was an astrologer often consulted by Nero ; but the trick by which he is represented as saving his life was really practised on Tiberius by another member of the craft.

The sixth scene between Nero and Ecloge is of little interest ; they speak of the wives Nero has slain, and the girl is frightened, but is being pacified by assurances that by the brightness of her eyes the Emperor is consumed and only her adorer remains, when Acte enters. This brings us to the seventh scene, in which the action of the play begins once more to move briskly. Acte announces the Prætorian prefect Vinicius, and our old acquaintance Cluvius Rufus, the chief of the Senate, who bring two letters containing tidings from Gaul and Spain ; the prefect also announces a tumult of his troops for want of pay. Nero leads Rufus up to the statue and insists on his buying it, and then, telling the prefect to get from him the money required to pacify his troops, sends them away, promising to read the letters in good time and dismissing them with "this room is not an Emperor's hall, but an artist's studio." Acte picks up and reads the letters and announces their contents : "Vindex is dead." "I am sorry for it," says Nero ; "had he survived, he would have found a more egregious death at my hands. What more ?"

*Acte.* Rouse thyself now at last. The Spanish army

Hath proclaimed Servius Galba Emperor.

[*Throws down the letters and exit.*]

*Nero.*—What did she say ? She's gone ; can this be true ?

[*Picks up the second letter.*]

So, Galba Emperor ; well, what to me,

Does all this matter ?

[*Running to Ecloge and throwing himself into her arms.*]

Come let us love, my fair one,

While through our throbbing veins the happy blood

Of youth leaps warm. Galba is still afar.

The fourth act introduces us to a revel in the Imperial banqueting hall. The company are Nero, Ecloge, Acte, Vinicius, Rufus, and Menecrates. Nero declares that the poetic afflatus is upon him, and his offer to sing his verses is greeted with rapturous shouts hailing the conqueror of Catullus. He sings the following ode to Venus :—

Say where may higher joys be found  
Than at the festive board abound ;  
Drink deep my friends, long life to joy,  
Long life to love, drink, be not coy ;  
Too short our life is, soon we go  
Where neither grapes nor roses grow,

By dark Avernus' gloomy shore,  
Nor wine nor love shall cheer us more.  
Down there no longer may we sip  
Sweet honey from the rosy lip  
Of a fair girl. While we have breath,  
Love. We are nothing after death.

Fair Venus with thine eyes serene,  
Come from Olympus as our queen,  
Pearl of the natal shell most rare,  
Lovely and grateful past compare,  
Where enters not thy beauty's light,  
Sad is the land and plunged in night,  
Savage and rude the manners seem,  
And hateful dulness reigns supreme,  
Over a people sunk in sleep.

But where the ways the footprints keep,  
O goddess, of thy steps divine,  
Life is all grace, and fairly shine  
The arts harmonious side by side.

Thou, of the Latin race the pride,  
Smile sweetly on me, goddess fair,  
For thee, erected by my care,  
Rises an altar, as is right,  
Upon the Capitolian height,  
Where thou mayest bear thy gentle sway ;  
Accept the offering, we pray.  
In thee our only hope we see,  
Jove, grown too old, makes room for thee.

Menecrates votes for the exile of Jove. Nero presents to each guest the golden cup he is using, amid loud encomiums on his princely generosity. Ecloge taunts Acte with her silence, and, apparently roused by this, she seizes a cup, declares she too will play the Bacchante, and drinks to the girl's youth and beauty. As she does so, Ecloge's fair head droops on the Emperor's breast, and a deadly pallor overspreads her face. Nero shrieks for aid, but Menecrates declares that nought avails against the art of Locusta. Acte is found to have disappeared in the confusion. Nero orders her to be dragged back dead or alive, and turns weeping frantically to Ecloge, who dies bidding a sorrowful farewell to her sweet dream of happy freedom. Nero bids all tear off their crowns and weep with him, and they do so, placing the dead body of Ecloge on one of the couches of the triclinium. At this juncture the freedmen, Phaon and Epa-phroditus, rush in, calling to the Emperor to fly and save himself



as the populace has risen, and his statues are being hurled down amid shouts for Galba. A general stampede of guests and attendants follows ; Nero appeals to Rufus and Vinicius, who go out, the latter promising to lead his Prætorians against the insurgents. Nero then turns to Menecrates and adjures him not to leave him, but he replies : " My Nero, our pleasant comedy is ended amidst hisses, and I mean to learn another with a new name ; for the present, permit me to take the cup you just now gave me ; and so farewell." Snatching a golden cup from the table he rushes out, Nero hurling another after him, and execrating him for an infamous parasite. The forsaken Emperor then turns to the freedmen, who swear fealty to him and are sent to rouse those (and they are many, he says) whom his friendship has raised from poverty to wealth, and bid them attend with their followers.

Left alone, Nero walks up and down, undecided what to do. " Ah me," he cries, " how full of fear this silence seems !" Then his glance falls on Ecloge's body, and he approaches it. The sound of a tempest is heard, at first in the distance, but gradually approaching. He addresses the dead girl thus :

" And thou the while art sleeping on thy pillow  
So silently, O my ill fated love.  
And long and drear and dreamless is thy sleep,  
A fatal sleep that knows not any waking.  
How fair thou art still, and thou smilest on me.  
Dost wish, my loved one, that I slept by thee ?  
Thy beauty wrings my heart, come let me cover  
Thy smile." (*Throws a mantle over the corpse*).

" Perhaps," he thinks, " Vinicius has stemmed the rebellion," and going to a window he opens it. The tempest has come up over the city, and rain is falling in the streets. Suddenly he recoils in terror as he perceives that the palace guards have left their posts, and there is nothing to prevent his enemies breaking in on him. A gust of wind blows out the lamps ; he thinks of flying and hiding, or of going to his enemy in suppliant garb, and begging for mercy on his knees ; perhaps Galba would leave to him the prefecture of Egypt, or of some other province. Then comes a flicker of hope : " Why basely yield ? Could I but let loose the beasts caged in the circus on the city what a scare there would be. What an idea ! No one returns to me ; my misfortune is so new that neither friend nor foe has had time to find me." " I offer thee either, choose," cries Acte's voice behind him, and she advances from the background. " Dost thou not fear me ?" he demands. " When all Rome trembled before

thee did I fear thee, and shall I now?" she replies. "Dost thou too come to cast a stone at the wounded lion? But he still has claws," cries Nero advancing towards her. She awaits him in scornful tranquillity, and he pauses. "I fear thee," he cries, "implacable woman, chained to me by an evil destiny, begone; dost come to gloat over my downfall?" "I come to save thee, hast thou courage?" "Dost thou mock me; canst thou restore me my empire?" he asks. "That is dead," she replies "I offer this," presenting a goblet. "The poison," he howls with a shudder, "used on the poor girl who lies here." Acte reminds him of the stoical deaths of his victims; he entreats her not to raise spectres from the tomb at such a moment, but she tells him she does it that their example may inspire him to meet his death as a Roman should. He declares that he is but thirty, that he loves life, that he never professed to be a Stoic, and that perhaps all is not yet lost. "Hadst thou listened to me," she says, "thou mightest have raised Rome again to her ancient greatness; now what room is there for hope? Thou hast made the Senate a base pack of flatterers and cowards accustomed to change their masters as unconcernedly as their garments; thou hast dishonored and plundered the Patricians, giving their goods to thy bravos; the populace laughs at thee, vile prize fighter and charioteer." "Begone," he cries, but, as she turns to obey, he entreats her to stay, thinking he hears a threatening sound in the street. She assures him that it is but the howling of the storm. "Unfortunate that I am," she cries, "to have set all my affection on such a coward, enduring the mockery of his wives and his preference for the venal charms of that low ballet girl above my well-proved affection." "I know not," she thunders out, "if the gods give heed to the affairs of men, but this I know well, that thy trull lies there dead, and that thou tremblest discrowned before me." He asks for the poison, but hearing the freedmen come in, he pauses; they relate how Vinicius alone of his friends proved faithful, but that he and the few soldiers who went with him were overborne by numbers and cut down, and that Babilus was seen lying in the streets. "Dead?" asks Nero in terror. "Nay," they reply, "we took not much heed of him as we hastened here." "Ye did not well," he replies, "mine hour has come, let us fly if we can." "The darkness," they say, "favours flight." "O happy one," he cries casting a last look on Ecloge, "thou fliest not, a fugitive from Cæsar's halls. "Should not Cæsar remain?" says Acte. "Every moment," urge the freedmen, "the peril increases." "Lead on," he bids them, "and thou, Acte"—"I leave thee not," she whispers, "I love thee still." He bids Phaon take his lute, and they go out.

Act V passes in a poor room in Phaon's cottage in the Suburra. Nero, Acte, and the freedmen enter, Nero complaining that the place is a very wretched one. "But you will be safe here for awhile," they assure him. "What distance is it?" he asks. "The fourth mile stone is at the door," they tell him. "I had thought we came further," he says.

"Oh what a fearful flight—at every step  
There ever rose before me some new peril.  
Dost thou remember, at the Salarian gate  
A sudden and impetuous gust of wind  
Blew from my face the corner of the cloth  
In which I had veiled it, and a passing soldier  
Of the Prætorians knew me and saluted?  
A little further on, with horrid crash  
A thunderbolt seemed to graze my very garments.  
And oh! that bloodless corpse which all deformed  
By many wounds, its arms thrown wide apart,  
Traversed the way before me."

He is weary, he says, and thirsty, and Acte bids Epaphroditus bring water from the neighbouring fosse. He asks what hour it is. "Dawn breaks," they reply. "Ah," he cries,

"If man rose and set  
Only to dawn again as doth the day,  
His setting then were not so great a matter;  
But woe is me, man's sun sets into darkness  
That hath no confines."

Epaphroditus returns with the water, but it is so muddy that Nero cannot drink it. "Have ye weapons?" he asks. The freedmen give him their daggers. He says he will endeavour to sleep, and bids Phaon go and mingle with the crowd in the city and gather what information he can. Nero then throws himself on the rude couch which forms almost the sole furniture of the room, and Acte covers him with her mantle, ordering Epaphroditus to keep watch at the door. "The white robe of the feaster," he reflects, "covers the doomed one—a splendid theme for a poet." Getting the daggers from Acte, he places them under his head that they may be within reach when needed, and then, as he reclines, he begins to declaim Horace, *Carm.* III. 3.

"The man just and tenacious  
Of his set purpose is not terrified,  
Nor by the bolt of Jove,  
Nor by the tyrant's face  
Frowning on him hard by.  
Not though with stunning crush

The world should burst; will his strong spirit quail,  
Nor blench though o'er his head the ruins totter,—

A pretty charlatan that poet Horace.

I'd like to see him here, who at Philippi  
Threw down his shield that he might run the faster.  
Shallow his verses seem, they weary me,  
And weariness gives sleep."

He sleeps. "Would thou might'st never wake unhappy one," says Acte. Epaphroditus whispers to her that he hears a horse's gallop; they listen, it passes.

Suddenly Nero leaps in terror from the couch crying, "Galba is here." Then breaking into wild raving, he bids care begone; he, the greatest of the Latin poets, is reciting in the theatre amid the plaudits of the audience. "Crown me," he cries, "with roses; the laurel is out of date." "He is mad," whisper the anxious watchers; "terror blazes from his eyes."

*Nero.* O what a crowd there is. Around me press  
Importunate ones; ho, back there! Lictors, clear  
Space for your Emperor's passage. 'Tis in vain.  
I cannot kill the dead a second time.  
Art thou my mother? She hears me not, but straight  
Unclassps the imperial mantle from my shoulder.  
Then laughs and flies. Thou Cassius Longinus,  
What would'st thou of me? Now can'st look at me,  
Who in thy life wast blind? Say, can the grave  
Work such a miracle as this? and thou,  
What is thy name? Thy brow is wreathed with laurels,  
Thy face is scarred with wounds, and thy bare arms  
Thou wavest wildly towards me. Slowly, slowly,  
Thy blood drips from thy lacerated veins.  
I see thee again, O singer of Pharsalia,  
Perchance thou laughest in my face, and thinkest  
That poem of thine shall bear away the palm  
From my fair verses. Fool! 'tis true that thou  
Did'st sing at the last moment of thy life,  
But what had'st thou to lose? While I now lose  
Life and an empire—ne'ertheless I sing  
So that as poet and as man I am  
Greater than thou. Begone and do not laugh."

Our readers will perhaps note the dramatic force with which Cossa lets Nero's belief in his merits as an artist, and his anxiety regarding his future fame as such show forth amid all his terror. In doing this he is simply following his authorities, and reproducing with

more graphic and life-like detail the scene as described by the historians.

"Nero," whispers Acte, embracing him with tender sadness, "recall thy senses, thou hast need of all." "Why dost thou laugh?" he asks, gazing at her without recognizing her. "I wept," she replies. "Ah," he rejoins, beginning to recollect her, "with thy wail thou dost anticipate my funeral."

Phaon returns with the news that the Senate has ordered that Nero be scourged to death with rods as his country's enemy. He shivers and curses the false honesty of the face of Rufus whom he used to call good. "Smile proudly at fate," cries Acte, "and die." "Advice easier to give than to follow; none of you dare set the example," says Nero. "See," cries Acte, seizing a dagger and plunging it into her bosom. "O my Nero, I can tell thee after proof that it hurts not." Nero bends over the corpse with no trace of feeling for her who has given this touching proof of her devotion to him, but only striving to see if she has died without suffering, and he rises, saying that at least it is soon over. Epaphroditus now gives the alarm that soldiers approach the house, and Nero tries to thrust a dagger into his throat, but his nerve fails, and he calls on Phaon to help him; the latter seizes his hand, and drives the weapon home, and with a cry of "Ah, what an artist I perish," Nero falls. Just then the centurion Icelus bursts into the room, calling to his men to search everywhere. Stopping before the body he asks: "Is not this Nero?" "Yes," say the freedmen, "he just now stabbed himself." "Perhaps I may staunch the blood," cries the centurion, angry at the escape of his prey, and bending to try to do so. Then the dying emperor raises himself on one arm and glaring on Icelus, cries, "Soldier, it is too late. Is this thy faith?"

This play, if well translated and put on the boards by Mr. Wilson Barrett, ought certainly to secure as long a run as "Claudian" did.

M. R. WELD.

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# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.—Prince Halim Pasha opens his article with the following words:—

As the last surviving son of Mehemed Ali; as the first President of the Council of the late Khedivate, in which office I strove, to my heavy cost, against the oppression which was the root of all the evils to which my unhappy country has since been a prey; as an Egyptian not without honour amongst my own people, who know that my understanding of them is as true as my sympathy; and as a patriot moved to deepest concern by late events, I ask the courtesy of a few pages of space in the *Nineteenth Century*.

When his brother Saïd (he continues) died in January 1863 Egypt was prosperous, and its total debt only five millions sterling; its misfortunes began with the reign of his nephew Ismail. Ismail's aspirations were divided between a desire to accumulate wealth

and an ambition for notoriety. Everything else was of secondary importance. The conquest of Darfour, which succeeded, thanks to Zebeir Pasha, and the attempt against Abyssinia, were undertaken with the sole object of adding to his title those of King of Darfour and King of Abyssinia.

The failure of Ismail's rule in Egypt lay solely in Ismail himself, who neglected all the serious duties of his office ; and this is a point to be insisted upon, because Egypt, as a problem of Government, presents no inherent difficulty whatever. The complexities surrounding it are wholly artificial, the handiwork of Ismail, or directly traceable to it.

I would fain pass on to other subjects, but I must yet point out how the mind of Ismail became distracted by the complications he had created ; and this, not for the sake of the fact itself, but because of what it led to. The event which most strikingly revealed the lost balance of his judgment and the reckless condition of his mind was his provocation of a military demonstration in order to overthrow the "International Cabinet" of which Sir Rivers Wilson and M. de Blignères were members. The effect which this expedient of the Khedive had upon the sequel of events was most disastrous, and it was aggravated by the so-called "National Council," imagined and contrived by Ismail and attended by him, which assembled in the house of the late Sheikh el Bahri.

And in truth it was a curious spectacle to see a ruler in whom the despotic idea was predominant and whose rule was essentially arbitrary teaching the army and the people what they might do to resist the Government of which he was the head !

When Ismail fell he left the country and its dependencies in perfect chaos, and the mind of the people, who hungrily craved for justice, in a state of angry effervescence. This was the natural and inevitable consequence of seventeen years of government, the prominent feature of which was the egotism of its chief, and in which nothing had been done for the people whose energy it had depressed by exhausting the substance of their existence.

After Ismail's fall, Tewfik's accession was at first welcomed as a relief ; but it needed a ruler of another fibre to handle Egypt in the condition in which it was handed over to him by his father. Unfortunately the foreign friends of Egypt sought to fortify his position by a contrivance, which might seem to have been specially devised to reduce him to a mere cipher, *viz.*, by the Anglo-French Control. Within a few months of the installation of the disastrous Condominium, Prince Tewfik had become a nullity in his principality, and his powers had passed into the hands of the Control. The Egyptians, however, did not take alarm at this, since they saw in the rivalry that existed between the two component elements of the Control a guarantee for the maintenance of their autonomy, and they viewed the position with relative complacency.

But when in 1881 the hand of France was laid upon Tunis, alarm took possession of the country, and popular opinion began to read preceding events by a new light. The cession of Cyprus to England, which was not at the time specially remarked in Egypt, then acquired in Egyptian eyes a new and sinister significance. Suspicion was awakened, and the impressionable Egyptian mind was brought into a state of panic, which at once obliterated its complacent view of the Control. In place of this view, Egypt now discerned in that very mutuality of surveillance exercised by England and France, in which they had previously found re-assurance, evidence of an artfully contrived secret understanding between the Governments, which placed the autonomy of Egypt in peril. They came to believe that Egypt was the portion of the Sultan's estates which had been awarded to England. Forthwith, and with a singular rapidity, England became an object of general distrust in Egypt, and the feeling rapidly hardened into one of strong animosity.

While Egypt was thus painfully impressed, the two foreign Powers concerned imposed upon the reluctant Khedive Riaz Pasha as President of the Council. This measure, to which no great importance was attached at the time, was prolific in mischievous effects. For while, on the one hand, it was eminently unpopular, it created a situation for Tewfik in which he discovered an analogy between his own position and that of his father when he was overshadowed by the International Ministry. If Tewfik had been capable of original thought, this discovery would have led him to wider reflections than those which ultimately determined his action. He would have reflected that by the very fact of his father's invocation of the military element to overawe the Government, that element had acquired an importance to which it had no previous pretensions and which made it in its own estimation the arbiter of national questions. He would have measured the great risk of putting the same forces in motion a second time. But the truer philosophy of the situation did not strike the mind of Tewfik; while the face-to-face tyranny of Riaz put all his nature into a flutter of recalcitration. The only resource, however, that suggested itself to his mind was to repeat the tactics by which his father had overturned the International Ministry.

So Tewfik made his compact with Arabi, and the Riaz Ministry was upset.

Thus, in the space of a few months, two successive rulers, father and son, to ease their own necks from the yoke of overbearing Ministers, had invoked the evil spirit of revolt against themselves.

Tewfik had formed no notion of the mettle of the steed to which he was rashly giving rein. He thought to apply the curb when he pleased; but he found to his dismay that the courser took no heed of bit or bridle, and that he was utterly powerless to bring under restraint the revolt which he himself had deliberately turned loose.

The writer believes, with Mr. Gladstone, that the Control did more harm than good. It left untouched the insupportable fiscal burdens imposed by Ismail, and the little it did to improve the methods of tax-collecting was so slight as to be scarcely appreciable.

In the days of Ismail, the tax-collector went his rounds twelve times in the year. The Control thought it had done wonders in reducing these visitations to nine per annum. But the reduced number, the nine, was still too many by at



least five. It gave the luckless fellah no rest, no breathing space, no time to feel that any part of his life was his own, or that he had any *raison d'être* beyond that of payer of imposts or recipient of stripes for default. There were by way of relief only the heart-breaking bargains with the usurer, whose calling was created by these abuses of fiscal authority.

The fellah is a long-suffering creature, and an excellent payer of taxes. But it is possible to overstrain these qualities. Ismail overstrained them, and the relief afforded by the Control was wholly inadequate.

Payment of taxes should only be required of the peasants when they have their crops in hand ; if this practice, which was strictly followed in my father's reign, were revived, it would give a new impulsion to industry, and make another man of the fellah, enabling him to extricate himself from the clutches of the usurer, to enjoy the fruits of his labour, and to see some brightness beyond the present squalid and hopeless gloom of his existence.

What should be particularly insisted upon is the fact that both in Egypt and the Soudan the thirst for justice in 1880 had reached a point at which its cravings could no longer be restrained. Had the Egyptian people been then treated by the simple methods of humanity, and had their grievances been impartially investigated, all the useless bloodshed, embarrassments, and expenditure of the last three years would alike have been avoided.

What is wanted is for people of ordinary intelligence to cast aside theories and prejudices, and to fix their minds upon essential facts—the condition of the fellah during the 17 years of Ismail's reign, and they will then understand how little is needed to heal the ills of Egypt if the right means be adopted.

Egypt, I declare, was only sick of injustice ; every other symptom was produced by the nostrums with which she was dosed.

The case was precisely the same in the Soudan, where the insurrection, at its outset, was nothing but a popular movement of the same character as that which took place in Egypt—easy to arrest by the use of the right means, because it was only the expression of that craving thirst for justice felt by the people whose life was parched and withered for the lack of it. A moderate application of the true remedy in due season would have stopped the movement in the Soudan at once.

But when a foreign army occupied Egypt, and an Egyptian army officered by men of the same race as the invaders entered the Soudan, the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The mischief wrought by the untoward expedition of Hicks Pasha is incalculable. Its consequences have been terrible enough already, and there are worse in store if the original blunder is persevered in.

By the advance of the army of Hicks Pasha, Mohammed Achmet, better known as the Madhi, whose previous influence was inconsiderable, was at once raised to a new position. He no longer headed a mere revolt against the injustice of the Government. The thirst for justice was transformed into religious hate by the intrusion of the foreigner, and Mohammed Achmet became the leader of a religious war. In this religious hate the Soudanese included the Egyptian Government, because in their eyes, as in those of the Mahomedans of

Egypt, it was the Government which had sought the aid of a foreign and Christian Power to crush the Mahomedan population under its rule.

Never in any previous contests with the Egyptian Government have the Soudanese displayed any such prowess as has marked their conduct in the field against the British. This is to be accounted for only by the fact that the religious sentiment has called into action all the ferocity of their nature. The Arabs of the Soudan fighting against the Egyptians—Mahomedan against Mahomedan—as well at the time of the conquest as in subsequent conflicts, were half-hearted in the field, and were apparently satisfied to make a sort of military protest against the Egyptian proceedings. All this is changed now; a fiery fanaticism inspires the whole race, and their rage, whether Europeans may judge it to be noble or ignoble, will make itself felt. It will be difficult to repress and impossible to appease it, unless the prime cause of its outbreak is removed.

Such then being the true position in Egypt and the Soudan, the exposition of that position itself suggests the remedy.

At present the Egyptian government is of an ambiguous character; under certain conditions it is English, under others, it becomes Egyptian.

It is obvious that this abnormal condition must continue so long as the present government is maintained, since it wholly depends for support upon the British troops. This difficulty can never be overcome; because the more fervent Mahomedans have convicted the Khedive in their own minds of being the cause of the intrusion of a Christian Power; while the more moderate, who are able to view the matter politically and without fanaticism, equally attribute to him the odious presence of the foreigner in the country. Nothing could change these convictions, and therefore Tewfik Pasha will never be able to stand alone in Egypt; consequently there can never be a stable, self-sustaining, Egyptian Government without the combination of entirely new elements.

Thus, although it is evident that the British Government cannot withdraw its troops from Egypt without first constituting a strong Government, it is equally evident that a strong Egyptian Government cannot be created out of existing materials. There are always the alternatives of protectorate or annexation, and under either of these methods of solution Tewfik might be upheld as an Egyptian figure-head for a British hull. But in this there is no discoverable advantage, while there is much manifest disadvantage. For so long as the Government of Egypt contains the elements of which it now consists, the British can never have the friendship of the Mussulmans, who would be far more ready to forgive the British for their invasion than to pardon those of their own faith who have been the means of bringing it upon the country.

There are two influences without which no Khedive can effectively govern in Egypt—the friendly countenance of the Khalif, and the sympathy of the people. Hence, England, if she is sincerely desirous of creating a self-sufficing government in Egypt, must obtain the co-operation of the Sultan, which would carry with it the needful *amende honorable* to the offended feelings of the Moslems. England would thus regain the esteem of the Mahomedan masses, and materi-

ally facilitate the pacification of the Soudan ; while at the same time she would give a far more stable basis to her moral influence throughout the country.

The apprehension is sometimes expressed that, were an Egyptian Government left unwatched by British troops, it would become impervious to the influence which England would naturally wish to exercise over the land through which lies the highway to her Indian Empire. This is but a shadowy apprehension, which the British Government would scarcely share, because the influence which England exercises in Egypt must depend on her relations with European Powers, and not on those which she may happen to entertain with the Viceroy. So small a country as Egypt has no means of resisting any Power, and by the construction of the Canal it has become a universal passage. Egypt is therefore obliged to be exceedingly correct in her conduct, so as to satisfy her clients.

It is nearly three-quarters of a century since the installation of my father as Governor-General of Egypt. Can one single instance be adduced, either before or after the opening of the Canal, of any intention on the part of any Viceroy to hinder England in her passage ? I can find no such instance. One, however, of contrary significance occurs to me. I remember that when Admiral Napier in 1840 blockaded Alexandria, and sent an ultimatum to my father, the dignitaries of State proposed to him that, by way of reprisal, the English mails and passengers should not be allowed to pass by the Suez route. My father refused to adopt the proposal, saying : " It is not the British people, but the British Government, that is making war upon me." He went in person to Cairo, ordered special facilities for the passage of the mail and travellers, and superintended personally the arrangements for their security. The great mercantile cities of England sent gold medals to my father on this occasion, and one of them is still in my possession.

And now a word about the Soudan. The permanent separation of the Soudan from Egypt is an impossibility. The two regions are on different levels of civilisation ; and either the lower civilisation of the Soudan must swamp Egypt by the sheer weight of numbers, or Egypt must dominate these numbers by superiority of moral influence and material resources.

Heretofore, the higher civilisation has prevailed over the lower. How far these relative positions may be maintainable in the future remains to be seen.

The Soudanese are learning a great lesson at the hands of England. England has given this people to taste the new and intoxicating delights of intense passion ; through this, she is educating them to a consciousness of their own strength ; and, by the lessons she is giving them in the art of warfare, she is adopting the most practical mode of teaching them how to use it.

The natural tendency of all this is to disturb the equilibrium which my father established between Egypt and the Soudan, and which has never until now been perceptibly disturbed. But as the Soudanese are still destitute of administrative organisation and of the capacity to create one, the equilibrium may be restored, unless England persist in aggravating the disturbance which she has caused.

But how is the fire lighted in the Soudan to be extinguished ? The answer is, by altering the character of the war, and bringing it back from a religious war to what it was at the beginning—a revolt for the redress of administrative grievances.

This cannot be accomplished all at once, but it may be done by degrees and with unerring certainty as regards result. The first step towards it is to remodel the Egyptian Government, so that it may have the support of the Khalif and the sympathy of the population, and thus render possible the withdrawal of the British troops, or, at least, enable England to limit her occupation to certain stations on the two seas which it might be desirable that she should temporarily hold. As soon as this is done, a great proportion of the influence of the Soudanese Chief will disappear ; the ground will be taken from under his feet, and he will have nothing to stand upon ; his leverage upon the fanaticism of the population will be lost ; his self-given title of Mahdi will have no further significance in the eyes of his followers ; the rallying cry to the defence of the Sacred Cause will be an unmeaning appeal. Then normality will be re-established both in Egypt and the Soudan, and the only matter for treatment will be the redress of those grievances which accumulated during the seventeen years of Ismail's reckless rule.

When this condition of things is once more established in Egypt, the new Government may turn its attention to the re-settlement of the Soudan—a problem of no formidable difficulty, provided the foundations are prepared in the manner I have pointed out.

The White and Blue Niles provide facilities for the exercise of Egyptian influence in the Soudan by the establishment (which was carried out, at the writer's recommendation, by his brother) of military stations at frequent intervals all along the banks of the White Nile.

The effect of this measure was eminently salutary. The population understood that Egypt was making the river safe but had no evil designs upon the territory through which it passed. And the proof that this principle was the true one is that, while it provoked no serious opposition, it answered every purpose, until Ismail's ambition endeavoured to improve upon it. For the principle of promoting the gravitation of the population towards the rudimentary civilisation offered to them, Ismail sought to substitute administrative interference and the tax-collector.

The process of civilising a country so wild and so unhealthy as the Soudan must necessarily be slow ; but the river affords an infallible instrument for the process.

By establishing military stations at the more salubrious points along the river, little by little each becomes a centre of trade, and from each radiates the civilising influence of commerce. By-and-by, on either bank of the river, there will be a belt of country relatively civilised which will always tend to widen.

This is the process by which the Soudan is to be civilised ; this is its true future, and Egypt is the agent best able to realise it. Best able, because there is no natural repulsion in the Soudan against Egypt, in its normal state, as there would be against any Christian Power ; because the Egyptians are fitted to endure

the severities of the climate ; because they constitute—note that I always speak of Egypt in a normal state—a link between the Khalifat and the Soudanese Moslems ; and because for these preceding reasons the work would be done at a far less cost of men and money than if it were attempted under the auspices of any European Power.

It is needless to show that, by whatever agency the civilisation of the Soudan were effected, it would be the commercial States of the world, foremost amongst which stands England, which would reap the benefit of the transformation.

Direct action against the slave trade can never be effectual. It tends rather to defeat its humanitarian object by aggravating the cruelties which are inherent to the trade, and which are often increased in order to evade the measures adopted to check it. The slave-trade is an evil that must be borne with while it lives. Civilisation will kill it, slowly perhaps, but surely.

This is the outline of my views on the Soudan, views founded upon a personal knowledge of the country and of the people, of whose natural docility I have had abundant proof.

As to the proposals that England should annex Egypt or establish a protectorate over the country, the writer believes that Egypt, if tranquillity is assured her, is quite capable, under a ruler whom she trusts, of repurchasing her financial independence for herself.

Either as possessor or protector of Egypt, England's vulnerability would be increased, and such a possibility would render necessary the maintenance of military establishments there on a very large scale. And who would pay for these establishments ?

As a dependency of the Ottoman Crown, Egypt requires but a small army for the internal support of the Government ; its political existence is guaranteed by treaties.

But if these treaties were superseded, and England were established in Egypt, it would be quite another matter. England herself could then be attacked in Egypt, and she would be compelled to show a military front in the country which would suffice to deter aggression. Naturally, Egypt would be expected to pay the cost of these defensive measures, and by so much would the power of Egypt be reduced of playing her own modest and legitimate part in the world.

Cairo would become the centre of intrigue, not only wrestling, as at present, for local influence, but scheming against the British power, in a spot where England would be at a manifest disadvantage.

Suppose even the protectorate, the minor responsibility of the two—the Khedive flanked by two British residents, one civil, one military, the army commanded by British officers. What guarantee would this be of security ? A guarantee so thin that it would be almost a danger in itself.

Moreover, annexation or protectorate would inevitably bring changes which would alter the political surroundings of Egypt ; and England, established there, would have neighbours less easy to deal with than Turkey.

The fact is all that Egypt wants is a restoration to her normal situation—the constitution of a Government acceptable to the Khalifat and to the people.

**THE COMING WAR.**—Summing up the results of Elisée Reclus's extensive and highly impartial studies of Central Asia, we cannot fail to recognise that "geographically, the Upper Oxus and all the northern slope of the Iran and Afghan plateaux belong to the Ural-Caspian region," and that "the growing influence of the Slavonian might cannot fail to unite, sooner or later, into one political group, the various parts of this immense basin."

And, surely, nobody who has studied these countries without being influenced by political or patriotic preoccupations will deny that the Afghan Turkistan cannot be separated from the remainder of the Ural-Caspian region. Afghanistan proper may remain for some time the bone of contention between England and Russia; and if it be divided, one day or the other, into two parts by the two rivals—no geographical or physical reasons could be alleged for the partition; but the vassal Khanates of Maimene, Khulm, Kunduz, and even the Badakshan and Wakhran, certainly belong geographically and ethnographically to the same aggregation of tribes and small nations which occupies the remainder of the basin of the Amu-daria. "Arrangements" concluded by diplomatists may provisorily settle other frontiers: these frontiers will be, however, but provisory ones; the natural delimitation is along the Hindoo-Kush and the Paropamisus; Afghan Turkistan must rejoin the now Russian Turkistan.

The necessity, in Central Asia, of holding the upper courses of rivers which alone bring life to deserts, and the impossibility of leaving them in the hands of populations which to-morrow may become the enemies of the valleys; the necessities of traffic and commerce; the incapacity of the populations settled on the left bank of the Upper Amu to defend themselves against raids after they have lost in servility their former virile virtues; nay, even the national feelings of the Uzbeg population, however feeble—all these and several other reasons well known to the explorers and students of those regions contribute to connect the whole of the basin of the Amu and the Murghab into *one* body. To divide it for political purposes would be to struggle against physical, ethnographical, and historical necessities. As to the Wakhran, the Shugnan, the Badakshan, and even the small khanates west of the Pamir, perhaps they could struggle some time for their independence if they were able to rise in arms like the Circassians; but they would necessarily succumb before the power which already holds the high pasture-grounds of the Pamir, since it has taken a footing on the Trans-Alay and about Lake Kara-kul. The fact is, that the Roof of the World already belongs to the generals of the Russian Tsar.

As soon as the Russian Empire had stepped into the delta of the Amu, the conquest of the whole basin of the Oxus—the march on Khiva, the conquest of Geok-Tepe, of Merv, and of the last refuge of the Saryks at Penj-deh were unavoidable. The advance no longer depended upon the will of the rulers; it became a natural phenomenon. The whole of the steppe is *one organism*.

The separate parts are perhaps still more closely united together than the settled populations of valleys separated by low ranges of hills. Owing to the

impressionability of its populations, the Steppe may remain for years together as quiet as an English village ; but suddenly it will be set on fire, be shattered in its farthest unapproachable parts, be covered with outbreaks stopping all intercourse for thousands of miles. African travellers know well how rapidly the physiognomy of the desert changes : the same is true with the Central Asian Steppe. Its internal cohesion cannot be destroyed by frontiers coloured on our maps. Those who have entered the Steppe with their military forces have no choice ; either they must retire immediately, or they will be compelled to advance until they have met with the natural limits of the desert. This is the case with England in the Soudan, and so it is with Russia. She cannot stop before she has reached the utmost limits of the Steppe in the "Indian Caucasus" and the Hindoo-Kush.

Such is the opinion a geographer must give, whatever his nationality, but with sadness of heart. For such an anomalous, monstrous extension of the Russian frontiers means an incalculable burden and loss of strength for the population of Russia in Europe ; it is an expansion which is costly and demoralising and a curse to the metropolis.

This expansion, while taking the character of a fatality, might and ought to have been slower. Instead of favouring and supporting scientific schemes of exploration, the Russian Government might have left them to private initiative.

While the Irkutsk geographers and geologists were compelled to start with a few hundred roubles and a broken barometer for the exploration of the great unknown Siberia, thousands of roubles were immediately voted by all possible Ministries for pushing forward the learned pioneers into the Trans-Caspian. This willingness to support scientific exploration, precisely in that direction, was obviously the result of a scheme long ago elaborated at the Foreign Office for opening a new route towards the Indian frontier. Far from checking the advance—as it does on the Mongolian frontier—the Government favoured it by all means.

There can, then, it appears, be little doubt that the advance in the Trans-Caspian region has been really made with a determined aim—the seizure of Herat. But in this case, the Afghan frontier question is no more a geographical question ; it becomes a political question, and, as such, an economical one.

National jealousies no longer consist in personal jealousies between rulers. Wars are no longer due to the caprices of despots, and yet they are as numerous as, and much more cruel than, they formerly were. A few weeks ago we were so near fighting, that, if we escape from war, it surely will be a very narrow escape. The reason is very plain. Wars are no more fought for personal reasons, or occasioned by national idiosyncracies ; they are fought *for markets*.

What is, in fact, the chief, the leading principle of our production? Are we producing in order to satisfy the needs of the millions of our own countries? When launching a new enterprise, when creating a new branch of industry, when increasing an old one, and introducing therein the "iron slaves" we are so proud of—does the manufacturer ask himself whether his produce is needed by the people of his country? Sometimes he does; but, as he produces merchandise only *for selling*, only to realise certain benefits on selling, he seldom cares about the real needs of his own country—he merely asks himself whether he will find customers in any quarter of the earthball or not. The English people need some less cottons, and want some cheaper shoes—for instance, for the 110,585 boys and girls *under thirteen years of age* employed in Great Britain's textile industries—less velveteen, and some more cheap clothing for the inhabitants of Whitechapel; less fine cutlery, and some more bread. His only preoccupation is to know whether the Indian, the Central Asian, the Chinese markets will absorb the cottons, the velveteen, and the cutlery which he will manufacture; whether new markets will be opened in Africa or New Guinea. And the producers themselves, the labourers, being reduced to live on twenty, on fifteen, and even twelve and ten shillings a week for a whole family, are no customers for the riches produced in England; so that English produce goes in search of customers everywhere: among Russian landlords and Indian rajahs, among Papuans and Patagonians, but not among the paupers of Whitechapel, of Manchester, of Birmingham. And all nations of Europe, imitating England, cherish the same ambition.

To produce for exportation—such is the last word of our economical progress, the watchword of our pseudo-economical science. The more a nation exports of manufactured ware, the richer it is; so were we taught in school so are we told still by economists. All this, however, was very well with regard to England as long as England's manufacturing development was by whole fifty years in advance of that of other countries of Europe, and all markets were open to her produce. But now, all other civilised countries are entering the same line of development; they endeavour, too, to produce their merchandise for selling throughout the world; they also produce for exportation; and, therefore, all our recent history becomes nothing but a steeple-chase for markets,—a struggle for customers on whom each European nation may impose the produce which her own producers are rendered unable to purchase. The "colonial politics" of late years mean nothing more. England has in India a colony to which she can export 20,000,000*l.* of cottons and whence she can export 11,000,000*l.* of opium, realising on both some twenty millions of profits. No wonder that the ruling classes of France, of Germany, and of Russia try in their turn to find anywhere advantageous customers, that they endeavour to develop their own manufactures, also for exporting—no matter, that their own people may go barefoot, or starve for want of a *Mehlsuppe* or of black bread. Russia is now beginning to enter on the same road. Her manufactures being not yet sufficiently developed, she exports the corn taken from the mouths of her peasants. When the tax-gatherer comes, our peasant is compelled to sell so much of his harvest that the remainder will hardly do to give him a scanty allowance of black bread for nine months out of twelve. He will mix grass, straw, and bark with his flour; each spring one-third of our provinces will be on the verge of starvation; but the exports will rise, and the economists will applaud the rapid economical development of



the Northern "Empire;" they will foretell the time when the peasants, "having been liberated from the burden of land," will gather in towns and feed the ever-growing manufactures; when Russian merchants also will send their steamers on the oceans in search of customers and good profits. A new mighty runner joins thus the steeplechase for markets and colonies.

Of course, we may foresee that this anomalous organisation of industry, being the result of a wrong direction taken by production, cannot last for ever. Already Belgium nearly nourishes her 497 inhabitants per square mile with her own produce, and imports but one-twentieth of their food from foreign countries.

Those are surely not far from the truth who say that, if all Great Britain were so cultivated as some of her estates are, if all ameliorations of her machinery were employed, not for weaving cottons for the earthball, but in producing what is necessary to her own people, she would give to all her children wealth such as only the few may now dream of. The time will come when it will be understood that a nation which lives on her colonies and on foreign trade is subject to decline, like Spain and Holland, and when applying their experience, their industry, their genius to the benefit of their own people, the civilised nations of Europe will no more consider the Far East and West as "markets," but as fields for diffusing the true principles of humanity and civilisation.

But we are still in that period when manufacturing for exportation is considered the only means of giving wealth to a country, and Russia's rising industry follows the example it has in its predecessors. Her manufactures are rapidly developing, and, notwithstanding many obstacles, her exports are steadily increasing. A free issue to the ocean becomes a necessity under these conditions; but this outlet is precisely what fails to the young competitor. The outlet of the Baltic may be shut up at a moment's notice, and that of the Black Sea depends on the good-will of those who will rule at Constantinople. At the same time Southern Russia is daily acquiring more and more importance, not only in consequence of the richness of the soil and the rapid growth of population, but also on account of the development of industry. The commercial and industrial centre of gravity of Russia slowly moves towards the south; but this south has no outlet to the ocean. Under more normal conditions the circumstance would be of no moment, though in foreign hands the Bosphorus still would remain open to pacific navigators. But with the actual nonsensical competition for markets the want of a free issue becomes a real danger. And it is obvious that the Russian Empire will never cease to struggle to conquer the outlet it is in need of. It will recoil before no sacrifices, no difficulties. It is already planning to reach this issue through Asia Minor, perhaps through the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates; it will bleed itself nigh to death, but it will still endeavour to reach its aim: and there will be no peace in Europe and Asia until the problem has been solved in one way or another.

Three times during our century—in 1828, 1853, and 1877—Russian statesmen have tried the direct way—that of conquering the Balkan Peninsula. They have failed, but not on account of the obstacles put in their way by English diplomatists. Lord Beaconsfield found nothing better to oppose to Russian advance than the

disintegrating body of the Turkish Empire, while Mr. Gladstone, after coming into power, partly through his expressed sympathy with the massacred Sclavonians, handed over the Servians, Bulgarians, Bosnians and Herzegovnians, manacled, to Russian despotism and Austro-Hungarian militarism.

Neither Conservatives nor Liberals perceived the only right way of preventing once for all any further attempt of Russia, and of Austria too, on the Balkan Peninsula : that of recognising the rights of the South Sclavonians to independence, that of helping them to conquer it, that of opposing to Russian autocrats—a South Sclavonic Federation. Neither France nor England understood at that time that a South Sclavonic Federation would be the best dam against Russian and Austrian encroachments ; that if the Servians and the Bulgarians accepted Russian intervention surely it was not from mere sympathy : they would have sold themselves to the devil himself, provided he would promise to free them from the Turkish yoke. Once free, they would care as little about “Russian protection” as about Turkish rule. But apart from a few war correspondents, who cared in England about Sclavonians ?

Therefore, even the partial success of the Russian Empire during the last war brought about such sad consequences that several generations will hardly repair the evil already done. The Russian people gave the lives of their best children to help the oppressed Bulgarians, and they succeeded only in giving them new oppressors worse than the former. The intervention of the Russian autocracy in Servia, its rule in Bulgaria, have killed in the bud all the excellent germs of healthy development which were growing up in Servia, and even in Bulgaria, before the war. It has lighted up internal war, it has opened an era of internal discords, which will not be pacified for twenty or fifty years. The heart bleeds when one learns what is now going on in Servia, since Russian generals inspire the Court and diplomatists struggle for “influence.” Will it then never be understood in Europe that the only way of resolving “the Eastern question” is to guarantee a South Sclavonic Federation a free life ? As to the question of a free issue for Russian merchants, it is quite different from that of keeping Constantinople, and the former can be resolved without endangering anybody’s liberty in Europe.

And now to return to Afghanistan. It seems more desirable that the loose aggregations of Central Asia should remain as they are as long as possible, until the Europeans shall be able to come to them, not as conquerors, but as elder brethren, more instructed and able to help them to ameliorate their condition.

Two years ago the benefits of Russian “civilisation” were ably enumerated before the London Geographical Society, and the fact was dwelt upon that Russia had liberated slaves wherever they were found. The statement is quite true, and we have good reason to believe M. Petrusevitch when he says that the slaves in the Turcoman Steppes immediately left their masters as soon as a Russian traveller made his appearance. Surely the liberation of slaves is a great progress, but all is not yet done by saying to a slave, “You are free ; go away ;” for the thus liberated prisoner will return to his former or to another master, if he has nothing to eat. Let any one read the elaborate work published by the Tiflis Geographical Society on the liberation of slaves in the Caucasus, and

he will see *how* the Russian Government has accomplished it ; and we have no reason to suppose that it has been accomplished better in Central Asia.

As to the agrarian relations, a European power in Central Asia is continually liable to errors which may turn a rich garden into a desert. At St. Petersburg the direction with regard to agrarian matters is perpetually changing.

For ten years the St. Petersburg rulers may favour self-government in villages, they may take the village communities under their protection ; but for the next twenty years they will abandon the peasants ; they will rely in the newly-conquered regions upon an aristocracy they will try to create at the expense of the labourer. The history of the Caucasus is nothing but a series of such oscillations, which resulted in the growth of the Kabardian feudal system and the servitude of the Ossetians.

In Russian Turkistan, too, the reckless confirmation of imaginary rights in land which was carried on on a great scale at the beginning (we do not know if it continues) endangered the very existence of the Uzbeg villages. And one cannot but remember, when speaking on this subject, the scandalous robbery of Bashkir lands which was carried on for years at Orenburg and became known only when the Bashkir people were deprived of their means of existence. Of course, the cruelties of a khan at Khiva, or of a Persian shah, will not be repeated under Russian rule ; but the creation of a Turcoman, a Khivan, and a Bokharian aristocracy, adding the temptations of European luxury to Asiatic pomp, surely will be a much greater evil for the Central-Asian labourers than the atrocities of a khan. With regard to Russian administration itself, we must certainly admit that during the first years after a conquest the choice of administrators is not very bad ; but as time goes on and all enters into smooth water one will be perplexed to make his choice between them and the officials of a khan. Finally, the time is not far off when Russia will send to Central Asia her merchants, who will ruin whole populations, of which we may see plenty of proofs in Siberia, and not only in Siberia, but also everywhere else where Europeans have made their appearance.

Meanwhile, what could England give ? It is time to examine what she has done for India. Progress is not measured by the lengths of railways and the bushels of corn exported.

It is time to examine what the creation of the class of *samindars* followed by the sub-infeudation and subdivision of rights, which is so well described by Sir John Phear, has produced in Bengal. It is time to ask ourselves whether the millions of Bengal have, each of them, even the handful of rice they need to live upon. It is not enough to admire at the Indian Museum in London the ivory chairs and chess-boards brought from India by Mr. A. and Mr. B., and each piece of which represents a human life. It is time that the English people should consider and meditate over the model of an Indian *bazaar* exhibited at the same Museum, and ask themselves how it happens that the incredible riches exhibited in the rooms were brought about by the same naked and starving people who are represented in the bazaar around a woman whose whole trading-stock consists of a few handfuls of rice in a bowl. Perhaps they will discover that the very origin of the above riches must be sought for in the nakedness of the

starving human figures whose portraits were exhibited in 1877 at the doors of the Mansion House. And perhaps they will agree then that, before carrying our present civilisation to Central Asia and India, we might do better to carry it to the savages who inhabit the den-holes of Moscow and Whitechapel.

THE "GREAT WALL" OF INDIA.—The writer desires to have the idea that Herat is in any way the key to India removed from the minds of the English people. We now know that there are other and better roads leading to India than that *viâ* Herat ; but the almost certainty that Russia will occupy this position at some no very distant date should induce England to turn her serious attention to the strengthening of the natural frontier of India which may be made (the writer believes) absolutely impregnable. All efforts should now be concentrated on this object, and impracticable schemes for keeping Russia out of Herat or taking it ourselves should be put on one side for ever—schemes entailing enormous expenditure both of treasure and life, and leading to no practical results.

Let us examine our present Indian frontier, which commences to the south on the Indian Ocean near the seaport of Kurrachee, and ends on the north at Peshawur. Along this whole length, a distance of some 750 miles, runs the Suliman range of mountains, varying in height and ruggedness and pierced by many passes, the two main ones being the Bolan and the Kyber, and joining the Himalayan ranges north of Peshawur. To the east, along the foot of these mountains nearly for their whole length, runs a strip of desert, then comes a fringe of cultivation, then the river Indus, unfordable at any point from its mouths to beyond Peshawur, which it passes at Attock—to the west of this range, marking the Indian frontier, between the Kyber and the Bolan passes, lies Afghanistan, with which country and the character of its inhabitants we are already too well acquainted, and we may here call to mind the remark of the Great Duke of Wellington, that it was a country in which "a small army would be annihilated, and a large one starved."

The above gives an outline of the physical aspect of our Indian frontier : the question now is, How can India be rendered secure from attack by the defence of such a frontier ?

In 1855 the late General John Jacob proposed that Quetta should be occupied and fortified by us, but his views were disregarded.

In 1866, his successor in command of the Sind frontier was of opinion that it was absolutely necessary to occupy a position in advance of our existing line of frontier, and urged once more upon the Indian Government the advisability of occupying Quetta ; but his views met with the same treatment as his predecessor's.

I may here mention that there had never been any question of occupying any point whatever in Afghanistan. It was not until 1876 that the Government of India began to think that the ideas of General Jacob and his successor were

not "visionary anticipations," and Quetta was occupied, and now represents what General Jacob called the "bastion of the front attacked," and which should be made by our engineer officers as strong and secure from attack as science can effect. Running south from Quetta, of which it forms a part, is the plateau of Beloochistan, varying in elevation for a distance of 200 miles from Quetta to Kozdar, of from 4,000 to 6,800 feet above the sea level, and connected with British territory by comparatively easy passes in friendly hands; along this plateau we might locate our European soldiers, in a salubrious climate, ready at a very short notice to concentrate at Quetta, which station would be by rail within forty-eight hours of the seaport of Kurrachee, and within three weeks from London itself. This position would constitute our left flank defence, as no army of any serious dimensions could march towards India through the deserts of Mekran lying west of Beloochistan and extending to the Indian Ocean. We should now have to provide for the defence of the remaining 400 miles of the Punjab frontier between Mithencote and Peshawur, running along the foot of the Suliman range of mountains. On this line we ought, I think, to construct strong defensive works to command the debouchures of the numerous passes. Mithencote, Dehra Gazee Khan, Dehra Ishmael Khan, Bunnoo, Kohat, and Peshawur, the latter commanding the exits from the Kyber Pass, would probably be some of the points selected; behind this line we have the Indus river, nowhere fordable, and which in summer is very broad and rapid—in some parts during that season it has a width of from four to five miles. This splendid river might be patrolled by any number of iron gun and torpedo boats. Peshawur would form our right flank defence; and here, in addition to a fortress, we might construct a strongly intrenched camp, and with the railroad which has already reached to this point we should have the vast resources of Northern India at our command to meet any army debouching from the Kyber, while from the other extremity at Quetta we could draw *via* Kurrachee on the resources not only of India, but from England direct; in fact we should have close at our backs all the material and resources which England and India could supply, and in addition those of our colonies. Under such favourable circumstances, I think we have only to remain cool, husband our vast strength, and in case of war let Russia do her worst. Now let us analyse the position of that Empire supposing she possessed herself of Herat.

Can the means of the valley to maintain and supply an army compare in any way with those at the disposal of India for defensive purposes?

Even were Herat connected by rail direct with Russia itself, the power of supply would be very limited in comparison to that of England, with the assistance of our commercial marine, and our command of the sea. An attack on such a position as I have suggested we should hold on the frontier of India would require the concentration at Herat of at least 200,000 men and 600 guns, for the advance, the line of communication, and reserves, and in addition hundreds of thousands of baggage animals, exclusive of camp-followers.

We must also consider the time that would be required for the concentration of such a force; it would then have to commence a march by Afghanistan, a distance of 500 miles through a poorly provided country, but having accomplished this which would take some months—during which period I hope we should not

be idle—in what condition would the Russian forces arrive on our border? And even supposing it possible for her to force a passage through the mountain ranges bordering our frontier, she would find the river swarming with all the latest inventions, in the shape of gun and torpedo boats, and an army on the opposite bank. I leave it to the imagination to picture what the feeding of such a vast host means in a country able only to sustain its own population. We will now suppose that Russia in course of time obtained full possession of Afghanistan, she would have a very poor country added to those which she already holds, and at the same time a most turbulent and expensive one to govern. We know that her possessions in Central Asia already cost her a cruel annual deficit in her treasury; the possession of Afghanistan would vastly increase it: she certainly would be conterminous with India, and we are warned that in such a position her intrigues might be dangerous to our existence as a governing power in that country; but is her form of government, or is it ever likely to be, so superior to ours as to lead the natives of India to wish for a change? I think not; but on the contrary, from contemplating it from a nearer point, they would cling closer to us, and a mutual feeling of self-protection would still further strengthen the ties of sympathy which the present crisis has undoubtedly drawn forth from all classes of our Indian subjects as well as from the independent princes both within and beyond our Indian Empire. Under such conditions, is Russia really to be feared as a close neighbour?

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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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PEACE OR WAR.—The absence of Sir Lepel Griffin from the Rawal Pindi Durbar was a matter of some significance, as indicating, perhaps, that his well-known views on the questions to be there discussed did not exactly coincide with Lord Dufferin's line of action. At the outset of present article Sir Lepel Griffin disclaims any knowledge of the views or policy of the Government, and gives what is merely his personal opinion on the situation as it affects India, its princes and its people, and on the general principles which should govern the question of the northern boundary of Afghanistan, whether the dispute of to-day ends in peace or war.

The critical state of affairs on the Afghan frontier can surprise no one who has followed with reasonable care the course of events in Central Asia during the past few years.

It was an understood thing that, in spite of promises made by the Russian Government and confirmed by the voice of the Emperor himself, Russia would seize Merv. The annexation of this place led as inevitably to the occupation of Sarakhs; and the consequences which have followed, with war imminent between England and Russia, were precisely predicted by General Sir Edward

Hamley in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in May last, and in a letter of mine to the *Times* on the 24th of that month, the views of which were accepted by that journal and by almost the entire provincial press of England. That has now come which we and many others anticipated and foretold, and there is little doubt but that the English Cabinet have seen as clearly what would happen. Their position has been a particularly inconvenient and invidious one, and they should rejoice that the audacity of the St. Petersburg claims and the rapacity of its diplomacy have given them that strong and dominant position with regard to the Russian advance which, without this startling proof of Russian duplicity, they could not have hoped to obtain. When a friendly Government offers assurances of the most solemn and distinct character, it is impossible for a Ministry conducted in accordance with the ordinary rules of diplomacy and self-respect to decline to accept them, even though they be transparently false. The Ministry knew well that Merv must fall into the hands of Russia, and they knew that Sarakhs would follow Merv. Against these annexations they had, as I have always held, no sound and valid ground of objection. Those districts had never been claimed by Afghanistan; they were beyond the limits of our political influence; and although their occupation by Russia might weaken our strategical position and threaten the northern boundary of Afghanistan, yet this could not be shown to be so directly the result as to justify on its account any breach of our friendly relations with Russia.

In a recent speech made by Lord Ripon to the members of the National Liberal Club, the late Viceroy of India thus alluded to the evacuation of Kandahar, the recklessness of which had been bitterly criticised by Lord Salisbury.

"If the policy which had been persistently pursued by Her Majesty's Government in Afghanistan of carrying on, if possible, a strong, friendly, and independent Government in that country were the right policy, then he" (Lord Ripon) "said that nothing could be more fatal to the success of that policy, or the strong friendship of the Afghan ruler or people, than an occupation of Kandahar. If threatening occurrences should take place on the north-west frontier (which God forbid), we stood in a better position with respect to our relations with Afghanistan than we did, perhaps, at any previous period of our history."

These words represent with much fairness Lord Ripon's attitude with regard to Afghanistan, and supposing that it had been possible to consider Afghanistan as an isolated state, this policy might have been approved, for there would have been no reason to interfere with its internal development, and the Amir might well have been left undisturbed to work out his destiny, and that of his country, but for the Russian advance.

That advance has been as obvious and calculable as that of the hands of a clock; and those of us who have watched hour succeed to hour will not accept as statesmanship that policy which was founded on the assumption that the clock had stopped. Before the discussion as to the policy of our retirement from Kandahar is obscured by war, it is only an act of justice to many of those who were in favour of that retirement to explain that we understood it in a different sense to Lord Ripon's interpretation. I was always in favour of the evacuation of Kandahar, for I believed that without it we should not secure the genuine



friendship of the Amir. This was the most weighty reason which justified the retirement, and I cannot but think, with the late Viceroy, that the spectacle of Amir Abdur Rahman Khan meeting Lord Dufferin in friendly conference at Rawal Pindi is a sufficient justification of our withdrawal. But that retirement did not, in itself, constitute a policy. It was, quite as much as the retention of Kandahar would have been, a defensive step against Russia, to secure the Afghan alliance at a future time ; and it should have been followed by the formation at Quetta of a fortress of the first class, the construction of a broad-gauge railway through the Bolan if practicable, as I believe it to be, of strategic frontier railways, and of a military road from Peshawur to Sindh. Further, the demarcation of the Afghan boundary should have been arranged, both between Khoja Saleh and Sarakhs and also on the upper waters of the Oxus, which are, equally with the western districts, in dispute with Russia ; and, in personal conference, the fragmentary and informal engagements with his highness the Amir should have been consolidated into a solemn treaty of offensive and defensive alliance, in which all favours and assistance received from us should have been the equivalent of concessions made by him. Nothing for nothing is the only maxim which should prevail in dealings with Afghans ; and if they receive favours without having to yield an equivalent, they despise the giver and believe that he is afraid of them. So when, in June 1883, Lord Ripon offered the Amir a subsidy of twelve lakhs a year to be devoted to the payment of his troops and to the measures required for the defence of his north-western frontier, it would have been well if that grant had been coupled with the demand for a telegraph line to Kabul and Kandahar, a British postal service for Government official papers between the British agent at Kabul and the Foreign Office, the immediate appointment of a Boundary Commission and the deputation of British engineer and artillery officers to Herat, not for permanent occupation, but to advise his highness upon the fortifications of that important city, and to see their recommendations carried out. A subsidy without a certain and visible return is not to be commended in Oriental diplomacy ; and it is beneath the dignity of a power like England to burthen herself with obligations when she receives no compensating advantage.

Owing to the absence, since 1881, of any definite policy with regard to Afghanistan, the opportunity for satisfactorily settling the northern boundary, even should Russia now consent to a peaceful delimitation, has passed. We have lost our vantage ground ; for, under any circumstances, we have to delimit with Russia as a party, and not by arrangement with Afghanistan alone. Before Russia occupied Merv she had no right to a voice on the subject of the northern boundary. But these are now matters of the past, and may be forgotten if the Cabinet holds to its courageous and patriotic resolve to resist the further advance of Russia.

Sir Lepel Griffin thinks that it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the state of the Amir to the Viceroy.

Lord Dufferin has most wisely taken his first step in Indian foreign politics by affirming and cementing the friendly alliance of England and Afghanistan

A similar meeting might have been arranged with Lord Ripon any time during the last three years ; for the Amir has always wished it, as he has desired the delimitation of his northern frontier, both of which points he pressed upon me when I first met him at Zimma, in July 1880 ; but his visit at the present time has a special importance as contradicting the theories of those who objected to his selection for the throne of Kabul on the ground that he was a *protégé* of Russia, and that his sympathies were Russian. There can be little doubt that the Government of St. Petersburg have thought that, were they to make a forward move, the Amir, with whom they have long been attempting to intrigue, would throw in his lot with them. But one reason for the selection of Abdur Rahman Khan as Amir was the belief that his residence at Samarkand and Tashkend had made him too well acquainted with Russian policy to like or trust it. The Russians are often valuable friends to an exile or a pretender, but have not the same attractions for a ruling monarch who wishes to keep his own possessions. Moreover, Abdur Rahman, like every other Afghan, knew how Russia had tricked and betrayed the late Amir Sher Ali Khan, whom they fed with promises of armed assistance and then left to die of mortification, a fugitive on the banks of the Oxus.

There is a belief in the Punjab, founded on an intimate knowledge and accurate estimate of the Afghan character, that the Amir has only come to India to obtain all that he can in money and arms, and that he will afterwards turn against us. Although my estimate of Afghan honesty is extremely low, and although I have only met two Afghans in my life whom I could trust, and probably they deceived me, yet treachery of the kind suggested is not worthy of serious discussion. It is true that the idea of any gratitude for our placing him on the throne has no place in the Amir's mind. He told me that he was perfectly aware that we only gave Afghanistan to him as a burden too heavy for our own shoulders. Enlightened self-interest and the instinct of self-preservation will alone secure the Afghan alliance. The Amir of Kabul must exist as the friend and feudatory of England or cease to exist at all ; and there can be little doubt but that this essential dogma of the Indian political creed has been strongly pressed upon the attention of the Amir by the Viceroy during the present conference.

In common with most Anglo-Indians, Sir Lepel Griffin is proud to recognise as a tribute to English rule in India, the profuse and genuine offers of service made by the native princes of India ; he thinks that, in the event of war with Russia, the Government of India would call for the proffered contingents, and that the call would be welcomed and obeyed with alacrity.

If war be declared, the position of Russia in Central Asia and on the Caspian will give her a preliminary advantage on the Oxus and on the Persian frontier.

I observe the special correspondent of the *Daily News* with the Afghan Frontier Commission observes that a disquieting element in connection with the position which Russia has acquired in Central Asia is the new Trans-Caspian railway, which would allow Russia to make a sudden move on Herat before our troops could arrive from India to defend it. But the fact is that to-day,

and probably for all time, Russia, with her vast standing armies and complete military organisation, will be always stronger than ourselves in the neighbourhood of Herat, and it would be to court disaster for our armies to advance so far from their base in India. But supposing that there was not time to fortify Herat so as to make it secure against Russian attack, there is no reason to feel special anxiety on that account. All that England could ever hope would be to so strengthen Herat as to make it secure against a *coup de main*. If Russia, counting the cost, determines upon war with England in Europe and Asia, then the capture or the non-capture of Herat by Russia during the first operations of the war is a matter of very small importance. Our strong natural position would then be the occupation in force and the fortification of Kandahar, with the consent of the Amir; with the fortified lines of Quetta held by an imposing army in the rear. The hold of Russia on Herat would be loosened by operations on the Danube, in Armenia, in the Black Sea, and the Baltic. In the same way, Russia would probably at once occupy the province of Afghan Turkestan to the south of the Oxus, and would seize and hold possession of the whole country up to the Hindu Kush. We have no means to prevent such an invasion, which would probably be unresisted by the governor of the province, Sirdar Muhamad Izak Khan, cousin of the Amir, but to whom he has always rendered a very doubtful obedience. He is ambitious of independence, and has wisely refused to pay his respects at Kabul, from which he knows well he would never return; for over the gates of that city the suspected friends of the Amir have always seen inscribed *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Should the Russians invade Afghan Turkestan, the British army would probably again occupy Kabul, holding strongly Bámian and the two passes which are alone practicable for troops.

But the writer thinks that peace will still be maintained. Russia is unprepared and does not wish to fight yet. The one element of uncertainty is the incendiary and revolutionary spirit in Russia, which may, unseen by the outside world, have attained such alarming proportions that war has become a necessity to the dynasty to divert the attention of the nation from its domestic grievances.

In the event of Russia receding from her demands and consenting to the settlement of the question in dispute by the meeting of the Boundary Commissioners of the two Governments, our status on that frontier will be far stronger than before.

We have gained a point of supreme importance in demonstrating to the world the clear and fixed determination of the English people to resist, at the cost of war, any encroachment by Russia upon territory belonging to a feudatory of the Queen. The bad faith of Russia has at last been brought home to the intelligence of the people, and the time for discussing obscure ethnological and ethnographical questions with Russia as to the boundary of Afghanistan has properly ended. We must now insist upon such a boundary as will absolutely secure all roads and passes to Herat in the possession of the Amir, and Herat itself should be fortified under the direction of English engineer officers, and, if necessary, at the cost of England, while a staff of such officers should, with a sufficient escort, reside there permanently. I should myself prefer to see the British Commission now withdrawn. All necessary information has been collected by them to enable the

Government to decide the question, and their meeting Russian Commissioners could now signify no more than disputes on points on which England had made up her mind. There are no members of the Boundary Commission sent from India of any diplomatic experience or ability, and they will hardly meet Russian experts on equal terms.

With regard to the line of delimitation, it would seem to be impossible to fix a satisfactory boundary, by known mountain ranges or landmarks, which would not throw far too much Afghan territory into the hands of Russia.

The Russian idea of a suitable boundary has been familiar to us all for some time, and, indeed, since the conclusion of the surveys of Lessar in 1882. It is probable that the line which was provisionally agreed upon in 1873 from Khoja Saleh to Sarakhs gives the most approximately convenient boundary, and to allow it to be brought southward to the mountain ranges, either in the direction of Herat or south of Andkhoy, would give Russia command of many strategic positions to which she has no claim, and which we are now refusing her at the risk of war. No Commissioners should be allowed to weakly surrender to Russia by agreement what to-day we are ready to dispute by force of arms. Ethnological considerations are merely urged as a shield for fraud and aggression, and should be resolutely put aside. They are incapable of exact proof, and would only give rise to constant quarrel. M. Lessar, speaking at the Westminster Debating Society on the 23rd February, stated that the old boundary line left the Sarik Turkomans nothing but sand and desert, and urged that the lands capable of affording pasturage and the Salt Lakes, which the line Russia now proposed would include, were absolute necessities to them. But it is certain that these Turkomans have no real, permanent, and cultivating occupation of the fertile country of Badghis, between the rivers Murghab and the Hari Rud, and there would appear no insuperable difficulty in allowing them to use both the pasturage and the Salt Lakes if they are now accustomed to do so. At the same time, the Amir, if he be wise, can have no desire to retain these wild nomad tribes as his subjects, for he cannot influence or reclaim them; and he should willingly allow them to retire into Russian territory. Should they remain Afghan subjects, they will undoubtedly give trouble.

However, the solution of the difficulty is not by annexing to Russia Afghan districts over portions of which nomad tribes have been accustomed at certain seasons of the year to wander in search of pasturage, but by removing these nomad settlements altogether beyond the Afghan boundary line. This would be no hardship, for one Turcoman tribe is always ousting another. The exceeding benevolence of M. Lessar's plea for the Turkoman pasturage and Salt Lakes is but an excuse to secure the passes and roads that dominate Herat.

Russia has taken possession of certain points which have undoubtedly long been held as Afghan territory, including Panj-deh, Pul-i-khisti, Ak Robat, and the Zulfikar pass. We are under distinct engagement to the Amir to protect his territory against attack or encroachment, and the time has come when we have to redeem our pledge.

No power which desires to maintain its position in the front rank could afford to disregard a breach of international right so flagrant as that which has now been committed by Russia ; and all Englishmen rejoice to find that the heart of the country is still sound, and that all parties are willing to bury their political disputes and to support a bold national policy. India, against whom the attack is ultimately directed, awaits it without anxiety, and is eager and ready to do her fair share in driving back this new invasion of the barbarians. It is felt here that war is preferable to peace, unless peace be accompanied by conditions which may assure its permanence. We do not desire a peace which only signifies the retreat of Russia from an untenable position until she is better prepared and we are less so. We prefer war to the surrender by commissioners or secretaries of positions which the English people are bound in honour to maintain, and which cannot be abandoned without national disgrace. No concession should be made to Russia, and no single square mile which can be shown on sufficient evidence to have been in Afghan possession should be resigned. I will end this article with a quotation from my letter in the *Times* a year ago, which Englishmen must understand is still the point at issue :—

The forward movement of Russia on the Persian and Afghan frontier has brought her into a position when her next step must bring her into collision with England, and the Power which then recedes before the other must from that day take the second place in Europe and Asia. I do not believe that Englishmen will endure that this position of inferiority shall be taken by England."

HOW WE LOST GORDON.—Mr. Charles Williams is a war correspondent of varied experience, having, we believe, accompanied British troops in three distinct campaigns. The present article from his pen is dated Korti, March 9th, whither he had retired on the withdrawal of the force from the neighbourhood of Metemmah after Khartoum had fallen. When the correspondent is no longer on the field of battle, he is at liberty to supplement with fuller details the telegraphic summaries of operations which he despatched from the scene of conflict, and is in no danger of having his accounts mangled by the military censor of the Press. He may supply omissions and correct errors, if, after the affair is over, public interest in it is still alive. Often, of course, it is hardly worth while to refer to past failures ; but there are times when silence is a sin against the public confidence reposed in correspondents, and to keep silence about how we lost Gordon is not, the writer thinks, called for by considerations of private or general policy.

It is a sad tale, and one that, told without exaggeration and with as little as may be of the personal element, has many lessons for us in the future. I will pass over the political phase of it, since there are no material facts known to me which are not also known to the world at large. Still it must be placed on record that the plan for the rescue of Gordon was before the Government so long ago as last May, while no action was taken upon it before the middle and end of August. That this delay was a main cause of the deplorable and exas-

perating failure goes without saying, and I think it is no secret that when the order was given the Government was told the instructions were probably too late. If the task was, notwithstanding, undertaken, we ought to admire the spirit which set itself to overcome difficulties artificially created, rather than to carp at a want of success which was assuredly due to lack neither of energy in the officer commanding in chief nor of sound judgment. For present purposes it is enough to start with the formation of the Staff by which the work was to be directed. This Staff included, naturally, the officers of an Intelligence Department. On no point has Lord Wolseley expressed himself more decidedly than on the necessity of having an Intelligence Department composed of the ablest men. "The utmost care should be taken in the selection" of them, he says in his well-known *Pocket-Book*. Now, there ought to have been no difficulty in this choice in the present instance. We had been for two years in the occupation of Egypt; we had all the strings of its government at the ends of our fingers; we had room and verge enough for knowing the best of the men who had been manipulating the strings; we had even two or three able men at our disposal who had for months been on the border of the destined scene of operations, and the officer commanding made a selection which was at the time deemed satisfactory. Major Kitchener and Colonel Colville were included in the Department because they had shown a mastery of the work required in its preliminary stages; Major Slade was added because he had recommended himself at the head-quarters at Cairo by his assiduity and his aptness. The superintendence of the whole Department was confided to Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., an officer whose military services had been limited in the extreme, never, I believe, passing beyond those of a lieutenant of Sappers, but who, having been employed on diplomatic and other similar work in Arabia and Asiatic Turkey, had still been permitted to gain high regimental and army status, so that he had become a lieutenant-colonel of Royal Engineers, nominally posted at Dublin, and a full colonel in the army, by the month of April 1883. The bearing of these facts will be seen presently.

Sir Charles Wilson as nearly as possible fulfils the conditions prescribed years ago by Lord Wolseley, who said that an officer appointed to such a post as that of chief of the Intelligence Department should be "of middle age, and have a clear insight into human nature, with a logical turn of mind; nothing sanguine about him; but of a generally calm and trustful disposition." In addition to these qualifications, Sir Charles Wilson has a thorough knowledge of the Arabic tongue, if not of the Nubian or Rotani language, and has a way of worming himself into the confidence of Orientals over a cigarette that in itself would have justified his nomination. And for three or four months all went well.

The General commanding was entirely satisfied with the working of the Department, and I believe still thinks that in the matter of information he was exceedingly well served. He must be a better judge of the facts than the cynics and wits of his force, who bestowed upon this branch of the Quarter-master-General's office the name of the Unintelligent Department. Anyhow, the Department, if it did not lavish money, did not spare it. Means were found for

opening and keeping open communications with Gordon in Khartoum quite as often as was useful. No mistake was made as to the dispositions of the various tribes along the Middle Nile. The Department made sure of every step of its way, and was ready for the advance before the troops were. But the delays which had been caused by the overt or actual obstruction of some English and of several Egyptian officials, who had pronounced an opinion hostile to Lord Wolseley's plan, and seemed resolved that events should justify their views, had thrown everything in the way of supplies and of the movements of troops over the date fixed in the plan by as much as a month or six weeks, and the time came when it was necessary to play a bolder game than had been originally contemplated. For the first time in his life Lord Wolseley was impelled to take a "leap in the dark"—to project a force "into the air." Dividing his strength, which was not in itself too great for the purpose originally contemplated, he sent that capital officer, Major-General Earle, to pursue the river route, chastising on his way the murderers of the gallant and accomplished Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, while he threw across the Bayuda peninsula a small but well-formed column under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, whom he described to the writer as "the best soldier he ever knew at home, both with cavalry and infantry." Of Sir Herbert's dash all men knew who knew about military questions; his prudence was, in the minds of most, more doubtful. Yet it turned out that his dash would have gained without fighting, an object which was only achieved after two severe struggles. Had he been permitted to take his first column past the Pools of Gakdul and right across the peninsula to the Nile, he would have occupied Metemmah without serious opposition; but discretion forbade this step, and the result is before the world. As second in command General Earle was given Colonel Henry Brackenbury, R.A., one of the foremost soldiers of the time, and an accomplished writer and critic upon military subjects. No one doubted that two such men as Earle and Brackenbury would do all that was required of them, and do it in a thoroughly workmanlike way. General Stewart had no second in command named in General Orders; but Colonel Fred. Burnaby, who had, in his wonted way, volunteered from England for service in any capacity, was, after Stewart's second departure for Gakdul Pools, sent to overtake him, with private instructions to assume the command in case of need. Now Burnaby was a colonel of 1884; Sir Charles Wilson was a colonel, as we have seen, of 1883. In the absence of a promulgation of the appointment of Burnaby to be second in command, his assumption of the post would have seemed to the army and to the world a slight upon Wilson. Lord Wolseley has been very severe, justly severe, upon trusting important commands to those whose chief qualification is seniority. He has denounced the practice as "a blunder if not a crime"; and yet, if any fault is to be found with his arrangements, it is upon this that his critics will first place their fingers. In the result the question whether Burnaby was publicly appointed proved of no practical importance, but the vice of seniority was most flagrantly exemplified. Burnaby was killed in the first fight, in consequence of an order that he gave to the heavy cavalry under, as it would seem, a misapprehension, for he made an effort, unhappily too late, to correct the error.

When Stewart fell, seriously and, as it proved, mortally, wounded in the second fight, the command devolved, as of course, on

Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R. E., who had "never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinstar"—who, in point of fact, could hardly have remembered how to drill a squad, who was possessed of less military knowledge than many volunteer officers at home, and whose training and habits particularly unfitted him for any duties of command.

Failing him, there came in the roll of seniority a number of lieutenant-colonels of the Foot Guards, the senior of whom had no greater experience of war or the handling of men in combined arms than he could obtain as, at the setting out of the expedition, senior captain and regimental adjutant of the Coldstream Guards. When in due course the command passed from him it fell to a lieutenant-colonel and regimental captain of the Scots Guards. Now not one of these had any knowledge whatever of the mind of Lord Wolseley upon the duty or business of the column. Sir Charles Wilson, indeed, had instructions bearing upon his functions as political officer, and of these more anon. But he was not many minutes in command, by virtue of his nominal seniority, when it became evident that he would have to rely upon a naval officer and a cavalry officer for anything like a plan of operations. From that time for weeks we were commanded by a committee, and of all the impossible things in the world, the most impossible is probably the conduct of a campaign by a committee. "I would not presume to give you an order," said one officer in nominal command to a subordinate; "you must know as well as I what should be done." "What do you think?" was the query continually on the lips of commanding officer when he met heads of departments. Sir Charles Wilson at the moment command came to him found the brigade had repulsed the enemy but had not beaten off the Soudanese. They were still in force between us and the water for which we were almost, and our camels were quite, dying. To get water within a very few hours or perish was the condition of the situation, and we had been standing on the defensive five hours four miles from water. Something might be said as to the discretion of Sir Herbert Stewart in halting where he did to give battle, he being in column and moving, and the enemy having still to take up formation and to move in a nearly parallel line to keep us from the water. But he was encumbered with a large number of baggage and ammunition and riding camels, and he was unwilling that his men should be asked to fight in a moving square after an exhausting night march of sixteen hours and with empty stomachs. Whether he made a mistake in not advancing at all risks on the Nile and accepting battle on one of the rolling gravel hills nearer the river, and free from the scrub which encompassed our actual position, and which gave shelter to the enemy's marksmen, must remain a matter of controversy.

But for Sir Charles Wilson, on succeeding to the command, there were but two courses. One was to take his whole force through an enemy who had had time to choose his positions, and with a cumbrous column this was on the face of it unadvisable. The other was to leave a small force to hold the *sareba*, and to march a fighting and flying column right through the foe to the



point required. A soldier would not have hesitated ; Sir Charles Wilson hesitated.

As it returned from the river the next morning, Sir Charles Wilson sent a message to Lord Charles Beresford, whom he had requested to take charge of the zareba in spite of the Government order aforementioned, saying that he intended to advance at once and take Metemmah, and would be glad of Lord Charles's co-operation. The idea was for the moment given up, so the flying column returned to the zareba, and it was put about that we would march to the river that afternoon "and take Metemmah" the next morning. We marched to the village called El Goubat officially and Abu Kru really. At six the next morning we advanced against the town. The column marched to the north of Metemmah : after an hour it marched to the south-west of it. Since the famous exploit of the King of France with twenty thousand men, never was there such marching up hills and then marching down again ; never was there such an objectless movement of troops in close order under fire. After six hours ; after five of them under fire ; after establishing, by the efforts of the Royal Engineers and the picked shots of the Rifle Brigade, an admirable little fort within 650 yards of the town, and after being reinforced by the men and some of the guns of Gordon's steamers, which most opportunely arrived, we—retired ! Then only did the attempt on Metemmah come to be called a reconnaissance in force. The name was given to it jokingly by myself, but it was seized upon at once as affording a very complete justification of the entertainment of the forenoon. Towards evening I went to Sir Charles Wilson to ask him if he intended to send any messengers to Lord Wolseley, as I desired to get off a despatch. He informed me that he had handed over the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Boscawen, as he intended to go on to Khartoum with Gordon's steamers. That was on Wednesday, January 21st. Already Lord Charles Beresford had had the two principal steamers examined, and, where needful, repaired by the naval artificers. Before three o'clock that afternoon they could have started for the beleaguered city. But they did not go, though their departure was urged by Khasm-el-Nus, who commanded Gordon's fleet. It was subsequently remarked by a distinguished officer at Korti, on the receipt of Sir Charles Wilson's much-delayed despatches and letters relating to the second and third days' fighting, "The man has lost all his nerve." If I differ from this it is only in wondering whether he had any to lose. His personal pluck is as great as that of most Englishmen, but like, perhaps, the majority of diplomatists, he has an overweening dread of the consequences of any step which has not been looked at from every side and at leisure. Be this as it may, he was to be off to Khartoum to consult with General Gordon. But he did not go. Wednesday passed, and Thursday was dawdled away in conversation with Gordon's steamer crews ; Friday came and went in the same aimless fashion ; but on Friday night it was given out the steamers would certainly start in the morning, with some bluejackets and some men of the Royal Sussex. The Saturday morning came, yet Sir Charles Wilson did not start. It was high noon on Saturday, the 24th, before he went, or three full days after he had given up the attempt on Metemmah, sixty-nine hours after the steamers had been reported to him as ready for him, and sixty-six hours after he had been urged to start by Khasm-el-Nus. Even when he did go, at noon on Saturday, the 24th, he insisted on stopping for the night just above the camp, under plea of wooding the two vessels, though they were crammed with wood

enough for many days' steaming—had, in point of fact, as much wood as they could fitly carry. We could not understand this delay then ; it is still more difficult to understand it now, when it is known that Lord Wolseley had directed him to proceed to Khartoum forthwith. Here would appear to be not a question of nerve only, but of direct disobedience of orders. I have not the papers here, but by this time they have been published in England, and on reference they will be found to more than bear out the view now taken. If the instructions had been carried out, Sir Charles Wilson would have left Abu Kru on the afternoon of the 21st January ; he would have reached Khartoum on the evening of the 24th or the morning of the 25th. Gordon was not sacrificed till the morning of the 26th. Sir Charles Wilson left on the afternoon of the 24th, really on the morning of the 25th, and sighted Khartoum on the morning of the 28th, or just forty-eight hours too late.

But even when Sir Charles Wilson did get to Khartoum, it appears as if he made no serious effort to thoroughly ascertain Gordon's fate.

The bluejackets and Sussex men on board are positive upon the point that the steamers did not approach the city near enough to make sure of anything in it. Some put the distance at a mile ; some say nearly two miles, when the steamers turned and ran down the river. Beresford would hardly have been content to come away without learning something more than could be seen through long-distance telescopes and aluminium field-glasses. Perhaps it was because he was suspected of some such conduct that he was left behind. But one report that the steamers went within two hundred yards of Khartoum is absurd on the face of it, when we are told that there were batteries and thousands of riflemen playing upon the craft, and shells bursting on board. If this were so, how is it that neither steamer had a man hit in the very slightest way ? The truth is the steamers ran for it, taking more care to get out of range than to find out the facts. That they were both wrecked when well on their way down is quite on a piece with the rest of the story. Had an officer of nerve been in command, neither would have been lost ; or if the first had been, as the native witnesses at the court-martial admitted she was, lost deliberately, the captain and pilot would have been shot out of hand instead of their escape being permitted, and the lesson would have secured the safety of her consort.

When the news came down in the grey of one morning to the force left near Metemmah, the "Committee commanding" was at its wit's end. It issued an injunction that the story should be kept secret, but within half an hour it was all over the camp.

There was not a man who did not feel inclined to shed tears—only it seemed too bad to be true. And then the instinct of the men fastened on the one point of hope. If the steamers had not had a man even wounded they could not have run the gauntlet of all the batteries reported ; consequently they could not have been where they were alleged to have gone, therefore they could not have ascertained the facts accurately ; and Gordon had, after all, probably fortified himself in the church which he had turned into a magazine, and was holding out till the steamers and troops got up to him. Small as the force at Abu Kru then was—it had been depleted to find guards for convoys, and did not exceed 800 men—it would have willingly marched on Khartoum that morning if the word

had been given. But the committee commanding made no sign. It had no more notion of what could or should be done than a bugler. It could only leave Lord Charles Beresford to his own devices with his two remaining steamers, and leave Major Dorward to throw up more earthworks and improve into impalpable dust those he had already made. If it had not been for Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, commanding the 19th Hussars, and Major F. Wardrop, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, Assistant Adjutant-General, the vitality of the camp must have come to an end. Lord Airlie, the Brigade-Major, had been twice wounded, and one of his wounds was so troublesome that he had to lie up, but so far as he could he kept the ball alive. Practically the column was paralysed. People kept on saying to one another that it was high time General Buller came, and not without reinforcements; in fact we lived from day to day a whole brigade of Micawbers. And all this came about because we had the ill-luck to have one officer killed and another wounded. When the want of nerve of Sir C. Wilson had borne its fruits and Gordon had been sacrificed, there was nobody in the force who had applied his mind to the contemplation of such a state of things, though it was, and had for months been, liable to occur from day to day. Everyone admitted that Lord Wolseley and the Government must have forethought what should be done in the event of the fall of Khartoum, but nobody was informed as to the result of that forethought. Chaos had come again when Sir C. Wilson was rescued by the heroism of Beresford and Benbow, and started for Korti to see General Wolseley, whose side it would have been well he had never left. But Major Kitchener, who would never have blundered like his chief, had been kept as adviser and Intelligence Officer at Korti; and as to Sir C. Wilson would have fallen the honour of rescuing, so on him must rest the responsibility for losing Charles Gordon.

Even at the last moment Sir C. Wilson might have recovered, if not the advantages he had squandered, at least the prestige he forfeited. It never seems to have occurred to him to show a white flag on his leading steamer as an indication that he wished to open communications with the occupants of Khartoum.

It is said that they would not have recognised it—that they are too barbarous to respect the custom which has obtained for centuries among civilised people, and so forth. But no harm would have been done by trying, and, as a matter of detail, Sir Redvers Buller had a letter sent to him at Abu Klea under the very white flag of which we are told the Mahdi's followers do not know the meaning. Nay, when Captain Pigot of the Mounted Infantry, took Buller's reply, and was fired upon, the firing ceased the moment he shook a white 'kerchief in the wind. Therefore we have no right to say Sir Charles Wilson's overture of a white flag at Khartoum would have been ignored; but somebody has said that there was a good deal more of the white feather than of the white flag at this time. Far be it from me to say so much of the man who rode so coolly from the second zareba to the Nile when he was at length induced to go, or who exposed himself—and his troops—so unnecessarily at Metemmah on the 21st January. Still, if he had plenty of courage, he had no presence of mind in face of a contingency which he, as well as his chief and the Administration, must have contemplated; and the result was that he left the vicinity of Khartoum as ignorant of Gordon's fate and of the facts of the surrender

as before he sighted the blending waters of the two Niles. There is one more count in the charge which has been made against Sir Charles Wilson. He had opened up frequent communications with Gordon ; but he never appears to have, as it were, sealed Gordon's promises to the chief native officers. They had, rightly or wrongly, conceived the idea that, like Othello, they would find their occupation gone when the British troops reached the goal of their efforts and raised the siege. They had Gordon's word that they would have their reward, but that word was never endorsed by the agents of the Government outside. It could in any case have done no harm ; it now seems it might have done very much good had rewards been promised to those who so long had held out shoulder to shoulder with Gordon. But though inquiry has been made, no trace of any such idea, to say nothing of any such message, has been found in the Intelligence Department.

The loss of Gordon, then, is distinctly traceable to two co-ordinate causes. First, Sir Charles Wilson's army seniority, which enabled him, knowing nothing of the science of war, to take the command of a force acting in the field at a critical juncture, and thus get rid of the importunity with which any capable and dashing soldier would have urged him to lose not a moment in going to Khartoum.

Had any one else been in command and in possession of Lord Wolseley's wishes and orders, it is inconceivable that Sir Charles Wilson would have been allowed to dawdle for three full days at Abu Kru, or that he would have been permitted to fly in the face of his instructions so far as to not only not proceed forth with, but actually leave behind the very man who had been chosen by the General Commanding in Chief to see him through.

The second cause is the extraordinary want of nerve which prevent Sir C. Wilson from seeing what a risk he was running, if only with his own reputation, by hanging about at Abu Kru instead of proceeding forthwith in the steamers which had kept the appointment he himself had made.

The first of these causes arises from the very absurd system which enables officers of the Royal Engineers to devote their lives to civil pursuits, while ignoring entirely the progress and practice of military science ; and at the same time to rise to rank and the chances of command over the heads of men who have been doing the practical work of soldiers, and risking their lives over, perhaps, a quarter of a century.

Is it too much to hope that this hideous example of the effects of the system may not mend it, but end it ? The Royal Engineers stand conspicuously to the front as enjoying the privilege of gaining army rank without doing army service ; but they are not alone in this very scandalous privilege, and whether in their case or that of any other corps, the existence of such a right should be determined at once and for all.

From the second cause we learn that a diplomatic mission, supported by a military force, ought never to be left in diplomatic hands.

Hesitation is the "note" of diplomacy, and in a crisis in the field hesitation is fatal. The man whose business it is to take prompt decisions is the man who ought to have the last word and the power of doing the last act in the presence of danger. Our practice hitherto has been mainly the other way. We are told now by the Intelligence Department that Khartoum would have fallen, Gordon been betrayed and murdered, or a prisoner, and the Mahdi master of the place, even if Sir Charles Wilson and the steamers had arrived on the 24th, as they ought, instead of merely starting on that day. But I am sure Lord Wolseley believes no nonsense of this sort, which has been originated in the fertile brains of those half-bred Circassians who are the curse of the Egyptian, as they are of the Turkish, public service. The story that Faragh Pacha and the rest of them preferred to trust the Mahdi rather than the English is one which far-seeing diplomacy might have anticipated and guarded against, as I have before suggested, by sending them confirmation of all Gordon's promises. But to suppose that they could have chosen their own time for betraying Gordon is to imagine they were the sole factors in the situation. They must have had to take their measures to blind Gordon and to persuade their troops as well. Besides, is it not true Sir Charles Wilson has himself said with a deep sigh that if he had got to Khartoum in time the disaster would not have occurred? But why did he not get there in time? I have shown in the fullest detail why, and I confidently refer to the Parliamentary Papers which, in the nature of the case, I cannot have seen, to bear out my statements. They have not been made except under a deep sense of responsibility; they are true in substance and in fact. But do I, therefore, urge that any measure of punishment should be meted out to Sir Charles Wilson? Far from it. I can conceive no punishment for him equal to the calm after-thought of what might have been had he only possessed nerve, had he not inexcusably dawdled, had he even carried out the instructions with which he crossed the desert, and which he would have been compelled to carry out had not fate unhappily made him, by virtue of his nominal army seniority, absolute master of his actions.

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## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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OUR RELATIONS WITH TURKEY. *Notes of a conversation with Sir H. Layard.*—The ancient policy of England in maintaining the independence of the Turkish Empire was founded on the conviction that it was of importance to her to have in the east of Europe and in Asia a Power friendly to her, upon whose aid and sympathy she could rely in governing her Mahomedan population. It was felt that Powers that might be hostile to England might profit by the dissolution of that great empire.

This was the policy which was pursued by the greatest of English statesmen from the time of Chatham downwards. This was the policy of Lord Palmerston and of those who succeeded him, until Mr. Gladstone became the head of the Government. Mr. Gladstone and those who thought with him appeared to be determined to reverse that policy. Before he came into office it is well known he did his utmost by his speeches and writings to excite a strong feeling in England against the Sultan and the Turkish people, and against Lord Beaconsfield, who considered it in the interests of England to follow the policy of those who had gone before him. This policy cannot be called, as it sometimes is, Lord Beaconsfield's policy, as in pursuing it he only followed the example and traditions of all English statesmen up to that time. The anticipations of most statesmen as to the consequences of the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire have been fulfilled. We now see that the dismemberment has commenced, that already a large part of what formerly constituted the Turkish Empire has fallen

into the hands of Russia, or at least virtually passed under her sway and influence. Other Powers have been encouraged to follow her example. France has taken possession of Tunis ; England has occupied Egypt ; Austria threatens to extend her rule to Macedonia and to the Egean Sea ; Italy has seized Turkish territory in the Red Sea, and Russia is only anticipating the time when she will probably take possession of a still larger portion of Turkish territory in Asia Minor.

Of late years those who have supported this policy of maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire have been accused of abetting the Turks in their bad government, and of being what is commonly called philo-Turks ; but sentiment has really had nothing to do with this policy, and the accusation is as groundless as it is absurd. It is from no sympathy for the Turks in their evil deeds that those who advocated this policy desire to support the Ottoman Empire. England has endeavoured at all times to improve the Turkish administration ; all her representatives in the East have pursued the same conduct. Whilst upholding Turkey and resisting any attempt at undue interference in its affairs, they have done their best to persuade the Turkish Government that it was to their interest to govern their country justly and well, and to treat with perfect equality all classes of the Sultan's subjects, whether Christians or Mahomedans. That has been the cardinal point of the policy of all the representatives of England in Turkey during this century. The Turks were so persuaded that England was their friend that they willingly listened to the advice given to them by her representatives, who were consequently able to hold much firmer language, and to effect a great deal more than those of most other European countries. It may be said with some confidence that almost all the reforms that have taken place in Turkey, and all advancement and progress made by her in civilization, have been mainly due to the advice—if you like it, the pressure—of the English representatives at Constantinople.

It was this policy (continues the writer) that he was sent to Constantinople to continue and maintain. His knowledge of Turkey convinced him that the best course for this end was to obtain a personal influence over the Sultan, who, it must be remembered, is all-powerful in his dominions, and by whom every question is finally decided.

No previous Sultan of Turkey has had more influence, or has taken a more direct share in public affairs than the present one. Formerly the Sultan, although perfectly free to act as he thought fit, being entirely despotic, generally accepted the advice of his Ministers or of the Porte ; that is to say, that upon almost every question, except one of very great magnitude in which the interests of the Empire were gravely concerned, he allowed his Ministers to pursue the course they thought fit, merely requiring them to submit to him their opinions and decisions, which he almost always, as a matter of course, confirmed. But the present Sultan has taken the direction of affairs completely into his own hands ; not only the greatest but the smallest questions are referred to him and decided by him. He is a man of considerable ability, of very liberal and enlightened views considering his education, and animated, I believe, with a conscientious desire to promote the welfare of his subjects of all classes. He has, no doubt, very great difficulties to contend with, and in many cases is unable to carry out

his good intentions. His position is an extremely difficult one ; he has to struggle against ancient traditions and religious prejudices, against a strong party in the State opposed to all reforms, and especially to all reforms emanating from the Christian Powers. But during the time I was at Constantinople I may say conscientiously that Turkey was indebted for nearly every improvement and every reform to the Sultan personally. I believe I succeeded in obtaining more personal influence over him than any English ambassador ever obtained over a Turkish sovereign. I was in the habit of constantly seeing him ; a week rarely passed that I did not do so two or three times in the course of it. I always found him ready to listen to advice and to act upon it if in his power. Owing to the influence which England then possessed we were able to accomplish many important things. Through it we obtained the cession of Cyprus by diplomatic negotiation, and not (as it has been stated by those who were opposed to the late Government) by undue pressure and threats, but, no doubt, by offering the Sultan in return our assistance in defending his Asiatic territories from future invasion. We obtained from him the deposition of Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt, who at once abdicated upon the summons of his Suzerain. We obtained the convention by which Turkey pledges herself to put an end to the slave trade in the Red Sea, and accords us facilities for doing so. Through the personal influence I possessed over him I was able constantly to obtain the dismissal of provincial governors who had exceeded their authority and ill-treated the populations committed to their charge. And although it was not possible to obtain for the Armenians all that Lord Beaconsfield's Government desired to obtain for them, and which I was most anxious to secure, yet some progress was made towards granting to Armenia a better administration, in which the Armenians themselves might share. We must remember that there are certain things which it is unreasonable to ask, and which the Sultan could not consistently with his position grant. We are too apt to forget, in dealing with Turkey, that after all there are concessions which no Sultan can make with due regard to his own safety and that of his empire. But all reforms relating to the better administration of the country, to the treatment with equal justice of Christians and Mahomedans, and to the security of life and property we can fairly and justly ask for ; and these I never hesitated to impress upon the Sultan the necessity of conceding. I mention these things in order to show how exceedingly important it is for the English representative at Constantinople to maintain a personal influence over the Sultan.

But Mr. Gladstone's government has pursued a directly opposite policy. The writer's recall was effected in a manner as offensive to the Sultan as possible.

A despatch, in which I considered it my duty to point out the defects in his administration and the instances of bad government which had been brought to my notice—a despatch which was intended for the information of Her Majesty's Government alone—was published to the world. A special ambassador was sent to lecture the Sultan and to reprimand him in terms which cannot with propriety be addressed to an independent sovereign. He was threatened with a warlike demonstration by our fleet. The English and French Governments addressed a joint note to the Khedive of Egypt, thus passing over his suzerain, to whom the matters it concerned ought to have been submitted. This caused the



Sultan very deep offence. Lord Dufferin, accredited to the Sultan as Her Majesty's ambassador, was sent to Egypt to carry out a policy diametrically opposed to his interests and his rights. He was so much irritated by these proceedings that it is well known that, on Lord Dufferin's return to Constantinople from his special mission, the Sultan even refused to see him, and that he was obliged to leave Constantinople without presenting his letters of recall.

Whilst the Sultan has sent a special embassy to England to endeavour to re-establish friendly relations, we have left him without an ambassador ; and this at a most critical moment. In addition, it is understood that the Government called upon the Porte to accept the convention recently concluded with the other Powers, of which they themselves at first disapproved, and threatened to send his passports to Musurus Pacha, unless it was signed within 48 hours.

The consequences of this policy have been of the utmost gravity.

Had we maintained our former relations with the Sultan, it is most probable that the Egyptian question, which has cost England the sacrifice of so much blood and treasure, would never have arisen. As I have said, I had no difficulty whatever, acting with my French colleague, in obtaining from the Sultan the deposition of Ismail Pacha and his expulsion from Egypt. I do not stop to inquire whether the policy then pursued was a right or a wrong one ; I merely wish to point out that such was the power of the Sultan, and the influence he exercised in Egypt, that he could, without any difficulty whatever, dismiss its ruler and appoint his successor. Can any one suppose that, if our influence had been maintained, there would have been any difficulty whatever in dealing with Arabi Pacha, and in preventing the series of events which led to the bombardment of Alexandria, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the ultimate occupation of Egypt by English troops. Arabi Pacha was a man infinitely less powerful than Ismail, and there can be no doubt that he would have obeyed a summons of the Sultan to present himself at Constantinople, and that the war which subsequently ensued would have been avoided.

To the unfortunate change of policy to which I have referred, and to the manner in which we have treated the Sultan, I attribute the very grave difficulties in which we are now involved. Russia has always been ready to avail herself of the opportunity, when England was involved in difficulties, to make a further stride in the East, and to carry out her secular policy—a policy which she has been steadily following for the last 150 years.

Thus, when the hands of England were tied in consequence of the Franco-German war, she was able to tear up that part of the treaty of Paris which prevented her from fortifying Sebastopol, and reconstructing her fleet in the Black Sea. Now, she takes advantage of our isolated and embarrassed situation to advance another step towards our Indian Frontiers. She has placed us in the unfortunate alternative of having to choose between war and humiliation ; and Eastern peoples begin to believe that we are powerless to oppose

her ; and, such being their conviction, they will naturally turn to her rather than to England.

But unfortunately, as we can no longer count upon the Sultan, as we have alienated him from England, and have deeply offended him, we are deprived of that assistance which would enable us to carry on a war with Russia with effect. Had Turkey been our ally, the Dardanelles would have been open to us, and it is in the Black Sea that in the case of war with Russia she is most vulnerable. It is now said, and apparently with truth, that Germany, Austria, and France have called upon the Sultan to maintain his neutrality, and to close the Dardanelles against us, and have even threatened to make him responsible for the consequences either if the Dardanelles are open to us, or if we force them. If we forced them, it could only be at a great risk and great loss, and the consequence would further be, that instead of having Turkey as our friend and ally, we should compel her to join our enemies.

In the event of a war with Russia, one of our main objects should be to eject the Russians from Batoun, and to restore that port to Turkey. If we could renew our ancient relations and alliance with the Turks, and induce the Sultan to join with us in a war with Russia, we ought in return to obtain the restitution to him of Batoun. It was a grave error on the part of the Congress of Berlin to have compelled the Turks to cede Batoun to Russia. There are strong grounds for believing that if England had declared her determination not to permit its cession, Russia, rather than incur the danger of a rupture of the Congress, would not have pressed her demand for it. With the Black Sea closed against us, Russia can make use of Batoun as a base of operations. That port is within a few hours' sail of Odessa, whence the Russian Government can send troops, ammunition, and all the necessities of war to her armies in Turkestan, which otherwise she would have very great difficulty in supplying. The danger of allowing Russia to occupy Batoun had been long foreseen, and one of the most fatal results of the late Russo-Turkish war was the cession of that port to her.

The writer is convinced, therefore, that we must return to our ancient policy as regards Turkey, though it is now somewhat late to do. But much can yet be done. The Sultan is still a powerful sovereign, and, as the head of the Mahomedan religion, exercises an immense influence over the Mussulman populations in all parts of the world. If the alliance with Turkey were restored, England would be able to promote civilisation by the introduction of reforms in the Ottoman empire, and she would have a powerful ally in the event of a war with Russia, inevitable sooner or later.

It is useless to conceal from ourselves the fact that the object of Russia is, if not for the present, the actual invasion of India, to occupy such a position as will enable her at any time to threaten the tranquillity of that country, and to prevent England from opposing her views and policy, not only in Asia but in Europe—in fact, to paralyse the action of this country.

Not only have we neglected Turkey, but we have neglected Persia as a further barrier to the advance of Russia in the East.

We formerly sent able statesmen to that country to represent us. We did our utmost to conciliate the Persians and their Government, and Persia, like Turkey, looked to England as her friend and ally. But that policy too has of late years been reversed. We have allowed Persia to fall into the hands of Russia. We have consequently at this moment both Turkey and Persia against us, and can count upon neither in the event of a war with Russia. It is the knowledge of these circumstances which renders Russia indifferent to our protests and remonstrances, and encourages her to make further advances towards our Indian frontier.

I have omitted to mention that an alliance with Turkey would insure us at all times the services of some of the finest troops in the world, if placed under English officers—troops which the late war has proved are more than a match for any possessed by Russia.

**THE NATIVE ARMIES OF INDIA.**—The native troops of the British Indian Government number about 130,000 men of all arms, consisting of three armies, one in each of the three Presidencies. Both from motives of policy and finance it has been kept comparatively low since the mutiny, and it is now hardly half as large as it was then. In time of war or trouble it would have to be increased considerably. Such augmentation was easy in former days ; and it is still currently believed that we have a virtually unlimited supply of soldiers available. But this condition of things has been changing for some time past ; and during the Afghan war in 1878-80 there was, for the first time in India, a want of facility in obtaining a sufficiency of good recruits.

The causes of this change are not far to seek, and, if unsatisfactory to the military commander, are such as will be satisfactory to the economist and the philanthropist. The military service has, in India, been regarded as a life-long provision ; and the military wage was higher than the wages ordinarily earned in civil employments.

Again by the breaking up of defeated armies belonging to conquered nationalities, and the disbandment of levies, large numbers of men were thrown out of that employ to which they had become accustomed. Consequently the comparatively high military pay offered by the British Government, and the prospective permanency of its service, proved very attractive to many people. Hence the ranks of its army were brimming full, and there were numbers always waiting at the gates of military authority hoping for admission. This tendency doubtless grew less and less as British rule became established, and as the country settled down. But the tradition long survived, and indeed lasted with but little diminution up to the epoch of 1857. When during the disturbances which followed that wonderful outbreak, local levies were wanted in many districts, the ease with which the district officers obtained men caused an impression that the supply of soldiers was still unimpaired. But after the restoration of peace an improved era set in, being produced by causes affecting many other countries besides India. Public works, notably railways and canals, were con-

structed on a scale and at a speed previously unknown. New industries sprang up, and there was a general movement in society. Employment became brisk, and wages rose. Thus in every direction the population, which always had a tendency to increase, multiplied faster than ever. All this made cultivation expand, and this again enlarged the sphere of occupation. Further, many local establishments, notably the police, became more highly organized, and were better paid than formerly, and thus again many were drawn into civil employ. The police, particularly, engaged many who would in former days have enlisted in the army or joined local levies.

Thus able-bodied men, affording good fighting material, became less inclined than formerly to enlist in the army, unless the military pay should be appreciably raised. The Government, however, did not raise it appreciably, owing to financial considerations. Endeavours were made by judicious concessions here and there, by cautious augmentation of allowances now and then, to raise the value of the military service in the eyes of the labouring classes, but that was all. Consequently the army was no longer the prize profession which it once had been. Moreover, with the Indian races, the martial spirit decays from desuetude. Tribes which, fifty years ago, were notoriously attached to arms are now comparatively unwarlike. With training and discipline the Native troops will still behave very well; but with the masses of them there is hardly now the predilection for the fight, the instinct of physical contention, that there used to be. Then, as their homes become happier, their acres broader, their harvest richer, and their habits domestic, they care not, as erst they cared, to turn out and arm to march towards distant frontiers, and to live far away from their families. Thus, although a decided augmentation of military pay—supposing that Government could afford this, which, however, it could not—might offer a temptation to some and might attract additional men to the standards, yet it probably would not make a very marked difference. For the fact has come to pass that masses of men refrain from enlisting because they can do better at home; and no pay which the State reasonably could offer would induce them to quit the places they love, and the work to which they are habituated.

Thus it is a mistake to suppose that we have in India an indefinitely large supply of available soldiers, and it is well for Englishmen to measure the national strength in this particular, that they may suffer no disappointment in the day of need.

Such a consideration may well lead us to ask whether there are not other military resources that can be called out in case of necessity.

To any one who takes a comprehensive survey of the military situation in India, it will be obvious that there are large forces in the Native States, a part of which forces would, if required, be loyally placed at the disposal of the British Government. It may be well here to recollect that these States are of many sorts and sizes. Statistically, their total number is 450, but not more than one-tenth of this number represents States capable of putting troops into the field. In round figures they have in the aggregate an area of 500,000 square miles, and a population of more than 50 millions of souls. The sum-total of their revenues cannot be precisely stated, but may probably exceed 15

millions sterling annually. Though sovereigns in their own dominions, the Native Princes are all more or less under the control of the British Government, as suzerain and paramount power. The aggregate of their forces cannot be stated with the precision which would arise from regular returns. But it has often been collated in general terms and may be set forth approximately as follows :—

				Men.
Cavalry, regular	...	...	...	15,000
„ irregular	...	...	...	53,000
Artillery „	...	...	...	5,000*
Infantry, regular	...	...	...	90,000
„ irregular	...	...	...	182,000
Total				<u>345,000</u>

This total will at once appear to be very large ; but as a statistical fact, it can hardly be far from the reality. An inquirer will at once say : If, with 200 millions of population, the British Government maintains a native army of only 130,000 men, how can the natives, with a population of 50 millions, maintain forces amounting to 345,000 men? Indeed, the comparison is at first sight wonderful, but may be partly at least accounted for in various ways. First, in most (though not in all) of these States, the armed forces include what, in British territory, would be reckoned as regular police. Now the regular police of British India has a strength of 147,000 men, more or less armed and drilled. If these were added to the British Native army the total would be 277,000, a figure still below the nominal strength of the forces in the Native States. But when due allowance has been made for this, and also for the consideration that there is a European army in India besides the Native, there remain the two facts—first, that the Native States have a far larger porportion of troops than the British territory ; second, that they have a greater facility in procuring men than the British Government. What, it will be asked, can be the causes of this greater facility? Well, one cause can be nothing less than this, that in the native States, employment and wages are not so good, prosperity not so expansive, as in the British territories ; consequently, the military wage in the Native States is relatively higher and men are more ready to accept it. By the endowments of Nature, the Native States are physically less rich, more rugged, hilly or mountainous than the British territories ; consequently, the population is less settled or fixed in its habits, and more willing to adopt the migratory life of the camp and the cantonment. Again, in the Native States the peaceful elements are less dominant than in the British territories ; consequently, the people are more retentive of their martial traditions and less disposed to turn the sword into the ploughshare ; whereas we have just seen how under British rule the warlike spirit among the natives—in the absence of that patriotism which always animates the European races—rapidly wanes. The above comparison is made in general terms only, and there are large exceptions on both sides ; for instance, there are some native territories as rich, peaceful and prosperous as they well could be ; on the other hand, there are some British districts wild, poor, and warlike.

Of course, there is a great difference in quality ; and in general terms it may be stated that a small part only is really efficient ; but,

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\* 1,000 guns of all sorts.

out of so large a whole, a small part would represent a considerable force, which might be a potent auxiliary to an organising power like the British. Besides, it would be very possible to improve the quality of a great part of these forces.

An inquirer will next ask about the loyalty and trustworthiness of these forces.

Well, they are as loyal and trustworthy as the Native army of the British Government, and as the natives of India generally. Native loyalty depends largely, no doubt, on that good and just administration which will, as we may hope, always be maintained. But it also, in part, depends on the opinion which the people have regarding British pride, power and resolution, also regarding British resources. If that opinion be high, as it has hitherto been, if England proves herself equal to emergencies, as she has heretofore proved, then the forces of the Native States will be as well disposed as the rest of their countrymen. If England were to fall back, or vacillate, or deteriorate generally, then all India would begin to shake, and, of course, these Native forces would feel the concussion, and would succumb to temptation. But it happens that there are particular causes which tend to keep these forces loyal, and might induce them, for a while at least, to withstand temptation. For their immediate masters, their Native Sovereigns, are bound in many ways to the British Government. The fact is, that if the British power were to collapse, most of the Native States would be smothered in the ruins, and that they know full well. If a revolution in India were to succeed, there would be a cataclysm in which the Native States would be overwhelmed, and their sovereigns victimized. We may trust that such a thing can never happen, and certainly it will not happen while the British power holds together. Still the Native Sovereigns, knowing themselves to be safe as feudatories of the British Empire, dread any chance of change in the Imperial status, and look to the British Government as their protector and as the Atlas sustaining the burden of the general defence. It was this feeling which helped to keep the Native States conspicuously loyal during the crisis of 1857. And this loyalty of theirs was one of the factors that enabled the British to weather that perilous storm. No doubt some of their troops did mutiny at that time, but this was only after our own Native troops had mutinied extensively, and when many natives might be excused for imagining that the knell of England in the East had sounded.

Ever since then, on various occasions, the services of these forces have been proffered to the British Government for duty in the field.

Several contingents were thus employed on the Trans-Indus frontier during the last Afghan war. Had it been desired, some of them would have been found ready to form part of the expedition which was despatched to Malta in 1878. The other day some of them volunteered to serve in Egypt. They are sure to volunteer if any operations are undertaken on the Afghan frontier. In no case has the Government asked for any of them, or even given the least hint to that effect. The truth is that the Native States like the distinction of serving the Empire; they justly consider that such service consolidates their position politically.

It will be said by some that the strength of these forces is much too high, and even constitutes a danger to the Empire.

Manifestly the subject is a delicate one. The British Government could hardly propose to the Native States a reduction of their forces—a measure which would provoke very inconvenient misapprehensions. No doubt the expediency of moderation in warlike armament and expenditure is pressed upon the Native States. But even if they wished to discharge a portion of their soldiers, they would hardly dare to attempt it.

However familiar the term “discharge” may be to us British people, it is not only unfamiliar with natives but very unpopular. It is opposed to their ideas and traditions. The British Government has indeed discharged native soldiers and disbanded regiments repeatedly; but it never lulled itself into the belief that this occasionally necessary measure was popular; besides the British Government is systematic and resolute, which Native States are not. Indeed these States will never willingly essay anything like discharge or disbandment, and it might be dangerous for them to do so; for this might bring about some internal trouble with which they are not quite competent to cope. All this, though unavoidable, is to be regretted politically and economically; for the Native States do not actually need anything like all the forces they maintain, and the cost is a needless drain upon their finances. Though they have elements of internal trouble, still they are protected against all external danger by the ægis of the British Government.

On the whole, then, it would not be within the scope of practical politics to expect that any considerable diminution can at present take place in the military forces of the Native States. Having got them, we should, instead of vainly lamenting, endeavour to make the best of them. A little consideration will show that something advantageous may be made of them, and that they may in some degree be rendered valuable.

In case of serious complications in Central Asia, or Egypt, or the Levant, or elsewhere, involving a drain upon our Native Indian troops, we have good and abundant material ready to hand among the forces of the Native States. A full army corps, of 35,000 or 40,000 men, could easily be taken over, who would serve us with alacrity, while fully preserving their allegiance to their respective States.

Such troops might either take part of the duty of the Native army in India—relieving that army so far, and releasing it for foreign service—or else might be sent abroad together with the British army; it would be best that they should see a little of both kinds of service. To employ 35,000 to 40,000 of these men would be a moderate step, and would amount to a real accession of strength. Doubtless, if another 35,000 men or more were needed, making up the total to 70,000 or 80,000 men, such a contingent could be obtained from the Native States. But then other considerations would at once enter into our calculations. The necessary proportion of European troops must be remembered. For to go on augmenting the native armaments without preserving the due proportion of European troops would be dangerous. Of all precautions needed for Imperial safety, none is so important as the preservation of this proportion.

These auxiliary forces might be employed on garrison duty, or they might perform part of the watch and ward work on the Trans-Indus and other frontiers. Particularly they might guard the long lines of communications in the field. But a part of them should share in other than subsidiary work, and proceed to the very front of warfare.

It remains to advert more particularly to the forces of some of the Native States.

The troops of Sindhia are limited in number, but very well drilled and of fairly good material. Their discipline and organization would entitle them to be among the first selected for British employ. The troops of the Protected Sikh States are well drilled also and are of capital material; besides, they have glorious memories of fighting side by side with the British in 1857. The troops of Jammu-Cashmir are not quite equal to those last mentioned, either in discipline or material, but they are passably good, and have also honourable traditions of co-operating with us in the war of the mutiny. From the Rajputana States some troops might be drawn, which, though neither well drilled nor highly organized, are full of mettle and spirit. From the Nizam's Deccan, too, some troops of the best Indian Muhammadan stamp could be obtained. In the Deccan, again, there are Arab troops, as fighting men first-rate; whether under all the circumstances they could be advantageously employed may be a question; but if they were thus employed, and if they made up their minds to serve us then all the world knows how admirably they would acquit themselves. It should be added that in point of national spirit and "high stomach" the Nepalese troops are remarkable, and in effective power the army of Nepal is superior to the forces of any Native State. That little army is composed partly of Goorkhas, and without disparagement of any other element among the Indian armies, it may fairly be said that, all things taken together, the Goorkhas are the best Native troops that have yet been seen in India. But the employment of Nepalese troops in our service would depend on political considerations which cannot conveniently be discussed.

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THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA TOWARDS INDIA.—The Editors of the *National Review* preface this article with some bitter words ascribing the predicament in which the English nation finds itself, of having to suffer intolerable shame, or to enter upon a gigantic war bristling with difficulties and dangers, to “the vain and vindictive rhetorician whom the majority of the nation insanely selected as their chief, and his pliant and unpatriotic accomplices.” Colonel Malleson is then introduced to the reader as one who speaks upon the question of the hour with abundant knowledge and authority ; for five years ago in his *Herald, the Granary and Garden of Central Asia*, he warned the English people of the stealthy approach of the perils with which they now find themselves sharply confronted.

The article opens with a rapid sketch of the progress of Russia eastward, from the time when Peter the Great, visiting Astrakan, gazed towards the Eastern shore of the Caspian, and uttered the words that have ever since been the key to Russian policy : “Although these Kirghizes are a roaming and fickle people, their steppe is the key and gate to all the countries in Central Asia.” These words were spoken in 1722, and between that time and 1814 Russia had extended her empire to the lower ranges of the western Caucasus at the expense of the Nogais, the Circassians and the Calmucks had incorporated Georgia, and, at the conclusion of the war

of 1814, had, by the Treaty of Gulistan, gained in addition the Persian provinces of Kutais, Mingrelia, Daghestan, Karabagh, and of portions of Mogan and Talish.

Well would it be if the treatment meted out by the conqueror to the inhabitants of the countries thus transferred could be brought to the understanding of the races occupying the borderland between the frontier of British India and the advanced posts of Russia. Of the ceded provinces and districts the inhabitants of all, except those of Georgia, Imeritia, and Mingrelia, were almost wholly Muhammadan. With the races of that faith Holy Russia had no sympathy. She employed, then, all the means which she has so well at her disposal to drive them from the homesteads which they and their forefathers had cultivated for centuries. She succeeded entirely. The chiefs, harassed by espionage, by plots to drive them to rebellion, by false charges, were, without a solitary exception, driven to abandon their possessions and seek refuge in Persia. Russia might still, had she so willed, have conciliated the people. But she preferred to exterminate them. Deliberately, then, did she set to work to insult their faith, to scoff at and to rob the pilgrims to the holy shrines, to treat them as slaves who deserved no consideration. Treatment of this nature provoked retaliation. Hatred of the Russian conqueror became the one living idea of the conquered. This feeling, acting on the minds of a high-spirited but uncultivated race, led, whenever opportunity offered, to assassination. This was the goal to which the efforts of Russia had been directed. The assassination of a Russian was invariably followed by the indiscriminate slaughter of every man, woman, and child belonging to the village or villages supposed to have harboured the assassin. Enthusiasts who, maddened by insults offered to their faith, had preached a religious war, were, when captured, cut open or hung up by the feet and left to die!

But for these people a time was approaching. Shortly after the signature of the Treaty of Gulistan, Russia, not yet satisfied, seized the whole of Talish, admitting, at the same time, that her rights to it were solely the claims of the strongest, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the Shah, refused to restore it.

Emboldened still further, she seized Goktscha, a strip of land bordering the lake of that name, on the road from Baku to Erivan. This, likewise, she refused to restore. To still the remonstrances of Persia she despatched, in 1825, a splendid embassy, at the head of which was Prince Mentschikoff, to Teheran. It was a solemn farce, designed like the embassy conducted by the same nobleman to Constantinople in 1853, to bring about war. Arrived at Teheran, Mentschikoff declared that he had powers to treat upon every subject except upon that which he had avowedly come to settle. He could not speak upon the subject of Goktscha. On his return he was detained a few days at Erivan until certain movements of troops, which the Court of Teheran desired to conceal from him, should have been effected. This detention, though explained and apologised for, was treated as a *casus belli*. In the war that followed, the oppressed inhabitants of the provinces annexed by the Treaty of Gulistan rose in revolt in sympathy with Persia. Thanks to their efforts, victory inclined at first to the troops of the Shah. But as strong Russian reinforcements poured in, the tide

turned. Erivan, after sustaining three attacks, was stormed by Prince Paskievitch, 13th October 1827. The month following, the Shah sued for peace. By the Treaty of Turkmanchoi, which followed (22nd February 1828), Persia yielded the provinces of Erivan and Nakhchivan.

Russia had demanded those provinces because, she declared, it was necessary to the safety of her empire that she should possess the frontier-line of the Aras (Araxes). But Talish was on the Persian side of that river. Fairly, then, using the Russian argument, Persia might claim the retention of that district. But Talish extended from the Persian district of Ghilan, direct, by the western shore of the Caspian, to the mouth of the Aras, where that river was not fordable. It formed a wedge, in fact, very valuable for future aggression, thrust in between Persia and the western shore of that sea. To the remonstrances of Persia, Russia replied by offering the renewal of hostilities as an alternative. I need scarcely add that Russia kept Talish.

The treaty of Turkmanchoi still constitutes the agreement between Persia and her powerful neighbour. Since its signature, however, the advance of Russia along her northern frontier has made her existence little more than an existence upon sufferance. The conquest of the Tekke Turkomans, the construction of a railway along that frontier, and the occupation of the line of the Tejend and the Hari-rud as far as the Zulfikar ford will place her absolutely at the mercy of the persistent aggressor. The frontier of Russia at the close of the last century, with reference alike to Turkey and Persia, was a frontier which seemed designed as a natural barrier against an enemy.

It was flanked by the Black Sea on one side, by the Caspian on the other, both seas connected by the ranges of the Caucasus—the Caspian again flanked to the eastward by the desert of Kara Kum. In 1828, however, the frontier had been pushed on the Persian side as far as the Aras, with the wedge-like strip beyond it up to Astara. North of the Caspian the frontier-line had gradually been advanced from the point where the Ural debouches into that sea south-eastward to the mouth of the Emba, and thence to a point on the river Tschu, below the Lake of Balkasch, the two being connected by a semi-circular ring, the apex of which was Turgai. No sooner had Russia gained all that she had demanded from Persia by the Treaty of Turkmanchoi, than she began to steal stealthily southward from the westernmost point of this semi-circle—the mouth of the Emba. In pursuance of this plan she erected, in 1833, at the apex of the projecting peninsula, Mangischlak, a fort known as Fort Novo-Alexandrovosk. She proceeded then to connect the fort of Orenburg with the Caspian by means of a fort built at Uralsk on the Ural. To obtain, next, a firm hold of the Sea of Aral, she despatched, in 1846, a competent engineer to report upon the capabilities of the country immediately to the north of the Jaxartes; to sound the channel eastward from that mouth; and to select a convenient spot for the erection of the fort. The officer executed his mission thoroughly. The first result of it was the construction of Fort Aralsk, about thirty-three miles from the point where the Jaxartes flows into the Sea of Aral.

In this manner Russia gained a footing on the Jaxartes, Suspiciously did

the wild tribes who fringed the desert of the Kizil Kum note the approach of the foreigners. Such men Russia might conquer, but could not cajole. Hostilities between the tribes and the new-comers began at the very outset. They were carried on with a steady mercilessness on both sides. Neither party asked for or gave quarter. Life was invariably taken whenever a chance offered. After seven years of contest, in the course of which Russia completed Fort Aralsk, the conviction dawned upon the Nomads that the expulsion of the foreigners was not within their capacity ; upon the Russians, that their best chance of permanent predominance lay in the further extension of their territory.

It was not long after this that Russia succeeded in launching on the Jaxartes a steamer and a steam-barge with which to navigate the Sea of Aral. This did not take place, however, without determined opposition from the Kokanians, who destroyed the dam which had been built to divert the waters of the Jaxartes into Lake Ber-kasan. Though repulsed, on their first attack on the fort of Ak Mechet, the Russians returned in force in the following year led by Count Perowski. Ak Mechet was stormed and was re-baptised Fort Perowsk, and the steamer entered the Sea of Aral. The outbreak of the Crimean War encouraged the Kokanians to make a desperate endeavour in 1853 to recover Fort Perowsk. They were, however, repulsed, and their intention to renew the struggle in the following year was frustrated by the attitude of the Amir of Bokhara, who made a formidable diversion in favour of Russia. The close of the Crimean War in 1856 left Russia free to pursue her conquests with greater freedom in Central Asia.

Again did she succeed in blinding Europe as to her real intentions. The new Czar, Alexander II., announced ostentatiously to the world that, for Russia, the era of war had passed ; that she was about to devote all her energies to internal reforms. He began his peaceful procedure by granting, September 1856, an amnesty to the Poles ; less than two years later, 2nd July 1858, he partially emancipated the serfs ; the year following he posed before Europe as the reprover of the warlike demonstrations of the princes of Northern Germany during the Italian War ; on the 1st January, 1861, he concluded a treaty with China for the enlargement of commerce ; and, on the 3rd March following, he issued a decree for the total emancipation, within two years, of twenty-three millions of serfs !

Before these benevolent actions Europe bowed the head in admiration. There never was such a prince, so enlightened, so generous, such a lover of peace and mercy ! Not even the Radicals of England could utter a word of reproach against a character so noble. Praise of the Czar of Russia became a stock subject at Liberal meetings all over the country. Dissenting ministers thundered from their pulpits the good deeds of the Prince who had redeemed the mistake of his birth by the splendid example he had set to his fellow men. The rugged apostle of peace himself, pointing to the actions of the Czar, denounced, with increased bitterness, the English folly which had led to the Crimean War !

Yet, during this time, whilst the Czar was posing before Europe as a saint and a deliverer, his armies were being hurled, recklessly and ruthlessly, against the ranges of the Caucasus. The inhabitants of these ranges were descendants of the same Circassians whom Elizabeth had attempted to subdue in 1741-5, and who, rather than submit to the yoke of Russia, had fallen back from the slopes into the passes. These men were as daring, as fond of freedom, as had been their ancestors. But the Russian army was too strong to be withstood. The Russian general, Orbelliani, gained three successive victories over them in June, November, and December, 1857. In April 1858 the same general occupied a large portion of their territory, expelling the inhabitants. Still, however, their leader, the illustrious Schamyl, resisted. But, on the 7th September 1859, Schamyl, fighting at the head of the noblest members of his race and tribe, was defeated and taken prisoner. But, though by this victory Russia gained the most important passes of the Caucasus, the resistance was not overcome; nor was it until the 6th June 1864, when Vaidar, the last of the Circassian strongholds, was stormed, that the Grand Duke Michael was able to declare that, for Russia, there was no longer a Caucasus!

Meantime Russia had still been stealthily pursuing her operations in the Trans-Caspian territories.

In 1856, the year in which she made her peaceful professions to Europe, she began the occupation of the country between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, descending southward along the shores of the former sea to Kulmugir, in the Bay of Karabugas. Thence, year after year, she continued to descend till she reached Hassan Kuli Bay, where the Atreck flows into the sea, building, as she proceeded, one fort at Krosnovodsk in 1869, another at Chikishliar in 1870, and improving and increasing her steam communications with Baku, a place which was soon after brought into railway communication with all the arsenals and important centres of Russia.

From the eastern shores of the sea of Aral the advance was delayed somewhat longer. Gradually and stealthily, however, after the first victories over the Circassians had been achieved, Russia began to creep up the right bank of the Jaxartes, until, in 1863, she entered the rich, fertile, and well-populated districts between that river and the range of the Karatan. In this district, are the important cities of Turkestan, of Tchekmend, and Tashkend. Russia hesitated not a moment. Caring little for the fact that Turkestan was garrisoned by the troops of the Amir of Bokhara, she captured the place. Within a few weeks Tchekmend followed the fate of Turkestan.

Then Russia paused. Tashkend was a town of far greater importance than the two just mentioned.

Eight miles in length and five and a half in breadth, it possessed 80,000 inhabitants and a strong garrison. Before marching to attack such a place Russia thought it a wise policy to reassure Europe, and especially England. England, in fact, was beginning to feel some alarm. Not only had the proceedings of Russia in the Caucasus and Central Asia got wind, but the acts of the Czar nearer home—the repression of a revolt in Poland by measures of unparalleled severity—had begun to shake the faith even of the Radicals and Dissenters in the benignity of Alexander II. To reassure England, then, Prince Gortschakoff issued one of the many manifestoes with which Russia has deluded

the world. The manifesto might well have been written by General Komaroff. It breathed the sentiments, it used almost the words, which that general employed to describe his recent battle with the Afghans. Russia, be it remembered, was ascending the Jaxartes, was entering a country not belonging to her, a country inhabited by an industrial population, in whose hands was a very large portion of the rice and cotton trade of Central Asia. Entering that country, she attacked and captured two considerable rice and cotton depots, signified by the cities Turkestan and Tchemkend. Prince Gortschakoff justified these attacks on the ground that the nomadic and predatory character of the populations on her frontier had forced them upon Russia ! Well might it have been asked—if the tribes occupying the captured cities were nomadic and predatory, were not the Russians who attacked them far more so.

To combat the idea that the aggression had been premeditated, and to assure Europe that the capture he defended was purely an isolated act which would not be repeated, Prince Gortschakoff proceeded to imply that the limits of Russian advance had been reached. "We are now," he added, "in the presence of a more solid and compact, less unsettled and better organized social state ; fixing for us, with geographical precision, the limit up to which we are bound to advance and where we must halt."

This manifesto was dated November 1864. The ink with which it was written was scarcely dry before its implied promises were broken.

On the flimsiest pretext a quarrel was picked with Bokhara. In the June following (1865) Tashkend was attacked and taken. Then followed a second manifesto, in which Russia repudiated all desire to add to her territories. This manifesto did not, however, prevent her from capturing (1866) Khojend, a city on the left bank of the Jaxartes, and the key to the dominions of the Khan of Kokhan. The conquest of that principality, and its annexation to Russia by a ukase, dated July 1867, under its ancient name, Ferghana, followed immediately after. This annexation brought Russia into contiguity with Zarafshan. Of this principality the famous city of Samarkand is the capital, and Russia, then represented by General Kaufman, eager to seize it, forced a quarrel upon the Amir. The unhappy prince had no desire to quarrel, but he had to fight or to submit without fighting. Compelled to choose the former alternative, he was beaten, and had to yield Zarafshan to Russia, November 1868, and to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Czar !

This conquest was followed by a third and, in view of the existing state of affairs, a very important assurance on the part of Russia. Lord Clarendon alarmed at the progress of that power towards India, proposed, in 1869, the constitution of Afghanistan as a neutral zone, into which neither country should enter. The Russian Chancellor hastened to assure Lord Clarendon that his master, the Czar, "looks upon Afghanistan as completely without the sphere in which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence !"

The excitement caused amongst the populations of Asia by the capture of the holy city of Samarcand had scarcely died away,

when the report spread far and wide that Khiva was threatened by the conqueror.

The fabled wealth of that city had indeed for more than a hundred years excited the cupidity of the sovereigns of Russia, but up to the period at which we have arrived every attempt to capture it had ended in failure. An expedition despatched by Peter the Great in 1716 had reaped only disaster; an agent, sent thither in 1731, had been plundered by the nomads; Blankenagel, a Russian oculist, lent by the Empress Catherine in 1793 to cure the uncle of the reigning Khan, had been scurvily treated; Count Orloff, proceeding thither by order of the Emperor Paul, had returned on hearing of his master's murder; Mouravieff, who succeeded in reaching the city in 1819, had been imprisoned as a spy; Perowski, who marched against it from Orenburg with 5,325 men and 22 guns in 1839, had been compelled to retrace his steps; Ignatieff sent thither in 1858 to enforce a treaty on the Khan, had returned without accomplishing his object; finally, an expedition despatched under Markazoff, in 1872, had been ignominiously defeated. Khiva had, in fact, baffled for nearly a century and a half the curiosity and cupidity of Russia.

But it was written that Khiva was to fall. In compassing that end Russia displayed her usual duplicity. Whilst the Czar was directing the despatch on the same errand of an expedition, under the famous Kaufman, his minister was carefully assuring England that Russia had no intention whatever of moving on Khiva. The expedition, said the Chancellor to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is a very small one, designed only to punish some predatory tribes. As for Khiva, he added, "far from its being the intention of the Czar to take possession of that place, he has given positive orders to prevent it." On the 10th June following (1873), General Verevkin took Khiva by assault. Russia promptly annexed the Khivan territory on the right bank of the Oxus, and forced her suzerainty on the wretched Khan!

General Kaufman and the officers of three columns out of the five which had marched against Khiva had had no share in the capture of that city. They were greedy for the crosses and honours, which, as we have seen lately in the case of Komaroff and his raid, Russia bestows with no unsparing hand upon those who shed blood in her service. To obtain those crosses and honours Kaufman promptly forced a quarrel upon the Yomud Turkomans, and massacred them, their wives, and their children, by thousands.

Russia was now in a position to prepare for that great advance upon India which has been the mainspring of all her action in the steppes. In order to reach the passes which dominate Herat, three conditions were indispensable to her. She had to conquer the Turkomans of the desert; she had to secure the connivance of Persia; she had to hoodwink England. In all these objects she was successful!

The story of the hard fight with the Turkomans has been often told. Briefly, four campaigns were necessary before the desert was conquered in 1881.

The conquest of the desert brought Russia to Askabad, 182

miles from the north-east angle of the Persian frontier, represented by the fortress of Sarakhs.

The road thither was made traversable, but Russia did not depend upon the road alone. The persistent prescience of her statesmen and her soldiers had transported to the eastern shore of the Caspian rails ready to be laid down as soon as the Turkomans should be subdued. In an incredibly short space of time skilled workmen were transported to the spot. A point, Michaelovsk, at the re-entering angle of the bay below Krasnovodsk, to be reached in a small steamer from that fort in a few hours, was fixed as the starting point. Thence the line was laid as speedily as possible to Kizil Arvat, just above the northernmost part of the Persian frontier, 144 miles from Michaelovsk. From Kizil Arvat it is now being continued with all possible speed to Askabad—135 miles—and to Sarakhs, 186 miles farther!

For the conquest of the Turkomans was simply the prelude to an advance upon Merv and on Sarakhs. To be able to accomplish this, Russia required, I have said, that two conditions should be observed: that Persia should be cowed into connivance, and that England should be hoodwinked into indifference. With respect to the first condition, I may state that every British officer who has visited Persian Khorásán, has represented the inhabitants of its towns and its villages as being more afraid of Russia than of the Shah. The province is, in fact, honeycombed by Russians. Every town has its agent, every important village his deputy. These men are of incalculable service to Russia. They talk of the greatness of their master, of the power and the resources of their country; and they point to the humiliating position of England, not daring to permit its officers to travel there, not presuming to question even the right of Russia to advance!

On the subject of the other condition, the hoodwinking of England, it is not necessary for me now to say anything. The men who were not hoodwinked, the Rawlinsons and the Freres, the MacGregors and the Hamleys, wrote and spoke, and urged and advised, till they were regarded as men who had but one idea. They were not listened to. But it is useless to go back to that subject now. The time for recrimination is past. We are in the presence of a great danger, and it becomes every true Englishman to aid in repelling it.

The occupation of Merv in the beginning, and of the plains round Sarakhs in the summer of 1884, gave Russia positions whence she could march at any moment to seize the passes that dominate Herat. England scarcely questioned her right to occupy those places, and she had leisure to look about. Very soon did she recognise the fact that her new conquests were excellent, as places of departure, but as nothing more.

They gave her no new base for an army. They provided in sufficiency neither forage nor grain. In all other respects they had no claim to be regarded as repayment for the trouble and the expense already incurred. The able men who directed the forces of Russia soon recognised the fact that to gain a position on the Khushk and the Murghab, whence they could make a rapid forward move on Herat, they must seize Panjdeh; to obtain a flanking position on the Heri-rúd, they must occupy the ford of Zulfikar.



But, again, certain conditions were held to be as indispensable before a forward move could be made on those points. The frontier of Afghanistan, to which Russia had blindly assented in 1872-73, which had been marked as the frontier in all the German, Russian, and English maps since that date, that frontier must be abolished; advantage then was to be taken of the presence of English troops in the Soudan, of the peaceful sentiments and presumed embarrassments of England, to seize another frontier, a frontier better fitted to the carrying out of the long-cherished ulterior views of Russia.

We all know what followed. Russia acceded with difficulty to the proposal of the English Cabinet to the despatch to Penjdeh of commissioners from both nations to mark out the new frontier. She sent no commissioner. She sent instead an armed force, which, failing to provoke the Afghans to attack it, fell upon the troops of that people, peacefully occupying the positions in their own territory to which they had been despatched before the frontier question had arisen, and massacred them almost to a man. The report of their general announcing his success is, as I have said, almost identical in words, exactly identical in spirit, with the manifesto in which Prince Gortschakoff announced, in 1864, the capture of Turkestan and Tchemkend!

So far the first condition had been fulfilled. The Russians had gained a dominating position. Why and how it is dominating has been clearly explained by Sir Edward Hamley.

"While the general intention," wrote that distinguished officer, "of the Russian advance—namely, to open the way to Herat—is well known, the particular effect of the movements is by no means fully realised. But at this juncture it is very desirable that the change thus made in the situation should be appreciated by the public here, as it certainly is by the instructed soldiers of the continent.

"In seizing the junction of the rivers Kushk and Murgháb at Penjdeh the Russians have not only deprived the defenders of Afghanistan of a position of great value both tactically and strategically, but have also secured for themselves—

"1. The principal road to Herat, which lies along the Kushk valley to an easy pass leading into the valley of the Heri-rud at Kushan.

"2. The power of turning the pass opposite the Zulfikar ford if occupied for the defence of Herat.

"3. The command of the chief road (that described in No. 1 is part of it) between Herat and Balkh, and thence on Cabul, which passes through Penjdeh; leaving the communications by this road between those Afghan towns dependent on the permission of the Russians.

"4. The means of thereby advancing from the Caspian upon Cabul.

"Several hill roads on Kushk leading by other passes on Herat.

"By seizing the Zulfikar ford a way from the Persian town of Meshed (where two great highways through Khorassan meet) to the Afghan bank of the Heri-rud is secured. Any concession of the pass opposite the ford to the Afghans is illusory, for their position there would be turned, not only by the route from the Kushk mentioned in No. 2, but by other roads up the valley of the Heri-rud.

"If the Russians should retain possession of these points, they will be able to march on Herat by many roads, not one of which was open to them so long

as the Afghans held Penjdeh, Akrobat, and the Zulfikar ford, and to maintain throughout perfect co-operation and communication between the columns moving by the two valleys of the Kushk and the Heri-rud. From Penjdeh they can also direct their forces on Cabul as well as on Herat. The distance of Penjdeh from Herat is about fourteen days' march, from the Zulfikar ford about ten or eleven."

What would be the consequences to us of a permanent occupation of Herat by Russia? Colonel Malleson has nothing to add on this point to what he wrote in 1878-80.

"It is easy to understand," I stated in the argument to my work on Herat, "why a Russian Herat—that is a Herat possessed by a powerful and ambitious Power always enlarging its borders—must ever be a standing menace to Hindustan. The fruitful and fertile valley of the Heri-rud furnishes a new base in which an army can be thoroughly equipped and whence it can march south-eastward. In that valley all the munitions of war can be produced or can be manufactured. The willow and the poplar flourish; mines of lead and iron abound. Russia would require to bring nothing across long, sterile, and sandy deserts. The iron and the lead are there; the saltpetre is there; the charcoal is there; the corn, the wine, and the oil are there; the horses are there; and in a very short time she could drill the hardy population into such a state of efficiency as would enable them to vie even with the Sikhs of the Punjab and the Pathans of the frontier. But that is not all. Secure in a fertile country which provided all the supplies requisite for her army; possessed, by the occupation of Herat, of the markets of Central Asia—a magnificent trade from which England would thus for ever be excluded—Russia could afford to wait while she put in practice in the native courts and the bazaars of Hindustan those devices in which she is a proficient, and which she has worked so successfully in Bulgaria, in Servia, and in Roumelia. Thenceforward there would be no peace for the people of India. The English in that country would live in a continual fear of the intrigue which corrupts native soldiers, which wins over native allies, which makes every man doubtful of the morrow."

On every side the cry arises, "What is to be done if Russia, pursuing the advantage she has treacherously gained, should suddenly seize and occupy Herat?"

We could not easily assail her there. She would have close at her back all the resources of her vast empire. "From Odessa," we have been told by Sir Edward Hamley, "troops can be conveyed across the Black Sea to Batoum in two days, from thence by rail to Baku in twenty-four hours; another twenty-four hours would see them landed at Krasnovodsk, transferred in lighters to the shallow water by Michaelovsk, and the entrainment of them begun, when the journey to Kizil Arvat, the present, but by no means the final, terminus of the Trans-Caspian line, occupies twelve hours." Let the reader contrast that position with our position, six hundred miles from Herat, with no railway to carry our supplies, and separated from it by an uncultivated and, in many respects, a difficult and inhospitable country, and he will admit that an advance on a Herat occupied by Russian troops in close communication with Russia, across an Afghanistan which by that time Russia might have enlisted on her side, would be a very perilous venture.

Almost equally impossible will it be to remain where we are. Not only would a quiescent attitude in the presence of a rebuff, such as the seizure of Herat, enormously weaken English prestige in the East, but it would tempt Russia to move on still further.

At Herat she would be three hundred and sixty-nine miles from Kandahar, only two hundred and ninety-four miles from the important position of Girishk on the Helmund. If we were to permit her to seize those places, she would occupy a position of menace within a hundred and forty-five miles of the British frontier, and she would command nearly a hundred passes leading into the valley of the Indus. Her presence there could not be tolerated. Our first answer, then, to the seizure of Herat by Russia should be the re-occupation of Kandahar and Girishk by England. That is the one safe solution yet remaining to us. With a fortress of the first rank at Kandahar, and the present fort at Girishk enlarged and re-armed, England might yet defy the Machiavellian policy of Russia in the East. What at the present moment is most to be feared is that there will be a patched-up compromise; that Russia may propose that both Powers shall remain where they are: she, in possession of the places she has fraudulently acquired, we, holding our existing frontier; that neither shall advance farther. No sane man can doubt the result of the acceptance by England of such a proposal. England would, undoubtedly, remain true to her obligation: Russia, employing the means used so successfully on countless occasions—with the Nogais of the western Caucasus; with the Valis of Georgia; with the populations of Turkestan and Tchemkend; with the Governor of Samarkand; with the Khans of Kokan and of Khiva; with the Afghans of Penjdeh—would suddenly seize Herat. She would take the opportunity of doing so when she had troops on the spot to support her action; when England was more embarrassed and less wide awake than she is at the present moment. She would excuse the action on the plea that "the nomadic and predatory character of the population had actually forced the capture upon her." Of all possible arrangements, that arrangement would be for England the most humiliating and the most unsafe. It would sanction the attack by Russia on an ally's position, the seizure of the passes dominating his capital, in a time of profound peace. Open war were a thousand times preferable; for this arrangement would not even give us peace. We should have but an armed truce to be broken at the pleasure of our enemy!

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## TEMPLE BAR.

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HOW AN EMPIRE WAS FOUNDED. *The Youth of Prince Bismarck.* Prince Bismarck was born at Schönhausen on 1st April 1815. His father, Earl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Bismarck, was the descendant of a long line of nobles, and his mother belonged to a family which had long been distinguished in the Prussian Civil Service. In the year following the birth of his son, he removed to his Pomeranian estates, inherited from a cousin, and thus Kniephof became the early home of the boy, whose full name is Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck, Schönhausen.

His father was fond of the country and field sports, while his mother had a quick and cultivated mind with a great insight into character. She seems to have feared that the boy might be spoiled by the tenderness of his father and the housekeeper, and he was sent to a boarding house in Berlin at the early age of seven (Easter, 1821.)

At that time the enthusiasm against Napoleon was still strong, and it led to strange theories of life and discipline.

The worthy Professor's school was one of those institutions which are born and nourished by the fashionable folly of the day. Father Jahn's theories were mercilessly carried out, the pupils were subjected on principle to every discomfort in order to inure them to cold, hunger, and deprivation of all kinds. In addition to the usual branches of knowledge, they were taught how to perform gymnastic exercises and to hate the French. In a word, all the absurdities which Heine afterwards ridiculed with such brilliant humour surrounded Bismarck as soon as he had left his father's house. He disliked gymnastics, a feeling he has always retained, and even in those early years he resented the narrowness of heart and mind which assumed the name of patriotism. Besides this, he had the misfortune

to be a nobleman. From his early education he had never been inclined to attach much importance to this. Among his schoolfellows he showed no signs of offensive pride—indeed, he got on fairly well with them ; but two or three of his democratic teachers could not forgive the fact that he was descended from an ancient family, and had inherited a title. In a word, he was wretched, and even now it is said that the Chancellor cannot refer to this period of his life without a certain bitterness. He had, however, two comforts. His brother was his schoolfellow, and in the winter, when his parents came to Berlin, the boys lived with them. Still he felt it a deliverance when, in 1827, he was removed to a public school.

The following extract, written by Dr. Bonnel, one of his tutors is interesting :—

“Bismarck attracted my attention on his first admission (to the Friedrich-Wilhelms-Gymnasium, his first public school). On this occasion the new scholars sat on several forms which stood behind each other, and so, while the opening ceremony was proceeding, the teachers had an opportunity of looking at them, and forming some estimate of their character. I can still distinctly remember that Otto von Bismarck sat among the rest, in visible excitement, with a frank, friendly boyish face, and clear bright eyes. He was cheerful and quite free from shyness, so that I thought to myself, that is a nice boy, I will keep my eye upon him. . . . In 1831 he came to board with me. My little household then consisted only of myself, my wife, and a single child of about a year ; my pupil was always modest and amiable, and treated us all with affection. In every respect his behaviour was pleasing. He hardly ever went out of an evening ; when I was not at home, he chatted with my wife and showed a great love of family life. He gained all our hearts, and we treated him with the greatest care and affection, so that after he had left us, his father said that his son had never been so happy and comfortable as in our house.”

We learn that at school Bismarck's behaviour was such as hardly ever to deserve punishment ; and he was so quick and intelligent that all his tasks seemed easy to him, so that he was in a position to enter the University before he had completed his 17th year.

One anecdote of Bismarck's schoolboy days is perhaps worth repeating. In 1831 the dread of the cholera was universal, and his father had given orders that as soon as the first case occurred in Berlin his son should be sent home. The boy, eager for a holiday, used to hire a horse and ride out in the direction from which he expected the first news of the epidemic would come. One day his horse fell with him and his leg was so badly sprained that he had to stay in bed long after the cholera was raging in Berlin. Yet under these provoking circumstances he was perfectly cheerful and showed no sign of impatience. It seems that the ready acceptance of the inevitable, the courage to make the best of unpleasant contingencies which has been characteristic of the whole of his political career, was an inborn quality.

His admission to a University, with its almost boundless license, forms an epoch in the life of a German youth. If he has any spirit he is expected to show it both in the tavern and the fencing school. At Göttingen, Bismarck found a circle of companions with whom he lived wildly and merrily enough.

One day when they were lunching with him, and had drunk more than enough wine, a bottle was thrown out of the window, and the host was summoned by the University authorities for this breach of the public peace. He appeared before his judge in a high hat, a dressing-gown of bright and varied colours, and riding-boots accompanied by a powerful dog. On his return from the interview, which was not rendered the more agreeable by his dress, and the terror his companion at first excited, he met four students who belonged to the Hanoverian corps. His strange attire excited their mirth, a quarrel ensued, and he received four challenges on the spot. He at once took the necessary steps, and applied to the Brunswick corps for the use of their weapons, which was granted as a matter of course. One of the Hanoverians, however, lived in the same house as Bismarck, and had long looked upon him as a promising recruit for the society; he therefore persuaded his friends to withdraw their challenges, and to tender ample apologies. The result was that Bismarck at once joined the corps. According to student etiquette no greater insult could have been offered to the men of Brunswick, one of the chief of whom immediately challenged the offender. Bismarck, however, young as he was, proved the better swordsman, and gained the victory over his opponent. Such duels are of course only fencing matches, with sharp weapons and without a mask. The Chancellor is said to have fought about thirty of them, and he never received a cut but once, when a sword broke, and the end flew into his face; so that he was declared to be unwounded by the umpires, though the scar is still visible.

From this time Bismarck's life became as wild as that of any student in Germany. His eager pursuit of pleasure left him no time for study. Yet such was his ability and his perseverance in private reading when the examinations approached, that he passed them with credit, and was appointed Auscultator in the spring of 1835.

He was now introduced at Court, and mixed freely with the best society of Berlin. He soon after left the Law for the Civil Service, which led to his removal to Aix-la-Chapelle, where he formed an attachment for a foreign lady, which was doomed to disappointment.

With the permission of his superiors, he exchanged his position for one in Potsdam, and there entered the Guards for the purpose of passing through the year of military service which Prussian law requires.

But new troubles were in store for him. For a long time his father's affairs had been in anything but a satisfactory condition, and they were now so involved that it became clear that, unless some great change were made, ruin must ensue. The two brothers therefore undertook the management of the Pomeranian estate. Bernhard proceeded there at once, and Otto, whose year in the army was not yet finished, left Potsdam for Greifswald, partly to retrench his expenditure, and partly, with a view of attending lectures in the Agricultural Academy, whenever the duties of the service permitted. This good resolution, however, did not last long his old dislike of oral instruction returned, and he once more plunged into the excesses of a student's life with all the more violence, it may be, because his own heart was no longer in them.

In 1839 Bismarck joined his brother, but two years after his

brother married—a step which led to the division of the landed property, Kniephof falling to the younger brother's share. A period of wild unrest followed.

He travelled in France and England, he flitted suddenly from place to place ; he read voraciously, too, chiefly on historical subjects, but also theological and philosophical works. He made Spinoza and his system a subject of serious study. But then suddenly the demon would come upon him, and he would seek forgetfulness in excess. All through the countryside he was noted for his wild rides and wilder carousals. He was said to be able to shoot better and drink deeper than any man in the province, and his house was the gathering place of all the reckless young noblemen of the neighbourhood. There he would amuse himself by suddenly letting loose wild foxes in the drawing-room, and after plying his guests with a mixture of stout and champagne, of which he drank his full share, he would try their nerves by firing off pistols in their bedrooms. And yet if in one of these drinking bouts he chanced upon any one who could talk seriously, he would sit half the night discussing politics with him, to the great annoyance of his other companions. There was not room enough for this man in Kniephof ; both his head and his heart were unsatisfied ; he had no one near him whom he could love, no field was open to the exercise of his powers.

Two incidents happened during this period of riot and tribulation which are too characteristic to be omitted.

Shortly after his return to Kniephof a case of cholera occurred on the estate, and the peasants around were filled with such terror that they would have left their neighbour to perish rather than venture into the presence of the horrible infection. As soon as news of the event was brought to them the two brothers hastened to visit the patient, and absolutely refused to leave the house before proper attendants had volunteered. If no one else would come forward, they said, they themselves would undertake the nursing ; they would not leave any one to suffer alone and without assistance. Their resolution restored courage to the peasants, or their action shamed them into humanity, for before they returned home every necessary provision had been made for the sufferer.

In the summer of 1842, while taking part in the annual military exercises, he was standing one afternoon on a bridge with the other officers of the Landwehr, when his servant rode the horses to water below. One of them became restive, lost its footing, and dragged its rider into deep water. His master at once cast aside sword and coat, and sprang from the bridge to save him. As he was an expert swimmer the rescue would have been easy, but the drowning man clung to him with such tenacity as to impede his movements. In a moment Bismarck's mind was made up. He dived and kept the terror-stricken creature under water until he became insensible and relaxed his grasp. Then he brought him safely to the bank, by a few simple appliances animation was restored, and both lives saved. The presence of mind, and the fearless resolution which such an action displayed, were well known to be among the peculiarities of the "mad Lord of Kniephof," as his neighbours called him.

A change, however, was shortly to come over his life. During a journey with common friends, he fell in love with Johanna von Puttkammer.

The young lady's parents were very quiet and deeply religious persons, and when the "mad Lord of Kniephof" wrote to ask their daughter's hand, and she confessed that she had given him her heart, their consternation was great. The father confessed that "he felt as if he had been struck on the head with an axe;" but he did not feel justified in opposing the wishes of the young people. The mother was more obdurate, and it was only when Bismarck appeared to plead his own cause that she granted her consent. But having yielded, she did so frankly and without reserve. She welcomed her future son-in-law not only to her home but to her heart, and he proved himself thoroughly worthy of her confidence. He became a real member of the family, and the first serious difference which he had with the parents of his wife was also the last. The marriage was celebrated on the 28th July, 1847.

To understand the effect which this union had on the whole character of the future statesman, it is necessary to remember several things. He was at this time deeply disgusted with his past life. He had tried excess and found it a weariness, he was tired of the monotony of dissipation. He had been cast hither and thither by the waves of chance and humour, and was fully persuaded that the end of all this is vanity. While young in body and in mind and dimly conscious that he possessed unusual powers he could find no ideal, no aim, and no ambition ~~and~~ fired and satisfied his imagination. With Religion in the true sense of the word he had never been brought into contact until he wooed her in his bride. In his youth, two spiritual influences had been predominant in Prussia—the deism of Voltaire slightly modified by that of Lessing, and the mysticism of the Romantic School which was verging more and more clearly into Roman Catholicism. From the latter tendency his father's house had been almost completely free, and what he saw of it in later years was not calculated to attract the keen-eyed, hard-headed, and open-hearted youth. Without for a moment calling the sincerity of the Romantic leaders into question, it must be admitted that for most of them Catholicism was a matter of taste and the imagination rather than of the head, the heart, or the conscience. It is in this that they differ so widely from our English converts of later days. The Roman Church, as they understood it, made life look pretty; so they chose it. Bismarck was seeking for realities, not for dreams.

But in his wife and her family he was brought face to face with a new power. Here were people leading blameless and useful lives as in the presence of a Judge, a Father, and a Friend. In such a conviction he, too, might find a motive and an aim.

Like Goethe, he had sought consolation and strength in the ethics of Spinoza, but, unlike the great poet, he had not succeeded in finding them there. The thought of a personal loyalty to a personal God, on the other hand, appealed to the deepest impulses of his nature; and the home into which he, the wild wanderer, had been received, with hesitation at first, it is true, but then in perfect affection and confidence, was so calm and quiet that it seemed as if the peace that passeth understanding brooded over it, as indeed it did. Bismarck became deeply imbued with his wife's religious convictions, and he found in them the motive power that had hitherto been wanting in his life. This was the turning point; from henceforth he had a purpose that filled and satisfied his whole being—to do his duty before a living God.



In July 1851 he wrote from Frankfort to his wife :—

"On Saturday afternoon I went with Rochow and Lynar to Rudesheim. There I took a boat, pushed off on the Rhine, and swam in the moonshine, with only my eyes and nose above the tepid water, as far as the Mouse Tower at Bingen, where the wicked Bishop was killed. It is a strangely dreamy sensation to lie in the water thus of a warm quiet night, to be slowly borne along by the current, to see the sky with the moon and stars, and on either side the wooded mountain tops and the battlemented castles in the moonshine, and to hear nothing but the soft splashing of one's own movement. I should like to swim so every evening. Afterwards I drank very pleasant wine, and sat long smoking with Lynar on the balcony, with the Rhine below us. My little Testament and the stars turned our conversation into a Christian channel, and I attacked the virtue after the manner of Rousseau, in which his soul delights, without producing any effect, except that of reducing him to silence. As a child he was ill-treated by nurses and tutors, without having any true acquaintance with his parents, and from a similar education he has formed opinions similar to those I held in my youth, only he finds a greater satisfaction in them than I ever did."

The sentiments which were the key-note of his whole moral life may be found uttered in the course of a speech in the Reichstag on the 1st March 1870.

"If I were to sum up in a few words the impression the debate has left upon my mind, I should say that the opponents of capital punishment appear to me to over-estimate the value of life in this world, and the importance of death. It may be that capital punishment appears more severe to such as do not believe in the continuance of an individual existence after death, than to him who believes that God has gifted his soul with immortality—and yet, when I examine the question more closely, I can hardly suppose so. If any one does not hold the belief, which I confess with all my heart, that death is only a transition from this life to another, and that we have a right to whisper even to the worst of criminals on his way to the grave the comfortable assurance, *mors janua vitæ*;—if any one does not share this conviction, and still thinks it worth while to live at all, the pleasures of this life must possess such a charm for him that I almost envy his enjoyment of them; the work in which he is engaged must yield such satisfactory results that I am unable to imagine his feelings. . . . But how can he who holds that death is rest—the dreamless sleep for which Hamlet longed—how can he desire that the criminal shall be compelled to continue 'the phosphorescence of his brain' for a little longer in the narrow limits of a prison-cell, robbed of everything that lends life a value?"

Again, in the autumn of the same year, amid all the excitement of the French war, he spoke thus at Ferricres :—

"If I were not a Christian I would not serve the King another hour. If I did not obey my God and put my trust in Him, my respect for earthly rulers would be but small. I have enough to live upon, and as a private man I should enjoy as much consideration as I desire. Why then should I exhaust myself with unwearying labour in this world, why expose myself to difficulties, unpleasantness, and ill-treatment, if I had not the feeling that I must do my duty before God and for his sake? If I did not believe in a Divine Government of

the world which had predestined the German nation to something great and good, I would abandon the trade of diplomacy at once, or rather I should never have undertaken it. I do not know whence my sense of duty should come except from God. Titles and decorations have no charm for me. The confident belief in a life after death—that is it—that is why I am a Royalist; without it, I should by nature be a Republican. All the steadfastness with which for these ten years I have resisted every conceivable absurdity, has been derived only from my resolute faith. Take this faith from me, and you take my country too . . . How willingly I would leave it all! I am fond of country life, of the fields and the woods. Take away from me my belief in my personal relation to God, and I am the man to pack up my things to-morrow, to escape to Varzin, and look after my crops."

It thus appears that the greatest and most successful statesman of our age is seriously of opinion that life is not worth living unless it is ruled by purposes that transcend the narrow limits of any individual vanity or ambition, any personal joy or sorrow.

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## BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1885.

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THE ROYAL MAIL. Though not strictly speaking a *critique* this article obtains many of its facts from the recently published work of Mr. James Wilson Hyde, entitled "The Royal Mail : Its curiosities and Romance."

The magnitude of the public interest in the post-office may be in some measure realised when we read in the twenty-ninth report of the Postmaster-General that, 1,323 millions of letters passed through the British Post Office last year. The average rate of letters per head of the population is 36 in the United Kingdom, in the United States it is 21 ; in France it is 15 ; in Germany 135 ; in Italy 6 ; and in Spain 5.

The establishment of a regular riding post in England dates from Edward IV, but private letters were sent by special messengers, called *nuncii*, so far back as the time of Edward II.

In general these *nuncii* were employed in the Government service. The first recognised head of the Post-office as a Government department dates from Henry VIII. The rebel lords, who played so conspicuous a part in his reign, improved on the royal posts, and had regular messengers employed between Hull and York, York and Durham, Durham and Newcastle. By the 2 & 3 Edward VI., a charge of one penny per mile was fixed on all horses used by the post-riders. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the expenses of the Post-office amounted to £6,000 a-year. This was classed under the head of the "wages and entertainment of the ordinary post." The post-road from London to Berwick followed exactly the line of the present Great North Road. At this time there was a post from London to Ireland, *via* Holyhead ; one to Bristol, and to Dover.

Occasionally there were extraordinary posts, especially when any unwelcome news arrived from France, "for the speedy advertisement of the same." In the early part of the Queen's reign, the Flemings, who were driven out of Flanders by the persecutions of Alva and Philip II., were permitted to have a post of their own. Some time after, they claimed says Stowe, the right of having their own postmaster. This claim was not, however, long recognised, and Thomas Randolph was appointed the first Postmaster of the English and foreign offices.

It was not till the close of the reign of good Queen Bess that the riding couriers were superseded by carts or rude waggons, in imitation of the one which had been invented at the commencement of the reign for her Majesty's use.

Until then the Queen had, like every one else, travelled on horseback. Judges rode the circuit in jack-boots ; ladies mostly on pillions, fastened behind their cavaliers. In this primitive style the Queen, on her first entry to the city, rode behind the Lord Chancellor. We can scarcely picture Her Majesty Queen Victoria trusting herself behind Lord Selborne. It was, however, when a Scotch king ascended the throne of England, that the absolute necessity of greater intercourse between England and Scotland led to an immediate improvement in the post. Private correspondence was then taken into consideration, and postal rates were first established. The charge was twopence for a single letter for any distance under 80 miles, and fourpence from 80 to 140 miles, sixpence for any longer distance in England, eightpence to Scotland ; but it must be remembered that the value of money was ten times greater than at present, so it is not surprising that, although so much was done to develop the postal arrangements, there was no increase in the revenue : the rates were quite prohibitory. At that time few persons could afford to pay sixpence—that is, five shillings—for a single letter. The post-messengers, therefore, had very little to do, and the smuggling of letters through the country became a regular trade : the consequence was, that in 1680 the revenue from the Post-office only amounted to five thousand a-year. By a remarkable coincidence, about this time a Mr John Hill published a slight work in favour of reducing all postal rates to one penny, whatever the distance. It would be curious to know whether this pamphlet and the name in any way suggested the idea of a uniform penny rate to Mr. Rowland Hill.

It was at this date that the Post Office was for the first time considered of sufficient importance to occupy the attention of Parliament and from this time the Post-Office was to become an important part of the revenue. It does not appear that the improved organization of the post office led to the acceleration of the mails. The post took four days between London and Dover ; and oxen had frequently to be employed to drag the carriages over the broken roads, and in no instance did the pace ever exceed three miles an hour.

In a work called "The Grand Concern of England," published in 1673, it seems that the roads were so bad, that when a family intended to travel, they frequently sent on servants to investigate the country and report upon the most

promising track. Fuller says he frequently saw as many as six oxen employed in dragging a single person to church. During floods, it was not unusual for passengers to remain at some town for days together, until the waters had subsided. We extract from "The Royal Mail" a most graphic description of the state of the roads at this date :—

"The first four miles out of Edinburgh, on the road towards London were described in the Privy Council Record of 1680 to have been in so wretched a state that passengers were in danger of their lives, 'either by their coaches overturning, their horse falling, their carts breaking, their loads casting and horse stumbling, the poor people with their burdens on their backs sorely grieved and discouraged; moreover, strangers do often exclaim thereat.' . . . The common carrier from Edinburgh to Selkirk, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for the journey going and returning.

"An express messenger conveying the news of the death of Charles II, who died on the 6th February 1685, was received in Edinburgh at one o'clock on the morning of the 10th February. . . . In 1688 it required three months to convey the tidings of the abdication of James II. of England and VII. of Scotland to the Orkney Islands."

Even so late as 1703, in a journey made by Prince George of Denmark from Windsor to Retford,—

"The length of way was only forty miles, but fourteen hours were consumed in traversing it; whilst almost every mile was signalised by the overturn of a carriage, or its temporary swamping in the mire. Even the royal chariot would have fared no better than the rest had it not been for the relays of peasants who poised and kept it erect by strength of arm, and shouldered it forward the last nine miles, in which tedious operation six good hours were consumed."

Those who lived in the happy days of post horses and royal mails can recall their sensations when the mere act of locomotion was enjoyable.

The box-seat on a well-appointed coach was the best cure for fashionable ailments that any physician could prescribe. Mr. Macadam had brought our roads to the highest state of efficiency. The smart coach with the beautiful team, the driver and guard in their scarlet liveries, added, wherever they passed to the interest of the landscape and to the charm of country life. The arrival of the mail was always the great event of the day in town and village. Even at night, as it rattled over the pavement, the tramp of the horses and the twang of the guard's horn, if it roused the light sleepers from their slumber, the awakening was not unpleasing. Well does Mr Hyde, who has for twenty-five years held important situations in the Post-office, describe in "The Royal Mail" the pleasure and excitement of the travelling in our youth :—

"The mail-coach days," he says, "had charms and attractions for travellers, if they at the same time had their drawbacks: the bustle and excitement of the start, when the horses were loosed and the driver let them have rein under the eyes of interested and admiring spectators; the exhilarating gallop as a good pace was achieved on the open country-road; the keen relish of the meals, more especially of breakfast, at the neatly kept and hospitable inn; the blithe note of the guard's horn, as a turnpike-gate or the end of a stage was approached; and the hurried changing of horses from time to time as the journey progressed. Ever varying scene is the characteristic of the occasion: the village with its

rustic quiet, and odd characters, who were sure to present themselves as the coach flew by ; the fresh and blooming fields ; the soft and pastoral downs ; the scented hedgerows in May and June ; the stretches of road embowered with wood ; the farmer's children swinging on a gate or overtopping a fence, and cheering lustily with their small voices as the coach swept along. . . .

"Or, on occasions of great national triumph—when, for example, some important victory crowned our arms—the coach, decked out with ribbons or green leaves, would be the bearer of the joyous news down into the country,—the driver and the guard, as the official representatives of the Crown for the moment, being the heroes of the hour."

The fast coaches sometimes covered twelve miles within the hour. The London and Shrewsbury mail accomplished 184 miles in 18 hours ; London to Holyhead, 268 miles, was travelled in 27 hours ; London to Exeter, 171 miles, in 17 hours. This Quicksilver Mail was supposed to be the fastest in England ; and there were short distances when the horses were spinning over the ground at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The annual procession of the mails on the King's birthday was a sight which will never be forgotten by those who have seen it.

George IV., who was born on the 12th of August, changed the annual celebration of his birthday to April 23rd. The mail-coaches then went in procession from Millbank to Lombard Street, about twelve o'clock. The horses belonging to the different mails had entirely new harness ; the guards and coachmen, postmen and postboys, were all dressed in their new scarlet uniforms. From Lombard Street the cavalcade passed through the principal streets of the metropolis. It was a grand gala-day, and a display such as no other country could ever show—horses, coaches, harness, all of the best, and the coachmen vying with one another to show off the teams to the best advantage. The drivers and guards wore large bouquets of flowers ; the coaches were newly painted and emblazoned with the Royal arms.

"In the cramped interior of the vehicles were closely packed buxom dames and blooming lasses, the fair passengers arrayed in coal-scuttle bonnets and in canary-coloured or scarlet silks. . . . Heading the procession was the oldest-established mail, which would be the Bristol. On the King's birthday, 1834, there were 27 coaches in the procession. They all wore hammer-cloths. Sherman's mails were drawn by black horses, and on these occasions their harness was of red morocco. Many country squires who were anxious that their best horses should have a few turns in the mail-coaches, sent up their horses to figure in the procession." The whole pageant was worthy of the occasion—a celebration of the birthday of its sovereign.

The earliest Postmaster-General and post agent had no easy time of it. The mails were so irregular, and the complaints so constant, that the ill-paid duties of the former became very onerous ; and the post-agents, especially the packet agents, in time of war were placed in situations not devoid of danger.

The instructions to all the packet-agents, who were practically in command of the boats, were,—“You must run when you can, fight when you can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when you cannot fight.” We must refer our readers for most interesting anecdotes of the mail-packet service to “The Royal Mail,” in the chapter headed “Mail-Packets.” The vessels were clearly not of a high order of excellence, for one report says: “We do find that in blowing weather they take in soe much water that the men are constantly wet through, and can noe ways go below, being forced to keep the hatches shut to save the vessel from sinking.” So perilous was the service, that there was a scale of pensions for wounds. The loss of an eye was £4, both eyes £12. Nor were the letters better protected than their carriers. “We are concerned,” says one agent, “to tell you that we find the letters brought by the boat are so consumed by the rats we cannot find out to whom they belong.” All Government letters were carried free. Even within our memory very curious articles have been sent by the Foreign Office messengers, but we do not imagine such commodities as the following were ever franked:

“*Imprimis*. ‘Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass.

“Item. ‘Two maid servants going as laundresses to my lord ambassador.’

“‘Item. ‘Doctor Chrichton, carrying with him a cow and divers necessities.’

“Item. ‘Two bales of stockings for the use of the ambassador,’”

In those days members signed large packets of covers at once, and sold them to their friends; and so little care was taken, that thousands of letters passed with forged signatures.

The changes from the post riders to mail-coaches and from mail-coaches to railways, are not more remarkable than the vast change made in our postal system by the introduction of the penny postage.

Sir Rowland Hill has always been considered the originator of the penny postage; but in fact the idea had been started by Professor Babbage some years before, in his work on economy of machinery and manufactures, in which he demonstrated that if the cost of carriage could be reduced, the result would be a cheaper rate of postage, and a great increase in the number of letters. It was, however, Sir Rowland Hill who devoted his time to the completion of the scheme; and in 1837 he embodied it in the pamphlet entitled, “Post-office Reform, its importance and practicability.” This created a great sensation, more especially in the mercantile world. He proved that while the population was rapidly increasing, the Post-office revenue was diminishing, and this was chiefly owing to the high rate of postage, and the temptation which it held out for smuggling—whole bales of letters being sent from one town to another as ordinary goods. While in his able pamphlet the subject was exhausted, he maintained that the 76 millions of letters, the number which passed through the Post-office in 1839, was capable of a large increase; “that it should form a distinguished part in the great work of national education, of becoming a benefaction and a blessing to mankind.” He concluded with proposing—(1) a reduction in the rate to a penny a letter, weighing not more than half an ounce; (2) increased speed in the delivery of letters; (3) more frequent opportunities for the despatch of letters; (4) simplification in all the arrangements with the

view to economy. After an examination by a Royal Commission, and a full investigation by a committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Hill's plan was adopted by the Legislature in 1839, and came into operation in 1840, when the number of letters increased from 76 millions to 169 millions. The new scheme was received with general approval by the country, but not so by the Government and the post-office authorities, who regarded it as suicidal, and most probably likely to be very injurious to the revenue. And certainly these views were not unreasonable. The average charge for a letter in 1837 was tenpence : it was evident, therefore, that to arrive at the same result when reduced to a penny, the number of letters must increase tenfold—whereas in the first year they had only doubled ; and even now that the letters have increased to the enormous amount of 1333 millions, it is a question whether, when we consider the increase of population and popular education, the revenue has not suffered by the change, although the net revenue is this year £2,687,000. But in 1837 the change was dreaded by the authorities for other than financial reasons. Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster General at that time, described the scheme as “ wild, visionary, and extravagant.” The walls of the Post-office, he added, would burst ; the whole area on which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and the letters. In the first instance a fourpenny rate was proposed ; but this did not meet the views of either party and in 1840 a uniform penny rate was adopted.

The progress of the Post office since the final establishment of the penny post has exceeded all the most sanguine expectations.

Between 1839 and 1880, day-mails, rural posts, and free deliveries were established on an enlarged scale. In 1840 the number of rural post-offices was 3,000 ; they now exceed 8,000. As to free deliveries, it has been promised that soon the “ most remote and inaccessible parts of our country, the nooks and crannies of the land, will possess the rural postman.” When we recollect the work done in the post-offices, it is something quite extraordinary. The Post-office is not only responsible for all home and foreign correspondence ; but every postmaster has charge of the Book-post department, the Telegraph, the Money-order Office, the Savings Bank, and now the Parcel Post. A postmaster or mistress now, in any considerable village, must find their day pretty well occupied, and have little to devote to the shop in which formerly it was in general situated—placed so that those who came to post letters or buy stamps were induced to make purchases. In France the *bureaux de tabac* are an important part of the Government patronage : the pay is about 600 francs a-year. But a *bureau de tabac* is considered worth from £300 to £400 a-year. The owners have a monopoly of the sale of stamps, and they therefore attract custom ; for those who purchase stamps or post orders frequently remain to smoke, or lay in a stock of snuff or tobacco.

Among the sights of London the General Post office is one of the most remarkable. This department of the public service conveys a grander idea of the vast enterprise, the commercial greatness, and the social requirements of the empire.

Throughout the whole day every part of the extensive building presents a busy scene ; but it is about six in the evening that the great excitement commences.

“ Now it is, that small boys of eleven and twelve years of age, panting Sinbad-like under the weight of large bundles of newspapers, manage to dart about



and make rapid sorties into the other ranks of boys, utterly disregarding the cries of the official policemen, who vainly endeavour to reduce the tumult into something like post-office order. They will whizz their missiles of intelligence over other people's head, now and then sweeping off hats and caps with the force of shot. The gathering every moment increases in number ; arms, legs, sacks, baskets, heads, bundles, and woollen comforters—for who ever saw a newspaper boy without that appendage?—seem to be getting into a state of confusion and disagreeable communism, and yet 'the cry is still they come.'—*The Royal Mail*, p. 356.

At that hour, instead of the wide slits for letters and papers, the shutters themselves are thrown open, to receive the storm of letters and papers which are thrown in. Every opening is besieged with an impetuous crowd of men, women, and boys, who defy all the efforts of the police to keep order, in their anxiety to rid themselves of the huge bundles with which they are laden before the last stroke of the hour of six. Those who are prevented approaching the windows hurl their packages over the heads of others who bar the approach. Sacks and baskets of letters, are shovelled into the spaces prepared to receive them. When the clock commences to strike six, the rush becomes greater and greater—the interest more and more intense. One, two, three—the struggle of the outsiders is desperate—four, five, six. And at the stroke the windows fall simultaneously, and all is over. A sudden stillness approaching to awe falls on the multitude. Those who are behindhand may consign their charge calmly into any post-office they pass by, where it will be stamped with the ominous words "Too late !"

The interest of the Post office is now transferred to the interior of the building.

There in large halls may be seen hundreds of clerks lifting, arranging, stamping piles of letters. Heaps of correspondence and papers are lying on the floors and raked up into large baskets, and carried by lifts or on rails to various parts of the establishment. A number of officers are employed all this time in endeavouring to restore wrappers to newspapers which have been carelessly tied up. Unfastened and torn letters are conveyed to a different part of the building, and the greatest care is taken to endeavour to find out their proper destinations. It is incredible the number of letters that are posted open, without any address whatever. Then there are letters insufficiently stamped and fastened, which contain every variety of female ornament and fashion, jewellery, fans, feathers ; not to mention medicines, pill-boxes, many of which fall on the floor when handled by the clerks, and, with as much care as is possible, are replaced in their proper cases. We are called, and are rather proud of being so styled, a practical, careful people : the lost luggage in cabs and at stations testifies that we are exactly the contrary. From £12,000 to £14,000 in money, with no address, or misdirected, and Bank Government bills, money orders, bills of exchange, that pass through the office which has to rectify blunders, amounts to a very large sum. The trouble it is to discover the owners may well be imagined.

In some cases it is impossible : so the report tells us that many presents such as rings, brooches, various ornaments, never reach their destination, as they are unaccompanied by any letter. Those become the property of the Crown.

There are no other blue-books which afford half the interest to

the general reader as the Annual Reports of the post office, full as they are of odd illustrations of life and character, and not devoid even of romantic incident.

"On one occasion a gentlemanly-looking person called and expressed a fear that he had enclosed two letters in wrong envelopes, and that all his prospects in life depended on his having his letters back, and correcting the mistake; inasmuch as they revealed plans which he had adopted to save two mercantile houses in the same line of business, whose interests clashed at every point."

A similar blunder occurred in a more delicate affair, when a young lady was most urgent to have her letters returned, as she had accepted the wrong offer of marriage. The local postmaster was unable to resist her earnest entreaties, and thus prevented a painful catastrophe. But a whole romance might be written on the following incident: A young lady, who had been engaged to a prosperous young manufacturer, was informed, a few days before the marriage was fixed for, that the firm was insolvent. Not a moment was to be lost, and a letter was written and posted, breaking the engagement; when, within two hours, it was discovered that the report was entirely unfounded. The report continues: "The daughter with her parents rushed to the post-office, and no words can describe the scene—the appeals, the tears, the wringing of hands, the united entreaties of the family, to have the fatal letter restored, but, alas! all was vain, the rule admitted of no exception."

The "Blind Office" is perhaps the part of the building of the greatest interest to visitors. Here a number of clerks, selected from the most efficient of the officers, have to decipher addresses which to the inexperienced would seem utterly illegible or unintelligible.

He should find it difficult what bag to place the enclosed in—

"Coneyach Lunentic

A Siliam."

The clerk strikes his pen through the address, and writes—

"Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum."

Again—

"Obern Yenen,"

is by a stroke of the pen converted into

"Holborn Union."

"Ann Megs,

Oileywhite,

Amshire."

It is seen that Ann Megs resides in the

"Isle of Wight,

Hampshire."

"For Mister Willy wot brinds de Baber in Lang Caster ware te gal is,"

puzzled the officers, until it was discovered it was intended for the editor of a Lancaster paper where the jail is.

There was less difficulty in

"Queen Vic Tory at WinerCasel,

and to the King of Rusheyn.

Fcoren with speed."

Lord John Manners gives a great many entertaining applications made to the office, and extraordinary letters received.

"May 1878.

"My LORD,—I ask you for some information about finding out persons who are missing. I want to find out my mother and sisters who are in Australia I believe. If you would find them out for me please, let me know by return of Post, and also your charge at the lowest. Yours, &c."

"January 14, 1878.

"We are heard in the paper about 12 months back, Mary Ann —, the servant girl in London was dead. Pleast send it to the Printers office by return of post whether there was a small fortune left for—."

"SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS U.S.

1 Jan. 1878.

"Mr Postmaster if you would be so kind as to seek for us work as we are two colored young men of —Illinois, and would like to come to England and get work as Coachmen or race horse trainers as we have been experance for twelve years practicesing training—if any further information about it we can be reckemend to any one that wish to hire us, pleas to advertise it in the papers for us."

"KANSAS

Feb. 16--1878.

"HONERAD SIR,—My Grandfather Mr John—made a will on or about 22 Oct. 18—dated at—leaving to his son, my father, £1000, the interest to be paid to him half-yearly, the prinsaple to be divided among his children at his death. My father died on the—last leaving myself and one brother who wishes you to look up & collect the money for us."

"SIR,—i rite a Line two see if you hard Enny thing of my husband—that was left at—ill. please will you rite back by return of post as we are in great trobble."

"To Controul of the  
Dead Office,  
Newcastle."

"Dec 31 1877.

"John—acting as Farmer here would be very much obliged to the Postmaster at—if he would be so good as to name a suitable party at—to whom he might sell a 30 stone pig of good quality well—for he understands it is the best place to sell. The pig is now quite ready for killing."

"April 1878.

"SIR.—Will you, if you please, let me know if there is such a gentelman as Mr—in—. i beleave he is a Chirch Clurdgman. There is a young man in—who has been engaged to my sister and he says Mrs—at—is his sister. i should very much like to know, if you will oblige me by sending. i thought if Mrs—was his sister i would rite and ask for his charctar because he is a stranger to us all.—please oblige."

"— —."

"—KENT.

"SIR,— Will you please inform me if there is to be a Baby show this year at Woolwich ; if so, where it is to be holden, and what day.

"I have enclosed—stamp."

"FRANCE.

"A Monsieur le

"Directeur de la poste de Londres.

"J'ai cinquante trois ans. Veuillez être assez bon de me faire réponse pour me donner des résultats sur l'existence de Madame——? St parfois elle était toujours veuve je voudrais lui faire la proposition de lui demander sa main d'après que j'en aurais des nouvelles. En attendant, Monsieur, votre réponse.—J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c."

The interest taken by Mrs. Fawcett in the improvement of the homes of post-men deserves the thanks of the nation no less than the thoroughness of the devotion with which the late Post-Master General applied his wonderful energies to the development of the machinery and the working of all branches of the service. Lady John Manners has with the assistance of some benevolent ladies furnished rooms in different localities, where temporary rest and shelter is provided for the postmen during the brief period of respite from their daily toil.

But the time of the visitor to the Post office is passing.

We have visited the principal offices. The hall-clock is silently approaching the hour of eight, when the bags must be all sealed and ready to leave. At five minutes to eight all is bustle and activity; at five minutes after eight the halls are silent and deserted, the bags have been collected and placed in the mail-vans, which dash off to the different railway stations. A few minutes more and the mail-trains—those messengers of joy, of sorrow, of hope, rest and unrest—will be rushing through the darkness to their several destinations.

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## ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

TWO BOOKS, bearing especially on life in England, have lately appeared written from totally different points of view: "Society in London," by a "Foreigner," describes the strange medley of people in fashionable circles, while "After London, or Wild England," by Richard Jefferies, gives a weird picture of an imagined England in ruin and desolation, that country having presumably relapsed into barbarism and wild nature. In the first-named book the character of London Society is commented upon with point and cleverness, without any of the vulgar malice which characterised a well-known recent work on the Daughters of John Bull. A prominent place is naturally given in this social scale to the Prince of Wales: "It has sometimes occurred to me that the Prince of Wales may be compared to the physician of the body politic, whose prescriptions are regarded as infallible, and who decides exactly in what proportions the two opposite principles of social medicine shall be combined by inferior practitioners; how far Bohemianism may be blended with Pharisaism; in what quantity the acid of rakishness may be infused into the alkali of respectability. From this point of view the English heir-apparent is a great medicine-man, ever beneficently ready with his counsel and specifics, quick to diagnose the patient, to pronounce upon the evils which lie at the root of the malady, and to indicate how they may be removed."

Hereafter the author deals in turn with noticeable personages in the ranks of the aristocracy, of the diplomatic and political world, of the professions, of literature, art, and of the stage. Even Mr. Wilde, as a passing celebrity, is treated to a clever analysis. "This is a very clever and long-headed young man indeed. He always reminds me of Brutus, who, for purposes of of his own and with triumphant results, feigned idiocy. Mr. Oscar Wilde saw that, if anything was to be done with a capital of moderate talents, it was necessary to create a sensation. Having secured with the help of a few popular or well-known ladies, an audience, he proceeded to pose as the high priest of æstheticism. Men

laughed at him ; but it was a sort of folly that paid. Mr. Wilde presented the appearance of a fribble, and calculated his arrangements to nicety. If he was laughed, at he could afford to laugh at others and kept his tongue in his cheek. He has had imitators, whose names I cannot remember, but he has never been eclipsed in the peculiar *métier* of his choice."

"After London" is a strange romance, its chief feature being a presentment of the modern Babylon, seen from the point of view of some as yet far distant Britisher of a savage fortune. England is supposed to have relapsed into barbarism, by what means cannot accurately be stated. Some say "because the sea silted up the entrances of the ancient ports, and stopped the vast commerce," others that "the earth from some attractive power, exercised by the passage of an enormous dark body through space became tilted ; a reversal of magnetism occurred, and a general desire arose to return to the East." The wealthy deserted the country, and only the poor were left.

In time those among them who could read and write became the aristocracy and ruled over the land ; the rest adopted the life of shepherds, or degenerated into savage bushmen and gipsies. Very clever and ingenious is the classification of the fauna and flora of wild England, and also the descriptions of the springing up of forests all over the land, of the lanes and highways choked with tangle and undergrowth of the marsh lands formed by the streams breaking their banks and overflowing the country, " some of them extending for miles in a winding line, and occasionally spreading out to a mile in breadth." \* \* \* "The sites of many villages and towns that anciently existed along the rivers, or on the lower lands adjoining, were concealed by the water and the mud it brought with it. The sedges and reeds that arose completed the work and left nothing visible, so that the mighty buildings of olden days were by these means utterly buried. From an elevation, therefore, there was nothing visible but endless forest and marsh ;" a beautiful clear fresh-water lake has been formed in the southern central part of England, between the Severn and the East of England, at whose narrower end the ruins of the once mighty city of London crumble and moulder into dust shrouded by the pestilential vapour. "Vast marshes cover the site of ancient London" whose river had become obstructed and by degrees choked, partially "from the *cloacæ* of the ancient city which poured into it through enormous subterranean aqueducts and drains ; \* \* the river unable to find a channel began to overflow into the deserted streets, and especially to fill up the underground passages

and drains. These, by force of the water, were burst up, and the houses fell in. \* \* \* Those houses that were upon high ground were, of course like the other towns, ransacked of all they contained by the remnant that was left; the iron too was extracted. Trees growing up by them in time cracked the walls, and they fell in. Trees and bushes covered them; ivy and nettles concealed the crumbling masses of brick." The low-lying parts of the city became one vast stagnant swamp. "There exhales from this oozy mass so fatal a vapour that no animal can endure it. The black water bears a greenish-brown floating scum, which for ever bubbles up from the putrid mud of the bottom. When the wind collects the miasma, it becomes visible as a low cloud which hangs over the place. The cloud does not advance beyond the limits of the marsh, seeming to stay there by some constant attraction. \* \* \* The earth was poison, the water poison, the air poison, the very light of heaven falling through such an atmosphere, poison. Upon the surface of the water there was a greenish-yellow oil, to touch which was death to any creature; it was the very essence of corruption. Sometimes it floated before the wind, and fragments became attached to reeds or flags far from the place itself. If a moor-hen or duck chanced to rub the reed, and but one drop stuck to its feathers, it forthwith died."

The narrative portion of the book gives scope for the delineation of the manners and customs of the people, and reminds the reader somewhat of the days of Saxon Feudalism. The character of the hero Felix Aquila, a noble and a scholar, is delicately drawn, and his adventures read like the story of an enchanted prince, especially the description of his visit among the ruins of London, "where the earth on which he walked, the black earth, leaving phosphoric footmarks behind him, was composed of the mouldering bodies of millions of men who had passed away in the centuries during which the city existed."

While Mr. Jefferies has been indulging in imaginative, and, it must be added, fantastic, speculations concerning a future which, in the ordinary course of nature, could hardly by any possibility dawn for England, Mr. Edward Clodd, author of "The Childhood of the World," &c., has been absorbed in the legends of the past, and has produced, as the result of his studies, a very charming volume entitled "Myths and Dreams." It is a concise and interesting summary of all that has been thought and definitely ascertained of late about the origin of myths and popular religions. It contains the best brief account, hitherto published, of the gradual evolution of the

developed myth from its first elements, and may be considered a good suggestive "primer" of the new science of comparative folklore. By comparing together myths and legends of all races he shows us, as Mr. Lang has already shown in his lately published "Custom and Myth," that the stories we ourselves know chiefly in their poetical Greek form, may be recognized in all essentials among Hottentots or Objibways, among Indian hillmen or Andaman islanders. "Language," Mr. Clodd writes, "has given us the key to the kinship between the great body of Aryan myths; the study of the historical evolution of myths, the comparison of these without regard to affinity of speech, will give us the key to the kinship between savage interpretations of phenomena all the world over."

Mr. Andrew Lang has published another volume of poems entitled "Rhymes a la Mode." Among the best may be mentioned "The Fortunate Islands," a rendering of Lucian's well-known fancies, "Helen of Troy," and several sonnets, all of which are fine. The volume is comprehensive, for it contains, in addition to classical subjects, society verses and poems descriptive of the savage. One poem has such a novel and fascinating hero that we feel sure no apology is needed for quoting it at length ;

#### MAN AND THE ASCIDIAN.

##### A MORALITY.

"The ancestor remote of man,"  
Says Darwin, "is the 'Ascidian',"  
A scanty sort of water-beast  
That, ninety million years at least  
Before Gorillas came to be,  
Went swimming up and down the sea.  
  
Their ancestors the pious praise,  
And like to imitate their wa's ;  
How then does our first parent live,  
What lesson has his life to give ?  
  
Th' Ascidian tadpole, young and gay,  
Doth life with one bright eye survey,  
His consciousness has easy play.  
He's sensitive to grief and pain,  
Has tail, and spine, and bears a brain,  
And everything that fits the state  
Of creatures we call vertebrate.  
But age comes on, with sudden shock  
He sticks his head against a rock !



His tail drops off, his eye drops in,  
 His brain's absorbed into his skin ;  
 He does not feel, nor move, nor know  
 The tidal waters' ebb and flow,  
 But still abides, unstirred, alone,  
 A sucker sticking to a stone.

And we his children, truly we  
 In youth are, like the Tadpole, free,  
 And where we would we blithely go,  
 Have brains and hearts, and feel and know.  
 Then age comes on ! To Habit we  
 Affix ourselves and are not free ;  
 Th' Ascidian's rooted to a rock,  
 And we are bond-slaves of the clock ;  
 Our rocks are Medicine—Letters—Law ;  
 From these our heads we cannot draw,  
 Our loves drop off, our hearts drop in,  
 And daily thicker grows our skin.

Ah, scarce we live, we scarcely know  
 The wide world's moving ebb and flow,  
 The clanging currents ring and shock,  
 But we are rooted to the rock.  
 And thus at ending of his span,  
 Blind, deaf and indolent, does man  
 Revert to the Ascidian."

The last week or two have been busy times for all those interested in the fine arts. The four chief exhibitions of pictures have just opened, the Royal Water Colour Society, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Grosvenor Gallery, and, a week later, the Royal Academy. At the latter, there are over 500 more works than have hitherto been collected in any one exhibition. As next month a descriptive notice of the leading pictures of the three great exhibitions will appear in this *Review*, no more need be said at present than that this season is likely to prove a memorable one in art ; a higher all round average of merit being plainly manifest. Mr. Orchardson's "Salon of Madame Recamier"—undoubtedly the finest work at Burlington House—was sold, before the opening day, to a private Collector for the large sum of three thousand guineas. To many in India, as well as throughout Great Britain, the news of Mr. Millais' sudden illness will be a cause of sincere regret ; but it is possible it may prove less dangerous than is at present anticipated.

The only other art-event which may be chronicled in this number is the death of Richard Ansdell, R.A. This artist's works are very familiar, and though they are seldom more than simply pleasant representations of sheep or goats, they have sufficient merit to form a basis for the often-made assertion that the just deceased gentleman was the chief follower of Landseer. Of late his pictures have not sold well in London or the great art centres ; but he died in very good circumstances as far as means were concerned.

In the drama the great events are the farewell of Miss Mary Anderson to the English stage (for a time only, she and we hope) and the return of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Mr. Irving has taken the opportunity of a new home-coming to inaugurate a new system as regards the pit arrangements at Lyceum : seats can now be booked therefore in the same way as for the stalls or the dress-circle—an innovation, however, that has met with a somewhat dubious reception as yet.

In music the leading incidents have been the extremely cordial reception of the Spanish violinist, Senor Pablo de Sarasate, and the opening of the new series of the Richter Concerts. How rapidly English opera is ousting its long-established rival from the stage is evident, not only from the circumstance that the public have taken the temporary cessation of the Italian opera in London with complete indifference, but also from the exceptionally enthusiastic appreciation of Mr. Goring Thomas's new opera entitled "Nadeshda." Nadeshda is now being played nightly at Drury Lane to crowded audiences, with Mme. Alwina Valleria as *prima donna* and Mr. Barton McGuckin as *primo*.

E. A. SHARP.

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## FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

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PARIS, *May* 1885.

ONLY one subject engrosses attention—the Anglo-Russian question. People do not allow themselves to be deluded into the idea that the quarrel is about a belt of desert round Afghanistan; it is the prestige and the power of the two Central Asian powers that are in collision, and rather prematurely, owing to the indecent haste of Russian ambition to strike at England while she was occupied in the Sudan, or in strained relations with France and Germany.

The pretext for advancing is the old hypocrisy; the assurance that now Russia will rest and be thankful is the ancient immorality. She is the wandering Jew, and nothing will stop her, save a fearless resolve to fix a hard and fast line between her and the Afghan frontier, which she must never cross unless prepared to accept the consequences—a declaration of war.

The attack on the Afghans by General Kamoroff is viewed as premeditated, to cut out English influence among the local tribes, and as a counter-check to the Rawalpindi Durbar. Russia desires to reach the Persian gulf; and perhaps another objective is to arrive at the Asiatic front of Constantinople. Neither could be tolerated by England or Europe.

Is England, then, to reduce Russia to accept her conditions? Here there is no doubt of her ability. The Muscovite wants a good shake, long kept up, to expose his hollowness. Turkey alone did that in 1878. England of course would scour the Baltic and Black Seas, and, allied with Turkey, could make a serious diversion in the Caucasus; for every inch the Czar moved towards Herat she could there advance miles.

A mistake was committed in pooh-poohing Turkey, which is neither sick nor moribund. The Hungarians too have an old score to wipe out with the Cossacks. But, more important still, the liberalism of the Continent will be arranged alongside of its leader—England. Perhaps the Emperors' League may discover that the union of peoples is stronger than their autocracy.

France is fully persuaded the fire will spread, and knows too well the audacity of England when once she is roused to war, and more so to one *à outrance*. She fears Bismarck's putting his octopus tentacle on Holland, and perhaps Denmark. Thus she regrets her army in Tonkin when she looks towards a capricious neighbour ready to spring if the occasion arises. Kuljar is a proof that the celestials can wait, even with the patience of a Benedictine.

The dash of Pitt that Mr. Gladstone has displayed so unexpectedly, the formidable armaments of England, the support she has from her Colonies, the aid from India herself, and the presence of Earl Dufferin in command in India, are so many trump cards for England's fortune, and as many checks to Russian ambition and European jealousies.

M. Louis Veuillot's *Lettres à sa soeur* continue to be highly relished. The famous champion of ultramontanism idolised his sister. It is strange that his great opponent, Renan, had a veneration for a sister also. Both celebrities seemed to only regard their wives as secondary, to judge by the few passing allusions paid them. Many have upbraided Louis Veuillot with having been born in the shop of a humble wine-dealer, a public house in a word. That was not his fault, as we are born where we can. Perhaps that lowly origin was the secret of his strength, as the first polemist of his time, and among writers the most thoroughly French of the epoch. It was from his humble origin that he derived that sap which constituted the Bismarck ferocity of his frankness, and that style so bold, so lively, so coloured, and so popular of which he alone had the monopoly. The genius of the French prefers precise words, even though they be coarse. It likes its own Billingsgate apparently : it aims at being brusque, and cares little for appearances. It leans to energy in the expression of trivialities, and skits of malice and wit. Now that was what the terrible editor of the *Univers* was ; and he could make even French bishops and cardinals knuckle down, for he was a warrior whose requests were not unheeded at the Vatican.

Veuillot was a real *gamin* of Paris. He has been compared to P. L. Courier, but the latter was an educated member of the middle class, who only wrote under the borrowed name of a vineyard labourer. Veuillot educated himself ; he graduated in an attorney's office, copied deeds in the day but read and studied ardently at night — Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Boileau, and a little of his *bête noir*, Voltaire. His darling author, however, was La Bruyère, who enabled him to indulge in strong and unexpected imagery : the effective word,

the knack to retain a striking trait for a long time, and then to unexpectedly drive it home. He was serious in his pleasantry, which made him a hundred times more pleasant still, and by his power of varying he could keep the attention ever from flagging. La Bruyère took thirty years to compose a tiny book on moral questions—which will never die. Veuillot has written twenty volumes on the most momentous questions of his time. Yet the man of the seventeenth and the man of the nineteenth century belong to the same school.

In his journal, Veuillot liked to go out of his way, to strike hard and to growl. But in his *Lettres* to his sister, he is perfectly natural. Was Veuillot a sincere Catholic? many have asked, or, was it his pride to fill a rôle? He threw stones at his enemies with the fury of a Jewish mob, but taxed them with sacrilege if they hurled them back. He was a sincere believer, but he did not spare the bishops. Some of the latter, men of the highest social standing, were happy to render him homage; all, perhaps, save the Bishop of Orleans. They visited him, courted him, and were ever deferential through fear. He alludes to the kindness of his confessor, inviting him to be pleased to condescend to repeat such and such a prayer and to recommend himself to the Holy Virgin. He describes very humorously and maliciously his visit to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. His apartment was ready at the palace; there was a dinner in honour of his arrival; it consisted of thirty guests; among the latter was a vineyard proprietor, who brought some of his bottles of wine with him, which had made the return voyage from India, and which he was prepared to sell at twenty francs each. Veuillot found the costly wines nearly as good as his own "ordinary." The local chief of the police, his neighbour at table, could only relate the *ruses* he adopted to secure the attendance of his men at Church. The Cardinal himself was very amiable, never asked for a puff in the *Univers*; "he has some excellent qualities joined to some littlenesses; to the order of the apostle he unites the vanity of an infant; he will stop in celebrating mass to teach the congregation how to chant; the Canticles he avows bother him, so he has replaced them by Psalms." Veuillot resembled other celebrities, for his intellect expired before his body, and his last letters paint pathetically (for the terrible pugilist had a heart), the commencement of his fatal malady. He feels the approach of the enemy; he desires to know why he cannot work as heretofore; is his disinclination to work caused by idleness; why, whether he is in good or bad health, is his old activity departing? "I speak, therefore I feel; but when

I commence to write, intelligence flies away ; I eat and sleep, therefore I live, but my brain remains slow when I eat, and sleepy when I have digested ; this is no longer to live. I have an article in my head ready written ; the subject is the simplest in the world, but I cannot express it. Nothing flows from the well ; the source of the spring is dried up." How many writers will recognise that disease, where thought still throbs but where expression remains mute ?

A new work from Emile Zola is certain to provoke his adversaries. Now it is only fair to observe that, unless Zola be accorded what he claims, *viz.*, to be regarded as sincere in his social studies, dressed as a novel, he cannot be accurately judged. Further, every literary conviction merits respect, and every opinion, the liberty of expression. *Germinal*, M. Zola's last volume, produces on the reader an impression somewhat like that experienced by Dante in his *Hell*—perspiration on the forehead, fright on the visage, and the heart contracted from overflowing pity with the dread to throw a look behind on what has just been seen. But in *Germinal* there is implacable reality ; we are nearer the sufferings painted by Zola than to the monstrous tortures described by the great Florentine. The Italian is sublime in his gigantic and immortal work ; but Zola's miners, we know them, and if we desire to descend with them to their *Enfer*, we can experience the horrors of their existence. *Germinal* exhibits to us that section of humanity, suffering in the depths, in unquestionable agony ; ground by a kind of labour which is inexorable from its servitude, and agonising from its duration. The mine is your true city of misery and of mourning, and over the threshold of whose entrance might be inscribed—*Lasciate ogni Speranza voi' ch' entrate*.

Nothing on mining life has hitherto been written, so real, so painful, and so true, as Zola gives in *Germinal*. Those who have gone down to the deep will readily recognise its actuality. He takes his miner as a poor insect, between two layers of coal fifteen to sixteen hundred feet below the surface soil. The miner has not even the advantage of a slave, who bent in two in the furrows of a field, has at least air, light, sunshine, vegetation, and the birds. He is the inmate of a Black Hole, whose sides may collapse ; he is cramped in posture, half suffocated, panting, perspiring, breathing vitiated air, which is dimly lit up by a trembling lamp rocked by the death-wind, fire-damp. Into the details of mining life which Zola has studied personally and from official documents, it is not necessary to enter. It is from a distance and by rising above the subject that the matter must be studied. And the result will be to force our admiration and pity. The work must be judged in its

entirety, the spots on the sun—the realism—accepted. He could not be artificial, could not clothe his miners in Versailles manners or drape them as shepherds in a comic opera. Zola gives us the truth in its terrible horror in its agonising nudity. Others before Zola have painted the sombre miners and their social claims, but none has brought so well that subterranean population to the surface soil, to full daylight, and exposed their habitudes, their lives, their pleasures; where all is extraordinary in the melancholy existence of these human ants, the type of the true struggle for life, and where, in a strike, they face the bayonet's point to gain an increase of a few sous per day—that augmentation being a question of life and death! *Germinal* is a socialistic work; it does not attack any millionaire, any Company; it concerns the relations between rich and poor, of Dives and Lazarus. It concentrates all the sufferings of human nature which can most readily draw tears from the eye and sighs from the heart. The sketches are not the learned study of the doctrinaire, or the abstractions of economists. They embody the miner himself, pleading his own cause.

The action of the story once commenced marches surely to its end, increasing in strength, and full of wonderful touches of human sympathy. The author compels you to submit to the magic of his descriptions, to obey him as a master; scenes succeed scenes, terrible and imposing, where tears are mixed with laughter. It is human life palpitating, suffering, living, and dying before you. It is useless to raise objections to this astonishing book in detail; it is needless to lift up hands of horror at the death of Maigrat. Is the author to have the right to depict massacres and the outbreak of vengeance, and to show us how far woman surpasses man in ferocity and refined cruelty? The women of Montson avenge their honour as women and maids—but following their own ways and means. If Madame Clovis Hugues decides for a revolver, why are miners' wives objected to because their Judge Lynch processes are different—apart from not resorting to that kind of justice at all? *Germinal* is Zola's masterpiece. It is the bitterest cry yet uttered by the waifs and strays of society; it is a romance, but it is a pleading also for common justice and a work of sovereign pity.

Those who are interested in the suppression of the Jesuits and the strange death of Pope Clement XIV. will find in *Le Cardinal de Bernis*, 1758-1794, of M. Masson, an interesting volume. It has been said that those only are happy who have no history. In this respect the Cardinal de Bernis ought to be misery itself. Seven years ago, M. Masson published the memoirs of the prelate, which had a marked success. The author goes to work in a most

original manner. He makes a clean sweep of history, he ignores all that has been written on his subject ; he rejects every opinion, eschews all verdicts. He courageously builds up his own case : selects the materials for the structure, is his own architect, and invites an impartial opinion on his work. There is nothing prejudiced in his history : had he reason to conclude that St. Louis was a rogue, and Robespierre a saint, he would not hesitate to produce his evidence. The new details he publishes will compel the revision of many opinions respecting the history of the second half of the eighteenth century. His documents are from the French Foreign office archives. It is the history of Europe, written from Rome, during a period when all Europe passed through Rome, and when the latter meant the French Pope. Two-thirds of the volume relate to the suppression of the Jesuits ; and that strange death of Clement XIV., which even Beranger put into the form of a ballad, is well told. The reader will find many new details on the accession of Pius VI. which read like a Romance. The style is not dry, as appears to be the fashion of the day, nor is it on the lines of Dumas's *Tour de Nesle*. It is scrupulously exact as might be expected from a student of the *Ecole des Chartes*.

*Sous la Hache*, by M. Bourges, is a volume remarkable at once for its style and its subject. The style is robust and supple, and all in harmony with the tragic character of the period wherein the scenes are laid. The story treats of the violent, aye savage, struggles in the Vendée, where Frenchmen fought with a ferocious and implacable hate, both sides being equally sincere in their aims—for the Republic one, for God and the king the other. All the personages, whether good or bad, are heroes, and the guillotine, permanently erected as a menace, imparts to the drama the character of an epic. Passionate hate seems to burn the very blood of the men and women engaged in the political strife ; life is lived out more quickly in a sinister and agonising atmosphere. The author's *Crepuscule des Dieux* was a very curious study of contemporary manners, whose strange personages at once stirred and entranced the reader. *Sous la Hache* is a kind of historical restitution, where you feel to be a spectator of the weird and sanguinary struggles of the first Revolution. Evidently M. Bourges has for his model Gustave Flaubert.

M. Chincholle in *Les Jours d'Absinthe* gives us a Drink story. The occasion is propitious, because disappointments, crossings, and political vexations are driving too many Frenchmen to drown their care in absinthe—a stimulus more destructive than brandy, because, when once it seduces, it keeps its victim ensnared till death varying the tortures with paralysis, softening of the brain, and



delirium. In other countries men, when overweary or extra-worried, seek a temporary silencing of their cares in some intoxicating drink, In France, when such a period arrives—say a bailiff's visit or a protested bill—Frenchmen invariably seek a "pick-me-up" in absinthe. The principal character in M. Chincholles' novel is a young architect ; naturally he is good, and if he has not had the chance of building a cathedral, an exhibition, or a drapery establishment, he has time before him, and everything comes we know to those who can wait. But what will not wait is a tailor's bill. To settle this he borrows a little money in his own name. The promissory note is so seductive that he dips deeper, and soon learns that paper credit only lends corruption better wings to fly. The interest has long since eaten up the principal ; then ensue the usual consequences—life embittered, domestic joy shattered, family broken up. His sister, tired of chronic misery, visits from duns and bailiffs, falls an easy victim to seduction. One evening she quits the home, never to return ; she has become the mistress of the brother of his own *fiancée*. The poor old mother only becomes aware of the state of matters when her son has been obliged to break off his marriage ; she is visited one day by her daughter—the first time since her fall. The apartment takes fire, the *denouement* is very French, and the mother stifles the cries of her daughter for help. Both are consumed—a sacrifice by which the mother hopes to secure the happiness of her son. The scenes are very well described and are full of dramatic power.

*Cruelle Enigme*, by M. Paul Bourget, is a study of life drawn from his inner consciousness. It may add to his reputation for ability, but the work can never become popular. Its dissections displease the refined, and its style is caviare for the public at large. Hubert Laurian loves Mme. de Sauve passionately and sincerely. She deceives him ; he accords her a quasi-passion, and, changed in character, commences to study the causes of her treason from such points of view as temperament, education, heredity, and even atmospheric influences.

It is an anatomical study of two heads and two hearts that the author gives us, with bitter commentaries by the operator. His moral seems to be that we fall, because flesh is weak—not a new philosophy—and fall again, because it is another degree weaker. There is little, if any, intrigue, or rather plot, in the story ; all the action is supplied by the ideas and the passions of the personages themselves, which the author boldly depicts from the commencement of pure love to its foul ending. It is the old, old story.

C. DE LUTECE.

## THE MONTH.

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### EUROPE.

**T**HE crisis in our relations with Russia, suddenly precipitated to the verge of rupture by the conflict at Penjdeh, has engrossed the attention of the public during the past month to the almost entire exclusion of every other subject.

It is felt on all sides that, whatever may be the final outcome of the negotiations now pending, the events of the last few weeks have opened a new chapter in the history of the British Empire. Should the result be peace, it will be peace under conditions that must impose on both England and India a burden of tremendous magnitude and indefinite duration. Should the result be war, it will be war that must be fought out, with whatever intermissions, till one side or the other is completely prostrated.

A hollow and transient peace, or a struggle for supremacy in Asia on a gigantic scale, of which no one can foresee the end or the issue, such are the alternatives that present themselves.

The mere presence of Russia within striking distance of our Indian frontier, places us under the necessity of being permanently prepared to repel invasion on a scale proportionate to her means of attack. The conditions of our tenure of India have thus been revolutionised at a blow. Since the annexation of the Punjab the strength of the Indian military establishment has been regulated mainly by domestic considerations. The defence of the land frontier of the Empire, though an important element in the problem, has been one of subordinate magnitude. Henceforth it becomes the chief element in the problem.

As to the buffer theory, its fallacy scarcely needed the demonstration it has already received. In the first place, a buffer, in order to be effectual, must be capable of offering a substantial resistance to the impact of the opposing forces. As well expect a collision of ironclads to be averted by the interposition of an eggshell as the armies of England and Russia to be kept apart by so frail a barrier as even a united Afghanistan. In the second place, where moral

agencies are concerned, their efficiency as buffers implies the possession, not merely of adequate physical force, but of the will to exert it at the right moment and in the right direction. What guarantee have we, or, in the nature of things, can we have, that, placed between two rival Powers, both equally anxious to secure his favour, the present, or any future, ruler of Afghanistan will not take advantage of his position to play off one against the other? What guarantee, except our power to outbid our enemy, that, in the end, he will not range himself against us? What means of limiting the amount of his demands, except by leaving him free to take that course?

At the date of my last communication the negotiations for the settlement of the frontier had disclosed a radical conflict of opinion, not only as to the limits of the territory which should be regarded as disputable, but as to the principle on which the boundary line should be drawn. The Russian forces, which, in violation of the spirit of the understanding to refer the delimitation to a joint commission, had been steadily advancing since the beginning of the year, had passed the boundary claimed by the British Government for Afghanistan, and taken up a position within gun-shot of the Afghan intrenchment at Penjdeh. In deference to the urgent representations of Her Majesty's Ministers, made with the view of minimising the risk of a hostile encounter, the Russian Government had, on the 17th March, undertaken to restrain its troops from any further advance pending the continuance of the negotiations, except in the case of some extraordinary occurrence, such as a disturbance at Penjdeh.

Under these circumstances it was with profound indignation that, on the 9th ultimo, the British public learnt that the Russians under General Komaroff had advanced upon Penjdeh, and, attacking the Afghans, apparently without provocation, had driven them with great slaughter from their intrenchments there.

The first official account of the affair was contained in a communication from the Russian Government published in the *St. Petersburg Official Messenger* on the same date, in which it was stated, on the authority of a report from General Komaroff, that in consequence of provocative and openly hostile actions on the part of the Afghans, that officer was obliged, on the 30th March, to attack their fortified positions on both sides of the Khushk; that the Afghans had been thoroughly beaten and dispersed, with a loss of five hundred killed, the whole of their artillery and their camp; and that, after the fight, General Komaroff had recrossed the Khushk and returned to his former position.

A few days later the official *Journal de St. Petersbourg* published what purports to be the full text of General Komaroff's report, which runs as follows :—

"On the 25th March our detachment neared Dash-Kepri. On our bank of the Khushk, near the bridge, I found an entrenchment occupied by Afghans. To prevent a conflict I stationed my troops at a distance of five versts from the Afghan position. *Pourparlers* with Captain Yate commenced on the 26th. When the Afghans had made sure that we did not intend to attack them, they began, day by day, to draw nearer our camp. On the 27th they sent against one of our companies, which had been told off to cover a reconnaissance, three companies with one gun and some cavalry. Their audacity and arrogance gradually increased. On the 28th they occupied a height commanding the left flank of our camp, began to entrench there, established a cavalry post in the rear of our line, and stationed a picquet within musket fire of our ford.

"On the 29th I summoned the Commander of the Afghan detachment energetically to evacuate by nightfall the left bank of the Khushk and the right bank of the Murghab as far as the mouth of the Khushk. I received for reply that, by the advice of the English, he refused to withdraw beyond the Khushk. I addressed him yet another private letter, couched in friendly terms, on the 30th, and to support my demands I marched with my detachment against the Afghan position, still relying upon a peaceful issue. But an artillery fire and a cavalry attack on the part of the Afghans compelled me to accept battle, with the result already known."

This account of the incidents which led up to the affair was, however, contradicted in every important particular in a telegraphic despatch from General Lumsden, presented to Parliament on the 21st ultimo.

The Afghan intrenchments on the left bank of the Khushk had, General Lumsden reported, been occupied by them previously to General Komaroff's advance and to the agreement of the 17th March. So far from the Afghans feeling assured that the Russians had no intention of attacking them, they had become convinced by their continued and irritating attempts to excite hostility, that they were bent on provoking a conflict.

As to the allegation that the Afghans had sent three companies with guns and cavalry to oppose one Russian company charged with covering a reconnaissance on the 27th March, General Lumsden stated that, on the date in question, two bodies of Russian troops advanced simultaneously, Colonel Alikhanoff, with cavalry, pushing past Pul-i-Khishti and Russian infantry penetrating the right flank of the Afghan position on the right bank of the Murghab. Colonel Alikhanoff, he added, retired only when inter-

cepted by Afghan cavalry some four miles in rear of the Afghan position, and the Russian infantry only when the Afghan Commander drew up three companies and warned the Russian Officer that if he advanced further he would be fired upon.

As to the alleged increase of arrogance and audacity, if anything of the sort really took place, it was due entirely to the Russian action, as the Afghans had done all they could to avoid a collision; and it was solely owing to their patience and forbearance during two months of incessant irritation that peace had been preserved. Though, after the hostile reconnaissance of the 27th March, the Afghan Commander had, on the 28th, placed a post of observation on the hills on the right bank of the Murghab, to give notice of any fresh Russian advance on that flank, he had withdrawn it on the following day.

Finally, on the 30th March, it was the Russians who advanced to the attack of the Afghan position, and the Afghans were obliged to defend themselves.

If General Komaroff's account left any room to doubt that, when he advanced against the Afghan intrenchments on the 30th March, it was with the intention of attacking them in case of his demand not being complied with, it would be removed by the official *Communiqué* published, along with a further telegram from that officer, in the St. Petersburg papers of the 30th ultimo. The substance of this document, which may be regarded as embodying the views of the Russian Government on the entire question of their action during the past few months, is as follows:—

The Imperial Government wished the frontier question to be decided by a Commission, but the advance of the Afghans to Penjdeh and along the Heri-Rud called for measures to protect Russian rights against arbitrary seizures. General Komaroff, therefore, was ordered, in the beginning of January, to occupy, by means of posts, the line from Zulficar through Kekhris Ilias, Kekhris Lume, Tchemenibid, and Khansi Khan, to Tash Kepri or Pul-i-Khisti. The officers in command were strictly ordered to avoid a collision with the Afghans unless the Afghans provoked them. These posts were occupied on the 20th of February, and on the 4th of March Sir E. Thornton informed the Russian Government that the Afghans had been invited to refrain from attacking, and to confine themselves to opposing any further advance. At the same time, the English Government expressed a wish that the Russian Commanders should be ordered not to advance further. This request was agreed to, with certain limitations, and as, according to information to hand, the Russian advanced post was already at Tash Kepri, and the Afghans at Ak Tepe, General Komaroff was requested not to occupy the Penjdeh oasis. In making this disposition it was borne in mind that the reports received

by the English Government from Sir P. Lumsden fully confirmed the accuracy of the above facts, as, according to him, the Russian advanced post-occupied Pul-i-Khisti and the Afghans Penjdeh, that is to the right of the Khushk. On arriving at Tash Kepri on the 25th of March, General Komaroff found the Afghan entrenchment on the left bank of the Khushk, and demanded their retirement. This was refused, and hence the battle was fought.

On receiving Sir Peter Lumsden's first telegram announcing the occurrence of the outrage, Her Majesty's Ministers at once called upon the Russian Government for an explanation.

To this demand, after some days passed in waiting for further information, the Russian Government replied by justifying General Komaroff's action, on the ground that, by crossing to the left bank of the Khushk, the Afghans had committed a breach of the understanding of the 17th March. Thereupon, it is understood, the British Government, having, on a careful consideration of the whole of the available evidence, arrived at the opinion that the Russian attack was deliberate and unprovoked, demanded the disavowal of General Komaroff's action. The Russian Government, however, absolutely refused to re-open the question of General Komaroff's conduct, and a rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries appeared for some days to be inevitable.

This view of the situation was confirmed by the announcement made by Mr. Gladstone on the 21st ultimo, of his intention to ask for a credit of eleven millions, of which four and a half millions were required on account of the operations in the Soudan, and six and a half for the special military preparations rendered necessary by the state of our foreign relations.

The announcement in question was accompanied by a statement that, on a review of the military position in reference both to the Soudan and to the general condition of public affairs, the Government felt it necessary to hold the entire military forces of the Empire, including the forces in the Soudan, available for service wherever there might be required; and that, while they reserved to themselves full discretion regarding their ulterior policy in the Soudan, the vote would therefore not include provision for further offensive operations in that quarter.

In bringing forward the vote in Committee, the following Monday, the Prime Minister was still more explicit. The vote, he stated, was required for the purposes of preparation, and not for actual, perhaps not even for proximate, war. The situation, he declared, was one of extreme gravity, though he could not undertake to define the exact degree of the existing danger. Referring

to the Penjdeh incident, he emphasised the obligation of the Government to protect the Ameer, contingently only on his right conduct and their determination to fulfil it in no unstinted manner. At the same time he insisted on the solemn duty of both Governments to sift to the bottom the question who was responsible for the breach of the sacred covenant of the 17th March which resulted in the bloody engagement of the 30th of that month. While adopting no foregone conclusion, and admitting that the evidence was still incomplete, the Government, he added, were in possession of facts which created an unfavourable opinion regarding the conduct of some of those who commenced the attack; and he concluded by declaring it impossible that, under these circumstances, they could close the enquiry and say they would look into it no more.

Moved by this peroration and by the Premier's entreaty that they would avoid creating an impression that they were undecided by pressing a demand for time on the Government, the house agreed to the resolution without debate and amid enthusiastic applause.

The confidence in Mr. Gladstone's determination to uphold the dignity of the country, momentarily inspired by their remarkable speech, can be explained only by the glamour of his oratory. Critically examined, it contained unmistakeable indications that the Government either distrusted its own view of the rights of the Penjdeh incident, or lacked the courage of its opinions. It was nevertheless with a feeling of surprise that the public received the announcement, first made in positive terms on Thursday last, that, as a last attempt to avert a rupture, Her Majesty's Ministers had invited the Government of the Czar to submit the matter to the arbitration of one of the crowned heads of Europe in the attenuated form of a question whether there had been on either side a misinterpretation of the agreement of the 17th March.

On Saturday last a Grand Council of Ministers was held at St. Petersburg to consider this proposal, and on Monday, Mr. Gladstone announced in the House that the two Governments, notwithstanding "to see gallant officers on either side put on their trial," had agreed "to refer to the Sovereign of a friendly state any difference which might be found to exist with regard to the interpretation of the agreement between the two Cabinets of the 16th" (or 17th) "March, with a view to the settlement of the matter in a mode consistent with the honour of both States."

Mr. Gladstone further added that, under these circumstances the two Governments were prepared to resume at once their communi-

cations in London on the main points of the line for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier—the details of the line to be examined and traced upon the spot in conformity with the conditions provided for in the Commission appointed for that purpose. That the negotiations, of which it would be premature to anticipate the results, would be much facilitated as regards Her Majesty's Government by the more full and exact knowledge which, since the meeting at Rawal Pindi, they had obtained of the views of the Ameer; and that the Russian Government had expressed their willingness to consider the question of the removal of the Russian outposts, when the Commissioners meet.

During the course of the debate which followed this statement, Sir W. Harcourt further explained that the arbitrator was to state what was to be the result of the arbitration in a mode consistent with the honour of both countries, *i.e.*, whether either State was to make an *amende* for what had been done. At the same time Lord Hartington admitted that the exact terms of the reference had not been settled.

There is a general tendency in the public mind to regard the agreement to refer the Penjdeh question to arbitration as an assurance of peace. Neither in the circumstances of the case, however, nor in the statements of Ministers, is any justification to be found for this view of the situation.

The effect of the agreement is merely to remove the Penjdeh incident, certainly for the time being, and perhaps definitively, from the arena of discussion, and to restore the main question of the settlement of the frontier to the state in which it stood on the 9th April, with this difference that the views of the British Government have been modified in some degree, not known to the public, by the result of the Rawal Pindi Durbar, and that the Russian Government has declared its willingness to consider the question of retiring its outposts when the Commission meets.

The latter condition, implying as it does that the Russian Government is resolutely determined not to give up one inch of the vantage ground treacherously occupied by it, since the commencement of the negotiations, till not only the principles on which the delimitation is to proceed, but the main points of the boundary line itself, have been settled, can hardly be regarded as re-assuring. Unless the future action of Russia should belie her past conduct, the probability is that she will prolong the negotiations till she is prepared to make another forward movement, or until the closing of the passes renders it impossible for us to interfere, and then defy us.



The military and naval preparations of both countries have been pursued during the month with redoubled energy, those on our side including the mobilisation of the first class Army Reserves, the preparation of a powerful fleet for the Baltic, the chartering of a large number of fast merchant steamers for conversion into armed cruisers and for transport purposes, the placing of most of the regiments on foreign service on a war footing, and the entering into contracts for the construction of a numerous flotilla of torpedo boats.

In the course of the long and somewhat angry debate which arose on the consideration of the report on the vote of credit on Monday last, both the Prime Minister and Lord Hartington insisted strongly on the necessity of continuing these preparations, without relaxation, in the interests of peace.

The situation in the Soudan has undergone little change during the month. From Suakim our troops have occupied Otao and Tambour without opposition, and the railway is being pushed on towards the latter place. Though, since the dispersion of Osman Digma's followers, the enemy have not appeared in force in the neighbourhood of any of our positions, they have, of late, displayed signs of fresh activity; firing into the camps at Otao and Tambouk has become an affair of nightly occurrence, and several attempts have been made to injure the railway.

Osman Digma's following and influence are reported to be again increasing, and an immediate movement on Tamanieh and Tamai is said to be in preparation in the hope of effecting his capture.

A fortnight ago it was generally believed that operations would be suspended and the bulk of the expeditionary force withdraw at an early date. The shipment of stores to Suakim was discontinued; the Indian coolies who arrived in the *Jumna* were almost immediately re-embarked for Bombay; and the Marines left a few days ago for Malta and China. It is now stated, however, that the *Jumna* has been stopped at Aden and ordered to return with the coolies, and it is possible that the renewed activity of the rebels, combined with the favourable change that has taken place in the European situation, may lead the Government to reconsider its plans. Much will, no doubt, depend on the opinion that may be formed by Lord Wolseley, who arrived at Suakim on Saturday last, and with whom the Government is now in correspondence regarding its future policy.

Among the untoward events of the month has been a quarrel between the French and Egyptian Governments which threatened at one time to lead to serious complications.

On the 8th ultimo the Khedive, acting under the advice of Sir Evelyn Baring, issued a decree for the suppression of the notorious *Bosphore Egyptien*, a French newspaper, published at Cairo, which, for a long time past, has left no stone unturned to inflame the minds not only of the French colonists, but of the native population, against the British authorities. This decree was duly executed by the seizure of the office of the proprietor. The French Consular Agent thereupon protested against the action of the Egyptian authorities as a violation of the Frenchman's domicile, and demanded satisfaction, which was refused, with the result that he lowered his flag and left Cairo for Alexandria. The French Government immediately made a strong representation on the subject, declaring that while the Khedive's Government possessed the right of suppressing the paper, its seizure of the printing office, where other work was carried on, was illegal, and demanding the re-opening of the office and the punishment of the officials concerned in the proceedings. A correspondence ensued with the British Government, which, after taking legal advice, came to the conclusion that the seizure was contrary to law. Ultimately it was agreed that the Khedive should visit the French Consul and tender an apology on his own behalf and that of the British Government for the irregularity that had been committed, and that the bar to the re-opening of the *Bosphore* Office should be removed.

This is the account which Mr. Gladstone is reported to have given the House of the arrangement arrived at. But as a matter of fact, it appears that Nubar Pacha, and not the Khedive, called on the French Consul and tendered an apology, while no formal apology seems to have been made on behalf of the British Government.

The annual financial statement, which was made by Mr. Childers on Thursday last, shows an estimated revenue of £85,140,000 for the current year against an estimated expenditure of £88,872,000, leaving a deficit of £3,732,000 on ordinary account. Adding to this the vote of credit of eleven millions for the Soudan expedition and special war preparations, we have a total deficit of £14,932,000.

Of this deficit, which is the largest any Government has had to encounter since the Crimean war, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to provide the sum of £7,500,000 by additional taxation, and the balance by suspending the operation of the Sinking Fund for two years. The income tax is to be increased from five pence to eight pence in the pound; the duties on spirits are to be raised from 10s. and 10s. 4d. to 12s. and 12s. 4d. respectively; and the

duty on beer from 6*s.* 3*d.* to 7*s.* 3*d.* The succession duties on real and personal property are to be assimilated and extended to corporate property with certain exceptions, and the duty on bonds and foreign securities payable to bearer is to be raised from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* *per cent.* The proposal to increase the duty on beer, while leaving the wine duties unaltered, is likely to meet with formidable opposition.

A considerable portion of the time of the House has been occupied with the consideration of the amended Redistribution Bill, which passed through the Committee stage on the 21st ultimo, and with the Registration Bills rendered necessary by the reformed franchise.

In connexion with the Irish Registration Bill the Government suffered a defeat in Committee on the 24th ultimo, when a motion of Colonel Nolan for transferring the cost of the operation to the Imperial Exchequer was carried against it by a majority of six in a small House. Encouraged by this result, Sir Massey Lopes, brought forward a similar amendment on the motion for the re-commission of the English Bill on Tuesday last, which, after a prolonged debate, was rejected by a narrow majority of three, the numbers being 240 to 237, and it is probable that the opposition will again raise the question in Committee.

The rebellion of the half-breeds in the Canadian North-West though still confined within a comparatively small area, has proved a much more serious affair than was anticipated. Up to the 24th ultimo, when General Middleton, with some 800 men, encountered the main body of Reil's forces at Fish Creek, about fifteen miles above Batoche, and after a severe fight succeeded in driving them from their position, the rebels had, indeed, had everything their own way. At Frog Lake the Cree Indians, who have joined the movement, have burnt the settlement and massacred ten of the whites. Fort Pitt, after being gallantly defended by the police, who drove off their assailants with loss and ultimately made good their retreat to Battleford, has also fallen into the hands of the Indians. Battleford, where the colonists, to the number of five hundred, were besieged in a stockade, has fortunately been relieved by a force under Colonel Otter.

Since the action at Fish Creek, in which our troops appear to have been taken by surprise, and, though they remained in possession of the ground, suffered much more severely than the enemy, losing between forty and fifty killed and wounded, including five officers, General Middleton, owing, it is stated, to want of supplies, has been

unable to pursue his march. The latest news, however, is that he was to resume active operations on the 3rd instant, and a decisive engagement may be expected to occur at any moment.

In spite of the disloyal attitude of the Nationalists, the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland has proved, both socially and politically, a marked success. Not only in Dublin, but wherever they halted in their progress, the reception of their Royal Highnesses by the mass of the population has been of the most enthusiastic description. Such contemptible attempts as have been made at hostile demonstrations, in the shape of groans, hisses and partisan cries, have, in every instance, been borne down and overwhelmed by the general voice of welcome. The Levée and Drawing-room at Dublin were attended by unprecedented numbers, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities which followed them. During his stay in the Irish metropolis, the Prince showed conspicuous courage by penetrating unheralded and without escort into one of the worst slums of the place, and inspecting, in his capacity of Royal Commissioner, some of the dirtiest and most dilapidated of the hovels to be found there. After visiting Cork, Belfast Limerick and Killarney, among many other places, their Royal Highnesses re-embarked at Lorne on their return journey, on Monday week, and arrived in London the following morning.

The month has added its quota to the long list of recent outrages by explosion in the metropolis. At a little before eleven o'clock on the morning of the 23rd ultimo, a loud report was heard from the room of Mr. Swainson, the permanent Under-Secretary to the Admiralty, in the angle of the Admiralty buildings overlooking the horse guards parade. One of the messengers of the establishment immediately hurried to the spot and found Mr. Swainson lying half unconscious on the floor, covered with the debris of the room and furniture. The room, says one account of the catastrophe, was a complete ruin. All the windows had been blown out of their frames, the book-case had disappeared, except so far as scattered remnants might be recognised amongst the *debris*, maps and pictures were torn down from the walls, these being themselves "bulged" and tottering to destruction, ceiling and rafters were displaced, and the elaborate cornice round the room was entirely gone. Remnants of cupboard, skirting-boards, desks, chairs, pieces of wall and ceiling, together with broken glass and bundles of torn and scattered papers, lay in a heap all over the place. Where the bookcase had stood between the windows was a large hole in the wall, which the experts believe to have been the direct effect of

the explosive used. Mr. Swainson himself, who appears to have been sitting at his desk at the time of the explosion, but was found lying in a distant corner of the room, sustained a severe concussion of the brain. Beyond some bulging of the party wall dividing Mr. Swainson's room from an adjoining ante-room, the Admiralty buildings suffered no structural damage, and the destruction in the neighbourhood was confined to broken glass. Both the origin of the explosion and the motive of its perpetrators remain a mystery, but the opinion of the experts, who have examined the premises, is that the material employed was not dynamite, but probably gun cotton or gunpowder, which is believed to have been contained in a Baldwin's digester of one gallon capacity. It is difficult to understand how, without the complicity of some subordinate of the department, so bulky an arrangement could have been introduced into the Under-Secretary's private room and remained there undiscovered; and the general impression is that the outrage, if it was really such, which is far from absolutely proved, must have been the work of private malice.

A disaster of a different character has overtaken the Japanese model village at Knightsbridge, which interesting and popular exhibition was completely destroyed by fire last Saturday morning. Fortunately the fire, the cause of which has not been ascertained, broke out before the opening of the doors for the day, or it is highly probable, from the peculiar structure of the building and the inflammable character of its contents, that serious loss of life would have ensued. As it is, one of the inhabitants of the village, who seem to have been seized with a panic on the first alarm, was left behind in the stampede that took place and burnt to death. The value of the property destroyed is set down by the proprietor at something under £15,000, of which £5,000 is covered by insurance.

The season of out-door entertainments was inaugurated on Monday by the opening of the Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess and several members of the Royal family. The weather was magnificent, and the unprecedented number of season ticket-holders and others who attended, augurs well for the success of the Exhibition which, should the season prove propitious, will probably far exceed that of its predecessors in the same place. Among those present at the ceremony were two Eastern magnates, the inevitable Dhulip Singh and the Maharaja of Johore, most of the Ministers and foreign ambassadors, and the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Princess Louise,

and the Marquis of Lorne and the Prince and Princess Christian. Mr. Gladstone was prevented by pressing business at the last moment from attending.

One of the most striking features in the Exhibition is the vast scale on which the electric light has been employed in both buildings and grounds for the purpose of illumination.

Since the opening day an unfavourable change in the weather, which has suddenly become wet and cold, has had a prejudicial influence on the attendance.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which was opened on the same day, while containing little or nothing that is specially striking, is marked by a higher degree of average merit than usual. Most of the pictures are worthy of the place they occupy; a more than ordinarily large proportion are distinctly good, and the number of conspicuously bad pictures is exceptionally small.

"The Salon of Madame Recamier," by Orchardson, seems to be regarded by common consent as the picture of the year. Among other works which are generally and deservedly admired are Alma Tademas' "Reading from Homer" and Mr. Rivi re's "Sheep Stealers." The Exhibition is remarkably rich in fine landscapes and portraits.

From Naples comes news of an eruption of Vesuvius. On Saturday afternoon two new craters opened and sent down two large streams of lava towards Torre de Greco and Pompei. Since this announcement was made, however, the papers have become silent regarding the progress of the outburst, the character of which may probably turn out to have been exaggerated.

In Spain, where there was been an outbreak of cholera, Dr. Ferran, a young Catalan physician, is said to have obtained most encouraging results from the inoculation of both men and animals with the so-called cholera *bacillus*. As cholera is not a non-recurrent disease, the published statements on the subject may reasonably be regarded with suspicion. A commission appointed by the Madrid Academy of Medicine are, however, said to have reported very favourably on the results, and the scientific world will look forward with interest to further information on the subject.

The work of the Suez Canal Commission is proceeding with unexpected smoothness, and it seems probable that, in spite of the attempt of France to get the supervision of the regulations entrusted to an International Commission, matters will be satisfactorily arranged on the basis of Lord Granville's Circular.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, May 5th, 1885.

## INDIA.

Another month of suspense with the usual see-saw of telegraphic news—now peace assured, now war almost certain—and still we seem as far off a definite decision as ever. In the meantime, trade is almost paralysed, and public works are stopped; transport animals are bought up at any price one week and sold off at any price the next; stores are accumulated and put up to auction; coolies are embarked, disembarked, re-embarked: and suspense and unrest reign over India.

“The negotiations are likely to be prolonged” is the most definite information that has reached India, and this report at all events finds ready credence. The King of Denmark is to arbitrate on the now half-forgotten incident of Panj-deh. Zulfikar, Gulram, and Marachuck are to remain Afghan territory; the Ameer is contented; Sir Peter Lumsden is recalled, in order that a more amenable officer may meet the Russian Commissioner when he arrives. The remaining officers of the Commission are on their way to the upper plateaus of the Paropamisus range to escape the increasing heat of the plains.

The long-talked-of visit of some of the officers to Herat has taken place. They are stated to have found the fortifications of that stronghold in better condition than was anticipated. That their stay was not prolonged, was not a concession to Russian prejudice, but was in accordance with a previous arrangement with the Amir.

The regiments and batteries which had been warned for service in the second army corps have been informed that they need no longer hold themselves in readiness to take the field. This, coupled with the fact of the departure from India of T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, seems to point to a greater certainty of peace than the constant reports of “another hitch in the negotiations” would warrant us to accept.

The Coast and Harbour Defence Committee have been taking practical steps in view of the possible outbreak of hostilities. The scheme for the defence of the river approaches to Calcutta and to Rangoon is already determined on and the forts on the lower reaches of both rivers will soon be fully armed. Bombay and Madras are behindhand, but live in hopes of fleets of torpedo boats and of 100 ton guns.

The Indian Contingent at Suakim has won golden opinions from all sorts of general officers, and handsome compliments have

been paid to the endurance, dash and discipline of the troops of all arms by Lord Wolseley. It is not yet decided how long they are to stay in Egypt.

The necessity for the existing Arms Act for India has been strikingly exemplified by the recurrence of murderous outbreaks among the Moplahs of Malabar. A party of these fanatics, intent on the extirpation of Kaffirs, attacked the house of a renegade convert to Mahomedanism, killed the man and his wife, and burnt his four children alive. They then fortified themselves in a house out of which they had ejected the peaceable owner, and bade defiance to the authorities. It was not until the house was shelled, and the door blown in by dynamite, that their resistance was overcome. Eleven bodies were found inside the house, including that of a boy of eleven, the son of one of the insurgents. The besieged had made good use of the one gun they possessed, for in two discharges they wounded four of their besiegers with slugs. It is happily not often that the *Pax Britannica* is so rudely broken in the interior of India.

A resolution of the Bengal Government states that, in view of the present pressure upon the local finances, no special collection of exhibits will be made for the London Exhibition of next year, but that the allotment of Rs. 20,000 which the Lieutenant-Governor was in any case prepared to make towards the adequate representation of Bengal at the Bombay Exhibition of 1887, shall be at once expended upon a characteristic collection of art-ware, which shall first go to London and thence to Bombay. A Calcutta committee has been appointed to assist the Director of the newly-formed Agricultural Department in getting together this collection, by drawing up for each division or district provisional lists of the articles which local officers should purchase if manufacturers do not wish to exhibit on their own account. Apart from these local collections, screens are to be designed by pupils of the School of Art, to illustrate the characteristic styles of Bengal architecture as seen in the chief Hindoo, Mahomedan and Buddhist buildings, or the peculiarities of the decorative art of the country.

The Bombay Exhibition is said to be languishing for want of initiative. The guarantee fund has been subscribed, the site has been granted, but nothing is done. It is suggested that M. Joubert had better be sent for after all.

Yet another committee. In the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal an ethnological survey of the people is, in its way, as desirable as a cadastral survey of the land, provided it can be carried



out within a reasonable time, and without excessive expenditure. A special officer from Bengal has been sent to Lahore to confer with two experienced ethnologists there, and the outcome of the conference appears in a list of 391 questions on caste and kindred race peculiarities, which are to be carried about by all civil officers in their cold-weather camping tours and put to all the intelligent ryots whom they come across.

The stimulus given to the volunteer movement by the expectation that our citizen warriors might possibly be called upon to play a more substantial part in the defence of the country than is involved in drill on the parade ground or shooting at the butts, has had some very practical effects. The services of the Reserve Volunteers have been graciously accepted by the Supreme Government, and it has been decided to place the whole administration of Volunteer Corps under the Commander-in-Chief. In future, Officers commanding these corps will submit their reports to the General Officers Commanding Districts or Divisions, and the scarlet of the Regular Army is to be worn by civilians who carry a rifle in the service of the Queen. In Calcutta the resident West Indian community have held a meeting and passed resolutions declaring their intention of forming a corps of Pioneers; already some 45 names have been enrolled, and we may soon see the existing corps supplemented by a strong and useful company of stalwart warriors of the axe and spade. The proposed scheme for sending representative marksmen from India to compete at the Wimbledon, has not received much practical support in the way of subscriptions from the general public, and will probably fall through, for this year at all events.

The metropolis of Cashmere has been undergone a severe visitation in the shape of an unusually prolonged earthquake, which lasted, from the first shock to the last, for some six hours. Residency and Palace were so shaken as to be pronounced unsafe; but the heaviest damage was done to the barracks, which came down altogether, burying men and horses in the ruins. Some of the neighbouring villages are said to have disappeared altogether.

Another catastrophe due to the "act of God" is the death of two young officers of the King's Hussars, who were killed by lightning which struck the billiard-room of their mess-house at Secunderabad.

An embassy from Burmah, comprising a Grand Secretary and other high officials, has embarked for Europe with a view to arrange an alliance with Italy. Failing that, Russia is to be requested to take Mandalay within the sphere of her influence. The appointment of a French Consul at Mandalay has not been an unqualified success,

as M. Haas will not conform to the Burman Chamberlain's regulation regarding court costume, and refuses to leave his shoes outside the Presence Chamber.

The affections of the mercantile community of Rangoon have at last become quite alienated from the Indian Government owing to the deaf ear turned by the past and the present Viceroys to their prayers for interference in Upper Burmah. They complain that wholesale massacres take place at Mandalay ; that general anarchy prevails and trade becomes paralysed, and, in fact, that not only Upper Burmah, but Western China, the Shan States and Karennee are lost to British Commerce. An appeal has been despatched to the Secretary of State, praying that, from a Province of the Indian Empire, Burmah may be changed to a Crown Colony, with a garrison and a governor sent out directly from England ; and with an administration in immediate communication with the Colonial Office. Wearied of the rule of King Stork, the Rangoon Chamber of Commerce would welcome any change of dynasty. .

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## GENERAL NOTES.

## Review.

It is never a safe thing to recommend a book for children. We believe that children, far from being a capricious public, are only too easily pleased, and too good-natured when they perceive that efforts are being made to divert them. The success of children's books depends on the effect they produce on the grown-up people, parents, uncles, cousins. These mature purchasers were delighted with *Alice*, with Miss Greenaway's books, with Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes*, and with other popular favourites. Consequently these books, most deservedly, were praised and purchased, and given away in enormous numbers. But we doubt if children made their popularity, and the moral seems to be that a child's book, if it craves success, should please the elders. Now, in judging of books meant for children, the elders are so capricious that we dare not prophesy, though we heartily wish, a wide triumph for Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse*.\* Mr. Stevenson is known to very different classes of students as a weaver of wondrous romances (in the *Arabian Nights*), as the most ingenious of modern essayists (as in *Virginibus puerisque*), and as a sentimental and humorous traveller (as in *Travels with a Donkey and An Inland Voyage*). This various author now appears as the Laureate of children, presenting us with such exquisite lyrics of childhood as can only be paralleled in Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. Mr. Stevenson's attachment to children, and to the memories of a dramatic and imaginative boyhood, forms one of the graces of his essays. In *The Child's Garden of Verse* he usually writes in the first person, in the character of the child-hero, who describes his own dramatic adventures as a hunter, a warrior, a traveller, a sailor. In other lyrics the child is content to take existence without playing a fanciful part, and to offer his own little views on the universe, his own prattling "criticism of life." Here is an optimistic thought, suggested by a good appetite, perhaps, and a meal arriving just at the proper moment :

"It is very nice to think  
The world is full of meat and drink,  
With little children saying grace  
In every Christian kind of place"

More vague and general, but not less effective as an answer to the pessimist, is this :

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

Curious illustrations of the mythopoeic quality in the child's mind, of the tendency

\* *Child's Garden of Verse*. By R. L. STEVENSON. London : Longmans & Co.

to regard all things as human and personal, are "My Shadow" (p. 22) and "The Wind" (p. 29) :

"O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field or tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long;  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!"

This is the kind of stuff that savage myths are made of, and these are the sort of questions that the Bushman tries to answer. There is a delightful Pharisaism, again, in

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
Little frosty Eskimo,  
Little Turk or Japaneese,  
O! don't you wish that you were me?  
You have curious things to eat.  
I am fed on proper meat.  
You must dwell beyond the foam,  
But I am safe and live at home!"

The nature of children, their philosophy, now mythopoeic, now as narrow as a vestry-man's, their vivacious fancy that plays through the world's experience, wild life, events of history, trade, industry, war, with changes as rapid as the changes in a dream, these, with the older man's wistful memory of these, make the matter of Mr. Stevenson's little volume of poems. We do not prophesy that it will please, for reasons already given, but if so much humour, insight, feeling, and mastery of simple verse be wasted, why the public will be the chief loser by the blunder. Let us end by quoting a fairy piece, not that it is better than the rest, but because there is room for all of it :

## "FAIRY BREAD.

Come up here, O dusty feet!  
Here is fairy bread to eat.  
Here, in my retiring room,  
Children, you may dine.  
On the golden smell of brown,  
And the shade of pine;  
And, when you have eaten well,  
Fairy stories hear and tell."

The little book is beautifully printed on paper of unusual excellence.—*Harpur's*.

## Typical Dogs.

THE BULL-DOG.—The bull-dog belongs to one of the oldest races of dogs, as it is evidently this animal which is described under the "name of Alaunt in Edmond de Langley's "Mayster of Game" the manuscript of which is now in the British Museum.

To the bull-dog many other species owe some of their best qualities, such as endurance, courage, and perseverance, and it may even with truth be said the very continuance of their existence; for there is scarcely a species of the canine tribe which has not at some period been crossed with the bull-dog,

that it might from him imbibe those sturdy and lasting qualities which distinguished it, and also to prevent its becoming extinct when it has deteriorated by in-breeding.

One can scarcely fail to appreciate its worth when one considers for how long and how highly this animal has been prized by the English; indeed, it has become so identified with them that it is frequently used to typify their national character.

It was formerly bred and almost exclusively used for the purpose of bull-baiting, which was not only practised as a sport, being the favorite pastime of James I., but was also thought to improve the flavor of the bulls' flesh by the violent exercise it forced him to take. Scarcely a bull was, therefore, slaughtered in olden times without previously being baited.

For this purpose a dog from about forty pounds to forty-five pounds weight was considered preferable to a larger one, as the mode of attacking the bull was by crawling up to it upon the belly and then springing at its nose, clinging on with determined obstinacy, and when the bull's energy was exhausted, either holding it perfectly still or throwing it upon its side, according to the word of command. It will thus be seen that a small dog ran less chance of being gored by the bull than a large one.

The bull-dog may be almost any color except black, black-and-tan, or blue,—such as brindle and white, white, brindle, fallow, fawn smut, or fawn pied. The general appearance is of a small dog, very compact, and of great strength. One of the leading points is the head, which should be large and square, characterized by a short and *retroussé* nose, enabling the animal to breathe freely while holding on to anything for an indefinite length of time.

The proverb "dogs delight to bark and bite" holds goods in the latter respect only with this breed; for they do not often bark, and give no warning when about to attack.—R. & W. Livingston.—*Century*.

### Poetry.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

##### I.

On through the Libyan sand  
Rolls ever, mile on mile,  
League on long league, cleaving the rainless  
land,  
Fed by no friendly wave, the immemorial  
Nile.

##### II.

Down through the cloudless air,  
Undimmed, from heaven's sheer height,  
Bend their inscrutable gaze, austere and bare,  
In long-proceeding pomp, the stars of Libyan  
night.

##### III.

Beneath the stars, beside the unpausing flood,  
Earth trembles at the wandering lion's roar;  
Trembles again, when in blind thirst of blood  
Sweep the wild tribes along the startled  
shore.

##### IV.

They sweep and surge and struggle, and  
are gone:  
The mournful desert silence reigns again,  
The immemorial River rolleth on,  
The ordered stars gaze blank upon the  
plain.

##### V.

O awful Presence of the lonely Nile,  
O awful Presence of the starry sky,  
Lo, in this little while  
Unto the mind's true-seeing inward eye  
There hath arisen there  
Another haunting Presence as sublime,  
As great, as sternly fair;  
Yea, rather fairer far  
Than stream, or sky, or star,  
To live while star shall burn or river roll,  
Unmarred by marring Time,  
The crown of Being, a heroic soul.

##### VI.

Beyond the weltering tides of worldly change  
He saw the invisible things,  
The eternal Forms of Beauty and of Right;  
Wherewith well pleased his spirit wont to  
range,  
Rapt with divine delight,  
Richer than empires, royaler than kings.

##### VII.

Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,  
Saviour of empires, servant of the poor,  
Not in the sordid scales of earth, unsure,  
Depraved, adulterate,  
He measured small and great,  
But by some righteous balance wrought in  
heaven,  
To his pure hand by Powers empyreal given;  
Therewith, by men unmoved, as God he judged  
aright.

##### VIII.

As on the broad sweet-watered river tost  
Falls some poor grain of salt,  
And melts to naught, nor leaves embittering  
trace;  
As in the o'er-arching vault  
With unrepelled assault  
A cloudy climbing vapour, lightly lost,  
Vanisheth utterly in the starry space;  
So from our thought, when his enthroned  
estate  
We inly contemplate,  
All wrangling phantoms fade, and leave us  
face to face.

##### IX.

Dwell in us, sacred spirit, as in thee  
Dwelt the eternal Love, the eternal Life,  
Nor dwelt in only thee; not thee alone  
We honour reverently,  
But in thee all who in some succouring strife,  
By day or dark, world-witnessed or unknown,  
Crushed by the crowd, or in late harvest hailed,  
Warring thy war have triumphed, or have  
failed.

##### X.

Nay, but not only there  
Broods thy great Presence, o'er the Libyan  
plain.  
It haunts a kindlier clime, a dearer air,  
The liberal air of England, thy loved home.

Thou through her sunlit clouds and flying rain  
Breathe, and all winds that sweep her island  
shore—

Rough fields of riven foam,  
Where in stern watch her guardian breakers  
roar.

Ay, throned with all her mighty memories,  
Wherefrom her nobler sons their nurture  
draw,

With all of good or great  
For aye incorporate

That rears her race to faith and generous  
shame,

To high-aspiring awe,  
To hate implacable of thick-thronging lies,  
To scorn of gold and gauds and clamorous  
fame—

With all we guard most dear and most divine,  
All records ranked with thine,  
Here be thy home, brave soul, thy undecay-  
ing shrine.

ERNEST MYERS.

#### At the Station on an Autumn Morning.

(From the Italian of Giosuè Carducci.)

THE first edition of the *Odi Barbare*, from which the following poem is taken, appeared in 1877. "No book," says Doctor Ugo Brilli, "has given rise to a controversy more ardent, more varied, more wide-spread, more serious, more learned, more fruitful of good results than the *Odi Barbare* of Giosuè Carducci." Into this controversy I do not propose to enter here, beyond noting that one German critic calls Carducci "the Italian Heine," and gives good reasons for the name. The strange mixture of romantic sentiment and startling realism is what will strike an English reader most, and it certainly renders the poems as unlike the rest of modern Italian poetry as they well can be:—

Lamp after lamp how the lights go trooping,  
Stretching behind the trees, dreamily yonder;  
Through the branches adrip with the shower  
The light slants and gleams on the puddles.

Plaintively, shrilly, piercingly whistles  
The engine hard by. Cold and grey are the  
heavens  
Up above, and the Autumn morning  
Ghostlike glimmers around me.

Whither and whence move the people  
hurrying  
Into dark carriages, muffled and silent!  
To what sorrows unknown are they rushing—  
Long tortures of hopes that will tarry?

You too oh fair one, are dreamily holding  
Your ticket now for the guard's sharp  
clipping—  
Ah, so clips Time, ever relentless,  
Joys, memories, and years that are golden.

Far-stretching the dark train stands, and  
the workmen  
Black-capped, up and down keep moving  
like shadows;  
In his hand bears each one a lantern,  
And each one a hammer of iron.

And the iron they strike sends a hollow  
resounding  
Mournful; and out of the heart an echo  
Mournfully answers—a sudden  
Dull pang of regret that is weary.

Now the hurrying slam of the doors grows  
insulting  
And loud, and scornful the rapidly-sounding  
Summons to start and delay not:—  
The rain dashes hard on the windows.

Puffing, shuddering, panting, the monster  
Now feels life stir in its limbs of iron,  
And opens its eyes, and startles  
The dim far space with a challenge.

Then on moves the evil thing, horribly  
trailing  
Its length, and, beating its wings, bears  
from me  
My love—and her face and her farewell  
Are lost to me now in the darkness.

O sweet face flushed with the palest of roses;  
O starlike eyes so peaceful! O forehead  
Pure shining and gentle, with tresses  
Curling so softly around it!

The air with a passionate life was a-tremble,  
And summer was glad when she smiled to  
greet me;  
The young sun of June bent earthward  
And kissed her soft cheek in his rapture.

Full 'neath the nut-brown hair he kissed her—  
But though his beauty and splendour might  
circle  
Her gentle presence—far brighter  
The glory my thoughts set around her.

There in the rain, in the dreary darkness  
I turn me, and with them would mingle  
my being;  
I stagger; then touch myself grimly—  
Not yet as a ghost am I moving.

O what a falling of leaves, never-ending,  
Icy, and silent, and sad, on my spirit!  
I feel that forever around me  
The earth has grown all one November.

Better to be without sense of existence—  
Better this gloom, and this shadow of  
darkness.  
Would I, ah, would I were sleeping  
A dull sleep that lasted for ever.

H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.



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## LIFE ON THE PAMIR PROPER AND IN THE ADJACENT LOCALITIES.\*

IF from the Farghána basin, that typical corner of Mussulmán Turkeistán, we pass southwards, or rather in a S.E. direction, after crossing the Farghána mountains, which are known under the name of the Alai range, we come to a perfectly different country with another climate, another atmosphere, lying at a different altitude. We then enter the wide valley of the Alai situated at an absolute height of from 9,000 to 10,000 feet, and with a width which, in places, extends to 40 *vershs* (26½ miles). Bounded on the south by the lofty snow chain of the Trans-Alai mountains, the Alai valley stretches from E. to W. in one regular sweep of steppe, covered almost throughout with meadow grasses and other pasture vegetation.

And when we enter the valley of the Upper Alai we meet with a form of nature which, in many respects, resembles that of the Pámir. During the summer numbers of Farghána Kirghiz nomadise over the vast surface of the Alai, or else find ample room on which to erect their rude *auls* or temporary rows of villages. They leave the region of the Upper Alai and go back to Farghána in about 60 days, but in Central and Lower Alai they make a longer

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\* Condensed text of a second lecture by Mining Engineer D. L. Ivanoff, delivered before the Russian Geographical Society on the 2nd (14th) May 1884.

and many of them remain there throughout the winter season. In the valley of the Alai you will find feather-grass, *kípets*, *orjanutsa*, and other grassy plants, which combine to make up a luxuriant pasture growth, and, wherever there is water, there too will be seen large patches of the delicate hedge-hog grass (*Garex phsodes*) locally called *rang*.\* Amidst other growths of the above kind, we shall come across many of our old acquaintances, such as the *myosotis* or forget-me-not, the *ranunculus* or crow-foot, the camomile, the dandelion, the wild thyme and innumerable specimens of the *papilionaceous* pea and clover families.

In the month of June, *i.e.*, in the spring season on the Alai, when the flowers are in full bloom, a more bright and luxuriant picture of a purely steppe character than that which the Alai presents, it would be difficult to find.

As soon as we pass from east to west along the Pámir, the locality begins to fall from an approximate height on the north of 9,000 feet and of 12,000 feet on the south, so that we at once pass into the region of forest growth, beginning with the wild vine. Beside this we soon find the reed or *chu* (*Lasiagrostis splendens*) and a little lower down the briar, willow, birch, mountain-poplar, *oblepikha*, (which here attains to the size of a fairly large tree and which is almost invariably encircled by the prettily climbing *clematis*), the liquorice root, wood-binc, *paris* (true love), black currant, and lastly the dendroidal juniper (*Juniperus pseudosabina*) and others. Side by side with this forest growth appears grain culture beginning with barley followed by wheat. Since amidst the wide valleys of the Eastern Pámir the *flora* is of an exclusively meadow character, I will call this portion the *Meadow* or *Steppe Pámir*.

In order to define the limits of this particular locality, we must carry a line from the highlands of the Ak-Su to the Yáshil-kul Pámir; this line would then pass round the Alichur-Murgháb mountains at the mouth of the Ak-Baital, and, taking in the basins of the river Kokui-Beli and of lake Kara-kul, would pass to the Kashgárian Pámir.

The very causes that have created a mixed *flora* have produced also in the Pámir plateaux a mixed *fauna* as well. Thus we meet with types of a cold steppe and mountain region. The domestic *yák* (*kutais*) lives at the same height as the *arkhdra* or mountain sheep.

Over the rocky mountains of the Pámir region roam goats (the '*apra sibirica*') of a huge size which bear the local name of *kúk* and

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\* This plant gives its name to Rang-kul (lake) and Rang river, as well as to a locality on the Pámir

which afford peculiar sport to the local followers of the chase, for this animal is not so confiding and simple as is the *arkhára*. If one should chance to come unexpectedly on a group of *arkhára*, the animal will first of all stand still as though it would wait to see what the man would do who had so suddenly sprung out before it, and frequently, even after it has been fired at, the *arkhára* will only bound away for a short distance and then again stand still. Not so the wild goat. This animal, which easily clammers over crags that are almost inaccessible to man, no sooner catches sight of him from some commanding point, than it is off like the wind. For this reason the local Kirghíz, who hunt the *kiik*, have to resort to stratagem, to effect its capture or slaughter. They lead along a *yák* and so gradually approach their quarry, of course taking care to hide themselves behind the decoy. The *kiik*, which is accustomed to the sight and companionship of the *yák*, thus allows the sportsman to approach it.

On the meadow lands of the Pámir there are large numbers of the brown bear, which is, however, somewhat smaller than the bear of European Russia. My small party managed to kill four altogether, and during one day's sport five of us came upon three bears in the space of a couple of hours.

In the same locality is met with the grey wolf of the same size as that seen in the steppe country. The wolf of the Pámir is the unfailing companion of the *arkhára*; these two animals wander almost side by side, and so simple is the *arkhára* that it gives of its kind a large yearly percentage of victims to its fierce companion, the wolf.

Amongst the other animals of the Pámir must be mentioned the yellow marmot and a small kind of hare, which is apparently of the same type as that met with in the neighbourhood of Lake Issik-kul.

Of birds I will point to the Indian goose, shieldrake, grebe, woodcock, water-hen, alpine raven, partridge (*Syrnhaptes*) found not lower than 12,000 feet, and even as high as 15,000 feet.

Then, in the inaccessible rocky mountains, we find the partridge (*Megaloperdix tibetanus*). Besides these, I came across on the Almayana *Pedrix*, *Chukar*, the sole specimen seen throughout the whole of the Pámir, and that in a very retired locality lying at a height of 14,000 feet.

The lakes and streams of the Pámir are extraordinarily rich in fish of various kinds which become the prey of birds, small and great.



In adding here mention of numerous representatives of the family of *Aridæ* (wasps, drones, and bees), myriads of gad-flies and musquitoes, and innumerable small midges, which are of a peculiarly venomous sort along the great lake, I will permit myself to bring my account of the Pámir *fauna* to an end.

If we move westward and pass from the meadow to the mountain Pámir, we soon meet with a change in the grain crops; first there is barley, then wheat, and last of all the cotton crops of Kala-i-Khumb.

As regards the climate of the Pámir, some idea may be formed of its severity when we learn that the winter lasts for seven months. It would, indeed, be difficult to say what intermediate period is occupied by the summer. If we hold that the summer is the period during which there are no frosts at night, then the summer season cannot be said to last more than a month. As far as I remember, the hottest months were comprised within a period dating from the middle of June to the middle of August, but even after a hot day at this period of the year, the frosts would register 28, 26, and 24° Fahr. In the early morning along the course of streams one may see an entire fringe of ice particles, and yet, when the sun rises, the banks of these same streams will be found to be bright with flowers in full bloom. With regard to the rainfall of the Pámir, our observations during the summer months showed that it is very scanty, the number of even cloudy days being very few.

With respect to the quantity of snow during the winter it is difficult to speak even approximately. The fact is that on the Pámir there are localities in which, from what the natives say, the snow lies in great masses, and on the contrary there are other places in which there is hardly any fall at all. Thus, for example, in the low lands of the Istik and in the neighbouring valleys of Ak-Bura and also at Kul-Jilga and in the Shurali valley, the fall of snow during the winter is so slight that flocks of sheep can easily be pastured.

Such a phenomenon, I suppose, chiefly depends on the strong winds which aid in the uneven distribution of the snow, causing it to be deposited in huge masses over one locality, and to be borne past or blown off the surface of another.

It is maintained, too, that the power of the southern sun is so great that the snow in all the open places rapidly melts even during the winter.\* On the other hand, there are portions of the Pámir

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\* According to what we learn from the information afforded by the English Expedition, this is not altogether correct.

where all the roads are blocked with snow and where all the exposed places are so frost-bound that even rivers which have a rapid current, as for instance the Murgháb, are covered with a thick coating of ice. As far as I could observe, the prevailing wind on the Pámir is westerly. This is probably due to the fact that most of the valleys have a direction which bears W. and E.

The inhabitants of the Pámir belong to one of two races: *viz.*, the aboriginal stock, the Kirghiz of Mongol origin; and the Tajik, or members of an Arzan tribe.

"Kirghiz" is the name adopted by the people themselves, but we Russians, in order to distinguish them from the Kirghiz-Kaisák or Kazák, call them Kara-Kirghiz. These Kirghiz comprise four sections: *viz.*, Teit, Gadirsha, Naiman, and Kipchak. The chief part of this population is centred in the valleys of Northern and Southern Gez (in the neighbourhood of Muji the winter quarters of the Bek, of whom I have spoken), in the Rang-Kul region, along the Ak-Baital and the Ak-Su, and on the Alichur (where there are some 20 *kibitkas*) and in the basin of the Kokui-Beli. Besides these, one or two *kibitkas* nomadise during the summer in the neighbourhood of Urta-Beli, but whether they remain there permanently I do not know. On the Upper Tagarma there are also Kirghiz settlers.

The distribution of the above-named sections of Kirghiz is as follows: the two first keep principally to the W. and S.-W. regions, whilst the Naiman and Kipchak sections chiefly frequent the N.-E. districts. These Kirghiz, as kinsmen of our Alai Kirghiz, very much resemble them in respect of physiognomy, for they have the same ugly cast of the countenance with the same wide cheek-bones, but they are, on the other hand, distinguished from Kazáks in that many of them have beards and whiskers of great size. Almost all the Kirghiz of the Pámir have weak eyes. This ailment is caused chiefly by salty and sandy particles which are frequently blown about by the force of strong winds. The characteristic ailment, however, of the Pámir Kirghiz must be put down as tooth-ache. We are accustomed to see within the limits of our province of Turkestan, members of this Mongol race with such beautiful teeth that a Kirghiz from the Pámir strikes us as very strange with his rows of decayed incisors. The Pámir Kirghiz also suffer from sore lips (especially during the summer) rheumatism and all kinds of catarrhal disorders; but from fever of every sort they are perfectly free.

The head-covering worn by the women of the Pámir Kirghiz resembles that in use by the women amongst the Kirghiz of Russian

Alai. It consists of a large white turban which hangs down very much in front.

The Pámír Kirghiz are so fond of a nomad life that even amid the cold and winds they never think of constructing for themselves winter huts, passing the inclement period of the year in the same dilapidated *kibitkas* that they occupy during the summer, and moreover during the winter they do not even lay down reeds or any other warmth-giving appliances inside their felt tent.

During the summer the Pámír Kirghiz usually nomadise at heights some 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the altitude of their winter quarters, so that, whilst the latter are generally at a height of from 11,000 to 12,000 feet, their summer tents are pitched at an altitude of as much as 14,500 feet above the sea. The chief reason for their wishing to ascend thus high is to take their cattle out of the marshy localities where they would be so harrassed by gad-flies and midges, &c. ; moreover on the higher-lying ground the cattle can enjoy an abundance of nourishing feather-grass which does not grow below.

The principal food of the Kirghiz is milk in various forms ; *koumiss* (or fermented milk of the mare) occasionally, fresh cow's milk, dried or fresh cheese of the consistency of thick curds.

During the summer season the Pámír Kirghiz have no grain at all, and they can indulge in this luxury only late in the autumn season when the grain crops ripen in Shighnán. Meat they very seldom touch.

The Kirghiz of the Pámír is wilder and more of a freebooter than is his kinsman of Russian Turkestan. Amidst the Pámír Kirghiz one will constantly hear stories about the fights in which this or that man has taken part with the Kanjuts, Shighnanese, or Káshgárians.

There are numerous cairns scattered over the Pámír, as, for example, the one at Yul-Mazar (an English and Russian astronomical point) which is generally, but quite incorrectly, pronounced Yal-Mazár, although the meaning of the Kirghiz word very clearly points to "the tomb by the road side." All such monuments are connected with whole series of stories about the brave men who have fallen in the fight with the Kanjuts and with the inhabitants of Shighnán.

Fifteen years ago, the Pámír Kirghiz were the subjects of the Khán of Khokand (Khokand is now the Russian Province of Farghána). At that time the Khán was engaged in a war with Karategin and with Shighnán, and he was possessed of a very con-

siderable military force because all the Kirghiz supported his cause. But when Yakub-Beg occupied the Khanate of Káshgár, the Kirghiz transferred their allegiance to him. Yakub-Beg, in his wars with the Chinese, invited them to enter his army, promising them rank equal to that of *yesaul* (*lit.* captain of Cossacks), *sotniks* (*lit.* captain of a hundred) and the like. All Kirghiz who were fit for military service answered to this call and went to Káshgár. After Yakub-Beg had defeated the Chinese, the majority of the Kirghiz remained in his service and thus became permanently quartered in the town of Káshgár. When however the Chinese once more occupied the place, the knotty question arose as to whose subjects the Pámir Kirghiz were? The Kirghiz themselves maintained that they had only entered Yakub-Beg's military service, and that they were the subjects of the Khán of Khokand. The Chinese, on the other hand, persisted that when they retook Káshgár, the Kirghiz were Káshgárian subjects, and consequently they must now be considered subjects of the Emperor of China. This question is connected with the settlement of our boundary with Western China, and how it will ultimately be decided it is difficult to foresee.

The Kirghiz of the Pámir, who lead, as we have said, a nomád life, are exceedingly poor. They do not possess their own breed of horses (we do not know one instance in which we saw a drove of horses on the Pámir), but have to procure them from the province of Farghána. They possess too but few sheep, their only source of wealth being their *yáks*, which furnish them with good milk and cheese and serve also as pack animals. The flesh too of this beast they hold to be a real delicacy at their feasts. A year or two ago, almost all their *yák* perished from a pestilence. I only saw two or three camels altogether on the Pámir.

It is clear that the Pámir Kirghiz, notwithstanding their predilection for a milk diet, are altogether dependent on the produce of the soil, and consequently they either gravitate towards Káshgár or go to "Andiján," as they call the entire province of Farghána, or to Shighnán (but here only for grain which they get in exchange for the salt carried by them from the Pámir.)

From Káshgár, but principally from Farghána, there wander to the Pámir so-called *Saudagars*, *i.e.*, traders in *khalats*, cotton webs, cheap saddles, horse-shoes, &c., &c. These they barter for Pámir raw products, such as hides, butter, felts, and also sheep and *yáks*.

The other race, which, if it does not dwell actually on the Pámir itself, is to be found on its outskirts, is the Tájik or Aryan

race. Although there are Tájiks at Kásghár and in the province of Farghána, I will here only speak about the Tájiks of Shighnán, of Roshán and of Darwáz, and in part also, of course, of Karateegin as a country adjacent to Darwáz, and as being so closely bound up in so many respects with the above-mentioned mountain provinces.

Immediately one looks at a Tájik mountaineer, and before one has inquired his nationality, one sees that he can be neither a Kirghiz nor a Mongol, with his regular features, his open and almost straight set eyes, his thick eye-brows and beard often of a reddish hue, with his frame of another build altogether—one can immediately recognise a type of the Aryan race. Besides these characteristics one meets with in the Tájik an unusual longing for a settled mode of life and for agricultural employment. Fate has driven him into the recesses of the mountain, wherein his valleys are narrow and so choked up with stones as to make the construction of tracks almost impossible. It is clear then that with such surroundings the Tájik of the mountains must be a more or less persecuted man, and certainly when we enter the zone of the western limits of the Pámir, we enter a unique world of vassal states, we come to a world of which the people are in a condition of semi-slavery, to a country which is poor, thinly populated, and, therefore, in an agricultural sense dependent on neighbouring and richer countries. Moreover in the case of Shighnán and of Darwáz, the boundaries of such hemmed-in regions are conterminous with those of such powerful and independent states as China, Badakhshan, Bukhára, and Khokánd. Hence it is natural that the petty *kháns* of the Cis-Pámir should have made it a rule to seek protection from whichever of their powerful neighbours seemed at the given moment to be most in the ascendant. And yet in their own little world such men have always been despots, and small despots invariably exercise their unbridled will in all the details of popular existence. Thus it has come to pass that the *khán* of such a country has divided the land into patches, one of which he has bestowed on either a child or a nephew, and in this way there have risen up the numerous *Kurgans* or forts occupied either by the Beg himself or by one of his kinsmen. Hence, too, has been inaugurated a system of feudal service and of poll-tax. The first of these demands takes the form of tilling the "State" lands, *i.e.*, the best portions of a confined and infertile mountain country, and in sowing, harvesting, and storing the grain raised therefrom. The poll-tax levied is varied according to each particular locality. Thus from one man will be taken a sheep or a

goat; from another a cloth *khalat*, a pair of wooden sandals, a wooden cup, a spade, two or three bundles of fire-wood, a cupful of butter, a bag of husks, a rope, a fowl, and so on.

A tax on iron was also introduced into Darwáz. As on the River Wantch iron mines were worked and various articles manufactured on the spot, this tax was in the first instance confined to the Wantch province, but subsequently it was extended to the other parts of Darwáz, the inhabitants of which had no idea what iron was like. Nevertheless the tax on iron amounted to the surrender of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds in each case.

As regards the relations of the people of Darwáz toward Shighnán and Roshán, there was yet another evil influence in addition to their poverty; for, whereas the subject professed the *Shiah* faith, the ruler and his own people were *Sunnis* or orthodox Muhammadans, who regarded the Tájik mountaineer as a heretic. Now a *Sunni* considers that he is perfectly justified in seizing a *Shiah* and selling him into slavery.

The houses of the people of Shighnán, of Roshán, and of Darwáz do not at all resemble what we are accustomed to see occupied by Central Asian Mussulmáns generally, of which the houses of Bukhára may be taken as an example, and which are too well known to need a description in this paper. But the house of a mountain Tájik is of quite another kind. It is in fact a cabin constructed of stone gathered from the hill sides, or of very small lumps of clay. There is no finish about the work, and the effect from outside is to call to mind a sty rather than an abode for a human being.

But go inside and you will be surprised. First of all an enclosure is entered whence there is a door leading to a narrow corridor some  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide. This corridor is shaped like either L or T.

Along the sides of this passage there are lofty recesses, and underneath these are tethered the cattle, &c. These recesses are in fact the habitable portion of the building, and they have partitions each with its own purpose. Thus there is the kitchen with its stove; the recess for the women, which is screened off and which contains the various conveniences for women's work; then there is the sleeping compartment; and, lastly, the recess in which the guests are received, and this is the most presentable of all, being laid down with felts or carpets. Moreover, within the limits of this original "house," there are a number of walls, partitions, columns, angles, &c., all of clay. As a rule, these do not reach to the ceiling, but serve as store places and cupboards, for the reception of the

various articles of domestic economy. The grain is let in from above, and the store partitions are roofed over and the walls are plastered. In order to reach their contents for current consumption small apertures are made below. The walls and the socle are painted in different colours; thus, for instance, if the walls are coloured yellow, the socle will be painted red. The interior of one of these structures is illuminated with Shighnán candles, over two feet long, prepared from a peculiar kind of reed which is smeared over with a mixture of sheep's dung and flax seed. As one enters such an abode and looks around, one is quite struck with the amount of detail and the elaborate efforts towards adornment which reign amidst all the evident poverty. The domestic pots and pans are all made by the women. They have no moulds, and yet the workmanship is smooth, fine, durable, and very pretty. For every trifling requirement there is an appliance ready to hand; thus, for instance, in order to carry fire about the house (they have no matches) an earthen pan with a handle is contrived. Where the people live amidst a forest, they make their troughs, spades, and shoes (which are of a peculiar shape) of wood. Although these shoes are large and clumsy, they are very skilfully worn by the Tájik mountaineers. The shoes of the common folk are made of poplar wood, those used by a Bek are hewn out of hazel.

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The Tájik mountaineers scarcely know what money is, and always put a value on it much below what it is worth. I myself had an opportunity of being convinced of this. For a cupful of butter I tendered on one occasion 30 *kopecks* (about 9d.), and on being refused and asked 90, I offered the man an ell of printed cotton worth about 14 *kopecks* (5d.), and this he readily took. For a sheep they asked me 20 silver *roubles* (about £2) but the animal was subsequently given to me for six ells of the same material. It is evident then that with such people merchants find it a very profitable thing to do business.

As regards the social life of the Tájiks, the first thing that strikes one in this Mussulmán corner of the world is that the women go about with uncovered faces. Their dress consists of a plain shirt reaching to below the knee, long drawers which hang down over the ankle-joint, round which they are fastened. The head-covering consists of a large kerchief, and below this the hair hangs down in two plaits.

Amongst the mountain Tájiks there is not noticeable that burdensome, servile treatment of the women which prevails

amongst the Kírg'hiz. A Kirghiz woman may indeed be said to slave up to the day of her death; for her duty is to look after the horse and the cow, cut the firewood, fetch the water, cook the food, make the wearing apparel, whilst the men do nothing but ride about, collect news and idle their time generally. Amongst the mountain Tájiks, on the other hand, if we see the wife overburdened with work, we shall find that a lesser share does not fall to the lot of her husband, and if the dress of both is always dirty and torn, the fact arises from the extreme poverty in the midst of which they live.

The songs of the mountain Tájiks, of which I heard very many in Roshán, are extremely characteristic and melodious, and several of them put me very much in mind of Italian serenades.

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In conclusion of my exposition I will endeavour in a few words to elucidate those geographical deductions which can be drawn at the present time.

The chief results, obtained by past expeditions, you already, to a certain extent, know from my letter sent from the Alai.\* They may be summed up as follows: (a) The determination of eleven astronomical points from observations taken by Captain Putyáta, of which two of these points correspond with those taken by the English at Yul-Mazár to the west and at Tásh-Kurgán to the east; (b) the completion of a map on a scale of five *versts* ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles) to the inch: this work is the result of the surveys of all the members of the expedition; but of course the chief contribution comes from Topographer Benderski, and about one-fourth of the Pámir region was mapped by myself; (c) the determination of the altitude of about 300 different points with the barometer, aneroid and goniometer (of these the greater part were determined by myself); (d) the collection of information relating to geology and physical geography, which will serve to explain the general character of the Pámir region; (e) the collection of a small *herbarium*; (f) pencil sketches making one acquainted with nature and human life on the Pámir.

The collection of the very large amount of material regarding the whole of the Pámir into one complete mass renders it possible to arrive at an exact definition of the question as to what is the Pámir. In respect of the geographical definition of this country mention of it has been made as though there were several Pámirs.

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Thus the Alichur-Pámir, the Little-Pámir, the Great-Pámir, the Khargosh-Pámir, the Sarez-Pámir, &c., have been spoken of. But, in point of fact, none of these minor *Pámirs* have any existence; for the natives speak of each particular locality as simply the "Alichur," the "Khorgesh," and they apply the expression Pámir only to the river which issues forth from the Great Lake. This is not the place to enter into details as to whence such a mistake has arisen. Out of it, however, have sprung other inaccuracies. For instance, whereas mention is made of only one "Khargosh-Pámir" there are really two "Khargoshes," which lie at opposite ends of an extremely rocky gorge. One of these bears to the south towards the Pámir proper; the other trends to the north, in the direction of the Alichur. Both take the form of confined and precipitous clefts which lead to the Khargosh pass lying at an altitude of 15,500 feet, the pass itself being also rocky and with a sharp ascent and descent. As regards the so-called "Sarez-Pámir" you will be able to gather from my account of it that it is nothing but a confined and unapproachable locality. Thus you see that, properly speaking, by the word 'Pámir' is meant: (1) the local designation of a river; and (2) the name of an entire country; and by this term must also be understood both the country along the upper course of the Amu-Daria and the province of the Upper Gez.

According to the statements of the natives themselves, the Pámir is a lofty table-land, whereon nothing but grass grows, marked by an absence of grain crops and of forest, the resort, in fact, of *arkháras*, *yáks*, and poverty-stricken Kirghiz. To the word 'Pámir' has been applied also the etymological interpretation of the Tájiks who hold that the word is derived from *bam* or "roof," and that the final *i* of *Bámi* has been obtained from an inflection of the Persian; that the word *Bámi* has been corrupted into *Pámir* or *Pámil*, and that this again has been mixed with the ordinary Kirghiz word *ir*, which means a 'place' or 'territory.'

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## THE ROYAL ACADEMY, THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, AND THE SALON.

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*Je serai bref, et j'aspire à des conclusions immédiates* says Bandelaire at the commencement of a famous essay—an admirable determination which the present writer will endeavour to emulate.

The past season in London has been one deserving of special note, for, perhaps, never before has there been such a high general average of merit at all the important exhibitions. At Burlington House, at the Grosvenor Gallery, at the Royal Institute, at the Royal Water Colour Society, everywhere there is to be noted the same exceptionally high standard of work,—all the more remarkable from the fact that times are bad and that artists as a body are suffering considerably from the depressed condition of the mercantile world. Moreover, the Royal Academy has this year opened a new gallery, thus affording much additional space. When it is realised that, besides the exhibitions named, there are numerous other Galleries, such as the Hanover, the British Artists, the Dudley, the Fine Art Society, and many others of a less public nature, such as Agnew's, Maclean's, Tooth's, Colnaghi's, one may have some idea of the enormous and ever-increasing amount of art production that finds its way to the metropolis alone. All over the country large and important exhibitions are held twice annually—at Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, the standard being as high as at Burlington House; and in every town there is certain to be a local Gallery where very fair work may often be found. It is a matter for speculation that, while this year the general average in England is so satisfactory, there should be a marked falling-off in France, where the *Salon* of 1885 is one of the poorest that have been seen since the disastrous year succeeding the Franco-German war. It seems as if there might be a sound basis for Mr. Calderon's prophecy that London is slowly but surely tending to become the great art centre of the world.

Of the three thousand and odd works exhibited at Burlington House and the Grosvenor Gallery, it will only be possible to notice a few of the more striking. Some few of these pictures were what are called sensations, that is, they were and are still talked of everywhere, whether on account of their rare merit, or their eccentricity, or because they represented some famous person, or for some other more or less satisfactory reason. Such were Mr. Richmond's "Athenian Audience," Mr. Mitchell's "Hypatia," Mr. Watts's "Love and Life," Mr. Millais's "Gladstone," at the Grosvenor; Mr. Orchardson's "Salon of Madame Recamier," Colin Hunter's "Niagara Rapids," Linton's "Marriage of the Duke of Albany," and A. Waterhouse's "St. Eulalia" at Burlington House.

By a large section of the public the Royal Academy is not unnaturally looked upon as the biggest thing in art gatherings; and, though the enemies of that institution are yearly increasing in number and in the vehemence of their attacks, there is no doubt but that for many years to come Burlington House will continue to be the favourite resort of the picture-buying and picture-visiting public. In noticing the Grosvenor first it is simply because there are only a few individual works to specify, and because it is the first of the great exhibitions to open its doors.

Where English art is to be seen in its strength is in portraiture, next in marine painting, and after that in landscape. In *genre*, used in its most comprehensive sense, that is, in the painting of incident, active or passive—of everything relating to the direct influence of man, the French are greatly superior: in the manipulation of large canvases they have no equal, despite an occasional Munkacsy or Hansmakart from beyond the Rhine. And it is in portraiture that some of the finest art of this year is to be found. At the Grosvenor there were several which attracted considerable attention, especially, among the indiscriminating public, some of those decorative productions by Mr. Richmond which are becoming so widely appreciated, some brightly-coloured likenesses and landscape by Mr. John Collier, and some eccentric and not very pleasing examples of the ingenuity of Mr. Alma Tadema. But although portraits are seldom as interesting as subject pictures, and are still less interesting at second hand, there are yet two which it would not do to miss noticing here, and to which a few words may be devoted. First in importance and interest is Mr. Millais's magnificent portrait of Mr. Gladstone in his robes as a D.C.L. of Oxford, the second likeness that the great artist has painted of the Premier. The half-length figure is seated in an old chair, the body sideways

and the face turned towards the spectator; the robe is of brilliant scarlet over rose, at the knee one hand holding a silk collegiate cap. The face is finely modelled, the eager black brown eyes gazing forward with an alert gaze, with something indeed of that strange intensity characteristic of the gaze of eagles and other raptorial birds; while even the nervous but powerful hand that clutches the end of the chair's arm support is in keeping with the stern mouth, and the half-defiant strangely-concentrated expression. Altogether this painting magnificently coloured as it is, will be of immense value and interest a generation or two hence, when the reputation of Mr. Gladstone will be to many but an historical name: they will be able to see him as he was during the most eventful and the most troubled period of his career. Very different is the much inferior but undoubtedly interesting presentment of Robert Browning, by his son R. Barrett Browning. The poet is presented in robes similar to those worn by Mr. Gladstone, but the colouring is somewhat harsh and thin: the features, though superficially like those of the original, do not suggest the author of *The Ring and the Book* so much as some French marshall, but they will doubtless often be scanned with interest by students at Oxford, for the picture is destined for Balliol College, of which the famous poet is an honorary fellow.

The three places of honour are held by Mr. Watts, Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Watts's "Love and Life" is a large upright picture, rather higher but less in width than his famous "Love and Death." On the remote summits of a wild mountainous landscape stand two figures, one of either sex—one divine in strength and mightily winged, the other feeble by comparison, yet instinct with life and energy also. In the background these rugged blue heights melt in the hazy distance, the nearest of them sheering straight down to the dim blue sea; but in the foreground the barren cliffs are made of huge brown slabs of rock, the boulders here and there being cleft as if they had suffered in some fierce convulsion of the earth. It is over these stones that Love, the winged youth, is guiding the steps of upward looking life. On the pathway of the latter are strewn a few blossoms, pleasures now dead; but that once served to make the difficult way less hard to traverse; but on either side of the maiden life is Death—to the left an abyss ending in the deep sea, to the right precipitous chasm, edged with sharp reefs. Stooping forward, she seems to feel upon her nude limbs the keener air that blows upon with every upward ascent; in her eyes there is rapt wonder and trust, mingled with a shadow of fear, while with tremulous confidence she places her hands in those of her cele-

tial guide. Love himself stoops in conscious power. He is a young man, strong, robust, no Cupid, or Anteros, but rather an Apollo. With his powerful wings drooping behind him he bends his head above his companion and seems to be uttering some encouragement or breathing some promise. The scene altogether is as if the artist had striven to represent one of the sons of the morning endeavouring to persuade some loving mortal maid to climb with him to the highest height of earth and thence launch with him into boundless space.

Mr. Richmond's large canvas represents the theatre at Athens during a recital of the *Agamemnon*; on the marble benches sit many renowned men and fair women, while on the upper balconies move casual visitors from the city or the foreign ships, some of them evidently conscience-stricken as some crime of their own is brought home to them by the words of the avenger, sonorously ringing out through the clear Athenian air that is the only covering of the theatre:—

“ Him twice I smote,—twice groaning prone he fell  
With limbs relaxed,—then, prostrate where he lay,  
Him with third blow I dowered, votive gift  
To Hades, guardian of the dead below.”

The moment that Mr. Mitchell has chosen for his presentment of Hypatia is that terrible one immediately preceding her death. She has just fled up the nave of the Christian Church, the last shreds of her garment strewing the pavement, and has reached the altar over which is the figure of the Crucified Christ, as in Kingsley's familiar words, “she shook herself free from her tormentors, and, springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusty mass around. \* \* \* \* With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long, white arm was stretched upward toward the great still Christ.” Mr. Mitchell has interpreted his stirring *motif* with no little success, but the face of Hypatia lacks dignity, certainly nobility and the scorn of a noble nature; it is not that of the woman whose eloquence had thrilled hundreds, it is that rather of some flying nymph pursued by a lustful god or by the hounds of mortal hunters, or of some agonised refugee after the triumph of a furious siege. Yet there is so much power and beauty in this picture that no one will grudge it the honourable place it occupies, while it brings into public notice an artist of real and unmistakable capacity.

Among the smaller works deserving of special notice it will suffice to mention the exquisite little “Expectations” of Mr. Alma

Tadema, than which nothing finer has ever come from his studio. The scene is a familiar one to those acquainted with this artist's productions—a Greek girl sitting on a seat in a marble balcony, beyond which is the deep blue sea; but this work has all the charm of freshness, with such delight has it been painted and so flawless is the skill of the craftsman. To the left is the curve of the marble balcony, midway wherein sits a graceful damsel eagerly scanning the expanse of purple blue sea that lies between her and the main land; over the marble edge bend the curiously tortuous boughs of a maimed Judas-tree, the close clustered pink blossoms covering even the smallest branches and falling like flakes of tinted snow on the cool blue-veined steps; beyond is a glimpse of a seacoast town, whence comes along "the violet wave of that Ionian Sea," a tiny white-sailed felucca bearing to the girl the lover whom she is so impatiently awaiting.

The landscapes at the Grosvenor are not very striking; the best is "Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe," by Keeley Halswelle. In this fine picture there is a masterly study of clouds and mists dispersing after heavy rain; gleams of sunlight break on patches of emerald slopes, and the solemnity of the hills is rendered doubly impressive by the disclosing and intervolving vapours; while on the calm waters of the Loch in front of the ruined Castle are exquisite reflections of the various aerial phenomena.

At the Royal Academy the chief work is beyond all question the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Orchardson; indeed it is the finest picture to be seen at present at any gallery of contemporary art in either England or France. This eminent academician is a slow worker, being content with one picture a year and never painting unless his heart is in his labour. He occupies the same place in art that Mr. Pater does in literature, that Rossetti does in poetry; the sum-total of his work is comparatively small, but it is invariably high in quality and of late superexcellent. His picture is a representation of the *Salon* of the famous Frenchwoman, Madame Récamier, during one of those celebrated receptions where were to be seen all persons of any reputation in art, science, literature, diplomacy, and war. She it was of whom it was said that "the repose of her manner made her sympathy more effective." "*Bien écouter c'est presque répondre*," quotes Jean Paul; and certainly no one ever listened with more genius, if one may so say—or, as Saint Beuve asserted, "*avec séduction*." The *Salon* of Madame Récamier includes all sections of society as reconstituted after the Revolution. Not only the scattered elements of the old aristocracy, but also the new men of

talent met at her house, from a common admiration of their young and beautiful hostess. It is one of the most liberally representative of these gatherings that Mr. Orchardson has revived for us. The chief personage in the large, scantily furnished, but handsome room is Madame Récamier herself, clad in simple white, and reclining with easy grace upon a sofa covered with yellow silk, her face and figure strongly relieved against the rich crimson of the great curtain that hangs from roof to floor a short distance behind her ; the only piece of colour upon her person is a single rose clinging to her dress just above the skirt, though under her feet is a cushion of harmonious tints. To her left is a small group of savants and others ; among whom are the great naturalist Cuvier, Delille, and Fouché, the last named close to her ; to her right, beyond the low sofa, sit or stand in one or two admirably composed groups, Prince Metternich, Canova (leaning his back against the wall), the Duc de Montmorency (somewhat worn and aged after his exile), the brilliant Bernadotte, erect and stiff Lucien Bonaparte, handsome and portly Talleyrand, the polished Brillat Savarin of gastronomic fame, Sièyès, Gérard, Denarbonne, and others ; while at the extreme end sits Madame de Stael, placidly conversing with the gentlemen who surround her. Every figure seems endued with life, so unconstrained are the attitudes, so natural the gestures and expressions, each face having a special interest from having been carefully reproduced from authentic likenesses.

Mr. Millais has a large canvas representing an aged ornithologist not far off from death, showing to his grandchildren some of the skins of the birds of paradise, the parrots and parroquets, scarlet lories and yellow orioles, and so forth out of his treasured collection. The picture, however, is unattractive in colour and not up to Mr. Millais's high level ; much pleasanter is his delightful portrait-picture of Lady Peggy Primrose, the five-year old daughter of Lord Rosebery.

Mr. Waterhouse's "St. Eulalia" is a remarkably clever figure study : the murdered girl, a saint through her martyrdom, lies in the forum, her rigid limbs partially covered by the so-called miraculous fall of snow, and a number of doves fluttering all about her ; her head towards the spectator, the foreshortening of the limbs is admirable, while the design as a whole is very attractive. There are few good studies from the nude at Burlington House, perhaps the best being Mrs. Merritt's "Eve," a goodly damsel sitting despondently on the ground, her head on her drawn-up knees, but with the impressiveness of the whole spoilt by the too obvious and common-

place symbolism of a bitten apple in the foreground; and Mr. Calderon's "Andromeda," where a beautiful Greek girl is seen standing chained by the wrists to a sea-rock, behind her nude body floating quite a cloud of dusky brown hair; in her eyes there is the terror of apprehension, though not yet has the dreaded sea-monster disclosed itself above the intensely deep blue of the windy waters that surge up against the rocks and precipitous cliffs in masses of white foam.

Among the landscapes mention may be made of one or two of the most excellent. Mr. MacWhirter has a large and imposing canvas called "The Track of the Whirlwind," the scene a rugged highland gorge. On the slopes of the barren hills the sparse pines and larches have been laid low, and in the foreground one mighty pine tree has been uprooted and lies within a few yards of a slender birch, whose greater pliability has enabled it to withstand the fury of the tempest. Beyond is seen a glimpse of the sea, on a distant boulder overlooking it being an antlered stag: and beyond and over all is a calm autumnal sky, a few roseate cloudlets here and there dreamily lying in its windless pale blue depths. The sense of devastation is rendered with remarkable force, and, needless to say in Mr. MacWhirter's case, the tree studies are admirable. Mr. Peter Graham has a solemn evening effect in a mountainous part of Scotland—a calm rose-flushed sky holding the dying light of day above a strath, over which pass a shepherd and his flock. Mr. David Murray is best represented by a highly finished and in every way pleasant Highland subject—"Last Leaves," a late autumnal scene, embracing the slope of some hillside hollow and showing barren hills in the distance already powdered with the first thin snows of winter: there is a wonderful clearness and freshness in the atmosphere, against which stand out clearly the thin purplish branches of "bonnie birks." A fine picture is Mr. Briton Rivière's "Væ Victis." On a remote barren crag a fierce and powerful wolf has been disturbed as it is about to begin its feast on the slain kid beside it, for a huge eagle has swooped down to dispute the quarry. The attitude of the savage brute, pinned against the rock, the right paw on the ground but open and ready for mischief, the left foreleg planted firmly on the slope and over the body of the kid, is exceedingly fine, as is that of the majestic eagle, every feather of whose mighty wings seems a quiver with rage and eagerness. Mr. Rivière's other work is a very different subject, called "News from Naseby." It represents a young woman of noble family stopping over a table, in her hand the fatal scroll, telling her of some loved one's death on that bloody field, while by her side



are two King Charles spaniels, vaguely conscious of their mistress's grief. Mr. Val Prinsep's chief contribution is a richly coloured picture of native Indian life, Hindoo women chatting as they pass in their water-carrying : the full title of this attractive and interesting work is "Afternoon Gossip on the Banks of the Ganges, at the Cheo Sati Ghat, Benares." Among the seascapes the finest are those by Mr. Hook, Mr. Graham, Mr. Brett, and Mr. Henry Moor. Mr. Graham's has for title a peculiarly applicable line from *Cymbeline*—"Ribb'd and paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters." Great barren cliffs and huge weedy rocks rise out of the sea, the wan grey-green billows of which dash against their bases in foam and driven spray. Mr. Brett's "Norman Archipelago" is a view of the outlying rocks off the Channel Islands, seen under a brilliant midsummer glare of heat and surrounded by calm waters ruffled only by innumerable currents, visible by their dark stream-like evolutions. Mr. Hook, first of all living painters of the sea, has two specially fine pictures, one representing some cormorants standing idly after their ebb-tide meal by the side of the windy sea as it breaks along the shore : the other, a sunset study, is as noteworthy as anything Mr. Hook has done. In it we perceive the familiar dull atmosphere characteristic of the close of a summer's day, a soft light resting on the green-grassed rocky seaboard, and on the figure of a woman who, with her baby beside her, sits patiently watching the small fleet of fishing smacks lying between the shore and some distant outlying rocks, while beyond is the almost white sphere of the sun, sending great fan-like streamers up through the few horizontal dark clouds and down through the under yellows and deep orange, flashing along the surface of the windless water, and apparently culminating in the long oily billow which curves almost into itself ere it falls upon the stony beach.

At the *Salon* the most impressive work is the large and magnificently rich but unpleasant painting by Benjamin Constant showing the interior of a Moorish seraglio, with the chief beauties of the harem lying dead, all slain by order of their angry lord, some jealous and blood-thirsty Pasha. The most gorgeous and in a sense *the* picture at the Exposition is the immense canvas of M. Clairin, entitled "After the Victory." The scene is the vast court of an Hispano-Moorish palace, possibly the Alhambra itself, thronged with hundreds of Arab warriors ; in the centre are Sheiks prostrating themselves before the green-robed Emir, and in the foreground are the trophies of war—slain chieftains of Spain, vessels of gold, weapons forged in far distant Madrid, and fair women snatched from their homes in Seville or Granada. The effect

is certainly one of great magnificence. After the compositions of MM. Constant and Clairin, the two most striking productions are the work of two comparatively unknown men—Messieurs Maillard and Rochegrosse. M. Maillard's large picture is a representation of the last stand of a Gaulish chieftain against the Roman legions that have defeated his savage army; around him is a pile of the dead, conspicuous among whom are several of the foreign invaders still grasping the staffs bearing the Imperial eagles, while he himself, recognising that all is over, stands with his back against the single tree on that corpse-strewn mount, leaning on his bloody battle-axe and looking scornfully at the Roman General, who, with a stern gesture, commands the intervening advance guard to shoot a hundred arrows into the body of this defiant warrior. Above the latter are nailed to the tree several heads, transfixed with the long shafts already shot at the chieftain, and by his side stands a huge mastiff holding in its reeking jaws the severed heads of two slain captains of the Roman host. The picture is dramatically conceived, ably composed, and harmoniously coloured. Equally satisfactory in these technical points is the work of M. Rochegrosse. "*La Jacquerie*" is the name of the latter, and it represents a characteristic scene of that terrible revolt. Into the house of a noble family a furious mob has burst—a ragged, savage, blood-stained, and altogether brutal crew—thirsting for the blood of the terrified women and children crouching behind the dauntless figure of the elderly countess, who scornfully fronts the howling, mocking, fiendish intruders, while with arms inclined backward she seems to protest on behalf of the poor innocents behind her. To the right a glimpse is caught of some figures setting the room on fire. The picture is far too horrible for any private collection, but in a public gallery it would not only be recognised as a fine work of art, but be capable of conveying a significant lesson.

In landscape there is little of real importance; in portraiture still less. It is worthy of note that in the latter and in marine painting the palm is borne off by artists of American birth if of French training. No finer portraits are to be seen than Mr. Whistler's likeness of Lady Archibald Campbell; among the seascapes nothing to surpass or even equal the magnificent study by Mr. Alex. Harrison, called "*The Wave*," a large canvas representing a long evolving billow rolling along a windless pale-green sea mysteriously illumined with the lingering light of departed day and the faint saffron of moon-rise.

## HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

**D**URING his lifetime Henry David Thoreau impressed a small circle of friends with the idea that he was a man of singular talent, if not of genius, but he was little known to the world at large. Most of his books were not published during his lifetime. His work was, however, of a character which could afford to wait for recognition, and now, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, signs are not wanting of a growing appreciation. His books have long commanded a steady sale in America, and lately a Scottish publisher has ventured to reprint one of the most famous of them;\* while the latest volume† of selected passages from his diaries has an English as well as an American publisher. There is in Thoreau's writings a depth of thought and wisdom, which in the lapse of time will be increasingly valued.

The movement, sometimes spoken of as the Transcendental Revival, which took place in New England nearly half a century ago, gave birth to curious types of character. The essential feature of that movement was the preaching of individualism. The coarse strength of the Puritanism which founded the American Colony had well nigh expended itself, and a new manifestation of religion, not less devout and certainly sweeter, was about to take its place. The time was also at hand for a re-action from the materialism which marked the 18th century. Kant had answered it, and the wave of idealism thus started in Germany spread over France and England, and reached America.

Goëthe gave the new doctrine, which, indeed, was not new, but as old as—nay, older than—Plato, its direction in literature, and Coleridge and Carlyle were its English interpreters. It remained, however, for America to give it a perfect adaptation to life. With others it had been a theory, a principle, an aim; Emerson applied it to affairs and made it daily food. The moral enthusiasm evoked by this man cannot be estimated, but Lowell has affirmed that “to him more than all other causes together did the young martyrs of our

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\* *Walden ; or, Life in the Woods.* Edinburgh : D. Douglas.

† *Summer*, from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. London : T. Fisher Unwin.

civil war owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."

Around Emerson gathered men and women only less noble than himself—Parker, Ripley, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, William Henry Channing, Alcott and others. Alcott's so-called impracticable, but, for all that, highly useful educational efforts have been amusingly yet lovingly depicted by his daughter in "Little Men" and elsewhere. All these persons were odd in their way, as apostles of individualism were likely to be. Perhaps, however, the most curiously individual was the philosopher, "poet-naturalist," and critic of society who is the subject of the present study. In more conventional society a career such as his would be scarcely possible; it needed the ampler breathing space and larger tolerance of America for its development. Eccentricity troubles us, and we call in the mad-doctor.

Born at Concord—the Mecca of Transcendentalism—12th July 1817, Thoreau never resided for long in any other place; never travelled farther away than Canada, and that far only once. He objected on principle to distant journeys. "Where is the unexplored land," he asked, "but in our own untried enterprises? To an adventurous spirit any place, London, New York, Worcester, or his own yard, is 'unexplored land;' to a sluggish and defeated spirit even the Great Basin and the Polaris are trivial places." While residing for a short time at Staten Island, New York, in 1843, he wrote to his mother: "Methinks I should be content to sit at the back-door in Concord under the poplar tree for ever." He was "a great traveller in a small circle," said Mr. Sauborn, one of his biographers. His native State of Massachusetts was well trodden by his feet. He believed the whole world could afford him nothing superior to his own spot of earth, and said: "I think nothing is to be hoped from you if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in the world or in any world." Certainly Massachusetts yielded to this devoted seeker far more than the whole earth affords to many a persistent traveller. There he found specimens of most of the plants which were sent to him from distant countries, and he came to believe that the doctrine of indifference of place was as true physically as in philosophy.

His personal appearance does not seem to have been particularly striking. In country places he was often mistaken for a pedlar. Mr. Ricketson, who had been in correspondence with him, found when they met, not the "stout and robust" person he had pictured but a "small and rather inferior looking man." He was sparely built, had long arms, short legs, prominent features and sloping

shoulders. His blue-grey eyes were set deeply in his head ; his forehead was not unusually broad or high, but his whole countenance expressed "concentrated energy and purpose." In manner he was grave and somewhat repellent. His senses were very acute. He could roam the woods by night as easily as by day. His curiosity was insatiable.

Thoreau's father was a manufacturer of lead pencils, and for a time Henry assisted in the business. But the employment was so little to his taste that, after giving proof of his skill by the production of a pencil superior to any previously made at Concord, he withdrew. Others said the new pencil would make his fortune ; he said it had already yielded him all its benefits. He had the education, and did not desire the commodity. He did not want to repeat again and again what he had done once, he said.

Such was his practical ability that, had he devoted it to trade, he would, without doubt, have amassed a fortune. He seemed able for anything. He was a first-rate mechanic, he excelled in mathematics, and, in measuring heights and distances, his eye was as accurate as gauge and rule. A gentleman who observed his ingenuity in fixing a defective window in a railway carriage offered him a situation on the spot. However visionary some of his exploits and theories might seem, he was himself a man with perceptions too swift and sense too solid to be carried beyond his depth by enthusiasm. Frugality and patience were among his virtues, and of vices, it is said, he had none. He did not even smoke !

School-teaching, which he tried, was no more to his taste than pencil-making. He found his expenses out of proportion to his income ; "for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellowmen, but simply for a livelihood, this was a failure." It did not minister to life, and he had work to do elsewhere which he did. All natural beauty filled him with delight, and his proper place was in the midst of it. The simple modes of life which he craved, he found, not in our highly wrought civilization, but among the denizens of the forest. "In society you will not find health, but in nature." He did not love societies or wish to make his mark there. He wrote the "Natural History of Massachusetts," but refused to offer a note of his observations to the Natural History Society ; because "to detach the description from its connexions in my mind would make it no longer true or valuable to me." They wanted facts ; he cared for facts in their relation to ideas. "Let us not underrate the value of a fact," he says at the

close of the paper named ; " it will one day flower in a truth. But, after all, it is much easier to discover than to see when the cover is off."

Another force which inclined Thoreau from society was his passion for liberty. He said : " I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox-cart with a free circulation than go to heaven in the fancy-car of an excursion train and breathe a *malaria* all the way." He refused to be bound by any custom however venerable ; it must prove itself good for him.

" The greater part of what my neighbours call good I believe in my soul to be bad, and, if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good behaviour. What demon possessed me that I behaved so well ? You may say the wisest thing you can, old man,—you who have lived seventy years, not without honour of a kind,—I hear an irresistible voice which invites me away from all that. One generation abandons the enterprises of another like stranded vessels."

He did not necessarily wish to *act* in opposition to the modes and customs he rejected ; but, by virtue of his manhood, he claimed the right to judge and choose for himself. The mistake is a common one that persons demand liberty to do this or that in order to gratify their desire. A true love of liberty is not compatible with strong desires. As a rule wrong-doers do not seek to justify their acts on principle, but wish rather to keep them as secret as possible, even to the extent of publicly denouncing the like behaviour in others.

The " pumpkin " with liberty was better than being crowded on a velvet cushion. Thoreau found, too, that it served most of the desirable ends of the velvet cushion. There were two ways of living,—one to provide means to gratify many wants, the other to regulate wants by means. He preferred the second method,— " Men make their pride in making their dinners cost much ; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." It appeared to him that the lives of most persons were a sad waste. Men and women seemed to be living that they might clothe and feed themselves, not eating and clothing themselves for the sake of life ; they were toiling all their lives long in order that they might build large houses and collect furniture and superfluous raiment and other so-called comforts and luxuries. A simpler life, with fewer such luxuries and, as a consequence, involving less labour, seemed to him much better. He therefore enquired what things were essential.

" By the words *necessary of life* I mean whatever, of all that man obtains by his own exertions, has been from the first, or from long use has become, so

important to human life that few, if any, whether from savageness, or poverty, or philosophy, ever attempt to do without it. To many creatures there is in this sense but one necessary of life—food. To the bison of the prairie it is a few inches of palatable grass, with water to drink; unless he seeks the shelter of the forest or the mountain's shadow. Some of the brute creation requires more than food and shelter. The necessities of life for man in this climate may, accurately enough, be distributed under the several heads of food, shelter, clothing and fuel; for not till we have secured these are we prepared to entertain the true problems of life with freedom and a prospect of success. Man has invented not only houses but clothes and cooked food, and, possibly from the accidental discovery of the warmth of fire and the consequent use of it, at first a luxury, arose the present necessity to sit by it. We observe cats and dogs acquiring the same second nature."

Doubtless we must add, as scarcely less necessary to persons of culture, a few books and works of art or objects of natural beauty not always obtainable without exertion. Yet, without attempting to make our rule about necessities too stringent or insisting on any asceticism, it is easy to see that in modern society there is much undue expenditure. The wise Greek affirmed that *riches consist, not in large possessions but in small wants*—a truth which has crystallized itself in the familiar proverb *Contentment is better than wealth*.

Thoreau made a curious experiment in simple living on the shore of Walden Pond, in Mr. Emerson's ground, some little distance from his own home. Here he built himself "a tight shingled and plaster house," ten feet wide, fifteen feet long and eight feet high, "with a garret, and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end and a brick fireplace opposite." The total cost of the structure, without reference to the trees which he felled and used, and charging nothing for labour, was less than £6.

It was part of his plan that he should build the house himself, for he thought "there is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest." "Who knows," he asked, "but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged. But alas! We do like cow-birds and cuckoos, which lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes. Shall we for ever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter! What does architecture amount to in the experience of the mass of men? I never in all my walks came across a man engaged in

so simple and natural an occupation as building his house. We belong to the community. It is not the tailor alone who is the ninth part of a man; it is as much the preacher and the merchant and the farmer. Where is this division of labour to end, and what object does it finally serve? No doubt another *may* also think for me; but it is not therefore desirable that he should do so to the exclusion of my thinking for myself." He believed it would be worth while to build, "still more deliberately" than he did at Walden, "considering, for instance, what foundation a door, a window, a cellar, a garret have in the nature of man, and perchance never raising any superstructure until we found a better reason for it than our temporal necessities even."

The furnishing of the house was as original as the building. Thoreau made, or at a small cost procured "a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass 3 inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet and a frying pan, a dipper, a wash bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses and a japanned lamp." That was the whole of his furniture. He was careful to avoid superfluities; a lady offered him a mat, but as he "had no room to spare within the house nor time to spare within or without to shake it" he preferred to wipe his feet on the sod before the door. Neither had he any curtains, for there were "no gazers to shut out but the sun and moon," and he was willing they should look in, as he had no fears lest meat and milk should be soured or carpets and furniture faded, and for himself, if the sun proved too warm, he preferred a retreat behind a tree than behind a curtain.

With furniture on so simple a scale, the domestic drudgery was not severe. Perhaps a careful housewife would have criticized with sternness some of the arrangements; but housework, such as Thoreau chose to perform, proved "a pleasant pastime" to him. He tells us that, when his floor was dirty, he rose early, set all his furniture out of doors on the grass, and scrubbed the boards with a brush. By the time the villagers had broken their fast, the sun had dried the house sufficiently to enable him to restore the furniture to its place and to settle to his meditations.

For two years Thoreau lived at his Hermitage, practising as much economy in food and clothing as he had done in building and furnishing. His experiment taught him that "the student who wishes for a shelter can obtain one for a lifetime at an expense not greater than the rent which he now pays annually." He also proved that the student or any other wise man might, if he chose, board



himself for a year for less than many a man spends on food in a week. By tilling a few acres of land he obtained Indian corn and potatoes. He baked his own bread, which, he mentions, he found quite as palatable without yeast as with. The money cost of his board averaged about 5*d.* a week, and during eight months he expended on clothing less than two pounds. He earned a little money pleasantly enough by surveying farm lands and by selling some of the produce of his own farm, and found himself "more independent than any farmer in Concord;" for, as he says, he "was not anchored to a house or farm," but could follow the bent of his genius, "which is a very crooked one," every moment. Nor had he any dread lest his crops should fail or his house be burned, for such a mishap would have left him almost as well off as before. This was a taste of genuine liberty. Most persons are the servants of their enterprize, charge-takers of goods and attendants on pigs and cattle, their serfdom increasing as their so-called possessions grow. The cheerful Thoreau knew that whatever he had could be easily replaced. The issue of the experiment in its economic aspect was that "it would cost incredibly little trouble to obtain one's necessary food even in this latitude," and that, "a man may use as simple a diet as the animals and yet retain health and strength." After leaving Walden he continued his moderate scale of living with the result that, "for more than five years, I maintained myself thus solely by the labour of my hands, and I found that, by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my winters as well as most of my summers I had free and clear for study. The order of things should be reversed; the seventh should be man's day of toil in which to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, and the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul in which to range this wide-spread garden and drink in the influences and sublime revelations of nature."

No reader is likely to forsake civilization and betake himself to the simple life pursued by Thoreau. When read from a book, the way seems charming enough, but the reality would perhaps prove too rough to be pleasant. Yet life could easily be simplified. As worry is the great bane of man's existence, it might be worth while to forego some artificial wants, and so avoid the anxiety they entail. Without fleeing to the woods, it might yet be possible "to live," as Thoreau puts it, "a primitive and frontier life though in the midst of an outward civilization." Reading the record of Thoreau's life, such a reform seems feasible and pleasing, until an

invitation to dinner, the sight of a new ornament, or the discovery of a long-sought rare volume, sends us back into the old routine.

Yet the philanthropist, whose task is not to reform himself, but to admonish others, may surely take a hint. It is as true of the race as of the individual that the secret of economy is in wise spending, not in large earning, and as the man who is unthrifty is poor, be his income what it may, so the poor are always with us, not because wealth is lacking, for there is abundance, but because many, into whose hands it falls, misuse it. Some persons have urged that wealth should be distributed more equally, but meanwhile the example of Thoreau suggests the enquiry whether extreme poverty cannot be mitigated in a more direct and personal manner. It is unlikely that persons of a less rigidly economical constitution than his, could maintain themselves with equal frugality, but men and women who, all their lives long, stand just on the border of starvation, would find it well worth their while to consider seriously what really constitute for them the *necessaries* of life, and whether their little all is spent only on such. Man, however poor, cannot live by bread alone, but after due allowance for what may be termed necessary luxuries, there are many poverty-stricken homes in which the pence and shillings that are spent yield no adequate return. Is it hard to demand that persons who have so little should spend less? Yet their present evil case would not be made worse thereby, and the fewer the coins, the more warily should they be invested. If it be just that the rich should be despoiled, then despoil them; but reformers who mean well to the poor would do a true service to their clients if they would show them that at least a temporary alleviation of their distress is in their own hands.

Thoreau saw no beneficence in work for work's sake, such as Carlyle is popularly credited with preaching. Indeed he viewed labour with marked disfavour. Yet so far from being an idle man his energy ran almost to excess. Occupation was healthful if it were such as the temperament approved, and not merely that which custom or mistaken notions of necessity demanded. Necessary labour he did not grudge, and instead of wishing to shirk it by transferring it to the shoulders of others, he thought that "the student who secures his coveted leisure and retirement by systematically shirking any labour necessary to man, obtains but an ignoble and unprofitable leisure, defrauding himself of the experience which alone can make leisure fruitful." "The advantage of riches," said Emerson, in an address on "Man the Reformer," delivered in 1841, at the time when Thoreau was beginning to make himself known—"the advantage of

riches remains with him who procured them, not with the heir. When I go into my garden with a spade and dig a bed, I feel such an exhilaration and health that I discover that I have been defrauding myself all this time in letting others do for me what I should have done with my own hands. But not only health but education is in the work. Is it possible that I who get indefinite quantities of sugar, hominy, cotton, buckets, crockery-ware and letter-paper, by simply signing my name once in three months to a check in favor of John Smith & Co., traders, get the fair share of exercise to my faculties by that act, which nature intended for me, making all these far-fetched matters important to my comfort? It is Smith himself and his carriers and dealers and manufacturers; it is the sailor, the hide-drogher, the butcher, the negro, the hunter and the planter, who have intercepted the sugar of the sugar and the cotton of the cotton. They have got the education, I only the commodity."

Thoreau's view of labour was in reality another phase of his gospel of thrift. He would save life on both hands, putting labour as well as leisure under contribution. They should minister to that self-improvement and culture which he regarded as the proper aim of man. If, in going to Walden, he wished to prove to himself and to others how few things are necessary and how cheaply they can be got, he had also another motive, namely, "to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles, to be hindered from accomplishing which, for want of a little common sense, a little enterprize and business talent, appeared not so sad as foolish." I wished to live deliberately to front only the essential facts of life and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

In this he did not think he wasted his time, but quite the reverse. The popular notion about useful employment was not his. "If a man walk in the woods for love of them, half of each day he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprizing citizen. As if a town had no interest in its forests, but to cut them down."

More poetical than his verses are some of the passages in which he records the impression made on his mind by his study of nature and the reflections to which that study gave rise. Nearly all his writings touch on this topic, either in the way of pure description or to draw a contrast between man in society and nature. He loved every season and every aspect. His observation is careful and

minute; but every fact must yield to him its spiritual import also. As he appears so often in an attitude of protest, it is necessary to correct our estimate by observing the sweetness and serenity with which he welcomes nature. Read, for instance, this graceful passage from the essay on "Autumnal Tints":—

"It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! How gently lay themselves down and turn to mould! Painted of a thousand hues and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go, scampering over the earth selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it, some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die. One wonders if the time will ever come when men, with their boasted faith in immortality, will lie down as gracefully and as ripe,—with such an Indian-summer serenity will shed their bodies, as they do their hair and nails."

The following passages, from the latest volume of selections from Thoreau's note-books, though not written for publication, are marked by an equal beauty:—

"The water shines with an inward light like a heaven on earth. The silent depth and serenity and majesty of water! Strange that men should distinguish gold and diamonds, when these precious elements are so common. I saw a distant river by moonlight, making no noise, yet flowing as by day, still to the sea, like melted silver, reflecting the moonlight. Far away it lay encircling the earth. How far away it may look in the night! Even from a low hill, miles away down in the valley! As far off as paradise and the delectable country! There is a certain glory attends on water by night. By it the heavens are related to the earth, indistinguishable from a sky beneath you. After I reached the road, I saw the moon suddenly reflected from a pool, the earth as it were dissolved beneath my feet.

"I cannot see the bottom of the sky because I cannot see to the bottom of myself. It is the symbol of my own infinity. My eye penetrates as far into the ether as that depth is inward from which my contemporary thought springs.

"Not by constraint or severity shall you have access to true wisdom; but by abandonment and child-like mirthfulness. If you would know aught be gay before it."

His love of nature made him less a reader than a student, yet he was familiar with many good books. The Eastern and the Greek

poets and philosophers were favourites, and among Englishmen Chaucer, Spenser, Quarles, and Herbert. He had a high opinion of Carlyle and Ruskin, though with certain reservations. Of Walt Whitman, whom he visited, he said : " He is a great fellow," and he found his poem " exhilarating, encouraging." He recommended biographies, and especially autobiographies, as the best reading for the young ; for, he said, we do not learn much from learned books, but from frank, human books. To him all books were subordinate,—" foot-notes to the book of nature," he called them.

Thoreau has been charged with moroseness, and certainly his attitude toward society was not of the friendliest. He rather despised civilization, although it must be admitted, as Lowell points out, that even his hut at Walden could not have been built so easily if civilization had not supplied him with nails and an axe. In his opinion " Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day and give each other a taste of that old musty cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules called etiquette and politeness to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we need not come to open war." Men, he said, " very rarely affect me as grand or beautiful, but I know that there is a sunrise and a sunset every day." In truth, however, it was not society or civilization that he disliked, but the hollowness he discovered beneath them. He was not deceived by appearances, but penetrated through the form of things to their significance. He was indifferent about food and shelter and the fashion of his garments, because he dwelt in a spiritual world of his own. To a friend he wrote : " Consider the cloak that our employment or station is ; how rarely men treat each other for what in their true and naked characters they are ; how we use and tolerate pretension ; how the judge is clothed with dignity which does not belong to him, and the criminal, perchance, with shame or impudence which no more belong to him." He had a passion for the simple truth—was himself direct in speech and act and demanded as much from others. The artifices of men lost by comparison with the simplicity of the creatures he found in the forest and he chose the companionship of these. Besides, as he admitted, he had " an immense appetite for solitude."

He was cheery enough and certainly not a pessimist at heart. He sought to comfort the child who had fallen and spilled his basket of berries, with the assurance that that was nature's way of providing next year's crop. He preferred the night to the day, not

because he loved gloom, but because he loved the majestic beauty of the night. "After walking by night," he notes in his diary: "I now walk by day, but I am not aware of any crowning advantage in it. I see small objects better, but it does not enlighten me any. The day is more trivial." If he blamed existing society, his hope was yet infinite. "By night the sky is blue and not black, for we see through the shadow of the earth into the distant atmosphere of day where the sunbeams are revelling."

A curious man, this Thoreau! •wilful and not affable; sometimes not even courteous. His friend testifies that, "it cost him nothing to say No; indeed he found it much easier than to say Ycs." Yet he was not unjust or heedless. Nay! his brusqueness arose out of his great carefulness. He would not desecrate life by any weak compliance. The thing he felt to be fitting he would do with his whole might; to aught else no one should persuade him. There were a few congenial persons whom he called his friends and from them the riches of his nature were not hidden. In the home circle this curt man was tenderness itself, a "household treasure, always on the spot with skilful eye and hand to raise the best melons, plant the orchard with choicest trees and act as extempore mechanic, fond of the pets, his sisters' flowers or sacred tabby." He loved children, and, while refusing his time to older persons, grudged no demand of theirs. Was he taciturn? Not certainly when leading a berrying party through the woods. However highly he might appreciate "the glorious society called solitude," he was assuredly no misanthrope or cynic, but in contact with persons simple and genuine, a true lover. Emerson found it "a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him," and while Emerson helped him to think, he in turn taught Emerson to observe. He could hold his own with the wittiest, and his laugh would have commended him to Carlyle himself. On occasion he has been known to break forth in jovial song and even to dance. Perhaps he was too prone to suppress the joyous side of his nature, as not becoming in a transcendental philosopher, but it was too strong to be wholly crushed. His abstemiousness, which was no affectation, but belonged to his nature, seems to aggrieve some persons, who cannot understand how one who used no alcohol, tea, coffee or tobacco—who was so perfectly indifferent as to his meat and drink that when asked at dinner what dish he would prefer, answered,—“The next”—could be genial in his manners. Kindness of heart has been too much associated with ministrations to the stomach.

If any further evidence of the underlying gentleness of his

nature is called for, it may be found in the easy relations in which he stood to the brute creation. Animals confided in him as they confide only in those who would do them no wrong. His own affinities were toward them, in their free and simple lives. He was a very child of nature and had a perfect understanding with his fellow-creatures of the woods. The hunted fox sheltered in his hut ; the fishes showed no fear when he lifted them from the stream in the palm of his hand. A little squirrel which he had carried home that he might study its ways would not leave him when he returned it to its tree and obliged him to adopt it. The suggestion has been made that he was the original of Donotelli, "the fawn" in "Transformation," but Thoreau had too much practical sagacity to justify that, even if Hawthorne had not expressly declared the conception to be "entirely imaginary."

That Thoreau was no selfish egotist is made manifest in his efforts and sacrifices on behalf of the slaves. After the infamous "Fugitive Slave Bill," which made it penal for any person to help a slave to escape,—became law, at least one poor fugitive found a secure retreat in the house at Walden pond. Thoreau went to jail rather than pay the taxes that were used to uphold this law. It is related that Emerson, visiting him in prison, greeted him with the question : "Henry, why are you here ?" To which the other retorted : "Waldo, why are you *not* here ?" Emerson, however, disliked sensationalism and paid the tax, and Thoreau, after a night's incarceration, was free in spite of himself.

Probably Thoreau would have said he never had been other than free ; nay, that he was more free within than he would have been without the walls of the jail. "As I stood considering the walls of solid stone two or three feet thick, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood to be locked up. .... I said that if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of bricks and mortar."

When John Brown was arrested for his powder and shot attack on slavery at Harper's ferry, Thoreau was again forward in defence of right. While the professional friends of the slave were asking one another, is it timely to speak?—Thoreau, who professed no virtues, was already addressing the public and winning sympathy for the hero. This notable speech, and another, not less worthy, which he delivered after Brown was executed, are printed in the

collected works, and it is easy to see how the bright originality and the bold words, backed by the undoubted sincerity of the speaker, must have impressed his audience. It was Brown's peculiar doctrine he said :—

"That a man has a perfect right to interfere by force with the slaveholder in order to rescue the slave. I agree with him. They who are continually shocked by slavery have some right to be shocked by the violent death of the slaveholders, but no others. Such will be more shocked by his life than by his death..... We preserve the so-called peace of our community by deeds of petty violence every day. Look at the policeman's billy and handcuffs! Look at the jail! Look at the gallows! Look at the chaplain of the regiment! We are hoping only to live safely on the outskirts of this provisional army. So we defend ourselves and our henroosts and maintain slavery. I know that the mass of my countrymen think that the only righteous use that can be made of Sharpe's rifles and revolvers is to fight duels with them when we are insulted by other nations or to hunt Indians or shoot fugitive slaves with them, or the like. I think that for once the Sharpe's rifle and the revolvers were employed in a righteous cause. The tools were in the hands of one who could use them..... The question is not about the weapon, but the spirit in which you use it."

Thus he maintained, not only that Brown meant well, but that he did well; that, so far from being insane as some said, he was the sanest of them all; that while others were talking he was doing the right and necessary thing. Was the enterprise a failure? The arsenal was saved and Brown captured and executed, and the world said Yes. Thoreau said No, and he was right, for that act precipitated the war in which slavery "went down in blood" and thus the end sought was accomplished. Thoreau witnessed only the beginning of that end. He died of consumption at the outset of the war of 1861.

Of professional philanthropy and organizations for purposes of charity Thoreau was not the friend. He thought everyone should act according to his nature and not on the lines of any arbitrary system. If one had genius for charity let him be charitable, but, if otherwise, he should not give from his pocket what did not proceed from his heart. "If you give money, spend yourself with it, and do not merely abandon it to them." He believed "the kind uncles and aunts of the race are more esteemed than its true spiritual fathers and mothers. Philanthropy is not love for one's fellow-man in the broadest sense. Howard was no doubt an exceedingly kind and worthy man in his way, and has his reward; but comparatively speaking, what are a hundred Howards to us if their philanthropy do not help us to our best estate when we are most worthy to be helped." In short, Thoreau maintained that those who, by



giving of their substance add to the possessions of others are less truly benefactors than those who help their fellowmen and women to help themselves, who awaken their aspirations and provoke them to new growth. The common speech seems to indicate that such a notion also underlies the popular conception of true charity, although so often lost sight of in the application, for a beneficent condition is described, not as a state of well-doing or having, but of well-being. Men may bless their fellows by simply living their best more than by giving abundant alms. "Set about being good," said Thoreau, "do not stay to be an overseer of the poor, but endeavour to become one of the worthies of the world." Everyone is a missionary for good or for ill, whether he will or no. He emits himself, as flowers their perfume, and thus to be good is to benefit the world. "Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."

With his great talents and energy Thoreau might have achieved distinction in almost anything to which he had given his attention. As it was, he lived apart from society and wrote a few books. Yet it was not for nothing that he lived. There are plenty of persons to fill the great offices of State and to shine in society; few to choose the lowly task which Thoreau chose. He was a voice crying in the wilderness—Make straight your ways. The self-imposed duty proved the man's limitations as well as his virtue. A more expansive spirit would have approached evil itself, not as judge and critic, but in the spirit of love as a reclamer. Thoreau cast society from him; a higher nature would have seen therein only the reflex of his possible self. Yet he fulfilled his calling with integrity. Emerson could "not help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party." But the life of the soul is independent of the incident, and to lead a huckleberry party greatly is as noble as to lead a victorious army. Thoreau's life was valiant; he was a living example of truth and independence, and therein served his fellowmen and the Supreme Being—in which he devoutly rested as worthily as those whom the world counts great. What more can any man do than answer his calling? "We can only live healthily the life the gods assign us. I must receive my life as passively as the willow leaf that flutters over the brook. I must not be for myself but God's work, and that is always good. I will wait the breezes patiently and grow as they shall determine. My fate cannot but be grand so."

WALTER LEWIN.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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**CENTENARY REVIEW OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL.** From 1784 to 1883. Published by the Society. *Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.*, 1885.—This interesting Review consists of three parts: First comes a General History of the Society during the century under record, by Dr. Rajendralala Mitra. This is followed by a Literary Section containing a summary of what has been done by the Society in Archæology, History, Language and Literature, during the period, by Dr. A. F. R. Hoernle; and finally we have an account of its proceedings in Natural Science from the pen of Baboo P. N. Bose. Appended are the Proceeding of the Special Centenary Meeting of the Society, at which Lord Ripon, Professor Monier Williams, and others were present as guests, held on the 15th January last year, under the presidentship of the Hon. H. J. Reynolds. Several appendices containing indexes of books and papers published by the Society on the various subjects indicated in the text complete the volume.

The "Asiatic Society," as it was originally named, was founded by Sir William Jones at a meeting held on the 15th January 1784, its object being, in the terms of the original resolution, "enquiry into the history and antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia"; or, according to the existing motto of the Society "the bounds of its investigations will be the geographical limits of Asia, and within these limits its enquiries will be extended to whatever is performed by man, or produced by nature"—a sufficiently comprehensive *rôle*, but one which, as this volume bears witness, has been carried out with considerable diligence and success, in spite of a double difficulty, *viz.*, the absence of leisure and permanent residence in the country on the part of European members, and the defective early training, together with the fact that their researches have to be recorded in a foreign language, on the part of the Native members.

The Society, however, had a steady growth, and commencing with a total of 30 names, its number of members rose at the close of 1788 to 89, and in 1876 to 285. During the presidency of Sir William Jones the meetings of the Society were held in the Grand Jury Room of the Supreme Court, and it was not till the beginning of 1808 that the Society took possession of a building of its own, erected in Park Street at a prime cost of Rs. 30,000, now valued at Rs. 1,50,000.

By far the most valuable and interesting of the adjuncts of the Society is its Library, which, on the abolition of the College of Fort William came into possession of the whole of its Sanscrit, Arabian, Persian, and Urdu manuscripts, which had been laboriously collected by Gladwin, Carey, Gilchrist, and other great Oriental scholars. The Library had, previously to this, been presented with a selection from the Library taken in *loot* from the palace of Tipu Sultan, among which were a great number of illuminated manuscripts of the Quran. The present Library contains a total of no less than 29,425 books and manuscripts—a collection, it is believed, unrivalled for a Colonial Library, and a monument to the diligence and successful enterprise of the Society. Space will not allow us to enter upon the subjects of the Society's inscriptions and coins, valued at Rs. 10,000 ; its small, but valuable, collection of pictures and busts ; together with its Museum, the last containing a zoological section, which is all but complete as regards the Avi-fauna of India. The Society, besides, has published a total of 354 volumes relating to Asiatic topics and researches, thus vindicating its claim to a very favourable comparison with other and often older societies of a similar nature in other parts of the world.

THE AUSTRALIAN IN INDIA: Lecture by James Thompson, Secretary for Victoria to the Calcutta International Exhibition, *Melbourne*, 1885.—This lecture, while no doubt interesting to the unsophisticated audience of the Richmond Lecture Hall, Victoria, contains, as might be expected, little that is new to the Anglo-Indian reader. Amid a mass, however, of familiar information and twice-told tales (when will Mick's remark about fireflies, that they were mosquitos "come to look for us with lanterns," pass from among us along with the age of chivalry ?), there are a few items which display a fine spirit of enterprising novelty. Like most casual commentators on Indian subjects, the writer lumps "the peasants or ryots, as the agricultural classes are called," under a single category, and tells us, alike of the prosperous peasant farmer of Bengal and of his poor brother of the Deccan, that "the heads of these poor tillers of the soil are bare, their whole appearance is gaunt and abject, misery being stamped upon their whole surrounding ;" and this, in spite of the large sums now "expended on useful public works," instead of "in the construction of marble temples and tombs."

It is interesting to learn that the writer made the acquaintance, among others, of Sir Rivers Thompson, and that, during "the troublous days of the Ilbert Bill agitation, his tact and good judg-

ment did much to prevent an open rupture between the great body of Anglo-Indians and the official classes" (!)

Mr. James Thompson seems to have had several bad quarters of an hour with his bearer ; for, after telling us that " the bearer has the key of the wardrobe," he goes on to say that " the manner in which shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, and other inconsidered trifles disappear without explanation, is simply ruinous."

The lecturer is filled with wonder at the amazing draught-power of the Indian bullock, but he pulls rather a long bow when he proceeds to affirm that a pair of these animals yoked together " can perform an amount of work equal to any ordinary bullock-team in the Colonies" (!)

We may remark further, in passing, that it will perhaps soothe the Russo-phobian susceptibilities of any of our readers to learn that, according to Mr. Thompson, General Roberts " went promptly to the frontier on the first note of alarm, and is now watching the turn of events with 25,000 of the finest troops in the world."

In his estimate of Calcutta, the lecturer is fairly correct, especially in regard to its evil smells, a department in which he tells us it can beat Glasgow.

The lecture winds up with a patriotic challenge to any attempt at the invasion of India, to which all true hearts, be they English or Native, on this side the dividing ocean will cordially respond.

THE CLOUD MESSENGER OF KALIDASA. Translated into English verse by Annadáprasád Basu, B.A. *Calcutta: I. C. Bose & Co.*, 1885.—The writer of this pamphlet of verse is fain to confess in his motto from Chaucer that he cannot " ryme in English properly," though there seems to be but little need for this modest avowal as far as his rhymes and his English go, which do no little credit to one not to the manner born. Whether the subject, of which he treats not unmusically, will be of much interest to the general reader is more doubtful. The story of the poem seems, on the whole, to be as misty and impalpable as the cloud which forms part of its title. It is doubtless calculated to appeal to an Oriental rather than to an European fancy, though the author has appended notes explanatory of Eastern allusions for the benefit of the unlearned.

We quote one specimen of the writer's verse—a stanza from the exile's message to his wife, entrusted to the cloud to bear :—

" As starting from the hills of snow,  
The coolest breezes southward blow,  
The tender buds of pines they tear,  
And sweetest scents their breathings bear :  
I think they must have kissed thy frame,  
And stretch mine arms their sweets to claim !"

# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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### THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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THE PROCEDURE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—If the House of Commons, under the new constitution about to be given to the country, is to do more efficient work, some changes in the mode of conducting its debates must unquestionably be made. Of late it has shown year by year less and less power to control its business ; and, if the Redistribution of Seats Bill be adduced as an example of its power to make satisfactory progress, it must be remembered that this has been effected by means of a compact—hardly a satisfactory or constitutional mode of conducting the business of the legislature.

During the debates in committee on the Seats Bill the violence done to the feelings of many members of the Opposition by the adoption of the agreement between the leaders of the Government and those of the Opposition, by which alone the progress of the measure was secured, was on several occasions shown in a marked manner. Not only did they abstain from voting, but they voted in opposition to their own leader when he was loyally carrying out the bargain by which he and, so far as party allegiance was concerned, his followers were bound. Upon one occasion, indeed, nearly all his usual followers who were present when the division was taken either left the House or voted against him, leaving him to walk into the Government lobby accompanied by only two faithful supporters. It was doubtless conduct such as this, and the open discontent manifested by numerous members of the Conservative party at a meeting at the Carlton Club, that called forth the somewhat bitter remark said to have been made by Lord Salisbury, that his malcontent followers "appeared to have short memories." Experience therefore seems to show that it is not only unsafe and unconstitutional to have frequent resort to such compromises for the conduct of public business, but it is also impracticable to do so, and this being the case the very serious question now has to be dealt with—how, in presence of a more or less scrupulous English opposition and an extremely unscrupulous Irish opposition, is the business of the House of Commons to be carried on?

The causes which interfere with the due conduct of the business of the House are two-fold, *viz.*, disorderly and obstructive conduct on the part of members, and certain rules of the House which appear to be unsatisfactory.

In the session of 1882, the disorderly conduct of certain members became so intolerable that the House adopted new rules to check these abuses. The authority of the speaker was strengthened; a power of bringing debates to a close was taken; and some changes in the forms of procedure were made—changes, however, which have not answered the expectations of their framers, and hence further alterations are necessary.

The more arbitrary exercise of authority by the speaker is objected to by many persons on the ground that it might possibly be attended with danger to freedom of debate; but though there is doubtless a possibility of such a result, it appears to be so remote as to be almost visionary, and to be of little moment as compared with that which is constantly caused to free, full, and calm discussion by unchecked disorder, personal disputes, and obstructive tactics. Those who have attended closely to the proceedings of Parliament will, I am sure, have observed that, so far from being disposed arbitrarily to exercise their authority, the tendency of Speakers of the House of Commons is rather in the direction of hesitating avoidance than of arbitrary interference in cases in which the conduct of members is concerned; and of late years especially there have been frequent instances where the want of a severe check on wanton interruption and deliberate insolence on the part of certain members has been generally felt and acknowledged.

The danger to the free and full discussion of measures does not, I think, so much arise from the possible interference of the Speaker in the maintenance

of order as from their postponement by the various modes of obstruction from the early or middle part of the Session, when alone there is a possibility of their receiving full consideration, to the last few days or weeks of the Session, when they are either abandoned or pass after little or no consideration or debate, and often almost without notice. It is true that the abandonment of most of the Bills brought before Parliament is of little consequence, though some even of the most doubtful might with advantage have been submitted to the judgment of the House. But it generally happens that a few of these delayed measures, either from some urgent necessity or from a general demand, have to be passed before the prorogation of Parliament, and, like the rest, they have been put off from time to time ; but now they must be pressed forward. The majority of members have left town ; those who remain are eager to bring the Session to a close, and give but little attention to the details of the measures submitted to them ; compromises of questionable clauses are arranged in the lobbies instead of after discussion in the House, and the Bills become law without that full consideration which, but for obstruction at the earlier period of the Session, they would certainly have received ; and only too frequently they have to be reconsidered in some early succeeding Session of Parliament in the form of Amendment Bills.

The power of the "Clôture," which gave rise to the greatest opposition when it was adopted in 1882, has only been once put in force up to the present time.

This was upon the 24th of February in the present year, when a proposal having been made by the Prime Minister that the notices of motion should be postponed till after the order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate on Egypt and the Soudan—a motion censuring the conduct of Government, which had been brought on by Sir Stafford Northcote—it was moved as an amendment by Mr. Arthur O'Connor to insert after the word "motions" the words "except the motion relating to the Royal Irish Constabulary (District Inspector Murphy)." After debate upon the amendment Mr. Speaker informed the House that it appeared to him that the subject (Mr. O'Connor's amendment) had been adequately discussed, and that it was the evident sense of the House that the original question should be then put, and it was accordingly submitted to the House, and on division carried by 207 to 46. Had, however, four more members voted with the "Noes," raising the minority to 50, the motion would have been lost, and the time of the House taken up by the continuance of a discussion in which little or no general interest was felt.

Hence it would appear that the existing safeguards against the application of the "Clôture" are too stringent, and that the rule is consequently of little practical value. The arguments for first proceeding with the question about Inspector Murphy had been exhausted ; the Government and the leader of the Opposition with the greater part of his followers voted for the enforcement of the rule ; but certain members of the Conservative party joined the extreme Irish party in opposing it, and nearly succeeded in their object. It seems, therefore, desirable that the restrictions upon the "Clôture" should be somewhat relaxed, which might clearly be done with entire safety to full and free debate.

Other changes conducing to the more decorous conduct of debate and the more successful prosecution of public business might readily be made.

Probably no rule has so much and so directly contributed to impede the progress of legislation as that which is known as the half-past twelve o'clock rule. It was adopted some years ago, and provides that, with certain exceptions, no business to which due notice of opposition has been given shall be entered upon after half-past twelve o'clock at night. Presumably, the object of this rule was to prevent late sittings and to allow members generally to leave the House after that hour ; but having had long experience of the House both before and after its adoption, I confidently assert that so far is it from having answered the expectations which were formed of its operation, that I have known longer sittings since its adoption than before. I do not mean to say that the great length of these sittings has been traceable to this rule ; but I state the fact in order to show that it has not been efficacious in preventing them, and I am satisfied that even if its operation may, more or less often, have enabled members to leave the House at an earlier hour than they would have otherwise done, it has on the other hand had the effect of lengthening the Session of Parliament, by causing the postponement of the various stages of Bills at the earlier periods of the Session, and thus bringing about an accumulation of business at its later part. As I have said, the object of the rule was unquestionably to shorten the daily or nightly sittings of the House ; but it has been freely taken advantage of by members for other purposes than this. Some have used it to delay, and thus defeat, measures of which they disapproved ; some to obstruct almost all legislation ; and some, I fear, in order to gratify feelings of personal animosity to the members promoting certain Bills. Believing that the rule in question has to a great extent failed in its object, that it has been very objectionably used for purposes for which it was not intended, and that it has materially assisted in causing the lengthening of the Sessions of Parliament, I should myself like to see it repealed ; but should this be objected to, it should, I certainly think, be so modified as to prevent the wholesale and almost indiscriminate "blocking" of Bills which now extensively prevails.

There is, besides, a further change which, if made, would undoubtedly very greatly enlarge the power of Parliament to pass important measures and prevent much waste of time consequent upon its present practice, and against which it seems that no valid reason can be adduced.

By a custom or practice which has grown up in Parliament, but which I believe has never been formulated as a rule, all Bills which, at the end of a Session, have not been passed, are altogether abandoned ; they may have been fully considered in principle on their second reading, and they may even have been discussed in detail in committee, but all the time and labour bestowed upon them is thrown away ; and should it be decided to take them up again and proceed with them in the succeeding Session, they have to be taken up *de novo*, and all this work must be gone over again. The great waste of time, loss of labour, and paralysis of legislation caused by this practice has long been apparent ; and in the year 1869 Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, introduced a Bill to enable Bills which had made certain progress in one Session



but had been left unfinished at the prorogation, to be proceeded with in the next. In the course of his speech on this occasion, after describing the nature and effect of the existing practice, his Lordship said: "Do we act in this manner in any other department of life? Supposing you made it a rule to give up writing letters at a certain hour, would you throw all unfinished ones into the fire, or begin next morning where you left off? Is there any body of men in any kind of business that adopt what I must call this senseless practice, that whatever you have not finished by a certain time you must begin again next year? I have never heard any reason for such a rule. There is nothing but the bare inert weight of unmeaning custom to justify a principle which wastes so much of the labour and utility of Parliament." In the debate which ensued, no argument against the principle of Lord Salisbury's proposal was adduced, and it was admitted to be a just reproach to Parliament that it was becoming incompetent to deal with the great amount of legislation before it. It was, however, objected that the proposal affected the House of Commons as much or more than the House of Lords, and that it was desirable that the question of its adoption should be referred to a committee, consisting of members of both Houses. This suggestion was acted upon, a joint committee of the two Houses was appointed, and made a report, which, however, virtually shelved the main question referred to it, and made other and weaker suggestions for the reform of procedure. No further step was taken with the view of giving effect to Lord Salisbury's eminently practical proposal.

This took place in 1869. At that time the expediency or necessity of applying some stimulus to the legislative action of Parliament had long been felt and admitted; and if this was then the case, such a stimulus is surely not less required now when the largely increased business of the country and the very much more active part now taken than formerly in the proceedings of the House of Commons by its members materially increase the difficulty of getting the necessary business of Parliament completed within the limits of a single Session.

It seems strange that the alteration suggested by Lord Salisbury should have been quietly allowed to drop. Its adoption would give an obvious facility to legislation.

It will be readily seen that many measures of great importance and which are earnestly demanded by the country, such as a Merchant Shipping Bill, and others of a similar nature, requiring the consolidation of numerous previous statutes, and probably the repeal of many of their provisions, can hardly be passed in a single Session of Parliament. They have been long desired, long delayed, and remain still *in nubibus*; this result being probably mainly due to what Lord Salisbury well calls the "senseless practice" of abandoning all unfinished work at the end of each Session. Measures such as these are pretty certain to be discussed at considerable length on their second reading, and still more amply on their consideration in committee; and it frequently—or I may almost say generally—happens that so much time is occupied in these stages that there is none left at the end of the Session for their completion. They have to be abandoned, and all the time and labour bestowed upon them is lost, while any alteration in the existing laws imperatively called for are effected by small amendment Bills dealing each with some particular point in question

alone ; and thus, instead of the enactment of large comprehensive measures, the inconvenient and cumbersome accumulation of small statutes dealing with particular points of a subject is constantly continued and extended.

By Lord Salisbury's proposals, the consent of the Crown and other conditions were suggested for the resumption of bills in succeeding sessions—without, apparently, any necessity. The only condition desirable is, that the house should decide on their resumption by a vote "Aye" or "No" taken without debate ; or, if already passed through committee, their resumption should be at the option of the members in charge.

The more arbitrary exercise of power by the Speaker, a readier means of putting in force this "Clôture," and further modifications of the half-past twelve o'clock rule, would, as I have endeavoured to show, ensure the more orderly conduct of debates and greater facility for the transaction of the necessary business of the country ; but I am confident that the change which I have alluded to, that proposed by Lord Salisbury in 1869, would of itself go a long way to effect these objects, and it is one to which I have never yet heard any practical or constitutional objections seriously urged.

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## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1885.

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HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS :—	
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PEACE WITH RUSSIA.—With the country brought to the verge of war, it is surely time to revise the principles of a policy that threatened us with such an evil. From the point of view of the Conservatives and some Liberals, Russia is regarded as the one power from whom England has anything to fear, and hence to be thwarted by all possible means in every quarter of the globe. Hence we are to support the decaying fabric of the Turkish Empire in Europe, and in Asia we are to view with jealousy and alarm any extension of Russian power in Turkestan.

Is this policy a just or wise one? The writer's conviction is that it is immoral, and rightly doomed to failure.

Take the case of Europe. Could it be right to condemn large masses of a Christian population to continue for ever under Turkish rule ; to say that Athens Belgrade, Bucharest, and Sophia should always remain ruins around the residence of a Turkish Pasha, because England was afraid of some remotely possible danger to her communications with India? Or could it be wise to make ourselves the cat's-paw to pull the chesnuts out of the fire for Austria and Germany,—each so much more interested than ourselves in preventing any hostile power from occupying Constantinople? History has solved this question, and there is not much danger of our again repeating the mistake of the Crimean war, and

lavishing our blood and treasure in a crusade to save Turkey from the effects of its own misgovernment, with the net result of setting up a military despot in France, who inaugurated the system of excessive armaments, and kept all Europe in hot water for a quarter of a century.

But as regards Central Asia, the policy still lingers about our Foreign Office. Let us look at the facts. Districts in Central Asia as large as France are to be kept eternally deserts, because we are afraid that Russia, in subduing the slave-raiding Turcomans, will get within 700 miles of our Indian frontier; and we are afraid because we shrink from the expense of making our Indian frontier, humanly speaking, absolutely secure.

Nature has given us a frontier which is one of the strongest in the world—surrounded as it is by the ocean, by impassable deserts and a great river, and by the rampart of a great mountain chain, of which we command the passes, beyond which lies a country of rugged mountains, inhabited by fierce and fanatical tribes.

Lord Lawrence, and later, Sir Lepel Griffin and Sir Henry Green, have pointed out the folly of a "forward policy" under these conditions.

But even more instructive than any weight of authority is that of history teaching by experience. Twice, and twice only, the "forward policy" has been tried: once by Lord Auckland, a weak man yielding to rash advisers; again by Lord Lytton, urged mainly by the wish of the Home Government to adopt a spirited policy. We know the result. In each case precipitate withdrawal followed. Why, then, with this well-nigh impregnable frontier, should we be afraid of Russian advances in Central Asia? To tell the honest truth, because we do not like to go to the expense of keeping up a sufficient army to make ourselves perfectly secure. We keep an army in India of about 60,000 Europeans and 120,000 natives, and this is as much as India can support without imposing taxes which would make our rule unpopular. This enables us in an emergency to place, perhaps, 30,000 European soldiers and 60,000 natives on our north-west frontier. But that is not quite enough to make us feel that we are absolutely safe. We ought to be able, at any moment when serious danger threatened, to send at a month's notice to India another complete *corps d'armée* of 25,000 or 30,000 men, with ample field artillery and a small reserve of European cavalry. Transport and light cavalry could be provided in India; and native troops, Sikhs, Goorkhas, Rajpoots, and the pick of the armies of the allied States, could easily provide auxiliaries for this European nucleus; so that our army on the frontier might, in less than three months, be raised to a total of 60,000 Europeans and 100,000 picked native troops.

Further, we ought to convert Peshawur and Quetta, and one or two intermediate posts, as Dehra Ismael Khan, into strong fortified places able to stand regular sieges, and place smaller forts in front of these bases, at the mouths of the principal passes.

The bases should be connected by a military railway from Quetta to Peshawur, so that in case of an invasion the bulk of our army could be

rapidly concentrated at the menaced point, or where it could itself menace the communications of the invading army. This done, Russia could not even threaten us, unless she had not only conquered Afghanistan, but so completely assimilated it as to make railways and be able to send large armies across it and find them in supplies, without fear for their communications. This Russia could not do save after a long continued effort, ruinous to her finances, and leaving her helpless against Austria and Germany in regions nearer home, and much more vitally affecting her *prestige* and her interests. It is in the last degree improbable, therefore, that Russia would attempt it; but if she did, we should fight her on our own frontier at a great advantage. We shall be far nearer our base, holding far better strategical positions, and able to place in the fighting line a far larger force. On the other hand, if we fight her on the other side of Afghanistan, all those conditions are reversed; and our Indian Empire would be seriously endangered if we sent a small army across the mountains to attack a larger Russian force, with the certainty that, if we met with a check, our communications would be cut off and our retreat intercepted by the very Afghans whom we had counted on as allies.

The cost of these defences could not be thrown on India without ruining her finances, a greater danger than the remote possibility of Russian invasions. It is a question of a penny in the pound more income-tax. This would give us the 25,000 additional men ready for an emergency, while the money for the fortifications and military railways might be raised in England at 3 per cent., and the interest paid by India.

The fact is, we can do nothing practically to arrest the inevitable advance of the Russian frontier in Central Asia.

When a civilised nation once comes in contact with uncivilised races, the extension of its dominion becomes inevitable until it reaches a natural boundary. Our Indian Empire began with a few trading ports on the sea-coast, and by irresistible progress it absorbed more than the empire of the Moguls. In the last half-century we have annexed British Burmah, the Punjab, Scinde, Oude, Nagpore, and pushed our frontier posts far across the Indus into the heart of Beloochistan.

The same thing has happened with Russia in the progress of her advances into the territory of the raiding Turkomans, and that the task she has undertaken has been a benefit to humanity is beyond question.

At Khiva she broke up the great slave-mart of the East and released thousands of wretched slaves. By taking Gek-Tepe and Merv she destroyed the nests of the man-hunters, and did as good a work as our own Blake when he singed the whiskers of the Dey of Algiers. It is impossible to read the letters of the English correspondents who accompanied Sir P. Lumsden's mission without feeling that it is the "*Pax Russica*," and that alone, which has given a value to the Badghirs and other districts to the north of the Paropamisus, and it is not altogether unreasonable that Russia should claim the inheritance of regions where no Afghan-speaking man ever lived, which have been reclaimed by her

sacrifices, and which would remain the abodes of the wild boar and wild ass, if her protecting sword were withdrawn.

What the motives of Russia may have been is beside the question. It may be that as long as she finds England persisting in a policy of irreconcilable hostility to Russia in all quarters of the globe, her statesmen wish to have a position in Asia from which she can menace us in India if we menace her in Europe. But, be this as it may, we neither could have stopped this progress if we wished, nor ought we to have done so if we could. Hence it was in the last degree impolitic for us to ask, and for Russia to give, pledges at each successive step against farther advances. It could not alter the course of events, and could only serve to generate bad feeling and misunderstandings between the two countries. It could only serve also to create the danger we wished to guard against, by making people, ignorant of the real facts, believe that our Indian Empire was in jeopardy whenever a Cossack outpost moved a few versts farther south.

When we talk of perfidy in these cases, it is a charge which may be made against all nations who find themselves compelled to do things to-day which yesterday they had no idea of doing. If we had been asked five years before we annexed British Burmah or Scinde, whether we had any intention of extending the frontier of our Indian Empire, we should have said No, and said so in perfect good faith. If France had been asked five years ago whether she contemplated annexing Tunis and Tonquin she would have said No. Russia, like all other nations, acts in such matters as her interests at the time seem to her to require, and her fault has been in giving assurances which it was almost certain she would not be able to keep. We, on the other hand, have been foolish in asking for diplomatic pledges and placing any reliance on them. We ought to have made up our minds to draw our own line, where we really meant to make a stand, and could do so with effect, and, intimating this to Russia in a firm though friendly tone, leave her to herself to do as she liked beyond it. Even as regards Herat, we should be neither better nor worse for a diplomatic engagement from Russia never to attack it. Let her clearly understand that if she does attack it we shall consider it a *casus belli*. If she has made up her mind to go to war with England, a paper treaty would not stop her, for some plausible excuse can always be found, and war abrogates treaties. If, on the other hand, she does not wish to plunge into a great war with England, treaty or no treaty, she will not attack Herat.

But has Russia really any settled design of attacking India? Russia cannot attempt it without absorbing Afghanistan, a task which means complete financial ruin, disaffection at home, and the transfer to Austria of paramount influence at Constantinople and over the Slavonic peoples of European Turkey.

It is as difficult to conceive a wise Russian statesman sacrificing those objects or the remote possibility of a successful invasion of India, as it is to imagine a statesmanlike British minister submitting to be turned out of Egypt by France for the sake of drawing the frontier line of Afghanistan fifty or sixty rather than ten or twenty miles north of any territory ever tenanted by a single Afghan.

And yet this is what the Conservative leaders want us to do, for if there is one thing clearer than another, it is that France is on the watch to see us engaged in war with Russia, in order to put forward demands in Egypt which we cannot admit without an entire sacrifice of our interests and honour. What would be in

store for us from this quarter directly the first shot was fired in a war with Russia is evident enough from what has already occurred with regard to the Egyptian Financial Convention, the Suez Canal, and the incident of the *Bosphore Egyptien*. In fact the greatest of all objections to the Russophobic policy is, that it draws a red herring across the scent, and diverts our attention from what must always be the real danger to this country, that of a collision with France. It is not from accident that while we have been so long allied with Russia, and have had only one war with her, which every one now admits to have been a mistake, the history of centuries has been one almost uninterrupted record of wars between England and France. No one can value more highly than I do the importance of friendly relations between the two countries, or feel more deeply the immense disaster which an Anglo-French war would be to both nations and to civilisation generally. But we should be blind to the teachings of history if we shut our eyes to the fact that there are far more serious causes of rivalry between England and France than between England and Russia, or any other foreign Power. We are rivals at sea, rivals in Egypt, rivals for colonial empire; we have points of collision in Burmah, Siam, Madagascar, New Caledonia; recollections like those of Blenheim and Waterloo, of the Nile and Trafalgar, of the loss of India and Canada, are only too apt to rankle in the mind of the defeated party. While our Russophobic press and politicians rave about the perfidy of Russia, Paris, on the slightest provocation, screams out defiance to "la perfide Albion;" and if intemperance of language and passionate prejudice could do it, we should be speedily involved in a triangular duel, in which France fired into England, who retorted by firing into Russia. A war with France would be a far more serious affair than one with Russia. It is difficult to see what harm we could do one another, or what conditions of peace we could dictate if Russia, tired of the war, gave us a blank sheet of paper on which to write our own terms. But with France it would be "à la mort," a duel in which deadly thrusts might be exchanged. To avoid a war with France ought therefore to be the cardinal principle of our foreign policy, and to do this the best way is to avoid disputes with other Powers, to fortify ourselves with strong alliances, and above all to "keep our powder dry," and beware of letting our army and navy, especially our navy, run down to a point where the result of a war might even seem to be doubtful.

Mr. Gladstone has to a great extent condoned past errors and retrieved his reputation by saving the country from a great war by an honourable compromise. The Conservative leaders, on the other hand, have made their return to power impossible by adopting the policy of forcing on a war with Russia at a time and place when we should fight with least advantage.

That the time is the worst possible is obvious from the fact that the Great Powers are united in what is practically a league of hostile neutrality. That the place is the worst possible is equally evident from the fact that we cannot attempt to march through a doubtful Afghanistan, seven hundred miles from our base, to fight Russia on the disputed frontier, without the most serious risk; while it is questionable whether we could attack her in the Black Sea without raising the gravest European complications.

Say, for the sake of argument, that I am wrong in all I have said, and that Russia really has the designs which politicians of the Ashmead-Bartlett school attribute to her. Can there be greater folly than to insist on "having it out with

her" now, at the time and place where we are at the greatest disadvantage, if it be possible to postpone it to a time when we may not be so destitute of allies, so engaged in Egypt, and so behindhand in naval and military armaments as we are at present?

The only question is the point of national honour, and the writer believes that the compromise is perfectly consistent with it. The Frontier question is really insignificant, and the boundary line running south of Penjdeh is distinctly a better line for the Afghans, as the Ameer has the good sense to see.

But the attack of General Komaroff raised a question of honour and good faith, and when I read the first account of it I thought, in common with the rest of the world, that we had no alternative but to demand an apology. But the case assumed a very different aspect when it appeared that the place to which Komaroff advanced was only the Turcoman name for Pul-i-Khisti, where his outposts were already stationed before the 19th March; and when Sir Peter Lumsden's own despatch showed that the Afghans shifted their position after that date, and gradually passed the bulk of their force across the Khusk, the question was narrowed to this. It was admitted on both sides that the Afghans did advance; but General Komaroff called it a provocative advance threatening his communications, while Sir Peter Lumsden called it a defensive advance to meet Russian demonstrations. It would be too absurd for two great nations to engage in a great war because an admitted advance of the Afghans was thought by the gallant officers on one side to be provocative, and by those on the other side to be defensive. If ever there was a question which, without putting the officers on either side on their trial, might be properly left to a friendly arbitrator to pronounce an impartial opinion upon, it is this. How will the honour of either country be affected if the arbitrator should say that both Governments acted in good faith, but that owing to the distance and difficulty of communications, there were regrettable misunderstandings which led to the conflict?

There remains the question of prestige, and here it is difficult to understand that we should lose prestige in India or elsewhere by accepting a fair compromise with Russia, after having shown our readiness to fight in case of need, and that with the active support of our Colonies and the loyal co-operation of our Indian subjects and allies.

If we avail ourselves of the opportunity of strengthening our naval and military forces, fortifying our Indian frontier and our colonial harbours and coaling stations; and if we resolve for the future to think more of the security of the empire and less of buying votes at elections by bringing in popular budgets, instead of losing prestige we shall gain it, and look upon the crisis we have passed through as a happy turning-point in the destinies of our world-wide empire. So also if we profit by experience, we shall know better where our dangers lie, and whom we can trust, and reflect on the enormous mistake we made in alienating our old and natural ally, Germany, whose friendship, dictated by community of race and interests, cemented by historical recollections, and carrying with it the good will of Austria and Italy, would, if united with England, give an immense preponderance to the Conservative elements in Europe, secure for a long period the peace of the world, and assist the progress of civilisation.



## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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MR. GLADSTONE AS A FOREIGN MINISTER.—Judging from the almost universal prevalence of strong Conservative sentiments throughout Anglo-India, many of our readers would, we imagine, be at a loss to state what possible defence could be made, even by his most thorough-going supporters, of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy. In the article before us Mr. Guinness Rogers, appearing, not for the first time, as the spokesman of the liberal Nonconformists, explains the secret of the loyalty of that body to Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Rosebery lately observed that the policy of the Tory party is summed up in aversion to Mr. Gladstone.

The one point on which they are all agreed is that the present Government is the most unprincipled and incompetent Administration which ever mismanaged the affairs of an unfortunate country, and that the Prime Minister is the incarnation of all their faults—their incapacity, their sentimentalism, their vacillation. So far as the world can see, there is nothing which binds the party together except this common antipathy. The constant repetition of votes of censure has provoked comment, but under the circumstances the phenomenon is more curious than surprising. Such motions are the only weapons of attack available, since it would be hard to find any other point on which the united vote of the party could be secured. Its members do not even attempt to conceal the differences by which they are honeycombed, differences which do not affect passing questions of policy or the rivalries of personal ambition, but which go to the very root of principle. There does not appear to be even an approach to

agreement on the most pressing questions, whether of domestic or foreign policy, and naturally, therefore, the Opposition confine themselves to mere negations, which may all be expressed in the one article of their creed, "We do not believe in Gladstone!"

Warning has lately been given in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* of the perils of "Cæsarism," and it is impossible to deny that there was reason for the monition. But Mr. Gladstone's rule, absolute though it be, can hardly be comprehended under the true definition of Cæsarism.

"Cæsarism" expresses the power of a single will ; but it is the power of coercion, not of conviction or persuasion. It is removed as far as possible from that which Mr. Gladstone enjoys, and which, so far as I can understand, is absolutely unique in our history. No one, however, can be insensible to the possible dangers of a personality so commanding as his. The power he enjoys in virtue not so much of his unrivalled genius as of the trust which his party have in his broad, popular sympathies, and his impregnable political virtue, might be obtained by less worthy means. It might be the result of a wholesale system of management, if not of bribery, as in the case of Sir Robert Walpole ; it might be secured by a dexterous handling of opposing parties, so as to induce a state of political apathy and stagnation, as in the case of Lord Palmerston ; it might have been built upon the clever manipulation of Parliamentary groups, or upon an unworthy pandering to the worst follies of the people, as during the recent *régime* in France. The less, therefore, the purely personal element is prominent in our political controversies the better. It cannot be wholly excluded, it is not desirable that it should be. Principles affect the understanding, persons move the heart. It is hard to stir a multitude to enthusiasm for a principle until it is incarnated in a great leader. But it is of infinite importance that the personal feeling should not become the chief, still less the sole, motive of action. The services Mr. Gladstone has rendered to the popular cause cannot easily be calculated, but splendid as they have been, they would be insufficient to compensate for the permanent injury which would be done to Liberalism if devotion to a man, however eminent, were to be substituted for loyalty to a principle.

The course pursued by the Tory party during the last five years is to blame for the tendency to convert political conflicts into a rivalry between opposing chiefs.

It has been to some extent the result of the influence of Lord Beaconsfield and his extraordinary mode of educating his party. His tortuous policy must often have been a puzzle to devoted followers, whose loyalty he certainly put to a very severe strain. Every new revelation as to the internal state of the Tory party during the last forty years shows how slow was the growth of confidence in the chief who won for it the most signal victory of the period ; but ultimately his success gave him so absolute a hold upon their allegiance that Toryism became devotion to Lord Beaconsfield. His death, therefore, left the party not only without a head, but without a policy, and it would not be extravagant to say without a principle. The Primrose League, with its sentimentalisms and puerilities, is a confession of impotence, such as has seldom been made by any great party. Memorial primroses are a poor substitute for living principles. They are a proclamation that the strength of Toryism is in the coffin there

with Cæsar, and an endeavour to use the name and memory of the departed statesman as weapons against his surviving rival. Success in such an attempt was impossible, and as the influence of the dead has waned away, the difficulties of the party have increased. They have found no new man to inspire the same enthusiasm as their lost leader, and they have therefore had to take refuge in a passionate hatred (real or stimulated—it is often hard to say which) of Mr. Gladstone. They have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in their attacks upon the Prime Minister, and though it is clear that they have made no impression upon the mind of the country, they continue still to ring the changes on their familiar accusations of incompetence, fickleness, vacillation, procrastination, and we know not how many follies or crimes besides.

Mr. Rogers has strong words of condemnation for the fiery denunciations of heated orators or prejudiced journalists, which are apt to be taken by foreign statesmen, and still more by foreign journalists as literal statements of fact.

The world has been told in a variety of ways that Great Britain is in the hands of a Government which does not know its own mind, which is afraid of its own shadow, which will yield anything to pressure. It would have been strange if such representations, put forth with such confidence and reiterated with such pertinacity, had not made some impression upon foreign Powers. Mr. W. H. Smith, in recent criticism upon Mr. Gladstone, distinctly asserted that our difficulties with Continental States, and especially with Russia, are mainly due to a belief in the weakness and pliability of the Ministry. What may pertinently be asked is, how is it that foreign Powers have got this impression? Mainly through the representations of opponents whose patriotism has not been able to restrain their political rancour, or even to teach them the first principles of justice in their judgments of statesmen whose views do not happen to be in accord with their own.

The *Times*, for instance, has been steadily opposed to Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, and had it confined itself to fair argument and insistence on its own view, no one could have objected.

What is deserving of censure is the unfairness with which it has misrepresented the Ministry, utterly regardless of the effect produced in countries where faith in the *Times* still survives. The one fault of Mr. Gladstone is that he has refused to listen to the counsels of the *Times*. There may, of course, be legitimate differences of opinion as to his wisdom in this respect. This much, however, must be said, that the policy advocated by the *Times* would have been in direct contravention of Mr. Gladstone's express declaration, in violation of the principles on which the victory of 1880 was won, in opposition to the vast preponderance of Liberal opinion throughout the country. The *Times* might fairly have argued that circumstances nevertheless compelled the adoption of such a course, and that if the Government felt itself precluded, either by considerations of principle or the distinct pledges of its members, and especially its chiefs from taking it, its duty was to make way for statesmen who were not thus hampered. But unfortunately there were no indications of sufficient strength and resolution on the part of the Opposition to induce it to pursue this straightforward policy. It has therefore posed as the impartial and independent advocate

of vigour, and has denounced the Government, not for preferring another policy to its own, which is its real offence, but for vacillation and feebleness, of which there is no proof at all. In reality there has been no faltering of purpose, and it has been the strength, not the weakness—the resolution, not the hesitating uncertainty—of the Government by which the *Times* has been provoked. But it did not suit its purpose to confess so much. It preferred rather to assume that only one line of action was possible, and that if the Ministry did not exhibit what it regarded as energy—that is, if it did not assume the supreme authority in Egypt, as the legitimate prize of Tel-el-Kebir, it was due to its own inherent weakness.

It is not true that in opposing the aggressive tendencies and dishonourable proceedings of the late Government Mr. Gladstone accepted the position of the Peace Society. Nothing in the Midlothian speeches will support such a contention.

We soon forget contemporary history, and that may explain the oblivion to which the incident of 1877 and the lesson which it taught as to Mr. Gladstone's character have been consigned. In May of that year he brought forward a series of resolutions as to the action of the Government relative to Turkey. He was not at the time the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, though he was unquestionably the true representative of Liberal opinion in the country. His resolutions were intended to make for peace, and had they been accepted by the Beaconsfield Ministry as the basis of its policy, the probability is that they would have averted the war which shortly afterwards broke out. But there was a possibility, however remote, that Turkey might refuse to bow even before the combined influence of Great Britain and Russia, and in that event this country would have been honourably committed to coercive action. On this ground the supporters of the Peace Society refused to concur in them. The danger of war was infinitesimally small, but rather than risk it they connived at the triumph of a policy which made war inevitable. I do not refer to this with the view of censuring them because men who are faithful to principle are to be commended, not censured, unless indeed they are intolerant of the principles held by others with a conscientiousness equal to their own. I cite it simply as an indication of the wide difference which has always existed between Mr. Gladstone and those who now denounce him as though he had deserted their cause. The truth is, he was never with them. Opposed to everything that had even the semblance of aggressive war, strongly averse even to the mildest form of Chauvinism, intent on preserving the most friendly relations between different States, willing to exhaust every possible expedient for the settlement of international controversies before appealing to the arbitrament of war, he has nevertheless consistently opposed the policy recommended by the Peace Society, as incompatible with the position of a nation like our own, and has always shown himself ready to fulfil such obligations as the country has honourably contracted and to defend her authority whenever it has been assailed.

Mr. Gladstone may rightly claim to be judged by his own declarations as to the true foreign policy of the country. Those declarations are sufficiently distinct and explicit.

He first lays down the necessity for developing and husbanding the resources of the nation, so that it may be prepared for great emergencies, should they unfortunately arise. He then, in accordance with that well-known declaration of Lord Derby's, which has become a kind of Liberal watchword (may it not rather be said, a maxim of common sense in politics?), that the greatest of British interests is peace, insists that the first object of British statesmen should be to "preserve to the nations of the world, and specially, were it but for shame when we recollect the sacred name we bear as Christians, especially to the Christian nations of the world, the blessings of peace." In order to secure this, he next lays down as a cardinal idea of his policy the necessity for maintaining the concert of Europe, "because, by keeping all in union together, you neutralise and fetter and bind up the selfish aims of each." His other rules of action are: "Avoid needless and entangling engagements," "acknowledge the equal rights of all nations," and "subject to all the limitations I have described, the foreign policy of England should always be inspired by the love of freedom." There is nothing tame or spiritless here. The tone is pacific, the guiding principle is the love of righteousness and liberty, but there is no faltering of resolution. He would have the country act in the spirit of justice and conciliation; above all, he would have it abjure that tone of lofty superiority which is as offensive in nations as in individuals—the "untrue, arrogant, and dangerous assumption that we are entitled to assume for ourselves some dignity which we should also be entitled to withhold from others, and to claim on our own part authority to do things which we would not permit to be done by others." But there is not a word to suggest that he would have the nation faithless to any obligation which it has contracted, or surrender any right to which it is entitled.

The five years which have passed since those memorable speeches were delivered have disappointed the hopes of multitudes, and of no one more than the speaker himself. Instead of peace we have had war, rumours of war, trembling anxieties as to probabilities of war.

At that time Mr. Gladstone was troubled about the excessive burden of government which was laid upon the nation, but that burden has been largely increased. He deprecated extension of territory, and we have had annexation upon annexation. By a cruel irony of circumstance the Government have done—as we hold, have been forced into doing—the very things which they desired not to do, and have, therefore, had to leave undone some of the very things which they were most anxious to do. It is not difficult to make out a very telling case against them, so long as we look at appearances only; but the remarkable feature is that their accusers, who lack neither the will nor the ability to use the materials for an indictment, have absolutely failed to convince the nation that the Ministry deserve the censures so freely lavished upon them.

It is not suggested that the Ministry have not committed any blunders. They are not superhuman, and, however excellent their intentions, it is certain that they must sometimes have made mistakes in the measures they have taken for carrying them into effect. The claim set up for Mr. Gladstone is that he is an able and upright statesman, not that he is an infallible Minister. His difficulties, as impartial observers cannot fail to see, are mainly a legacy bequeathed to him.

by his predecessors, and their number is legion. Mr. Joseph Cowen, in one of his splendid bursts of rhetoric, treats such a plea as a sign of cowardice. But rhetoric cannot alter facts, and the fact is that from the first the Prime Minister has been struggling against the conditions of a situation he did nothing to create. If, while seeking to steer his way amid such complications, he had never made a mistake, he would certainly be a phoenix among statesmen. But the common sense of the English people has enabled them to discriminate between mistakes due to those imperfections either in knowledge or in judgment which belong to all human actions, and crimes involving infidelity to principle.

Every one now wishes that we had not meddled with Egyptian affairs, but no one has yet suggested a different policy which would have had a chance of being approved by the country, or which would not in all probability have led to evils worse than those which are now present. There can be no difference of opinion among candid men as to the motive, at any rate, of the policy adopted.

That there was no idea of national aggrandisement at its root has been demonstrated almost *usque ad nauseam*. The action of the Government might easily have been made stronger if annexation had been its object. We have lately had sufficient proof that annexation would not have been accomplished with the ease which its ardent advocates supposed, but at least it would have saved the Ministry from the taunts continually directed against their supposed weakness. The real difficulty of their position has been that their responsibility was unlimited, while their control was restricted by respect for the Egyptian Government. On England, for example, has come a very large share of the penalty for General Hicks's hare-brained expedition into the Soudan, and yet all her influence was employed, but employed in vain, to prevent its despatch. Tory critics have inveighed against the Ministry as though they were the guilty authors of all the bloodshed and misery of that reckless and ill-fated campaign; but the accusation is only another form of attacking the Ministry for not undertaking, as they phrase it, the responsibilities of their position—in other words for not asserting the supremacy of this country, whether by a protectorate or by annexation.

The Ministerial action in the Soudan is a part of their policy which even Mr. Gladstone's apologist has found himself unable to support; but he believes it to have been to a large extent inevitable. The initial error, which involved all the rest, was the mission of General Gordon.

It would, as can be generally seen now, have been better to leave the garrisons to make their own terms; but public feeling had been wrought up to the highest pitch by highly coloured pictures of their danger, and wild denunciations of the wicked Ministry which was leaving them to their fate. Gordon was the hero of the hour, and a cry went up that he should be sent as their deliverer. The recollections of that time are not pleasant or edifying. An excited and unscrupulous Opposition stirring popular passion by all kinds of devices; an enthusiastic editor pouring forth evening by evening his wild tirades against the delay of the Government, and demanding that the man whom he had set up as the hero of the age should be sent to retrieve the fortunes of the country; the

people, puzzled, bewildered, stirred alike in their best and worst feelings necessarily ignorant of the actual merits of the case, but more or less influenced by their teachers to believe that there was need for some heroic and even desperate measures ; did not furnish a very edifying spectacle to the world. Sentiment was in the ascendant, and it is never likely to be a very safe guide in shaping national policy. It was all the worse in this case because it was in strange and unwonted alliance with a selfishness which knew how to use it, but in its secret heart regarded it with contemptuous scorn. To defy this extraordinary alliance of lofty Christian chivalry and unscrupulous mammon worship would not have been easy under the most favourable conditions, but the conditions were all adverse. \*It may be said that the Ministry ought to have resisted *à outrance* and to have retired from office rather than yield. But the question was one of method, not of principle. It was the sending out of a "forlorn hope" in the interests of peace, and even those who werethemselves least satisfied as to the feasibility of the attempt might be disposed to venture it rather than lose even an infinitesimal chance of rescuing the garrisons or contribute to the triumph of a party whose policy, if they could be said to have a policy at all, would in their judgment be fraught with permanent injury both to Egypt and to England.

The tragic fate of Gordon has necessarily coloured our view of the whole transaction. It may be said that it ought to have been foreseen, and that so valuable a life ought not to have been risked ; but to that statement I must enter a demurrer. Even in the tribute of admiration and of sorrow which we render to the memory of Gordon, we ought not to be unjust to the Ministry. Gordon was a true Paladin of Christian chivalry, a hero *sans peur et sans reproche*, a man who makes us think better of humanity, one of those noble, unselfish, loyal and pure spirits who have the highest place in the aristocracy of true worth. But he was one of the most difficult and impracticable agents with whom any Government could possibly have had to deal. In fairness to Ministers who have had to suffer enough for their connection with him, I am compelled to express my own conviction (shared by numbers whose admiration for Gordon keeps them silent) that the troubles which clouded the months which preceded the cruel death he suffered at the hands of a dastard traitor, and in which the Ministry have been so inextricably involved, were largely of his own creation and such as could not have been anticipated.

Since the fall of Khartoum, the Government have necessarily had to wait on events. The Mahdi was expected to follow up his success, and it was necessary to be prepared for a movement northward. For the moment, the danger seemed formidable, and the cry for energetic action was irresistible. All the measures then taken were adapted to this view of the situation, and some of them appear very unintelligible now to those who conveniently forget the changed state of circumstances. The Mahdi's power, reported to be so formidable, appears suddenly to have collapsed, and instead of advancing to Cairo at the head of a mighty fanatical host, he has to fight for his own authority and to retire on Kordofan. As a necessary consequence, the anxiety as to the safety of our own army has materially abated, if it has not altogether passed way. The Ministry have only accepted the logic of events in withdrawing the army.

There is a real and substantial difference between the inspiring principle of Mr. Gladstone's policy and that of Lord Beaconsfield.

The ends which the former has always kept in view have been the maintenance of the European Concert, the preparation for free institutions in Egypt, the provision for the withdrawal of our forces at the first opportunity. From first to last there is no proof that he has struck a blow for mere prestige; that he has aimed at territorial aggrandisement; that he has been indifferent to the rights of weaker people; least of all, that he has harboured a thought of personal ambition. Events may have thwarted his efforts, but they have never caused him to swerve from his righteous purpose. And it is the instinctive sense of this which has so infuriated his critics as to create most of the difficulties by which he has found himself surrounded.

Lord Beaconsfield was more to the taste of foreign ministers, especially those with ambitious purposes of their own, because there was more hope of entangling him in their intrigues. The statesman whose ideas of honour allowed him to make secret treaties, and to take an island as an honorarium from a client state, had already become as one of themselves. In Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, they feel that they have a minister who is absolutely without these ambitious dreams, and they hate him accordingly. A like sentiment, embittered by the knowledge of his popularity and resentment of the humiliation he has inflicted on their party, prevails among his opponents in this country. All worshippers of prestige, all who believe that Great Britain has a right to be the dictator of the world, and in truth to "bestride it like a Colossus," all who are perpetually on the outlook for insults, and demanding that we should be forever asserting our supremacy, dislike and distrust him. His ideas of national greatness and national duty are so different from theirs that they doubt his patriotism. He will not run to the same excess of riot in arrogance with them, and therefore he must be faint-hearted if not cowardly. Yet with strange inconsistency those who talk so loftily about the dignity of their country have often stooped to assail Mr. Gladstone, because he is unacceptable to the representatives of foreign despots, and, as a reason for elevating his rival to power, have suggested that he is a *persona grata* to Prince Bismarck. Their hatred of the Prime Minister is stronger than their love of their country, or at least this is the only interpretation which can be put upon their language and their conduct.

A more unfortunate element to enter into the discussion of our foreign policy could not easily be imagined. It is bad enough that all the details, either of the most delicate negotiations or the critical movements in a campaign, should be discussed in the most unreserved manner both in the press and in Parliament. We have a body of newspaper correspondents who know everything and everybody, who can report the discussions in Cabinets and divine the exact strategy of generals, who have exact and full information on every question that can possibly be raised as to any part of the universe, and whose judgment is equal to their knowledge. The statesman or general who has to do his work under their inspection has no easy task, and the difficulty is aggravated by the fact that in the House of Commons are men prompt to act upon the hints the journalists throw out, and to hail upon the devoted heads of anxious and perplexed ministers



every evening a storm of questions, sometimes ignorant, sometimes insolent, always mischievous, suggested by their statements of the morning and afternoon. How under such conditions a foreign policy can be carried out with any consistency and resplution, it is not easy to understand, but the situation is made infinitely worse when into the discussion is infused such personal virulence as that by which certain members of the Opposition have disgraced themselves, and, as far as in them lay, damaged the reputation of Parliament.

Events like the recent uproarious "scene" in the House of Commons (cleverly depicted in *Punch*) have far-reaching consequences.

These displays weaken the influence of the minister abroad, and consciously or unconsciously they must affect his own spirit. Working under a scrutiny always jealous and not unfrequently dishonest, exposed to awkward and inconvenient questions which may cut the threads of the policy he has most carefully woven, harassed by votes of censure so persistent and yet so unintelligent that they are announced even before it is known what there is to censure, how is it possible that he can act with unvarying wisdom and unchanging resolution? "I see," said the Duke of Argyll—and who can doubt the truth of the remark?—"a most dissatisfied and unrestful state of the public mind." But the restlessness is largely the result of the incessant goads applied by speakers and journalists, in order to keep up a sensational state of feeling. Recklessness of speech, and recklessness at the very time and on the very points on which restraint is most needed, is the most characteristic and dangerous feature in the political life of to-day. "Half a dozen superannuated washerwomen could hardly have made a more conspicuous exhibition of vacuity of mind and of ignorance of the points of the controversy," is the polite comment of an evening paper upon the work of all the daily press of London. It is simply a sign of the temper that is abroad. Smartness is mistaken for brilliancy and dogmatism for force, feelings of courtesy are discarded, and a slashing style is adopted to give an appearance of strength which does not really exist. As in the press, so in the utterances of public men. Lord Randolph Churchill, already all but accepted as the successor to the leadership of the Tory party in the Commons, attacks Lord Granville in a letter worthy of the *Age* or *Satirist* of a former generation, and the Prime Minister can hardly give a necessary reply in the House of Commons because of interruptions which for the time convert what was once a chamber of gentlemen into a den of rowdiness. That latest scene of all (at least the latest at the time of writing) was one of which Englishmen may well be ashamed, and yet the *Times* dismisses one of the most pathetic and dignified appeals of the veteran statesman of seventy-five years against insolent vulgarity to which even the youngest member of the House ought not to have been exposed, but against which the Prime Minister of England had to contend, as called forth "in a moment of irritation due to unseemly interruptions."

Amid the miserable wranglings for place there is a danger of partisans forgetting that the security of the Indian Empire is being trifled with. Whether we like it or not, the advances of Russia in Central Asia have in a sense destroyed the insular position of England.

As the Duke of Argyll showed in the temperate and extremely able speech which introduced a discussion in the House of Lords that will be hailed by all thoughtful

men as a welcome relief from the heated and passionate objurgations with which we are too familiar in the Commons, that is the starting point for the consideration of the whole question. For the territorial conquests which have brought Russia to the Afghan frontier, or, as Mr. Marvin and his school would choose to put it, to the gates of Herat, Mr. Gladstone's ministry are in no sense responsible. Her progress has been steady and continuous under all ministries alike. It is not possible for us to have prevented it, and if it had been possible it would not have been expedient or desirable. Even Sir Bartle Frere, in warning us of the danger which must menace our Indian Empire in consequence of that advance, honestly confessed that the impulse which forced Russia onward "is the same as that which impelled ourselves from Calcutta to Peshawur." We had as little right to complain as we had power to interfere. These regions are sufficiently remote from our own sphere of operations. Our people have been imposed upon by the clamour of Russophobists, who have taken advantage of the popular ignorance of geography on the one hand and the popular hatred of Russia on the other. The "Russians at the gates of Herat" has been a taking cry, and when it has been enforced by the story of Russian aggression told in an impressive style so as to emphasise the lesson of the wicked ambition and unscrupulous conduct of a government which of course is the first that ever annexed savage tribes and that pleaded that the extension of territory was forced upon it, has been extremely effective in stirring up ignorant prejudice and blind passion. It is time there were a truce to such transparent hypocrisy. It were easy to parallel by a recital of events in the history of our own Indian Empire, Lord Randolph Churchill's indictment of Russia, which, as a contribution to the serious discussion of the present question, was about as relevant and as conclusive as a chapter from the history of the Jewish wars against the Canaanites.

Mr. Rogers is not much alarmed at Russia's proximity to Herat; it is a fortress that does not belong to us at all; it is hundreds of miles away from the mountain range and the wide river which constitute the true frontier of India; it is in possession of a people who regard all our movements with jealousy, and who, if they are our allies to-day, are just as likely to be our enemies to-morrow.

In the recent Blue Book on the negotiation with Russia Mr. Rogers finds nothing of which the English Ministry need be ashamed.

It is possible that the Russian ministers had a clearer understanding of the crucial points. It was indeed only natural they should, considering how important a place Central Asia must fill in their administrative system. They are on their own ground, with innumerable agents who have access to every source of information, whereas our representatives are far from their own territory, and have to rely upon the reports of natives which can never be trustworthy. If under such conditions the Russian negotiators showed more adroitness and skill it is not a matter of surprise, and certainly not a reason for reproach to our government. It is not to be denied that Russia does not appear to advantage in this correspondence. I for one do not trust her professions, and I trust them least when they are most specious. She knew the value of the cards

she held, and she has sought to play them with all the skill she could command. But a dislike to her tone and spirit, or even a resentment of her ambitious projects, would not justify a great statesman in plunging his country into war. Even if it could be proved that Mr. Gladstone had been too yielding, that would be excused or be regarded as but a slight fault by the people whom he has saved from the terrors of war. But of unworthy concession there is no trace, and common justice demands that some evidence of this be adduced before we are required to condemn the government for a humiliating and even shameful surrender.

As to the attack on Mr. Gladstone for his statement relating to the agreement or arrangement of March 13, the worst that can be said of it is that he had unconsciously exaggerated the effect of the communications which had passed between M. Giers and Sir G. Thornton. But Lord Randolph Churchill should have left the weapon in the hands of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for in his lordship's hand it is a two-edged sword, which, if it injures Mr. Gladstone, injures him but slightly, while it entirely destroys his own case. Grant that he is right, and Russia has a strong and seemingly unanswerable defence in relation to her conduct at Penjdeh. His lordship, in his excessive eagerness to trip up Mr. Gladstone, had disposed of his own charge of perfidy against Russia. It is, after all, only an incident in the affair which shows how easily misunderstandings arise and how severe their consequences may be, and which at the same time vindicates the wisdom of the Prime Minister in referring the matter to arbitration.

The attack on Penjdeh seemed at first to be a breach on the part of Russia of an engagement on which England was bound to insist, and it is referred to an arbitrator to decide whether this is so or not. The writer thinks that no more rational procedure could have been adopted.

The battle was an affair of outposts sufficiently melancholy for the victims, but having no political significance whatever, except it could be proved to be an act of high-handed and insolent faithlessness. On that point the two Governments join issue. To have lighted up the flames of war for the purpose of deciding whether Russia had carried out her own engagements would have been an offence against Christianity and civilisation. Millions on millions of money would have been wasted, thousands and tens of thousands of lives sacrificed, and in the end the only points established would have been which nation had the longest purse or the most resolute endurance, the ablest strategists or the bravest soldiers. The question in dispute would have remained exactly where it was at the beginning. Mr. Gladstone has preferred the "more excellent way." He deserves the gratitude of the nation and of the world for the courage he has shown in braving the fury of those who fancy that the nation can only prove its spirit by wasting its resources in war. Of all the acts of a noble life I venture to think this will be esteemed by posterity the noblest of all.

The recent debate in the House of Lords afforded very remarkable evidence that a new view regarding the true frontier of India is commending itself to statesmen of all parties, and that the Suleiman range and the river Indus ought to make our position

impregnable from the north. The defence of India is no party question, and even as regards Russia it is to be doubted whether there is any great difference of opinion between Liberals and Tories.

Lord Randolph Churchill hardly distrusts Russia more than I do. The point where the real distinction commences is as to the attitude we are to assume towards her. Is it to be one of incessant hostility, or one of careful observation but at the same time of a friendly understanding? The Tory leaders have taken the former, and it would be impossible long to keep the peace with a great Power if the statesmen at the head of affairs speak of her as the Tory chiefs have spoken of Russia. No explanations can take away the force of the swindler or bankrupt alternative, or of that dashing speech in the House of Commons by which Lord Randolph Churchill signalised his return to the field. If the nation desires war, here are the men to fulfil its behest. They refuse, indeed, to shadow forth their policy, but here they reveal their spirit, and the nation has to choose between them and the Government. No third course is open.

It is not difficult to understand why Tories, and those who profess to be Liberals in domestic but Tories in foreign policy, oppose Mr. Gladstone; for he is the stoutest opponent of the Imperialist idea. But how is it that he is distrusted by some who plume themselves on being the friends of peace.

Nothing is more certain than that he has advanced as far as any statesman could venture to do on the lines of a pacific policy, and it has been difficult enough for him to do even so much. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose the English people would be brought to approve a policy of universal scuttle, and few greater evils could come to the Liberal or Radical party than the spread of a belief that it would calmly contemplate the prospect of a national humiliation. Mr. Gladstone has never countenanced such an idea. He set before the people an ideal of a policy which shall be decided and yet conciliatory, just to others while firm in the maintenance of its own rights, slow to engage in strife but prompt and vigorous in action should necessity arise. The advantage of this has been felt in these difficulties with Russia; and the calmness with which, in circumstances of special provocation, the nation awaits the result, proves that, underlying all the foolish talk of the hour, there is a strong confidence in the man at the helm.

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## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A HINT TO PEOPLE WITH MODEST MEANS.—There is a large class of persons who seem to be out of place at home, who would make excellent settlers in the British colonies if they could only be induced to go there. The number of Englishmen who live on the continent, because they cannot afford to live in England, is to be counted literally by thousands.

A man with from four hundred to eight hundred a year finds that, as his family increases, he cannot keep his place in society in London or Brighton or Cheltenham. He does not care to settle in the country, where a gentleman not a landowner is a very secondary person, and he is even less inclined to migrate into a cheap suburb of London or a small country town. He is, in many cases, a retired officer, or a barrister, that is accustomed to work in some form, and he does not at first understand how completely life in a Continental town will shut him out from his old interests and from any possible form of activity. In some respects his change to Tours or Dresden or Florence is an extremely pleasant one. His income does a great deal more than it did; his wife is a little less troubled with housekeeping; his children find good teachers at low rates; and he himself has the English Club, at which he meets his countrymen and reads the papers. Gradually, however, he discovers that time hangs very heavy on his hands, and his family find out that an idle man is a household nuisance.

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When the boys grow up and ought to be entering professions, they are at a disadvantage from their foreign training. They cannot compete on even terms with the English public school boy for scholarships or for Civil Service appointments. They are not of the class which furnishes merchant's clerks, and their training as linguist serves them in little stead.

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Their sisters are scarcely more fortunate. If they are entitled to a little property, they are marked by small fortune hunters of the countries in which they

live, and marry to change their faith, to lose their nationality, and to endure all the discomforts of settlement for life among aliens. Even if the average Continental husband be as good as the average Englishman, his relations and friends are never likely to be quite as cordial to the foreign wife as her own countrymen would be.

Now the Australian colonies at this moment offer peculiar advantages to the man of small fortune where his capital is in his own hands ; the £10,000 that produce him 400 or 500 a year would yield him from 600 to 800 on first mortgages at the Antipodes. Assuming, however, that his money is tied up, under settlements, in investments that only yield 3 or 4 per cent.,—even so, he may live in the country or in a country town in the colonies as cheaply as he could live in Germany or Italy.

It often happens that a good country house can be bought or rented cheap, and if the settler prefers to buy, he will easily be able to get the larger part of the purchase-money from a building society, or to arrange with the vendor for leaving it on mortgage. If he wishes to farm, there will commonly be no difficulty in getting land. Of course, to make farming a success, except in very exceptional years, the farmer, especially if he grows wheat, must concentrate his whole energy and time upon his fields, and must live, in fact, like the working farmers around him. Without going this length, however, a man may add a good deal to his comfort and a little to his income by taking a few acres into his own hands and growing the hay he wants for his horses and cows, while, if he be a good judge of stock, he may pick up a good many bargains in time of drought. The occupation that this will provide for him, in a country where a man may work with his hands without being disgraced by it or seeming odd, will not be its least advantage. Beyond this, however, a new settler, being a citizen from the day he enters the country, and by assumption an educated man possessed of some leisure, will find abundant work to his hands as soon as his neighbours get to know him. He may serve on a school-board, or in a shire or municipal council ; or he may become a magistrate, or, if he makes himself increasingly useful and popular, a member of parliament. Neither, while he does all this, will he be shut out from society. Our country towns are, I think, better provided in this respect than average English towns of the same size. The local bankers, the police magistrate, and the local barristers or solicitors, the doctors, and the clergy, with a sprinkling of landowners in the neighbourhood, make up very much the same kind of social circles that used to be found in an English county town in the days when it was still possible to regard life out of London as endurable.

The children who come to Australia will perhaps be a little less well educated than they would have been in France or Germany. The excellence of our primary schools have damaged the grammar schools, except in the large towns, and girls in a small county town cannot, of course, expect to find good music or drawing-masters.

What happens for the most part in country districts is that the children get the first part of their education at the costless and excellent State primary schools.

after which the boys are roughly finished at the local grammar-school, and the girls, perhaps, by a governess. With the full knowledge that country boys now and again compete very successfully at the University examinations, and that here and there a country grammar-school is really good, I admit this to be the weak point in my case, and can only express my hope that it may soon cease to be so. New South Wales has already tried the experiment of founding State High Schools, and Victoria will, no doubt, follow suit when the fierce opposition of the Catholic clergy to secular education shall have been abated or quelled. Meantime, though the education the children get will be less liberal and showy than they would have received in Europe, it leads to something which can hardly be said of the other. In Victoria every Government appointment is now given by competitive examination, and this is getting to be the rule everywhere. Therefore the Australian school-boy has a fair chance that he will win one out of many hundred Government appointments, going up from 60*l.* a year to 1,200*l.*, by seniority and merit. Let him fail in this, and the fact that he has passed a good examination will recommend him for work in a bank or a merchant's office. Assume that he has no capacity for brain work. Even so, he will find a good eye and a strong arm more useful to him in a new country than they would be in an old; and, by the time his family has lived three or four years in their new home, will be much more likely to have secured friends and made an opening for himself, than if he was sent out from England with letters of introduction, and fifty, or, it may be, a few hundred pounds, in his pockets. As for the girls, their choice of marriage will certainly be no worse than it is in England, or on the Continent, and if nationality and a competence count for anything in domestic happiness, it will be an advantage that they marry their own countrymen, and that the struggle for life is not yet as severe in the colonies as at home. If they choose to remain single, they will have some rather good openings for work. Not a few highly educated young ladies prefer being State school teachers in the colonies to going out as governesses. They do it without any loss of caste, and can earn as much as 200*l.* a year for five hours work a day on five days in the week. Certain other State departments, such as the post-office and telegraph-office are open to women; and the degrees of art, law, and medicine at Melbourne University are now conferred without distinction of sex.

It is on the mothers of families that the discomforts of life on a small income in the colonies will press most heavily. They will suffer from a frequent change of servants, and from having to take part now and again in household work themselves. The native-born Australian servants are intelligent, hardy, and pleasant-mannered, but they are few. Some only take service for a year; others get married at a moment's notice.

Therefore, the ladies of a family are now and again put to great shifts, and must either do some of the household work themselves, or take the first bad article that comes to hand in the shape of an importation from a London lodging-house, or a rough creature fresh from the traditions of Connemara. The best that can be said about this difficulty is that it is less formidable in the country districts than in the large towns. People who treat their servants considerately and kindly can generally get supplied with the best class of girls from the small farmers in their neighbourhood, who are quite willing that their daughters

should go to service, but very wisely prefer to keep them within easy distance of home. It may be well to add that the Australian servants are not infected with any American notions of equality, see no disgrace in blacking boots, and do not expect to sit down to dinner with their employers. Of course, when the facts that households are small, and that servants do not remain long in their places, are remembered, it will be understood that household work is not often carried out with as much finish as in England, and that the mistress often has to teach a good deal. The lady who is a chronic invalid will do better perhaps by not setting up house in Australia.

There remains the question of amusement. Men with town tastes will certainly lose by coming to Australia. The average colonial town is incomparably better built, paved, and drained than the average continental town, but everything about it, except its gardens, is new and garish and prosaic. There are no old churches or frescoes; the marketplace is apt to be supremely matter-of-fact; art is unknown, and beyond the local club and a fair lending library, the settler will find nothing outside the society of his neighbourhood to occupy those idle hours which he does not care to spend out of doors.

On the other hand he will be fairly well off as regards the amusements that Englishmen mostly affect. Hunting has not been really naturalised, though there are packs of hounds here and there; but racing is so popular and universal that it has become a nuisance, and a good shot can do a great deal if he does not mind travelling from place to place. There are no game laws of the English type in Australia, but there is a close season enforced by law, and the landowner has the right to forbid trespass upon his land. Practically, it is very easy at present to get permission to shoot anywhere; and a sportsman who did not disdain hare or rabbit shooting would find himself cordially welcomed in many parts of the colonies, and might, if he chose, pay his expenses in rabbit-infested districts by selling the skins. It has not been found possible thus far to acclimatise the pheasant and partridge. The Chinese pheasant succeeded for some time in New Zealand, but is said now to be dying out again. However, the wild turkey so-called, in reality a bustard, is excellent sport and good eating; quails are numerous at times and in certain parts; and the water-fowl that swarm in many of the rivers and lakes are now protected in Victoria by a law forbidding the use of swivel guns. Even for fox-hunting there is a good substitute in many parts of the bush, where the kangaroo is still hunted on horseback and run down like the deer; not driven in mobs into inclosures for a wholesale massacre. Angling is of course almost unknown in the higher sense of the word; but as trout and salmon are being rapidly naturalised, there will soon be occupation for the fisherman, at least in Tasmania and Victoria.

Of athletic sports it seems almost needless to write.

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Besides football and cricket, there are bicycle clubs and lawn tennis clubs, and for the more seriously-minded rifle clubs and volunteer regiments. As for boating, Sydney just now possesses the champion oar of the world, and the



contest for boating honours between Sydney and Melbourne is apt to be a very close one. The young men of our communities are as well off in all these respects as their English cousins, and have no occasion to take refuge from *ennui* in dominoes or absinthe at a *café*.

There remains the question of climate. It is tolerably exact to say that the climate of Victoria resembles that of the Riviera, that the climate of New South Wales is like that of Central or Southern Italy, and that the climate of South Australia is that of Spain.

No general description however will do justice to countries that even where the wild and unsettled parts are excluded are about as big as Europe west of Poland. In South Australia, for instance, the resemblance to Spain is completed in the north by the fact that there are large plateaus at a level of 2,000 feet above the sea, where the nights are very cold in winter and comparatively cool in summer. On the other hand Adelaide is found by most people oppressively hot in summer; and the southern parts of the colony about Mount Gambier and Naracoorte are in the opposite extreme, being cold and moist to the level of Devonshire. So again in Victoria, the climate of Gippsland is almost English from its coolness, while the north-western plains lying north of the dividing range are at least as hot in summer as the country about Marseilles. In New South Wales there is a table-land known as New England, where the climate is temperate and where the specially English fruits, such as the gooseberry and the currant, are found to flourish. In Queensland the contrast between the elevated pastoral downs and the sugarcane plantations on the coast represents the difference between a temperate and a tropical climate. Of all Australia, except of a few hill regions, which are, thus far, scarcely inhabited, it may be said that snow and ice are practically unknown; but the settler may choose for himself whether he will live under a sky not much warmer than that of Devonshire or Cornwall, or in a region as hot as Andalusia and Armenia.

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It will certainly be the settlers' own faults if they do not soon settle down into lives full of healthy activity. That, in fact, other conditions being fairly equal, is the great advantage Australia can offer. It holds out the offer of work and citizenship to men who are shut out from a discharge of the commonest civil duties while they live on the Continent. It offers partnership in a new world to their children. Surely for a few hundreds, at least, of those who are now living aimlessly out of England, it is worth while to consider whether the change to English communities—so highly favoured as the Australian and New Zealand—may not be profitable.

I hope (concludes the writer) I have made it clear that the life to which I invite the class I am addressing is not one of hardship in the bush, but much the sort of life led in an English county, with certain advantages for persons of small means which an English county does not possess.

## BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1885.

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THE TORPEDO SCARE.—Hobart Pacha prefaces this article with a short letter to the Editor of *Blackwood's*, claiming space for his exposition of doubt as to the great efficacy of the fish-torpedo as a weapon of maritime warfare on the special grounds that he is perhaps the only man living who has commanded squadrons or single ships of war where torpedoes were used as *offensive* weapons.

During the late Turco-Russian war, Russian torpedo-boats constantly attacked Turkish ships. These attacks were made not only by boats armed with the Fole and Harvey torpedo, but with the newest type of the Whitehead torpedo then invented. They were commanded by as active and gallant a set of men as ever stepped a ship's deck, and who made every possible effort to destroy Turkish ironclads, every one of which returned safely to Constantinople after the war. The only loss to the Turkish squadron was two small wooden gunboats blown up *in the Danube* through the carelessness of their commanders.

Unless the power of the torpedo, as a weapon of offence as well as of defence, has been enormously overestimated, naval warfare would soon come to an end ; blockade of an enemy's ports could not be maintained ; vessels could never lie at anchor near an enemy's coast ; fleets could not cruise in the neighbourhood of hostile ships carrying torpedo-boats ; ports, harbours, estuaries defended by torpedoes could not be approached ; and, in fact, none of the old systems of naval warfare could be put into execution.

The courage of naval officers, their coolness in time of action, their seaman-like qualities, of which some nations are so justly proud, would be put to a test in a manner altogether different from what has hitherto taken place. The sailor, although brave and cool in a fair fight, would be in constant dread of being hurled into the air without even the chance of striking a blow or firing a shot in self-defence. The writer of this, while commanding squadrons manned by men who have not only the unsurpassed courage of their race, but who have recourse when in danger to the almighty word *kismet*, and only think of danger *after* its arrival—had only his own humble idea of courage without *kismet*, and thus felt all the anxiety day and night, for nearly a year, of not knowing at what moment he might receive the happy despatch by being blown into the air.

The Russians had, very shortly after I had anchored my squadron in Batoum, launched several torpedoes at the ships, in spite of my having placed guard-boats across the entrance of the harbour. One of these torpedoes struck the chain of the flag-ship, and went on shore unexploded; another struck on the armoured belt of a corvette and exploded, but the blow being at an angle, it did no material injury. After this experience, it was absolutely incumbent on me to take some steps for the safety of the vessels under my command. The means in my power for torpedo defence were unfortunately very limited, but that very fact enabled me to prove that necessity is the mother of invention. For example, the system which I had seen adopted with regard to hostile fleets in torpedo defence, comprised a system of *éclairage* which it was entirely out of my power to employ. Thus, instead of lighting my ships, whereby I should have become a target for the enemy, I, from force of circumstances, was obliged to maintain what was in reality the far better system of utter darkness from sunset to daylight. But of this hereafter.

The course to be adopted for the safety of ships of war while blockading an enemy's port, while lying at anchor near an enemy's coast, or while cruising in the neighbourhood of hostile ships blockading, is as follows: The ships should always, when convenient, be under way with their torpedo-nets out, constantly changing their positions; no lights whatever should be shown. Should it be necessary to anchor, the ships should be anchored in small detachments, and a system of defence placed round each detachment. The system is easily understood from the following description given of the plan in *Blackwood*:—

By this it will be seen that boats at a distance of 400 or 500 yards will be placed round the squadron at anchor. These boats will be connected together by wire-ropes immersed about two feet in the water, and buoyed in the centre. The object of this is to catch the screw of any attacking torpedo-boat. It has been proved that common rope, used for want of anything better, has effectually checked the career and capsized an attacking torpedo-boat in her attempt to destroy a Turkish ship in the Black Sea during the last war; and I know that most satisfactory experiments with the wirerope have been made elsewhere. The result of these experiments was, that a torpedo-boat, steaming 19 miles an hour, has capsized while dashing full-speed on to an imaginary enemy's ship.

It seems to me that this system, carefully applied, would prove a most efficient and thorough defence against torpedo attack. I am aware that the present torpedoes are fitted with screws so sharply edged that they would cut through any rope placed to stop them. With the wire-rope this would be impossible. This system of defence would apply to single ships at anchor in the same way as it would apply to a squadron or to a detachment, and I see no reason why a larger number of ships than I have shown on the plan should not be protected in a similar way—the only question being, that the radius would have to be increased according to the number of ships, which might prove, if overdone, inconvenient, if not impossible. Objections might be made that in bad weather boats could not keep their positions. I have had ample proof that in bad weather torpedo-boats cannot fire with any accuracy. It therefore tells both ways.

Next as to lying at anchor near an enemy's coast. In this also Hobart Pacha has had considerable experience; while at Batoum and its neighbourhood, he frequently had under his command twelve or fourteen ships, against which the Russians constantly organized torpedo attacks.

All their attacks were unsuccessful, for the following reasons: in the first place, as a most gallant Russian officer informed me after the war, it was very difficult to find Batoum at all. I will diverge for a moment from my point in order to state that an English naval officer of the highest rank and position informed me that he had tried defence in torpedo warfare, he himself being on board the defending ship, and that he found that the torpedo-boats so easily discovered his vessel in the darkest nights, that, had it been real warfare, she would have been sunk or destroyed.

Now if a man tries to find a thing in the dark in his own bed-room, he can easily find it; but if he goes into another man's bed-room it will puzzle him vastly to put his hand upon what he wants. I make this comparison because I imagine that the attacking torpedo-boats referred to by this gallant officer came from the immediate neighbourhood, and knew pretty well where the object of their attack was lying—knew the bearings and distance before they started to attack her, and thus had very little difficulty in finding their way. The attacks by the Russian ships on the Turkish squadrons was generally made from vessels coming from ports 200 to 300 miles off, and which, on a pitch-dark night, had to find a harbour where there were no marks or lights of any description. Nothing could be seen beyond the dark outline of the high mountains behind the harbour, which were next to useless as a guide to the anchorage. Moreover we had a plan of defence at Batoum of a most original nature, proving again that necessity is the mother of invention.

The little port of Batoum and its town were kept, as I have stated, in perfect darkness. The severest penalties were to be incurred by those who showed a light anywhere, and on several occasions infraction of that rule were punished with great severity. On one occasion we caught an old rascal showing a light from the window of a house prominently placed near the sea. The man was instantly seized and bastinadoed. After this, and when one or two other examples had been made, one might have imagined Batoum a city of the dead during the night.

The Batoum harbour is almost semi-circular in shape. From the spit of land projecting on one side a breakwater was improvised, consisting of such trees and spars as the defenders could lay their hands on. These trees and spars were anchored in a line verging towards the opposite horn of the crescent-shaped shore line. To the trees were nailed numbers of thin planks abreast straight down into the water, so making a wall of planks as it were, some twelve feet deep. The proof of their efficacy was shown one morning by the discovery of a hole in the planks, and a torpedo diverged from its course, lying innocently on the shore a long way from the anchorage of the Turkish ships.

This torpedo had not exploded, and, when discovered by the guard-boats, was surrounded by gaping inhabitants who, in their astonishment, looked upon this unusual apparition as if it were a huge fish still alive and moving his tail—that tail being, in fact, the screw, which was still in motion. This proved that, as we had anticipated, the direction of the torpedo had been changed on coming into contact with the planks; and instead of going among the ships at anchor, as was intended, it had gone ashore. I think this experience exceedingly interesting, as it shows that very little will turn the direction of a fish-torpedo.

On several other occasions attacks were made by torpedo-boats on the ships in the port of Batoum, without any result, beyond a loss to the Russians of three or four torpedoes, which were landed on different parts of the beach, near to which the Turkish men-of-war were lying at anchor. Some of these torpedoes were in such a state of perfection that Mr. Whitehead the inventor, knowing that we had by their capture become the possessor of his secret, made a special contract with the Turkish Government, whereby he was bound to give twenty-five torpedoes at cost price, and wherein it was agreed that the Ottoman Admiralty were to pay nothing for the secret (for which other Governments were paying from £12,000 to £15,000) so long as they kept it.

Another curious example is narrated of the inefficiency of torpedo attacks upon vessels protected by guard boats in the manner suggested above.

I wish my readers always to remember that the appliances against torpedoes in the Turkish fleet were of the simplest possible description. The squadron consisted of five vessels, which had been in the habit of cruising every night to avoid torpedo attack. On this occasion they had, in consequence of the bad weather, returned to their anchorage. A Russian vessel, carrying five torpedo-boats in tow, started from Odessa to hunt for the Turkish squadron, who were supposed to be cruising off Serpent Island, about 80 miles from Odessa. The Muscovites were unable to find their enemy, and I don't wonder at it, for even had they been cruising off that night, the Ottoman ships used smokeless coal, sailing in open order for safety against collisions, and without showing any lights. The Russian vessel with the torpedo-boats being disappointed in finding what she wanted at sea, proceeded to the usual place of anchorage of the Turkish squadron off Soulina mouth. Finding the weather bad, the commander thought that it was best not to attack; but it appears that one of the torpedo-boats, in disobedience of orders, made a dash at the Turkish squadron. This particular

boat was armed with the Pole torpedo. The officer in command made a gallant charge at the first Turkish vessel he could discern through the darkness. As he approached her, he found that *something* all of a sudden stopped his way ; and he saw several black objects approaching him. Nothing daunted, he struggled to get alongside the vessel under her bows. Finding that he could not succeed in getting quite close, he, in despair, discharged his torpedo, but without doing any harm whatever to the Turkish ship at which he directed it. Scarcely had he done so when (as he described his own sensations afterwards) he found himself in the water without knowing by what process he had got there, or how in the world it had all happened,—the real facts being that the black objects he saw were the guard-boats, which were being drawn closer and closer to him by the ropes that connected them together, which ropes fouling his screw had been the cause of the disaster. His boat was capsized and went to the bottom, whither he would have gone too if he had not been fished out by the crew of one of the Turkish guard-boats and taken prisoner. The greater part of his crew were drowned. The name of this daring young officer was Putskin ; and his cool courage was very amusing, for when brought before the commanding officer of the Turkish squadron in a half-drowned condition, he could only exclaim, in excellent English, "Why the devil didn't I blow up that ship !"

He was asked if he had any idea as to what stopped him, and it was suggested to him that a rope between the guard-boats might have fouled his screw.

"Something of that sort must have happened," he answered. "But why the devil didn't I blow up that ship !"

The poor fellow seemed to have no thought regarding the sad plight he was in : he only grieved for not having succeeded in carrying out his object.

He explained to me that the other torpedo-boats which started with him were all armed with the Whitehead torpedo, but that *it was impossible to use it in bad weather*. The Pole torpedo might have done the deed he was so anxious to perform, and with it he might have succeeded in "blowing up that ship." He was too plucky a fellow to be allowed to go back to the enemy, so we kept him a prisoner till the conclusion of the war ; and I only hope that, for its own sake, the Russian Admiralty did not lose sight of such a dashing and determined officer.

Nor is great damage always certain to result even when the attack is made under favourable circumstances, and the blow fairly delivered.

A Turkish ironclad was lying off Soukoum Kali. That place being an open roadstead, she was very much exposed, and an excellent object for torpedo attack. A fast Russian cruiser was always hovering about, but the cordon of guard-boats connected by ropes prevented her torpedo-boat from making any attempt. This torpedo-boat was armed with a Harvey torpedo. One night there was to have been an eclipse of the moon. Now there is a superstition among Orientals regarding an eclipse, which caused the look-out to be somewhat relaxed, and the guard-boats to be withdrawn, and nearer the man-of-war than they should have been—in fact, I fear they had gone quite alongside, thinking more of the mysterious eclipse than of their active enemy.

As the eclipse only lasted for about a couple of hours, the steamer carrying the torpedo-boat must have been near in the offing, and should have been seen :

although I found, on inquiry, that the system<sup>o</sup> of no lights and no smoke was carried out in the strictest sense by the Russian torpedo-carrying vessel. However this may be, half an hour after the moon was eclipsed the attack was made by a boat carrying a Harvey torpedo. This boat succeeded in getting so near that she was able to make the circuit necessary for firing her torpedo, and, though attacked by the guard-boats, fired it within ten feet of the Turkish ship. A great explosion and much smoke was the result. The lookers-on on shore telegraphed to Sebastopol that they saw the vessel sink. However, so far from that being the case, I found, on visiting her two or three days afterwards, that, except for a slight mark on her side close to the water's edge, no damage was done. On the vessel's return to Constantinople she<sup>e</sup> was put into dock, when it was found that she had been very slightly damaged; in fact it was not necessary to change any of her outside plates.

The manœuvres necessary to make the Harvey torpedo efficacious render it a weapon on which little or no reliance can be placed unless used against a ship where no look-out is kept; and though the Pole torpedo is more trustworthy than the Harvey, neither of them counts for much against ordinary precautions. The most useful torpedo is a fixed one, fired either by contact or by electric batteries at a distance, especially when used in defence of the approaches to forts, harbours, estuaries, &c. According to general opinion, the perfected Whitehead or Swartzkoff torpedo is the only weapon for active service at sea. But even these seem to be of doubtful efficacy for attack.

I remember on one occasion I followed in a very fast frigate (my flag ship) the Emperor of Russia's yacht *Livadia* too near to the fire of the forts of Sebastopol. I say too near, because I drew on my ship such a fire, that, had I not "cleared pretty quickly out of that," I should not have been here to-day to tell the story. Since the war, a Russian naval officer, whose name was Captain Makaroff, A.D.C. to H.M. the Emperor of Russia, told me that he had under his command seven torpedo-boats, with which he volunteered to go out—in the daytime it must be remembered—and attack me. We discussed at some length the probable result, and I think that even he admitted that he could have done nothing. Here is my view and argument. I said to him, "When I saw you and your torpedo-boats coming out, I should have run away. Now I could go thirteen or fourteen knots. You could steam about nineteen. Thus your speed following me would have been about five knots—no great speed at which to approach a vessel armed to the teeth with Nordenfeldt guns—guns *en barbette* firing grape, shrapnel, &c. I am convinced that we should have destroyed all the torpedo-boats; and this, I believe, would be the fate of any day-attack attempted by them."

"Well, then," said my friend, "I should have followed and attacked you during the night."

"There again," I said, "I think that you would have failed, because if you had been in range of my small guns as well as of shell, say at about 3,000 yards, before dark I should have destroyed you. After dark I should have changed my course; and how would you have found me? However, supposing that I had

stopped in the night and put down my defences, what could you have done? I don't think that a ship can be seen so as to be fired at a distance of more than 400 yards on a dark night, and a moving ship would be a still more difficult mark. If a torpedo-boat came nearer than 400 yards, she would have been caught by the line of defence, should I have thought it prudent to stop." On this point we had a long and somewhat warm discussion, which ended—at least I flattered myself it did—in the Russian officer remarking that really he thought, after all, that he could have done nothing.

Naval men generally have great faith in a system of defence against torpedoes by means of nets, and ships can steam from seven to eight knots an hour without any inconvenience from this modern crinoline. But nets would be of small service against the new style of torpedo which dives down below the net and comes up against the ship's bottom.

Hobart Pacha thinks that in a naval engagement torpedoes could be used to a large extent, but there would still be difficulties.

If torpedoes can accompany squadrons and act independently either against disabled ships or even against ships which might be approached unperceived, there can be no doubt that they would play an important part in a naval engagement. But the difficulty seems to be their remaining constantly at sea in company with a fleet. The French already are drilling their torpedo-boats to accompany a sea-going squadron; but I have a suspicion that, for different reasons, these boats are constantly obliged to return to port. It must be remembered that a torpedo-boat is built of the lightest material, and is of the finest workmanship. Very little would therefore tend to put her out of order. I have seen a torpedo-boat before a gale, in a gale, and after a gale, at sea; and although I should be sorry to discourage those who have put faith in her capacity as a sea-boat, still I must say that in the last state the boat presented a very dilapidated appearance.

Although it is the fashion for ironclads to be fitted so as they can launch their own torpedoes, I do not think that they would be able to do so with efficiency, for several reasons—the first being, that a torpedo is never sure of being fired with accuracy when projected from a height greater than two or three feet above the water. In fact it has been proved that to obtain the so-called accuracy at which they profess to have arrived, the torpedo must be fixed as close as possible to the water's edge, and in the boats now in construction the most important element is the close proximity to the water in which the tubes are placed. I myself have seen torpedoes fired from a ship's broadside, and although on one or two occasions they have been launched with considerable accuracy, I have seen one of them immediately after its submersion fly straight up in the air and endanger the safety of the ship from which it had been fired; so I think that little confidence can be placed, at present in the efficacy of torpedoes fired from ships' batteries.

There is also the further contingency that a torpedo-boat in the *mêlée* might mistake a friend for an enemy, and that a vessel just captured, which has not yet had time to run up the flag of



the conqueror, might be hoist, prize-crew and all, with a petard from the conqueror's friends.

During the American war mine torpedoes were often used in defence with deadly effect; at least fifteen vessels were thus destroyed. And next to mines in efficacy comes the cigar-boat.

More than one case of conspicuous daring on the part of the Southern naval officers occurred during the war, while using most effectively what is called the cigar torpedo-boat. This was a craft which, when in motion, was entirely immersed, except the top of the funnel, and might almost be called a submarine torpedo. I remember on one occasion during the war, when I was at Charleston, meeting in a coffee-room at that place a young naval officer (a Southerner), with whom I got into conversation. He told me that that night he was going to sink a Northern man-of-war which was blockading the port, and invited me to see him off. I accompanied him down to his cigar-boat, as he called it, and found that she was a vessel about forty feet long, shaped like a cigar, on the bow of which was placed a torpedo. On his stepping on board with his crew of four men, his boat was immersed till nothing but a small piece of funnel was visible. He moved off into the darkness at no great speed—say at about five miles an hour. The next evening, on visiting the coffee-house, I found my friend sitting quietly smoking his pipe. He told me that he had succeeded in making a hole in the frigate which he had attacked, which vessel could, in fact, be seen lying in shallow water, some seven miles off, careened over to repair damages. But he said that, on the concussion made by firing the torpedo, the water had rushed in through the hatches of his boat, and she had sunk to the bottom. All his men were drowned. He said that he didn't know how he escaped himself, but he fancied that he came up through the hatches, as he found himself floating about, and swam on shore. This affair was officially reported by the American blockading squadron, corroborating the fact of the injury done to the frigate, and stating that the torpedo-boat was got up, with four dead bodies in her hold. Here is one system which might be utilised in naval warfare if perfected, and I am given to understand that a submarine torpedo-boat is already invented by Mr. Nordenfeldt.

In regard to the fixed torpedoes I have already referred to, the admiral commanding the American squadron told me that on one occasion he was steaming in line, his flag-ship being second in the order of sailing, when suddenly the ship ahead of them disappeared altogether, having struck on a mine; and that he found these mines the most deadly enemies to deal with, specially when the water was not very deep.

An invention of Colonel Ley's, tried at Constantinople, gave some striking results, in spite of its serious defects, want of speed and immersion.

When I saw it tried, it was steered by electricity, and went very straight for more than a mile. But it was too visible in the water, and only obtained about nine knot's speed, and thus, I think, would have been easily destroyed in the daytime. However, I am given to understand that Mr. Nordenfeldt has partially, if not entirely, overcome the abovenamed defects. If so, he has a good chance of taking a lead in torpedo manufacture, as he does now in machine-guns. General Berdan also promises great things in torpedoes. If he

can do what he professes, he will cut every one out ; for he undertakes to give speed, distance, safety against nets and other obstacles, easy steering powers, certainty of direction, &c. I wish him well, but he has been a very long time about it, and so far his trials have shown few satisfactory results.

A few words of consolation may be given to merchant vessels in case the torpedo scare should extend to them.

A merchant-vessel need not fear the torpedo-cruiser, because if the vessel carrying the boats which launch that nasty weapon can get near enough for them to use it, she will be near enough to go alongside, for the capture of valuable property is of more importance than its destruction. Moreover, it would be useless to send out torpedo-boats alone to look for prizes. Where could they be sent from ! Where would they get coals ? And what would they do with the prizes after they had taken them ? They cannot carry prize-crews ; and to destroy a vessel for the sake of destruction would be a wanton act, which would be universally condemned. Besides, a torpedo is a very expensive article to throw away for the sake of destroying an enemy's merchant-vessel. So I think that the captains and crews of merchant-vessels may breathe freely as far as torpedoes are concerned. It is intended, I understand, to use torpedoes on board regular sea-going vessels of from 300 to 400 tons. This seems to me to be a practicable idea ; and should the distance a torpedo can be fired be increased, these vessels would be serviceable craft : but so long as 400 yards is the maximum distance, they would, unless attacking a craft of their own size, be liable to be knocked to pieces before they could get within torpedo-range of the enemy ; and it must be remembered that they would be a much larger target than the torpedo-boats.

What frightens people is the great speed at which they see the devilish-looking torpedo-boat dashing by them. But this great speed is not without its dangers to the boat itself.

A torpedo-boat was obliged to stop suddenly, the result being that her machinery came to utter grief, and three men were killed by the fires being thrown out of the furnaces and on to them ; and I repeat that a boat fouling a wire rope was capsized and sunk, though the sudden check of her great impetus through the water. Taking into consideration all the experiences that I have narrated in this paper, I think that I am justified in saying that fish-torpedo warfare is to a great extent a bugbear, and though not to be entirely despised, may be designated as the "naval scare of the day."

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**JOHN BROWN AT HARPER'S FERRY.**—The majority of Englishmen have, probably, no very definite knowledge of the great John Brown whose soul, as the song tells us, "goes marching on," beyond the notion that he was a martyr in the cause of abolition of slavery. The following graphic account of John Brown's quixotic undertaking intended "to free the negroes of Virginia" is from the pen of one officer who was acting paymaster in the United States Army, and was one of John Brown's prisoners in the engine-house.

As to John Brown and his appearance at Harper's Ferry, probably there is no one now living who can tell more of that affair than myself, as I then lived at Harper's Ferry, and was a prisoner of Brown's until rescued by General Robert E. Lee, then colonel in the United States Army. Prior to Brown's

sudden appearance at the Ferry, there had been seen by the neighbours small squads of men with picks and spades moving about the mountain-sides, making small excavations here and there, pretending to be looking for gold, of which they declared the mountains were full.

They went repeatedly to the small property-owners, trying to buy land, until all the neighbourhood was much excited, and they had succeeded in diverting the minds of the people from their real object.

These men had rented a house near the Ferry, where they were seen in small parties, but never in such large numbers as to excite suspicion.

Some of them often came to the Ferry, but they excited no suspicion, as strangers were always there viewing the scenery and Government works. Brown himself was said to have been seen there often, but I do not recollect meeting him, and feel sure his appearance would have made an impression on me. When his plans were matured, by the aid of one Cook, who was a citizen of the town, he determined to make his invasion to release the negroes of Virginia from servitude.

His descent upon the town was in this wise : On Sunday night, Oct. 16, 1859, about twelve or one o'clock, the gate-keeper of the bridge over the Potomac leading into Maryland was startled by the steady tramp of many men approaching the gate, having with them wagons, who, upon reaching the gate, ordered it to be opened to them. This the gate-keeper refused to do, saying they were strangers. They, however, while parleying with him, seized him and, presenting a pistol at his head, compelled him to be silent. They then wrenched off the locks and came over, he thinks about sixty strong, though he was evidently frightened and could not speak with accuracy.

Upon getting over, the first building taken possession of was the depôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, then in charge of a very trusty negro, who slept in the building. Upon Brown's men demanding admittance, he refused to let them come in, saying he was in charge, and his instructions were to let no one in at night. He was then shot down, a negro faithful to his trust being the first victim of those whose mission it was to free the African race from bondage.

Brown's party next proceeded to the hotel, rapped up the landlord, put him under arrest, and placed guards at the doors, so that no one could go out or come in. All this was in perfect quiet at dead of night. They went next to place guards at the arsenal and armories, and fix their pickets at all the streets, so that no one could come or go who was not at once picked up and placed with an armed guard over him and compelled to be silent.

Next they divided their force, sending Cook with some men to seize Colonel Washington and other slaveholders. These gentlemen Brown's party waked from sleep and compelled to go with them as prisoners, at the same time taking all the slaves they could find, carriages, horses, etc.

With the prisoners and property they had collected, they returned to Harper's Ferry before daylight, and thence across the bridge into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The gentlemen arrested were left as prisoners with John Brown. This seems to have been the programme for the night ; now as to my introduction to John Brown, and what occurred afterwards.

About daylight one of Mr. Daingerfield's servants awoke him with the news that there was "war in the streets" ; and on his going outside he was quickly arrested by Brown's men.

I walked towards my office, then just within the armory inclosure, and not more than a hundred yards from my dwelling. As I proceeded I saw a man come out of an alley near me, then another, and another, all coming towards me. When they came up to me I inquired what all this meant; they said, nothing, only they had taken possession of the Government works.

I told them they talked like crazy men. They answered, "Not so crazy as you think, as you will soon see." Up to this time I had not seen any arms; presently, however, the men threw back the short cloaks they wore, and displayed Sharpes's rifles, pistols, and knives. Seeing these, and fearing something serious was going on, I told the men I believed I would return to my quarters. They at once cocked their guns, and told me I was a prisoner. This surprised me, of course, but I could do nothing, being entirely unarmed. I talked with them some little time longer, and again essayed to return to my house; but one of the men stepped before me, presented his gun, and told me if I moved I would be shot down. I then asked them what they intended to do with me. They said I was in no personal danger; they only wanted to carry me to their captain, John Smith. I asked where Captain Smith was. They answered, "At the guard-house, inside of the armory inclosure." I told them I would go there, as that was the point for which I first started. My office was at this place, and I felt uneasy lest the vault might have been broken open.

Upon reaching the gate I saw what, indeed, looked like war—negroes armed with pikes, and sentinels with muskets all around. When I reached the gate I was turned over to "Captain Smith."

He called me by name, and asked if I knew Colonel Washington and others, mentioning familiar names. I said I did, and he then said, "Sir, you will find them there," motioning me towards the engine-room.

We were not kept closely confined, but were allowed to converse with him. I asked him what his object was; he replied, "to free the negroes of Virginia." He added that he was prepared to do it, and by twelve o'clock would have fifteen hundred men with him, ready armed.

Up to this time the citizens had hardly begun to move about, and knew nothing of the raid. When they learned what was going on, some came out armed with old shot-guns, and were themselves shot down by concealed men. All the stores, as well as the arsenal, were in the hands of Brown's men, but at last a few weapons were obtained, and a body of citizens crossed the river and advanced from the Maryland side. They made a vigorous attack, and in a few minutes caused all the invaders who were not killed to retreat to Brown inside the armory gate. Then he entered the engine-house, carrying his prisoners, or rather a selection of them, with him.

After getting into the engine-house with his men, he made this speech: "Gentlemen, perhaps you wonder why I have selected you from the others. It is because I believe you to be the most influential, and I have only to say now that you will have to share precisely the same fate that your friends extend to my men." He began at once to bar the doors and windows, and to cut port-holes through the brick wall.

Then commenced a terrible firing from without, from every point from which the windows could be seen, and in a few minutes every window was shattered,

and hundreds of balls came through the doors. These shots were answered from within whenever the attacking party could be seen. This was kept up most of the day, and, strange to say, no prisoner was hurt, though thousands of balls were imbedded in the walls, and holes shot in the doors almost large enough for a man to creep through.

At night the firing ceased, for we were in total darkness, and nothing could be seen in the engine-house.

During the day and night I talked much with John Brown, and found him as brave as a man could be, and sensible upon all subjects except slavery. Upon that question he was a religious fanatic, and believed it was his duty to free the slaves, even if in doing so he lost his own life.

During a sharp fight one of Brown's sons was killed. He fell; then trying to raise himself, he said, "It is all over with me," and died instantly.

Brown did not leave his post at the porthole, but when the fighting ceased he walked to his son's body, straightened out his limbs, took off his trappings, then, turning to me, said: "This is the third son I have lost in this cause." Another son had been shot in the morning and was then dying, having been brought in from the street. While Brown was a murderer, yet I was constrained to think that he was not a vicious man, but was crazed upon the subject of slavery. Often during the affair in the engine-house, when his men would want to fire upon some one who might be seen passing, Brown would stop them, saying, "Don't shoot; that man is unarmed." The firing was kept up by our men all day and until late at night, and during this time several of his men were killed, but, as I said before, none of the prisoners were hurt, though in great danger.

During the day and night many propositions *pro* and *con* were made, looking to Brown's surrender and the release of the prisoners, but without result.

When Colonel Lee came with the Government troops, at one o'clock at night, he at once sent a flag of truce by his aide, J. E. B. Stuart, to inform Brown of his arrival, and in the name of the United States to demand his surrender, advising him to throw himself upon the clemency of the Government.

Brown declined to accept Colonel Lee's terms and determined to await the attack.

When Stuart was admitted, and a light brought, he exclaimed, "Why aren't you old Ossawatimie Brown, of Kansas, whom I once had there as my prisoner?" "Yes," was the answer, "but you did not keep me." This was the first intimation we had as to Brown's true name. He had been engaged in the Kansas border war, and had come from there to Harper's Ferry. When Colonel Lee advised Brown to trust to the clemency of the Government, he responded that he knew what that meant,—a rope for his men and himself,—adding, "I prefer to die just here."

Stuart told him he would return at early morning for his final reply, and left him.

When he had gone, Brown at once proceeded to barricade the doors, windows, etc., endeavouring to make the place as strong as possible.

During all this time no one of Brown's men showed the slightest fear, but calmly awaited the attack, selecting the best situations to fire from

upon the attacking party, and arranging their guns and pistols so that a fresh one could be taken up as soon as one was discharged. During the night I had a long talk with Brown, and told him that he and his men were committing treason against the State and the United States. Two of his men, hearing the conversation, said to their leader, "Are we committing treason against our country by being here?" Brown answered, "Certainly." Both said, "If that is so, we don't want to fight any more. We thought we came to liberate the slaves, and did not know that was committing treason."

Both of these men were killed in the attack on the engine-house when Brown was taken.

When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final reply to the demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

Stuart asked, "Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?"

Brown answered promptly, "No! I prefer to die here."

His manner did not betray the least fear.

Stuart stepped aside and made the signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door.

Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke.

I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds.

After some controversy between the United States and the state of Virginia as to which had jurisdiction over the prisoners, Brown was carried to the Charlestown Jail, and after a fair trial was hanged.

Of course I was a witness at the trial, and must say that I have never seen any man display more courage and fortitude than John Brown showed under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. I could not go to see him hanged. He had made me a prisoner, but had spared my life and that of other gentlemen in his power; and when his sons were shot down beside him, almost any other man similarly situated would at least have exacted life for life.

**HOW SHALL WE HELP THE NEGRO?**—It has been calculated by Professor Gilliam that eighty years hence in the Southern States of the American Union the number of blacks will nearly double that of whites, and the question at the head of this article is rapidly assuming an importance and urgency worthy of the interests involved.

In endeavouring to find an answer to this question, Bishop Dudley disclaims any purpose of entering the lists either as champion or as assailant of the negro's progress, physical, intellectual, or moral. As to material prosperity he quotes the opinion of Mr. Greener, the first coloured graduate of Harvard University, who says truly that the negro is self-supporting, that he adds to the wealth of the country, and that he is accumulating property. As certainly, too, must it be admitted that the intellectual progress claimed for his race by Mr. Greener is indicated by the existence of "upward of a hundred journals owned and edited by negroes," and by "the number of influence of educated negroes who are now scattered broadcast throughout the south." But the tale of moral progress is not so encouraging. Mr. Greener declares :—

That "intemperance, a low standard of morality, an emotional rather than a reflective system of religious ethics, a partial divorce of creed and conduct and a tendency (by no means confined to negroes) of superficial learning, and, of the less desirable elements of character, fitness, or brain, to force their way to the front, are evils which every honest negro must deplore, while sadly admitting their existence."

I recall, as I write, a conversation in New Orleans, in 1880, when I chanced to be placed next to a distinguished Federal official at a dinner-table, whereat the wealth and the intelligence of the Crescent City were gathered to do honor to the Chief Justice of the United States. A rather malapropos remark of mine elicited from my companion the confession that he had come to Louisiana as a philanthropist in the days of reconstruction ; that he had been nourished in the faith of human freedom ; that his aged father in New Hampshire had prayed with his family morning and evening, since his earliest recollection, that the negro might be freed. And then he added that the greatest disappointment of his life was to be compelled by experience to acknowledge that the negro is incapable of development, and that he is utterly incapable of the proper performance of the citizen's duty, either at the polls or in the jury-box. Beyond controversy and by the testimony of the educated negro leaders, and of their partisan friends of the white race, there are still remaining, in spite of all their boasted progress, an ignorance which is simply abysmal, and a moral incapacity before which the lover of humanity, and still more the patriot American, stands appalled. So that I am constrained to fear, and to believe, that Professor Gilliam speaks truth when he adds, as conclusion of the sentence of which I have already quoted a part, that, with numerical superiority, eighty years hence the negroes throughout the South will have made a "disproportionate gain in wealth and education, and a gain lower still in the domain of morals."



Bishop Dudley will not for a moment consider the possibility of the suggestion which has been put forward that the way out of the difficulty lies in emigration.

To my mind it is perfectly absurd to talk of deporting the negroes of the South to Africa, or to any other country; and it is just as much so to think of setting apart for them a reservation of territory in our own country to which they shall be confined. The fact that by a sacred provision of our Constitution these people are citizens of the United States, and so citizens of each and every State is sufficient barrier to protect them from forcible migration or emigration; and the further facts that for twenty years they have enjoyed the sweet privileges of American citizenship, that under its protection they have made material progress, that members of their race have sat in the high places as rulers of the nation, and that the school and the ballot-box open a like glorious prospect before the eyes of all,—all these things declare that voluntary migration can never take place. No. "The negro has come to America to stay," says Mr. Armstrong, in the "*North American Review*" for July, 1884, and his opinion is corroborated by the opinions of all the educated negroes given in the symposium whereof he was one.

What then? Here they are, and here they will stay; here we are, and here we mean to stay. Why not? Shall Brobdingnag empty itself of all its giant inhabitants in hurrying dread because Gulliver is come? Or rather, shall Gulliver be alarmed because of the multitude of tiny Lilliputians who crowd the fair land he has found, and madly expatriate himself lest he be destroyed by the pygmies whom he himself has brought there? True, he must recognize, if he be wise, the terrible danger presented by their very number. Doubtless he will feel before long the touch of their restraining hands, if he foolishly lie down to sleep in their midst, and, it may be, will awake to discover that he is conquered. But surely, because of coward fear of such result, he cannot run away and abandon his home. Let us then dismiss both these suggested solutions of our problem as entirely impossible. The negro cannot be banished from the Southern States, and the white man will not abandon them. The negro cannot be colonized against his will, nor yet be shut up within any prescribed territory; even did the black man consent thus to dwell apart, when by blood-sealed covenant he is entitled to home and citizenship in each and every State, the enterprising white man would refuse to respect the sanctity of the reservation.

Another solution of the problem is that suggested by Canon Rawlinson, namely that the races mingle without restraint, that the Americans make marriages with these people of Canaan and expect (such is his promise) from the union a mixed race mightier and more developed than either factor. The value of this suggestion will not be rated very high by those who have had experience of the somewhat similar attempt at miscegenation which has produced the Eurasian race of India.

Perhaps it is hardly possible for an American, and least of all an American born to the traditions of the slave-holder, calmly to discuss this proposition to forget the mother who bore him, and to pollute the pure stream of our Caucasian

blood by such admixture. But the hope which the English historian has found in the mouldy parchments of the far-away East is utterly belied by the results of modern race-fusion, which without an exception are adverse to miscegenation. "In no instance," says Professor Gardiner, "does the mixed people show the mental vigor of the Caucasian parent stock, and in most instances the mental and moral condition of the half-caste is lower even than that of the inferior parent stock." More than this, as is well pointed out by the same writer, Canon Rawlinson, in discussing this question, has fallen into the blunder which in general waits for an Englishman coming to consider anything American. He always thinks of our country as a small island, and would find no fun in Mark Twain's reply to the interviewer "that he was born in New Jersey or Kansas, or just around there." Consequently the great professor thinks of the 6,500,000 negroes as a mere handful dispersed throughout the 43,000,000 whites, and easily absorbed and assimilated. He is ignorant of, or he ignores, the fact that the negro must inevitably remain in the Southern States, where even at present the races are about numerically equal, and hence that "a general amalgamation would produce a mulatto stock in which the negro physique and physiognomy would predominate. Whites would be absorbed by negroes, not negroes by whites, and the brain capacity of the mixed race would be little superior to that of the pure negro. Fifty years hence, when negroes will surpass whites as three to one, the mongrel race will represent capacity decidedly inferior to the negro of pure blood." Certainly the white man of the Southern States cannot even consider this remedy for his present ills, this prophylactic against future woes. And let us remember that the negro looks with just as little good-will upon the project to break down the wall of race-partition, and make of the twain but one race. Mr. Frederick Douglass seems not to have gained but rather to have lost influence with his people by his recent matrimonial alliance with a white woman; and our own observation fully confirms the statement of Mr. Harris in the "North American Review," that "whenever the occasion arises the negro is quick to draw the colour-line, and in some sections of the South, notably in the older cities, there are well-defined social feuds between the blacks and the mulattoes."

The only answer to the great question that Bishop Dudley can suggest is that the negro must be elevated by the personal endeavours of individuals of the higher race; by their personal contact with these their ignorant and untaught neighbours, exhibiting before their wondering eyes in daily life the principles of truth and justice, purity and charity, honesty and courage.

These people need help, that they may be lifted up. I mean, then, that in my judgment that help must be personal and not official, the hand of a friend rather than the club of an officer, the patient counsel of a neighbour rather than the decree of a court, the enactment of a Congress, or the proclamation of a President. The solemn sanctions of the organic law are thrown round about this liberty, and the robe of citizenship, full, perfect, and complete, with never seam nor rent, has been put upon it. The courts have declared its inviolable character, and this decree affirms the negro, the liberated slave, a citizen. But does the declaration make him such? I mean does it, can it impart the intelligent life, the moral consciousness which shall vivify the dead mass and make it a helpful

member of the body politic? We have had declarations from every department of the Government that the negro is a citizen; but they are as powerless to effect their purpose as were the oft-repeated acts of the Confederate Congress to make the paper dollar worth more than two cents; as nugatory and vain as the old-time legislation of Virginia that there should be a town at such and such a designated cross-road. The negro is a citizen, and he has the rights under the Constitution and the laws that any white man has; and yet he needs help, though it may be the black and white demagogues would dislike him to think so,—he needs help, personal, individual, patient, loving help, that he may be fitted to exercise his covenanted rights, and to do the duties which these rights impose.

The evils resulting from the suddenness with which the bonds were snapped are nowhere more manifest than in the change of management of religious bodies among the negroes which was effected as soon as they got their first taste of freedom.

The white pastors who for so many years have ministered unto them were cast out without ceremony; the guidance of the experienced and trusty Christian white men was repudiated, and in each congregation the government was given exclusively to black men; and while we may hesitate to believe that "the Lord gave the word," yet certainly, as the psalmist says, great was the company of the preachers, "those that published." In very many places, because of the rapid influx of the liberated slaves into the towns, new and large meeting-houses were erected and new congregations organized. Utterly ignorant men, gifted with a fatal fluency of speech, unable often to read the Bible in English, much less in its original tongues, became the blind guides of blind followers; and the result is that in some places within my personal knowledge a revival meeting has been going on every night since the surrender of Johnston's army. The orgies of their so-called worship are such as to cause any Christian man to blush for the caricature of our holy religion therein portrayed. As the years passed by, the congregations were associated under the particular polity to which they happened to belong, preacher and people being in general alike ignorant of the features and the claims of all. Conferences meet, general associations are held, bishops, presiding elders, professors, and doctors in divinity assemble, and there is much oratory; and alas! it is too often made plain that the teachers are themselves ignorant of the very first principles of the gospel of Christ. Not that I mean to say that these men cannot all talk glibly in slang theological phrase about the eternal verities,—for they can. And still less would I be understood as saying that there are not among these, my colored brothers, men whom I rejoice to call brothers, and from whom I rejoice to learn, not the science of the books, but the glorious guarantee of my Christian hope in their vital apprehension of the Father's love. And others there are now fully equal in learning to the average white minister, but these are few and far separated. But I believe that in general it were as wise to take the infant-class of a well-taught Sunday-school, with one of the older boys as its preacher, and set it up as an independent church, as so to constitute a body of the average negroes in the Southern States.

The unwisdom is now very manifest of the action of those Christian bodies who have set up the negroes belonging to their communions as independent churches, thus taking from them the

enlightening instruction, the helpful guidance, the pastoral care of the white men.

I know that it was hard to resist the importunity of the negroes, eager thus to display their capacity as leaders, organizers, and preachers, backed as they were by the thoughtless mob behind them. I know, too, that it was taking a burden from shoulders already heavily laden, thus to shift the responsibility of giving religious instruction to this great multitude. But I know equally well that the result has been evil, that the religious development of the negro race in our Southern States has been hindered by the separation. Just a year and a half ago there was held in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, a meeting of colored ministers, and the report of their proceedings published in a newspaper conducted by negroes, affords a most melancholy evidence of the fact that, separated from their white brethren, these, the leaders, had degenerated, and had ceased to realize, if they had ever fully done so, that the end and object of religion is morality, the uplifting of men into the likeness of God; for this report portrays ministers of the gospel charging one another with the grossest violations of the moral law! "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" If the teachers of religion, the exponents of the moral law, be thus liable to mutual recrimination, what must be the condition of the great mass of their followers! Declared Christians as declared citizens, they need help—personal, individual, tender, persistent—to enable them to become such in any true sense. The mistake of the United States Government has been repeated by some of the Christian denominations. Perhaps it was inevitable, but at all events it has taken away one of the chief agencies which the white man could employ to educate the black man to a true conception of citizenship; and alas! as the years go by, it must be more and more difficult for us to gain control of it again. Is it not worthy of consideration by the Southern men who are the ministers and leaders of the denominations with which these people are most largely associated, at least in name, whether they cannot make the bond a closer one, and so be enabled, at least indirectly, to shape the policy of their weaker brethren? Responsibility must be heavy in proportion to opportunity, and that responsibility cannot be put away by a mere yielding to the clamour of an ignorant populace, demanding that it may rest upon them and their children.

The main burden of this personal interest in his welfare which is to elevate the negro must fall on the shoulders of the Southerners.

Hard it may seem to some of us that, despoiled of our property for which our money was paid, and whose protection was guaranteed to our fathers, placed under the very feet of our former slaves by the conquering power of the Federal Government and the chicanery and fraud of unscrupulous white men, we should now be called upon to give our personal care, our time, our sympathy, and our meagre resources to the development of these semi-barbarians up to true manhood and intelligent citizenship. But be it hard, 'tis true. The burden rests upon us, and we cannot put it away. The love of our whole country demands it; that special regard we cannot but feel for the well-being and advancement of our own people and our own sunny home demands it; recognition of the truth of human brotherhood—that revelation of Jesus Christ and that last result of sociological study—demands it.

And how and where shall we begin? I answer, "every man in the deep of his own heart," by building there, firm and stable, the conviction that the negro is a man and a citizen; that the conditions of our life are all changed; that old things are passed away, and that the new things which are come to us demand, with an authority which may not be gainsaid, the effort of mind and heart and hand for the uplifting of the negro, lest, if he be left lying in his degradation, he pull us down to his defilement. Nay, we must build higher than this, even the conviction that it is the will of God that the nobler shall be evolved from the ignoble, that the race shall progress toward his likeness; and from the summit of this lofty conception we can look out and see the work to be done, and there we can breathe the pure air of heaven, and get inspiration for its performance, though it cost self-denial and self-sacrifice. Here we must begin in ridding our hearts of the feeling of caste, which has made them its citadel for generations.

It is not with the least reference to the social status of the freedman that the above remarks are made. The mysterious organization called "society" will ever take care of itself, and to take away the pariah badge which caste has affixed to the negro, by no means involves the presentation to him of a card of invitation to the dinner table or the drawing-room.

No man has an inherent right to be admitted into a circle which is in general defined by equality of distance from some fixed point of refinement, culture, leisure, or wealth. Undoubtedly it seems to be too true that the door of admission in our American life is generally to be unlocked by the golden key, whatever be the hand that holds it. And yet, after all, this seeming welcome to the almighty dollar is in reality accorded to the qualifications which wealth can supply, even culture, leisure, and refinement, and the community of interests with those possessing like advantages. But certainly no man or woman has any indefeasible right to social recognition, and its refusal is not a denial of equity. The time may come, and will, when the prejudices now apparently invincible shall have been conquered by the changed characteristics of the race now under the social ban. Society, then as now organized upon the basis of community of interests, congeniality of tastes, and equality of position, will exclude the multitude who cannot speak its shibboleth; but there will be no colour-line of separation. If the aspirate be duly sounded, the thickness of the lips that frame the word shall be no hindrance to the social welcome. When shall this be? Ah, when? In the far distant future it may be; and equally it may be that our great-grandchildren shall behold such a social revolution as will open wide the drawing-rooms of Washington to the black men who have been honored guests in the palaces of England and of France. But whether it shall ever be or not is no point in the discussion I am making; for immediate social recognition is not an equitable demand, nor yet a necessary factor in the development of the negro race, which is his right and our only safety.

The annals of the United States are full of splendid instances of the success attending personal effort to further the progress of the struggling *white* child of poverty. Why should not those annals record in future the names of black boys thus developed by the personal care of members of the higher race into a manhood

as noble and beneficent ? There is no lack of capacity for such development, as is proved by the scholars and orators, the mechanics and accountants of pure negro blood, moral and upright, trusty and trusted, who have been made in America.

True, they are few in number ; true, that in general the members of this race have as yet acquired but the little learning which is so dangerous ; true, that left to themselves, under leaders of their own race, they have in almost every case made grievous failure, have made loud boasting of an uplifting which was just high enough to display their grotesque ugliness. Surely these results were to be expected in the circumstances attending their effort for self-advancement. Yet, one man of high character and real education is enough to prove capacity. America can furnish many such, and of the great number which England offers, I cite one that is a crucial, splendid instance, and which alone must satisfy. An English cruiser overhauls a slave-ship homeward bound with its cargo of living treasure. The hatches are burst open, and the bondmen come forth from the nameless horrors of the middle passage just begun. Among them is a boy of typical African feature and form, who, for some cause, attracts the notice of a man who loves his fellow-men ; and when the liberated are carried back to roam again as free savages their native wilds, he is taken to England, that culture may develop the god-like nature in which he was created, that by contact with individuals of the higher kingdom this denizen of the lower may be lifted up. To-day that boy is the Bishop of the Niger, governing and guiding the missionary work of the Church of England in all the vast region of West Africa.

Capacity is not lacking, but help is needed, the help, I repeat, which the intelligence of the superior race must give by careful selection and personal contact with the selected.

The separation of the negro race from the white means for the negro continued and increasing degradation and decay.

His hope, his salvation, must come from association with that people among whom he dwells, but from whose natural guidance and care he has been separated largely by the machinations of unscrupulous demagogues. These care not a straw for his elevation, but would mount on his shoulders to place and power. They find their opportunity in the natural, indeed inevitable, estrangement of the liberated slave from his former master ; and they are more than content to keep the negro in thriftless ignorance, that he may continue their subservient follower. Certainly it was natural that these new-created citizens should join themselves to the leaders whose hands had broken the shackles of their slavery. Instinct prompted such alliance, and the fawning words of the cringing flatterer found ready acceptance and belief, when he told of the old master's desire again to fasten the chain which he, the orator, had broken with the tools in his carpet-bag. 'Twas pitiable to see the sorrow of many of these people when the announcement was made that a Democrat had been elected President, for they had been taught to believe that such an event meant their restoration to the condition of servitude. And it was cruel to witness, as I did, the sportive mockery of unthinking white men, who tortured the negroes by the assertion of ownership, and in some cases went through the mockery of selling them at auction. But is not now the opportunity of Southern white men to re-establish the bond of friendship with their

former slaves, and to prove to them that our interests are identical? The issue of the last presidential election has opened even the blindest eyes to see that the freedom of their race is in no sense dependent upon the continued supremacy of the Republican party, but is assured by the organic law which no political party can change. The time is come that we may make them know that our desire is to help them along the road to prosperity and happiness, even as we ask them to help us. The time is come for honest, manly effort to teach them that in our union is the only hope of both races; that separated from us, their neighbours and friends, they must retrograde toward the barbarism whence they are sprung, and, that then, alas! we might be compelled to wage relentless war against them for our own preservation. The white men of the South must help the negro politically, if they would be helped by him, and first of all must give him assurance of honest purpose, by the removal of the ban which prejudice has established, and treat as a freeman him whom the Constitution and the laws declare free.

Particular cases of the hardship arising from this distinction of colour may readily be cited.

I could but think of it with a blush as I journeyed a little while ago on a southbound railway train, and saw a tidy, modest, and intelligent black woman restricted to a car which, when she entered it, was about as full of oaths and obscenity as of the foul vapor compounded of the fumes of tobacco and of whisky. At the same station came aboard the train two white women, evidently less intelligent, less refined in manner, and by no means so cleanly dressed; and they were admitted to the privileges of the so-called ladies' car, which, under the usual interpretation, means merely "white people's car." Is this just? Is this equitable? Must not any possible elevation of the negro race by our efforts have a beginning in the removal of such flagrant wrongs as this?

Observe again the cruel prejudice which stands like an angry sentinel at American church doors to warn away the people whom Christians are fond of declaring to be children of the one Father.

The congregations of Christian people in our country seem with one accord to recognize their duty as their highest pleasure, and welcome most gladly all who come to join their prayers and praises and to hear their teacher. Ushers will confront you with smiling welcome at the door of any church in the land, and conduct you to a seat, though you be introduced by no member. Your manhood is your right to enter—if *only your face is white*. Is this just? Is this equitable? Above all, is this Christian? It is but a foolish dread which justifies such distinction on the ground that, once admitted, the negro would take possession and rule the church. Social sympathies, we know very well, have perhaps most to do with the gathering of any congregation of regular worshippers; sympathies which, as we have seen, arise from equality of material condition, community of tastes, participation in the same daily life. Why do we not fear to welcome as occasional visitor the white man or woman of low degree? Why does not like danger in their case restrain our Christian hospitality? Is the negro more pushing and self-assertive than the rude white man? Nay, rather is he not by his very pride of race, and his natural resentment of the white man's contumely, unwilling even to join with him in doing homage to the one King? This is but a pretext to excuse the conduct which, in our heart of hearts, we know to proceed from the old root of bitterness—the feeling of caste which demands that the liberated slave shall be for ever a menial:

Twenty years of the *separate* life of the negro churches have made plain the inevitable tendency.

They have colleges and newspapers, missionary societies and mammoth meeting-houses ; they have baptized multitudes, and they maintain an unbroken revival ; and yet confessedly the end of the commandment, the morality, the godlikeness which all religion is given to attain, is farther away than at the beginning. Their religion is a superstition, their sacraments are fetiches, their worship is a wild frenzy, and their morality a shame. I have myself heard the stewards of a city congregation reviling a country visitor because she always selected the Communion Sunday as the occasion of her visit, "that she might drink their good wine" ; and the soft impeachment was not denied.

True, there are white people equally ignorant of the first principles of Christianity, and whose moral character is equally destitute of religious influence ; but would it be wise or safe or Christian to let them organize separate communions, to give them up to their blind guides ? This is all I plead for, that separation from us is for the negro destruction, and perhaps for us as well. Therefore we must help them, teach them, guide them, lift them up ; and that we may do so, we must treat them as men.

Difficulties and opposition may be expected, and, not least, from the very people in whose interests the attempt at reform are to be made.

But harder to overcome, and of direful influence upon the very beginning of their labor who labor for peace, are the black demagogues who have learned from their white partners that the ignorance of their brethren must be the mother of devotion to their selfish interests ; that their unreasoning hostility to their white neighbours is the cement which fastens securely their dependence upon them. Preachers and politicians, each being as much the one as the other, will resent and resist our effort to open the blind eyes that they may see their glorious freedom in the Church and in the State. Pride of race will be summoned to resist the alien ; grateful recollection will turn away to the white men who came a score of years ago kindly to become their governors and congressmen and senators. The ignorant ranter who has held thousands spell-bound while he pictured the torment of the flaming lake, and called his hearers away to the sensuous delights of a Mohammedan paradise, will not freely consent to the introduction of preachers having intelligence, learning, and rational piety. But the truth will prevail at the last, if only it can find an entrance. We must carry it to them ourselves, despite all opposition. We must put away from us the devil's delusion that by declaring them citizens we have made them really such ; that in giving them the alphabet of the Christian faith we have fitted them to dwell apart and alone.

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## TEMPLE BAR.

JUNE, 1885.

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MARK PATTISON.—Unlike most autobiographies, "Memoirs by Mark Pattison" presents its author as a distinct and solid personality. Besides those sketchy silhouettes, which often do duty for portraits,—fragmentary reminiscences and speculative thoughts which tell nothing of the moral nature—we have here the boy as he must have appeared to others, and the man as he was to himself and to the world.

We want nothing more life-like than the picture of the lean, shambling ungainly lad, with weak eyes and a nervous manner, marching up the High Street of Oxford, dressed in an old brown great coat of his father's cut down to fit his attenuated figure, "that identical snuffy brown, for wearing which in Richmond market-place Dr. Ellerton had pulled up," in fact "proctorised," the Hauxwell rector. It must have cost the porter some effort to receive affably so queer a customer ; and from this introduction alone all the rest is clear.

Conscious of his educational deficiencies but ignorant of his intellectual powers ; with the awkwardness inseparable from a nervous temperament and the unmannerliness consequent on a curiously neglected home-training ;—not knowing that he ought to take off his hat to a lady in the street, nor return a call, nor answer an invitation, nor leave a card after having dined at a man's house—in a word not knowing any rule whatever of ordinary politeness ; ungainly and clownish in bearing ; sensitive to slights which his boorishness continually provoked, and passionately self-accusing when he had time to reflect on and measure the extent of the mistakes he had made poor Mark Pattison was sent to the world of men, but ill-equipped for the great battle of life where he had to make good his standing with the rest.

In the midst of his revelations of deficiency and consequent suffering he

says complacently, speaking of his boyhood : " I was not spoiled, as a boy who has been brutalised at school. I was only rude, unfledged, in a state of nature." To our way of thinking, the "brutalisation" of a good public school would have been the making of the country rector's awkward son. When he took his place among young men of his own degree it would have been better for him had he been less the "incredibly raw" freshman he was—better had he had so much knowledge of the world as would have enabled him to discriminate between strength and bluster ; and so much self-reliance, born of that knowledge, as would have saved him from the damaging phase of fluidity and weakness, of moral and personal apishness, through which he passed, as well as from the consequent canker of self-consciousness which ate into his character and destroyed both peace and self-respect for years after.

The confessions of the miseries endured in the first terms at Oxford owing to his bad manners and want of *savoir faire* match Rousseau's in self-abasement. They are profoundly tragic in their consciousness of defect, and the kind of spell laid on the poor lad to do foolishly and suffer shame.

His account of how, when he first met Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of his college, he passed him without capping owing to the fright of sheer nervousness, and how, when he met him a second time with Mrs. Hawkins, he capped him according to rules, but did not take the ungloved hand good-naturedly offered to him, give some measure of the boy's desperate condition in the way of manners. In the first instance, the Provost smiled ; and poor Mark tortured himself with conjectures as to whether that smile meant contempt or compassion (we should say both) ; in the second, he gave a "grunt of dissatisfaction," as the freshman tore past him ; and, says the author, "I think the Provost's aversion for me dated from this gross exhibition of *maladresse*." The culprit was, however, included in the freshmen's dinner-party given by Dr. Hawkins during the first term, when he might have redeemed all had he been able. But when he says that he "went like a victim, and sat the allotted two hours in misery"—when, dismissed at the ringing of the chapel-bell, he "managed to execute the *nunc dimittis* handshake," then rushed to his rooms, tore off his white choker and blue swallow-tail coat with gilt flat buttons, and "felt himself again"—we may be sure his whole bearing was of a piece with what had gone before, and that the future Rector of Lincoln was as boorish and impossible as the past ungracious "tyke" had been already.

That future intellectual luminary was as completely obscured in this "husk of the Yorkshire tyke" as was any enchanted prince under his disguise of Beast or Swineherd. Indeed, he never to the last threw off all traces of that rude original husk ; never knew what to say on an introduction, nor how to meet a conversational difficulty, nor how to glide over a broken bit of ground, as do other men after practice and experience. When he had been some months in college, and after the first Long, he had to give his prescribed wine-party. Here again the demon of nervousness and ineptness spoilt all. He had good wine from Smurthwaite's and a handsome dessert from Sadler's, and he had taken some pains to choose his guests, as he thought they would suit best among themselves. So far as things were arranged from the foundation, the wine-party should have been a success. But when the men came, they were formally received

by him "in a cold sweat, so nervous that the few ideas he had fled, and left his brain a blank. . . . Oh! the icy coldness, the Egyptian blankness of that "wine"; the guests slipped away one by one under pretext of engagements, and I was left alone with an almost untouched dessert, to be carried off as a perquisite by the college scout." It was long before Mark Pattison summoned courage to give another "wine," of which we are not told particulars; and we may be very sure his special set were grateful not to be subjected to another such ordeal.

Never was there any one more wanting in love, in generous sympathy, in spontaneity of admiration than was Mark Pattison. Even for the leader whom all men closely connected with him loved as well as revered, even for Newman he seems to have had no quickening impulse of personal affection;—unless a confession of jealous fear that Newman did not care much for him is to be taken as a correlative of love.

It was this want of the power of sympathy—this want of insight given by admiration and unselfishness, rather than the childishness or ignorance he accuses, which made him unable to recognise mental worth when he met with it. Pining for some kind of mental communion and a higher line of thought than he found in his immediate companions, he yet could not appreciate Richard Hurrell Froude in whose rooms he spent an evening; nor did he seem to his entertainer "worth taking up." Yet he was in a set which would naturally have inclined Froude to befriend him, had not his own disagreeable manners and want of sympathetic impulse given him the air of an unredeemed boor, and made him as easy to manipulate as a rolled-up hedgehog. Life is too short for this difficult scraping away of voluntary incrustations; and society takes us pretty much at our own valuation. If we pose as hedgehogs, but few will be found goodnatured enough to handle the spines and show they are only feathers stuck about a frightened mouse.

The account given of the colleges and the men, the management and the learning of the time is bitterly frank.

The "septic vibrio" of caste had penetrated everywhere, destroying whatever it touched. With the old county-family disdain for all new men, specially for all Manchester men—even for such as Ashhurst Gilbert, a first-class, then principal of his college, and afterwards Bishop of Chichester—was united contempt for learning itself, as derogatory to the dignity of an aristocrat and the self-respect of a gentleman. It was all very well for snobs who had to get their own living; but for those who were born to inherit—it was a disgrace, much as carrying a hod or driving a plough would have been. A university education meant tone not knowledge—social status not intellectual acquirement. For instance, Mark's boyish friend and neighbour, Lord Conyers Osborne, the brilliant and promising second son of the Duke of Leeds, was thought at one time likely to go in for honours. "Any such hope was early dissipated by the demoralising atmosphere of Christ Church," says the autobiographer; and "at the time we arrived in Oxford, I found Lord Conyers entirely possessed by the opinion of his set, that it was unworthy of a man of his position to 'sap.'"

Mark Pattison's own set, though "morally far higher than the horsey and drinking set of the Philpotts and Crawleys," had "no souls at all in their ambition and public aims ; some, as was William Froude, of superior intelligence, but having no inner life, no capacity of being moved by poetry, by natural beauty, who are never haunted by the ideal or baffled by philosophical perplexities." Of Philpotts and Crawley he speaks not with negative disclaimers, but with positive abhorrence. It is easy to picture the young ascetic's disgust for his more virile companions when on a journey to Cheltenham, he met them on the outside of the coach. "We sat next each other, but not being in the same set, never spoke a word to each other the whole way," he says. "Philpotts had a lighted cigar in his mouth when he got upon the coach, and kept one there till we got off at the "Plough"—about five hours—lighting a fresh one from the stump of the one he had just finished." Mark neither smoked nor drank ; and, what was for a young fellow excessive and unlovely parsimony, probably helped in his asceticism.

The attitude of the older students towards study staggered the freshman who had come up to learn. He had expected to find himself one of a band of ardent students, each vying with the other in zealous endeavour to profit by their opportunities. He was soon disillusioned ; "finding lectures regarded as a joke or a bore condemned by the more advanced, shirked by the backward ; Latin and Greek regarded as useless except for the purpose of getting a degree ; and as for modern literature, the very idea of its existence had never dawned upon these youths, none of whom knew any language but English." That is, he was met by the shallowness, pretence, and half-heartedness by which the earnest and sincere find themselves shocked and overborne when they first measure their forces against those of the world.

His father's choice of a college was eminently characteristic of the best tone of the time. He wanted his cub to learn, but he wanted him to learn in good, that is well-born company.

Himself a former commoner of B. N. C., he would naturally have preferred his own college, had he not begun to perceive in the dim way proper to country clergymen who cease to move with the times and stand as still as so many pillars of salt, that the light had departed from the old halls, and that Oriel was now the centre of intelligence. Brasenose had the reputation of being rowdy and drinking ; and though the tutors, Hall, Churton, and Richard Harrington were all first-class men, yet the tuition was not good. "Hall was getting old and weary of it ; Tommy Churton I afterwards came to know as a 'stick,'" says Mark, "and Harrington was a fine gentleman who sailed his own pinnace on the river and dined out much." Oriel and Balliol stood higher in repute for tuition. They were the "two prison-houses," according to Lord Conyers, speaking from the undergraduate's point of view and his disinclination to "sap." But Oriel had the additional advantage of being the more aristocratic of the two ; and the good to be got by sitting on the same bench with Lordlings and elder sons, and not the triumvirate of tutors—Newman, Wilberforce, and Froude—determined Mr. Pattison's choice and young Mark's future. These three men, "whose heart and mind were in a continual ferment of emotion and speculation," were, however, as yet not generally recognised for what they were ; so that the Rector of Hauxwell might be pardoned for not divining what he had no means of knowing, and the snobbishness which gave the casting vote gave

it, though unconsciously, in favour of the Best. The Balliol tutors, Ogilvie and Round, "belonged to the genus 'dry stick.'" "They were before all things clergymen, with all the prepossessions of orthodox clergymen, and incapable of employing classical antiquity as an instrument of mental culture. At most they saw in Greek and Latin a medium for establishing the 'truth of Christianity.'" "

In spite of its higher pretensions, the learning of Oriel did not go very deep, and the ground was only scratched, not ploughed. In Denison's class for example, a question as to the metre of a line in the "Alcestis" was met by blank silence until it came to Mark's turn when, trembling with excitement, he answered eagerly, "anapæstic dimeter." "So much information was not far to fetch," he adds scornfully. It was in a Latin note in Monk which most of the class had. But Latin notes on difficult passages were not in the way of men who wanted simply to scrape through their degrees, and to give themselves as little trouble in the process as might be. Denison gave the young freshman a look as much as to say, "Who the devil are you?" He had evidently not been accustomed to the phenomenon of students who studied. If not quite the blind leading the blind, it was not much more than a one-eyed leadership that was given by this same professor of Greek literature; for Mark adds with grim candour and uncompromising appraisal: "I do not remember in the whole course of the term that Denison made a single remark on the two plays, 'Alcestis' and 'Hippolytus,' that did not come from Monk's notes." After which we can scarcely be surprised by the bitter little paragraph which follows:

"In less than a week I was entirely disillusioned as to what I was to learn in an Oxford lecture-room. Copleston was still worse. Denison was a scholar according to the measure of those days, knew his Greek plays, and could let fall a clever thing. Copleston was a veritable dunce who could teach you nothing. He was the butt of the college, and we used to wonder how he ever became Fellow of Oriel. The explanation was probably in the *name*. I suppose it was a job of his uncle's; for though Edward Copleston had ceased to be Provost at the date of W. J. Copleston's election, his influence must have been still powerful with the electors."

The review of the thought, the conduct and quality of education current in the university just before Pattison's acquaintance with Oxford is given with a rare clearness of insight and incisiveness of touch. The slackness in duty, the slovenliness in teaching, the personal favouritism, and the profound immorality of the whole system are laid bare with an unsparing hand.

The election of fellows was especially discreditable.

But public opinion approved the method, and, provided the man was or was about to be in Orders, came from the specialised locality, and was unmarried, he might be a blackguard for all the rest. Like chose like. A toper voted in a toper; and free-living at all four corners was less a barrier than puritanism would have been. Even when things stopped short of absolute vice, the Fellow was elected for his companionable qualities rather than for his learning or his moral merits. The colleges were clubs to which were elected only clubbable men. "Then they dispensed each other from the obligation to study for seven years, and from the performance of those exercises which had

been the guarantee of study, so that the original object of the foundation, the promotion of learning, was wholly abrogated." The Visitors, mostly Bishops, did nothing to stop this abuse; and only in 1854, when the reform of the universities was made a legal necessity, was any good effected.

This is a pregnant sermon, by the way, on the oft-repeated text of the sanctity of vested rights, and the rule by conscience of the educated classes. Into all systems whatsoever creep abuses and are perpetrated scandals, unless a keen watch is kept from the outside and a rigorous check imposed by independent authority. Lay or cleric they are all the same; and the theory that the cowl makes the monk, or that a sacred profession includes holy living, or that a man who has rights will prefer instead his duties, is on all fours with that which would maintain that the driver of fat oxen should himself be fat.

Oriel was the first college that reformed itself into some likeness to its original intention as a place of study; and Provost Eveleigh was the reformer. He had to endure the fate of most innovators on the side of righteousness, in the ridicule and obloquy hurled at him from the "cosy family-parties in the other common-rooms;" and Oriel men were "exposed to much banter on the score of their pretensions to superiority." Instead of clubbable social qualities the new Oriel Fellow was required to have mental gifts, and above all originality. He was to be neither a dumb dog nor a dry stick; neither a wine-bibber nor a pleasant, easy-going gentlemanlike *roi-fainéant* as in the old days. He was to have ideas in the first place, and the force to make those ideas tell in the second. Nor did his class weigh with the examiners. Keble, Hawkins, and Jenkyns were certainly double-firsts; but Whately, T. Mozley, Newman, and Hurrell Froude were all men of low classes, taken against candidates of greater *primæ facie* claims.

Dr. Hawkins was the Provost of Oriel when Mark Pattison matriculated. Not equal to Keble in beauty of character, he was his superior in all the ready qualities of a man of the world—in tact, discrimination, facility, and in attention to the efficient working of the college rules. But his mind was "essentially legal in its texture," and his leaning was towards theology and church controversy. "Every one must have felt the thinness and superficiality of the new Provost's character by contrast with the sterling force and richness of that of his predecessors." This is Mark Pattison's verdict. The change of tutors was another blow at the fortunes of Oriel.

In 1832 when Mark went up, the three "energetic and successful teachers," Newman, Hurrell Froude and Wilberforce, had been got rid of, and three "inefficients" had taken their places. These were W. J. Copleston the "veritable dunce," G. A. Denison, who, though he knew his Greek plays, went no deeper than his "crib," and Dornford; and these three checked the advance and hastened the decline of the college, which, Mark says, was still going down in 1883, when he wrote these Memoirs. The quarrel between the Provost and the dispossessed three tutors, seems to have been chiefly because of jealousy of power, accentuated by Newman's insisting on the pastoral relation between himself and his pupils. As a priest, he said, he did not see how he could be a tutor at all without the pas-

toral power in addition to his scholastic authority. For this he contended; and on this he was turned out. If he had carried his point it was clear, as Mark Pattison says, that a college would have become simply a priestly seminary and not an agent of a university. Oriel thus escaped that "canker of ecclesiasticism which excludes all intelligent interests"—that canker with which other colleges, *e.g.* Christ Church and St. John's, were corroded, and which, if allowed free sway, would destroy all intellectual freedom, all scientific research, and reduce men's minds to a state of low, debasing, and unmanly superstition. But in no common-room, complains our author, are the great problems of speculation discussed, nor does the science nor literature of the day hold a place.

Newman, a theologian first, a political leader afterwards, was impelled by the forces he himself had set in motion to take the place into which he was rather thrust by the pressure of public events, than carried by his own deliberate will. He and his kind "took divinity seriously," and made of their theology not only a professional outfit, but a rule by which life was to be ordered, and action governed. That is, they were sincere and logical; and opposed to the forces of progress and enlightenment the dead dull inertia of old-time ignorance and old-timed tradition. Newman's ideal of a University was sublime, so far as words went; the practical rendering would have been the narrowest and driest ecclesiasticism. His chief study was Church history and patristic literature; his hero was Athanasius; his glory was in the triumph of the church over Hellenic wisdom and philosophy—"that triumph which to the Humanist is the saddest moment in history," says Mark; "the ruin of the painfully constructed fabric of civilization to the profit of the Church." Religion was in his eyes the sole object of all teaching, and authority was the sole guide of all thought. "Of the world of wisdom and sentiment—of poetry and philosophy—of social and political experience contained in the Latin and Greek classics, and of the true relation of the degenerate and semi-barbarous Christian writers of the fourth century to that world, Oxford in 1830 had never dreamt." All this was "heathen;" in the Church alone, according to these men, lay the light, the truth, and all things necessary to the salvation of the world. Then soon after 1830, the Tracts "desolated Oxford life, and suspended for an indefinite period all science, humane letters and the first strivings of intellectual freedom which had moved in the bosom of Oriel."

To this Tractarian movement Mark Pattison gravitated, not as he says owing to outward causes, but by the law of his own nature. The circumstances of his life, however, might have helped; since sorrow for the most part predisposes us to find consolation in religion and support in companionship.

He had suffered various defeats and mortifications during his college career, failing in competitive examinations for scholarships, though he got his college prize for Ciceronian dialogue, which *more suo* he despised. Finally he took a bad second-class instead of the brilliant double-first he had hoped for, chiefly because he had frittered away his energies, and had not allowed himself time to be well coached. His despair over his failure led him to exaggerated personal humiliation; as when he went home to Hauxwell by a wretched crazy Humber boat, because the fare was only five shillings, and took a most disadvantageous tutorship as a starving beggar would take a mouldy crust. He was little restored to self-respect by the kindness of his

father ; and by the fresh air and healthy outdoor life he led, acting on his body and by consequence on his mind.

He went back to Oxford for his B. A. degree, taking small rooms at the back of Oriel, for which he paid fourteen shillings a week, "good enough for a second-class." Here more trials awaited him. He read for the Oriel Fellowship, but he lost it ; though on the day of examination, Newman told him that some of them thought he had done the best. Then he accepted Newman's offer to go into the large empty house he had taken in St. Aldate's, which he was "filling with young B.A.'s, whom he employed on some of his many projects, notably the Library of the Fathers."

For all that, Mark and Newman were never close friends. On one occasion when Mark had made some flippant remark "such as young B.A.'s are apt even now to deal in," Newman turned round and "deposited upon me one of those ponderous and icy 'Very likelies,' after which you were expected to sit down in a corner and think over amending your conduct." He had offended Newman too by botching, and not honestly rewriting, an essay which had had to be altered ; so that their acquaintance was in abeyance until he went into that empty house and learnt to find his way about the Fathers in the Bodleian. A second time Mark Pattison was disappointed of his Fellowship ; when, despite the statutes, Arthur Stanley was chosen in his stead. Mark wrote Travers Twiss a stinging letter, with a quotation from Livy which put the "dots to the i's. Travers Twiss was furious ; and the Provost, who did not approve of the young Tractarian belligerent, "instead of throwing his fatherly shield round him, and laughing Twiss out of the room," took his side, pretended to be duped, and severely chid the disappointed youth.\*

Again he went in for a Balliol Fellowship ; but Woollcombe was chosen over his head : and he was once more in true agonies of despair. His father wrote him "one of his disagreeable letters, overflowing with pious resignation and moroseness." So far, however, from being morose, he generously consoled his son by saying that he had just burned an old letter of Mr. Page's, in which he said, "'Meshech and the tents of Kedar were a mere joke to what I am now enduring'—while an Emmanuel living was slowly passing down the list of Fellows, and might possibly come down to him." Meanwhile, pending his choice of a profession which he knew must be the Church, Mark accepted Newman's offer aforesaid ; lived rent-free in the empty house ; paid a very small sum a week for his frugal diet ; and plunged into patristic bibliography. He got up the whole subject ; hunted up references for the verification of Aquinas, who never gives any authority for his quotations ; and earned quite a Bodleian reputation for finding his way about the Fathers real and supposititious. And he fell into the deadly grip of fanaticism, where he became more abject and humiliated than before, and lost even such small amount of self-respect as he might have preserved.

Fortunately his temper brought him into collision with some other members of the community, and he seceded into private lodgings, by which apparently unimportant event it came about that he got the Yorkshire Fellowship at Lincoln, and thus for ever

\* Travers Twiss, it must be said, met Pattison's charges and disposed of them triumphantly in a letter to the *Times*.



settled the lines of his hitherto dissatisfied and disappointed life. Then for the first time he owned himself completely happy.

His diary teemed with thanks to Almighty God to whose sole agency he ascribed his election. Notwithstanding his brighter fate, he was still lost in patristic literature and the Tractarian movement ; and had even sunk so low, he says, as to confess once to Dr. Pusey, whom he accuses of telling to another man what was then confided to him. Yet he and Newman were no more "innerly" than before ; and when he spent a fortnight at Littlemore, one entry in his diary records : "Newman kinder, but not perfectly so." There is also a confession of jealousy because of Newman's preference for others over himself. The whole extracts of this time are pitiful in their small abasements of conscience, their morbid and minute accusations, their want of virile strength and their flaccidity of mental condition. They make one's flesh creep as at the contemplation of something monstrous and unnatural—the very depravity of religiosity.

Newman's famous place at Littlemore was called the Monastery ; and the Warden of Wadham, B. P. Symons, "a flourishing Evangelical who poked his nose into everything," one day knocked at the door. Instead of the servant, Newman himself opened to him. "Can I see the monastery ?" asked Symons. "We have no monasteries here," said Newman shrilly, and slammed the door in the Warden's face.

Another authority, the Bishop of Lincoln, showed himself adverse to these new views. He went to visit one of the pronounced Tractarians, "B. Smith," and went over the church, making no remark ; the "rowing" was in a letter the next day. As the Bishop was leaving the house, Mr. Smith asked for his blessing, and was about to kneel for the reception thereof, when his Diocesan turned abruptly away saying : "Good-morning, I will write to you to-morrow." For all their piety our Christian gentlemen at Oxford sometimes did queer things ; as when against a phrase—"Balaam's ass was a type of Mr. Croly"—is written in Whately's handwriting : "Mr. C. assures me that this was written by a gentleman and a Christian."

At thirty Mark Pattison was still a child in knowledge and judgment, but his mind began to ripen and mature, if slowly, yet surely. After having gravitated to Tractarianism by the forces within, he now began to break away by the evolution, the liberation of those same forces, bursting through the narrow bonds of abject piety and unquestioning superstition by which they had hitherto been compelled and restrained into a wider, a richer, and a freer world.

He began to see the intellectual death lying in ecclesiastical domination, and to appreciate the nobler issues raised by philosophy and speculation. The miracles believed in by Catholics—and that recorded of a man in Leicestershire, who was struck blind in consequence of an imprecation, but got back his sight when, on becoming a convert, he received his first sacrament, believed in at Littlemore—disturbed his thoughts and forced him to that questioning which begins in doubt and ends in denial. When Newman went over to Rome and Manuel Johnson proposed to write the "History of Absquatulation," Mark Pattison went out by the other door and faced the free air of Rationalism. His Tractarianism took eight years out of his life ; but perhaps it was not all waste. At the worst, it closed for ever the questions of ecclesiastical authority and the

abnegation of the reason in favour of supernaturalism. "How different the fortunes of the Church of England might have been if Newman had been able to read German," said Stanley. So if Mark Pattison had not been a German scholar, he too might have taken the yoke on his shoulders to the end of his time.

Meanwhile, the cousin whom he should have loved and did not, went over to Rome; the Tractarian fever ebbed; King Hudson flashed into the heaven of men's desires, and "instead of High, Low and Broad Church, they talked of high embankments, the broad gauge and low dividends."

Pattison, as one of the most capable of the Dons, began to reform Lincoln, which perhaps was more to the general good of humanity than verifying Thomas Aquinas, and finding his way about the Fathers; and then Science, placed under a ban by the theologians, was adopted as part of the University curriculum.

In 1845 the darkness vanished, and the light of intellectual freedom dawned. At first the results were not encouraging, according to our autobiographer; and the puffy, unwholesome diet of superficial reading made swollen not solid brains, and egotists rather than inquiring reasoners. Party quarrels embittered life and checked the full development of favourable movements. Conington, irritable and unmannerly, was "converted;" and under him, every one was subjected to the test of Church orthodoxy, which he made the chief item to consideration and the want of which was the insuperable barrier to advancement. When he died, Mark Pattison was the virtual head and worked in the contrary direction, with zeal and success. "In 1860 Lincoln could have been cited, and was so, as one of the best managed colleges in Oxford," he says with pardonable pride in his good work. He also did his best to prevent the conservative folly of keeping the railway so far out as Didcot; and he worked hard for enlightenment in every direction. But he broke the shins of the obstructives and was naturally not approved of. He made enemies and went near to losing his Fellowship, owing to his own informality on the one side and this enmity on the other. He was "jockeyed" about the Rectorship, by Kettle, who was himself defeated in his own man by the exertions of Pattison's friends. They elected Thompson—"a mere ruffian," says Mark. After this disappointment about the Rectorship, Mark went into the desert, threw up his tutorship, was broken-hearted and broken-spirited, but recovered some of his lost tone by fishing, though it took a yet longer while before he was entirely himself again. A period of dreary mental deterioration followed on this activity of despair, and he was forced to be content with small things and mean endeavours. "But," as he says with bitter self-contempt, "we cannot always be chewing the cud of great principles."

The Royal Commission did good work among the dry bones of the University; the establishment of the Museum did better. To this he ascribes all the good that has since been worked—the stride that has been taken. It gave the pregnant germ of the scientific spirit.

"I remember on one occasion," he says, "when a grant for £10,000 for Museum purposes was before Convocation, that our party was divided as to whether we should support it or not. But even more astounding than our reluctance to give money was the blindness in which we still lived as to the claims of science in the realm of knowledge and our naive assumption that classical learning was a complete equipment for a great university."

The conflict the other day between Burdon Sanderson and the obstructive anti-vivisectionists was a revival of the old narrow spirit to which all science is abhorrent; and to which biology above all is an impious prying into forbidden mysteries.

After more wandering like "Bellerophon in the Aleian fields, shunning the encounter of men," his ambition broke through this cere-cloth of sadness, and his mind began once more to move healthily and vigorously.

He speaks of his literary endeavours, however, as: "My ideal at this time was polluted and disfigured by literary ambition." He took up Buckle's "History of Civilization," at first with admiration, then with dissent; denying the famous dictum that the "actions of mankind at any point whatever of their history are dictated by their knowledge," in favour of a stream of tendency, an unconsciousness which impels beyond knowledge. He went into the "History of Deism" as a philosopher, not a theologian; and complains that there is so little of this philosophic spirit in England. Deism is supposed to have been refuted and the Church triumphant; the thing has been done; no more is to be said; and of what use is it to slay the already slain? "So wholly extinct is scientific theology in the English Church," he says, that the English public could not recognise such a thing as a neutral and philosophic inquiry into the causes of the form of thought existing at any period." This was the subject of his famous essay in "Essays and Reviews,"—a scientific history of the self-development of opinion. "This attempt to present the English public with a philosophical monograph on one special phase of religious thought was singularly unsuccessful," he adds. "To judge from the reviews, it never occurred to any of our public instructors that such a conception was possible. Clerical or anti-clerical, from the "Westminster Review" to the "Guardian," they were all busily employed in finding or making contradictions between the writer's words and the Thirty-nine Articles."

Newman blamed this essay, not for its substance but on account of the public to which it was addressed. Had it been written for, and kept strictly to, the clergy, it would have been admissible enough; but it was a sin to send it out to the laity. After this Mark Pattison worked at and produced his "Casaubon," which was published in the "Quarterly," and which, more than all else he has yet done, made his name and stamped him as the man of ability he was.

The memoirs close with the year 1860; and more remains behind. The history of his life and work would have been a far different one, had little human sympathy leavened the hard dryness of his intellect.

All who knew the late Rector of Lincoln know that he was a confessed freethinker—that he had migrated from the abject piety of his boyhood through the still more abject humiliation of Tractarianism, into the wider regions first of Latitudinarianism, then of Rationalism. He no longer saw God's mercy centred in a Church partial in its working and fragmentary in its results; he no longer believed in the necessity for salvation of a revelation made to some and withheld from more; but he called in the aid of science to correct the mistakes of

superstition. From a sectarian he became a universalist, applying to theology the law of development which rules all else in the world of man and of nature ; seeing in the religious thought of a time a proof of its ignorance or knowledge, and in religion itself a phase of history like the migration of a people or the conquest of an empire. He abandoned the standpoints of teleology in favour of that of adaptation, of revelation in favour of development, of individualism in favour of universalism ; and if his character had been as beautiful as his intellect was great, he would have been one of the world's captains instead of only a vigorous kind of lieutenant. But his arid egotism and deadening contempt for men spoilt the harmoniousness of the whole, and as it were married the brain of St. Michael with the sneer of Mephistopheles.

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE WATTS EXHIBITION.—The experiment of showing in New York the collection of Mr. G. F. Watts's pictures has demonstrated by its unparalleled success that America is entering upon a new and better period of art history. The Düsseldorf, the Munich, and the Parisian school have each made its impression on the Americans through their artists who have studied there.

The growing tendency of these schools has long been toward absolute realism. In the annual Paris Salon, where, more than in any other exhibition, are collected representative pictures from every country, it is plainly written on the walls, with only a rare hiatus, that the prevalent modern impulse is to imitate materials and effects in the shortest and most direct way possible. The experience of our students abroad has been just what might have been expected. They have readily assimilated the novel and the radical ideas in art. They have found in the academies excellent instruction in the technique of the profession, and have acquired a high degree of skill in execution.\* They have been for various reasons preoccupied with this side of their education, and have commonly neglected to pay any attention to the acquirement of a

knowledge of what it is best worth while to paint. They have come home to repeat the cry of the ultra-radicals in art that anything is worth painting if it be well painted, and they have helped to establish this theory as a governing principle in our art. This is the virus which poisons the art of Europe. This is the fatal principle which has glorified the ugly and the commonplace, has vitiated public taste, and has led to the development of a school of painters whose only legacy to posterity will be skilful transcripts of whatever is least desirable to perpetuate in our age and in our civilization.

It is the province of art to elevate, and the ugly and the commonplace have no niche in its temple. We cannot fail to recognise that the vital element of all good art in the past has been to represent the perfection of beauty in one form or the other—a purpose which has made the masterpieces of Greek art models for all nations and for all time. As to what is true art—

Will not our question be fully answered if we insist that the one condition of artistic production be parallel to that under which were brought forth those great works proven by experience, by cultivation, and by the test of centuries and of new civilizations to be the noblest creations of man? It is not asking too much of the artists that their purpose be higher than the desire to acquire mechanical skill, and that they shall exercise their intelligence in the selection of what they shall represent, neither is it expecting too much of a public so eager to assimilate new ideas as our own that it encourage the best intentions in art.

Hitherto America has naturally inclined to that kind of art which makes the slightest demands upon culture and experience. It has accepted the baneful theory that good painting is a sufficient apology for an unworthy motive, or indeed for no motive at all. No doubt devotion to material things, and apparent unconsciousness of any higher or ulterior purpose in education, is part of the history of every life.

The artist, in order to acquire a reasonable degree of skill, must be pre-occupied at some time with the use of materials, and until he becomes so familiar with the tools of his profession that he is unconscious of them he cannot do his best work. Having in view methods and materials, it is natural and even necessary that he should concentrate his attention on the realistic representation of objects without suffering the distraction of the higher qualities of art. The trouble with our artists, then, is that they are not yet far enough advanced to be able to forget the means in the endeavour to secure a result.

Mr. Watts is an idealist, pure and simple. He makes no attempt at realism; he ignores the model except as a guide to remind him of the truths of nature.

His sole purpose seems to be to impress the spectator with the idea he has chosen to illustrate, both by the composition and by a treatment harmonious with the character of the subject. To do this, he is necessarily obliged to sacrifice absolute facts of nature for the more general and higher truths, since realism can no more illustrate the creations of the imagination than a gossip's

description can give the suggestiveness which is the charm of a poet's verses. Over fifty works have been loaned by Mr. Watts to the Metropolitan Museum. About half of these are portraits, and the collection, as a whole, gives a fair but by no means complete indication of the artist's aims and methods. The general aspect of the paintings seen as a mass is so unusual that it challenges examination and study. The absence of the common indications of endeavour to catch the public eye, the extreme sobriety, not to say sombreness, of the color, and a peculiar method of treatment, which can scarcely be better described than as the reverse of that now in vogue, distinguish the works at once as distinctly inspired by an absorbing study of the old masters.

In portraits Mr. Watts has acquired a degree of skill of an unusual order. As regards those shown in the loan collection, if they were shown in the presence of the sitter, the casual observer would undoubtedly find that they are not generally accurate realistic likenesses.

But it is certainly the highest aim in portraiture to give the best impression of a head as it appears to the painter familiar with the character and the personality of the sitter. It is not left to the portrait painter alone to discover the fact that no one ever looks twice the same, for any one who contemplates with interest a human head soon discovers that for himself. An accurate imitation of a head as it appears at any one time may have, to be sure, some elements of good portraiture in it, but it is much more likely to be of no more value in most ways than an instantaneous photograph. The portraits by Mr. Watts are distinguished by powerful personality and distinct individuality. If he has omitted the minor details of physical resemblance, he has given in their place a large and sympathetic realization of the personal traits of the sitter. In the execution he has avoided above all that stumbling-block of most portrait painters—study of the sitter from too close a point of view. Comparison between the different heads will show that they each give the effect of a mass of color, the tone of which is as much a peculiarity of each sitter as the drawing of the head and the proportion of the features. This will indicate as well as anything else to what extent the artist was impressed by the sitter, for such a result can only be obtained through the most complete and absorbing interest in the general aspect of the head without yielding to the distraction of details. It may be well to call attention to the most important characteristics of Mr. Watts's portraits in order to show the difference between this work and that of the most modern and at present the most popular portrait painters. The chief and decidedly prominent qualities of portraits of the accepted modern school are solidity, truthful effect of life, and accurate imitation of the physical aspect of the sitter. The first impression, and, in fact, the only impression which the best of the realistic portraits gives the spectator is that of unqualified and uncompromising truth, but truth of surface alone. What is commonly accepted as character is but accurate drawing; the so-called personality is oftenest but a mannerism of the artist, and the much-praised solidity and effect of reality are but the simplest tricks of the painter's skill.

Mr. Watts has carried the same keen sense of observation, and the same loyalty to mental impressions which are necessary to an artist in portrait-painting into his other pictures.

"Love and Death" is one of the best known of all his works, and scarcely needs description here. The commanding figure of the common enemy of mankind, clothed in voluminous drapery, thrusting aside in his resistless advance the form of Love vainly struggling to guard the doorway through which Death is sure to pass, far better represents the modern idea than the ghastly symbolical skeleton which has so long held a place in all similar illustrations. By turning the back of the figure of Death toward the spectator the artist has suggested the eternal mystery of that face upon which no man has ever looked; by the simple gesture of the arm and the full forward movement he has represented the irresistible power, the inevitable advance, of the enemy who knows no pause nor hindrance. By the contrast between this sombre figure and the tender form of Love struggling in anguish among the roses clustering around the doorway, there is presented to every mind the ever-recurring experience of human life when the full strength of love finds its sole conqueror in the supreme power of death. Turning from this to the next in the series, we find in "Love and Life" another phase of human existence illustrated with equal thoughtfulness and parallel poetical feeling. Here Love is shown as a youthful figure, strong, vigorous, and self-reliant, as he tenderly assists the shrinking yet trusting maiden, Life, to climb a rough and rocky pathway. The tone of the picture is soft and tender, the color scheme symbolizing the youthful idea of the future, bright, fresh, and shadowless. Still again has Mr. Watts been impelled by his meditation on the conditions of human existence to express the idea of the controlling and uncontrollable influences upon which our lives depend. "Time, Death, and Judgment" is a group of colossal figures advancing through space with a solemn stride. Death is here a female figure with garnered buds, blossoms, and leaves; Time, a giant youth with changeless stare; and Judgment, a swooping Nemesis with flaming sword. In its treatment it resembles neither of the two first mentioned, because the artist has endeavoured to embody the idea of the stability and the unalterable nature of these agencies by the character of the figures which represent them. The human form, simplified, enlarged, purged of its mortal elements of change and decay, is used by Mr. Watts in this picture to symbolize powers beside which all human forces are weak and ineffectual. In his treatment he has given them an appearance of firmness and immobility which harmonizes with the idea of the subject.

The rude figure is to Mr. Watts a potent medium of expression, through which, as in the "Eve Tempted," he excites the imagination to complete the idealisation which art can only suggest, not reproduce.

He paints no figure for the sake of the model alone, considering the reproduction of the qualities of human flesh only worthy his brush when it may carry to the mind of the spectator some exalted idea. With this purpose he has painted several nude figures, three Eves among the rest, with no hint of that earthliness which is characteristic of French art, and for which the marvellous skill of those painters is no apology or excuse. In his use of the figure he is, of course, following the lines of ancient Greek art, for in the simplicity and dignity of his composition and in the grandeur of the movements he creates are found abundant indications of sympathetic study of the noble masterpieces of ancient sculpture. Whoever has deplored the tendencies of modern French art, and has vainly



sought among the numberless nudes that are hung each year in the public exhibitions in France for a single example which might increase our admiration for the human form, and call our attention to the chaste beauties of the noblest of creations, will find in the pictures by Mr. Watts an earnest endeavour to eliminate from the figure all grossness, and to clothe it with the perfect garment of purity. If the nude is painted except with this motive, can it be classed as art?

The "Eve Tempted" alluded to above is the only one of the series of three which it was possible to procure for the loan collection.

The large, almost Michael-Angelesque, forms suggest ripe and vigorous womanhood, while a certain dignified grace of action and unconsciousness of pose make one forget the model, and think only of the exalted type of beauty which the painter has endeavoured to represent. Unfortunately the picture is in an unfinished state, so that its full charm is lost; but the abundance of Paradise is well enough shown in the tangle of leaves half concealing the figure of Eve, and offering to her hesitating touch the tempting fruit. In the "Fata Morgana" is found another type of female beauty in the sprightly figure of a maiden symbolizing opportunity. She escapes the clutch of her pursuer, who has vainly endeavoured to seize the lock of hair by which alone she can be caught, and, with a movement full of suppleness and grace, dances away, laughing at the impotent attempt at her capture. We pause to note the exquisitely modelled limbs and the animated swing of the figure, unconscious of its nudity, remembering only how fully it embodies in the spirit of its action the idea of the fleeting character of that will-o'-the-wisp, opportunity.

The "Orpheus and Eurydice" is one of the most dramatic of the compositions. It illustrates the instant when Orpheus, having looked behind him, finds Eurydice dragged back by fate into Hades.

The contrast between the manly strength of Orpheus and the helplessness of Eurydice is heightened by the great difference in the color of the flesh of the two figures. Not an echo of the hues of life which tinge the limbs of the hero is found in the pallid skin of the drooping, nerveless victim which fate has claimed. The mystery and gloom of Hades are suggested by a background full of dim forms and sombre colors. Another subject taken from mythology and treated with exquisite taste is the "Endymion." The shepherd sleeps in the vale of Meander, and Semele hovers over him, charmed by his beauty. There is in the whole collection no better example of adequate and agreeable illustration of a poetical idea than this simple composition. The suggestion of the crescent moon is subtly conveyed by the curve of the hovering figure, and by the silver-hued drapery which conceals and yet reveals the form. The large and simple movements, the grace and nobility of the figures, recall the charms of Greek sculpture, while the whole story of Endymion is brought to mind by this thoughtful interpretation of a single incident.

Here we find all the conditions of good art satisfied, for the eye is pleased, the imagination excited, and the intellect awakened. As we have seen, Mr. Watts has shown us love as a sustaining power in human life, and love as powerless to resist the advance of death;

and in the "Paolo and Francesca" he completes his illustration of the subject by eloquently repeating the oft-told story of the hopeless but enduring passion of the most unhappy pair of mortal lovers.

Joined together for all time, they cling to each other with nerveless touch, the eternal pain of disappointed love visible on their faces, for ever scored with the lines of acute death agony. Twin spirits, they float through the murky mysteries of the Inferno, types of wretchedness and suffering. This has long been a favorite theme for illustration, but Mr. Watts has made it his own by the comprehensive manner in which he has grasped the idea and imparted the true Dantesque spirit to his composition. This successful treatment of an old subject may serve to show to all to whom the question at the beginning of this article is a vital and an interesting one that it is the individual conception, not the subject itself, that makes the picture, and it may also suggest another factor in the complex answer to the apparently simple interrogation.

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1885.

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THE HABITS AND INTELLIGENCE OF BEES.—In these days of popular science, it is hardly necessary to make more than a passing reference to the part which the bee plays in nature. It is her mission to unconsciously carry the fertilising pollen from the stamens of certain flowers to the pistils of others in her search after the tempting drop of honey. But nothing is perfect in this world. There is a variety of humble bees which have fallen into bad habits, in that the individuals, instead of obtaining the honey from the red clover, the scarlet runner, and other plants, in the manner intended by nature, had learnt to take unlawful possession of it by snipping a hole through the base of the tube containing it, without, of course, affecting the fertilisation of the flower in the act.

It appears, indeed, that our hive-bees also, if they are not actually guilty of the practice, do not scruple to take advantage of the easy access to the honey thus provided for them. Such practices, if they were to become the rule, would soon bring their own obvious punishment.

Like many of the disreputable shifts resorted to in trade, this habit is in all probability the result of fierce competition for the means of obtaining an honest livelihood—another example of the action and interaction of the various causes which silently produce change and progress in nature. The hive-bee, thanks to its habit of storing up food for winter use, as well as to the protection of man, is able to start work early in the year, and during the months of April, May, and June, it practically has the range of our fields and meadows all to itself. The colonies of humble-bees, however, store up no honey, and do not live through the winter, only a few of the young queens of last season surviving. In April and May the poor queen-mother has to seek out a retreat in which single-handed she proceeds to rear what only towards the beginning of July becomes a large family. Now when these issue forth to forage in, the fields they find in many districts that, what with a host of competitors of their own kind—and the hive-bees,

which are masters of the situation, having already turned the best part of the year to account—they can eke out but a very scanty subsistence, and so, like others in reduced circumstances, they take to the mostly illegal occupation of living by their wits. The humble-bee, no doubt, finds it saves time to obtain possession of the honey in the manner described, the stratagem in all probability being principally resorted to in order to forestall her rivals by obtaining first access to the honey stored in young flowers which have not yet opened of their own accord. This interfering with the purposes of nature is not to be commended perhaps, but the poor humble-bees, for all that, deserve, in my opinion, considerable credit for the ingenuity thus displayed in seeking to hold their own under difficult circumstances in this hard world. Anyone may convince himself of the keen competition which prevails amongst bees of all sorts towards the end of the season if he will take the trouble to observe our fields or hedgerows for a very short space at this time of year, or if he will count the number of times in an hour that a particular blossom is visited by a bee—or would be visited if it contained honey, as it is not necessary for a bee to alight on a flower to know that she must go away empty. Darwin has left it on record, after carefully watching certain flowers, that each one was visited by bees at least thirty times in a day, and it cannot be supposed that the little visitors in such circumstances find much to reward their industry. Sir J. Lubbock has also shown that they will often visit from twenty to twenty-five flowers in a minute. It is very interesting to note that on such occasions bees always keep to the same species of flower during each visit to the fields, a seemingly unimportant fact first recorded by Aristotle, which has acquired new significance since we have learned what is the true relation existing between the bees and the flowers they visit.

For many generations naturalists have been loud in their praises of the architecture of the honeycomb, especially when mathematicians proved that the bee in the structure of her hexagonal cell had solved the problem of constructing her waxen storehouses with the maximum of strength and capacity combined with the minimum expenditure of material.

Yet, however difficult it may be to believe it, it is now quite certain that the bee evinces no very extraordinary intelligence in producing the exquisite workmanship displayed in the honeycomb with all its interesting arrangements of planes and angles. The first instinct of the bee was undoubtedly to construct a circular cell, and at present the work is always commenced by excavating a circular pit in the layer of wax from which the work proceeds. A moment's reflection will show that if all the cells were circular they would not fit closely together, and this would entail a great waste of space, as well as a large expenditure of wax in constructing a separate wall for each cell. Now, as the work of construction proceeds, both these undesirable contingencies are avoided in making the cell hexagonal, by simply straightening out, as it were, and eating away to a single thickness the original circular wall at the six points, where it comes into contact with the walls of the surrounding cells.

If it were desirable to go into detail, it would be easy to show how easily and naturally this is accomplished in the manner in which bees work, and that without it being necessary to assume any extraordinary intelligence on the part of the

little architects, who are guided by a few simple instincts, after the exercise of which the shape of the cell becomes a mathematical necessity.

Nevertheless there is a wide difference between the honeycomb of the hive-bee and the rude agglomeration of cells of the humble-bee.

The cells formed in the nest of the humble-bee arise in this way. The queen-mother commences by laying her eggs in a mass in a lump of matter composed of pollen and honey kneaded together, to form the food of the young grubs. When these are hatched out they burrow in the substance, and eventually spin their cocoons, and it is these cocoons, rudely fastened together with wax, which form the greater part of the irregular collection of cells found in the nests of humble bees. When the young bees have emerged, the empty cocoons are used for the storage of honey, and it is only when storage room of this sort is not available, that the bees display their rude attempts at the art of cell-building in forming rough waxen cups to hold the surplus honey. These last are the only cells which the humble-bee actually builds, and in their structure it is not possible to trace even the rudiments of the wax-economising art of the hive-bee.

In tracing the development of the highly finished work of the hive-bee from such a rude beginning as this, it is only necessary to remember how vitally important to bees is the art of economising wax. It has been shown that the secretion of one pound of that costly material necessitates the consumption by the bees of from fifteen to twenty pounds of honey. It is easy to see, therefore, what an immense advantage it must have been to those colonies which long ago devised expedients for saving this precious material, and so were able to store up for winter use the large amount of honey which would otherwise have been consumed in its production. The advantage soon told in competition with other colonies, and so the progress was continued until the limit has been reached; for, at the present time, in the structure of the honeycomb, perfection has been attained, there being simply no room for further progress.

That the bees of a colony have the power of recognising one another even after prolonged absence has been shown by Sir John Lubbock's experiments, and there seems to be good reason to believe that they do so principally by the sense of smell, and not by a pass-word or signal, as has been supposed. Bees evince a very strong dislike to all bad odours, and show a general preference for those smells which are pleasing to us.

An amusing instance of the dislike of bees to bad smells came under my notice some years ago. At the time in question there was in my father's garden a plot of early potatoes, some distance in front of a spot where stood several hives. Early in the season the rooks commenced to help themselves to the potatoes, grubbing the young tubers out of the ground, and doing so much mischief that some had to be shot, and the dead body of one was impaled in the middle of the plot as a warning and example to the rest. Soon after this a most unaccountable fury took possession of the bees. No one dared to approach them, for they attacked and instantly put to flight every person or animal which ventured into the garden. This went on for some days, with most unpleasant results, and the bees were fast becoming a nuisance in the neighbourhood, when the mystery

was accidentally explained. Some one happening to pass by the impaled rook in the evening discovered the cause and centre of all the mischief. Every exposed part of the poor bird's body, especially about the mouth and eyes, was literally bristling with the stings of hundreds of bees, which had sacrificed themselves in a vain and senseless revenge upon its offensive presence. As the little creatures always die from the injury caused by the loss of the sting, the destruction must have been considerable amongst the bees, who in this case fell victims to their own extreme sensitiveness of smell.

It is to bees' taste in colours that we owe most of the artistic arrangements of tints in our bright-coloured flowers, which vie with one another to beguile her attention and ensure her services towards fertilisation. Sir John Lubbock's experiments show that blue is the bees' favourite colour; after which come, in order of preference, white, yellow, red, green, and orange.

That there are not so many blue flowers as might be expected is explained by the probability that all plants with blue flowers are descended from ancestors with green flowers, which, under the influence of what may be called bee-culture, have passed through stages of white, yellow, and generally red before becoming blue.

Although the vision of bees is very good in some respects, they show little intelligence in finding their way in certain circumstances. Sir J. Lubbock experimented with a bee which he put into a bell-glass, turning the closed end to the light, only to find that she generally buzzed about for a long time in a vain endeavour to get out at the closed end, while flies placed in the glass in the same way soon made their escape.

I have always found bees very stupid in this way. Last summer I placed a nest of humble-bees in a large glass vase, some fifteen inches in diameter, and nine in height. I kept the nest in my room, and, for several days after it was placed in position, the workers crowded towards the side next the light, making vain attempts all day long to get out, and this although the top was quite open, and the surface of the nest only a few inches below the rim of the vase. It was some time before I noticed any of the bees get out, other than by what could only have been accident, although I watched the nest for some hours daily. It could not be said that the change in position of their home had unduly confused the older bees, for those born while the nest was under observation showed the same want of intelligence, and up to the end of the season in the daytime a few bees were always at the side of the glass next the light, beating about in a vain endeavour to get out.

Bees do not seem to possess the feeling of affection; they never help each other in difficulty or distress, as is often done by ants.

If you hold a bee captive by the leg, the others either take no notice of her struggles or do not attempt in any way to assist her. If you go further, and crush her to death, they quietly crowd around, and, in the most callous fashion, show their utter indifference by helping themselves to the sweet juices expressed from the body of their unfortunate companion. Yet if bees are fed regularly they often exhibit a kind of selfish friendliness somewhat akin to that displayed by

the cats of the neighbourhood towards the cat's-meat man on his round. During several attempts which I have made to keep alive during the winter the queens of colonies of humble-bees, I have particularly noticed it in those bees.

I first tried keeping the bees in little wooden boxes, which I always opened at feeding time, allowing the occupants to walk about for a little before putting them back in their boxes. I was surprised to find after a little time how the bees expected to be fed when the boxes were opened, coming familiarly on to my hand in search of food, and making themselves quite at home. One royal princess I had who always made such intelligent attempts to escape on these occasions that I was obliged to discontinue the practice in her case, and I fed her instead through an air-hole in the lid of her box. I, however, continue to take out her box with the others, and after a short time I was much amused to find her generally thrusting her long flexible tongue through the whole in the lid as soon as she knew that feeding operations were going on, as if she would by this means remind me that I must not overlook her.

In spite of the immemorial rustic belief in the drumming on a tin kettle or saucepan as a means of hastening the alighting of bees at the time of swarming, no experiments have as yet shown that bees are capable of hearing. The following is one that was tried by Sir John Lubbock.

Some honey was placed on a musical box on his lawn, and the box was kept going for a fortnight, during which time the bees regularly helped themselves to the honey. The box and honey were then removed out of sight into the house, and, although placed near an open window and only seven yards from the previous position, the bees failed to find the honey, although those brought to it in its new position afterwards found the way readily enough. He, however, declines to say that bees are incapable of hearing, and thinks it not impossible that insects may perceive higher notes than we can hear, and may even possess a sense or perhaps sensations of which we can form no idea; for although we have no special organs adapted to certain sensations, there is no reason why it should be the case with other animals, while the problematical organs possessed by some of the lower forms favour this suggestion. He is of opinion that the sounds which bees hear may be not the low loud sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing.

It is, however, remarkable that bees certainly do seem to hear on some occasions. The note with which the old queen threatens the royal brood as they come to maturity, and swarming time approaches, and so well known to apiarists under the name of "piping," can often be distinctly heard some distance from the hive, and is evidently intelligible to the young queens, for they respond in tones perfectly audible to the listener. Although bees will take no notice of a very loud noise even quite close to the hive, it is, however, remarkable that the slightest tap on the hive itself, or any of its attachments, or even a heavy tread some distance off, immediately disturbs them.

The strange relation of the sexes among bees has perhaps received more attention than any other subject connected with these little insects. It is still, however, full of interest; and the more it is investigated the more the interest attaching to it seems to grow.

IN a colony of bees there are the drones (males), the queen (female), and the workers (neuters). It has long been known that the neuters are merely imperfect females, and the bees possess the wonderful instinct which leads them, in the event of the loss of their queen, to take a young worker grub or egg, and, by special feeding and the enlargement of its cell, to rear from it a new queen. It has been proved that parthenogenesis always prevails in the production of the male bee, the egg which produces a drone being always unimpregnated even when laid by an impregnated queen. A virgin queen will also lay eggs abundantly, and it has been conclusively proved that these eggs will come to maturity, and that they will invariably produce drones. Now the bees always build a certain quantity of what is called drone-comb, in which the cells are larger than ordinary, and it is in these cells, and in these only, that the queen lays the eggs which produce drones. A knowledge of this circumstance first led to the assumption that the sex of the young bee was determined simply by the size of its cell, but this theory was soon abandoned, as it is settled beyond doubt, that the sex of the egg is determined at the very moment at which it is laid. The theorists were then driven back on an ingenious explanation as to the mechanical effect of the shape of the cell upon the queen in the act of depositing the egg. This view has, however, also been rendered untenable by the result of experiments which place it beyond question that the sex of the eggs is altogether independent of the shape or size of the cells in which they are laid; for, with no drone-comb, the queen will sometimes lay drone-eggs in worker-cells, from which eggs drones will be produced, and she will also, if necessary, though with great reluctance, lay worker-eggs in drone-cells. It would thus appear that we must concede to the queen bee the surprising instinct or intelligence which enables her to lay at will a drone-egg or a worker-egg, for in the hive she often passes immediately from the worker to the drone cells or *vice versa*, depositing an egg at the bottom of each which always produces a bee of the sex intended. This instinct is rendered more wonderful when it is remembered that the number of drones produced in a hive is always regulated by the wants of the colony.

The questions suggested by the manner of the production of the worker-bee are also highly interesting.

It has been mentioned that the bees, when they require a queen, will take a worker egg or grub and by special feeding rear from it an ordinary queen bee. It has generally been stated that the young queen is in such cases fed with richer food known as royal food, but it seems by no means unlikely that we shall soon learn that this is slightly incorrect, and that the queen grub is in such cases simply fed with as much food as it requires. This would mean that the queen state, is that to which all the worker-grubs would develop in normal circumstances, and that the bees deliberately and for social reasons prevent this natural development by a *regime* of low diet. Mr. Cook, Professor of Entomology in the Michigan State Agricultural College, who has made a special study of bees, gives it as the result of his observations that the bees feed the worker-grubs sparingly, as if fearing an excessive development—a truly wonderful instinct which has enabled the bees to solve one of the most difficult of social problems. In the construction of the honeycomb the bees anticipated the mathematicians: have they not here again anticipated the philosophers?



## ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

MAY, always the most eventful month in art, and generally in literature, finds every incident it has witnessed dwarfed by the death of Victor Hugo. There is nothing new to be said at present about the great poet patriot, but the next few months are certain to see a vast amount of Hugo-literature, notwithstanding the fact that almost every journal in Europe has already devoted columns to the main incidents of his life. The only English volume as yet announced is that by Mr. George Barnett Smith, a biographical and critical study, upon which the biographer of Messrs. Gladstone and Bright has been engaged for some time. It is to be regretted that party capital is being made out of the poet's death, and certainly nothing could be more antagonistic to Victor Hugo's spirit of toleration than the determination to secularise the Church of St. G  n  vie (as the Panth  on has for some time been called), so that it may be rendered fit to serve as his mausoleum. Already anecdotes of the deceased are cropping up like daisies in a meadow ; one of the most recent is to the effect that some time ago the poet wished to buy the house in which he had dwelt so long, but that the landlady asked him an exorbitant sum ; much astonished, the illustrious tenant enquired as to the basis for such a high appraisal, and received for answer : " Victor Hugo has lived here." " Ah," replied the poet, " then I can't afford to live in a house where Victor Hugo has lived." He had not long bought a piece of land whereon to begin the work of building a new house when his fatal illness overtook him. The following are the last lines known to have been composed by him—written for a publication called " Biarritz Grenade," got up by the inhabitants of Biarritz on behalf of the sufferers from the inundations in Spain :—

Pour qui donc, si le sort,    Dieu, n'est pas moqueur,  
Toute cette piti   que tu m'as mise au c  ur ?  
Qu'en dois-je faire ? A qui faut-il que je la garde ?  
O   sont les malheureux ?—et Dieu m'a dit : R  garde.

It may be remarked in connection with the question of the poet's religious beliefs that here he has managed to bring the word

God twice into four lines. I may fittingly take leave of this subject by repeating the conclusive verdict of Balzac many years ago—"Victor Hugo is a great man ; let us say no more about it."

Death has been busy this last month among men of note, if not in Britain, at any rate on the Continent. Special mention may be made of two noted French artists. Alphonse de Neuville, the greatest military painter of his time, and one of the few men who through art have been able to exercise a deep and immediate influence on their compatriots, was born at St. Omer, near Calais, in 1836, and has thus passed away in the prime of life. What makes his widely lamented decease more melancholy is the fact that so late as April last he was married to a lady for whom he had long entertained an ardent affection ; though so ill was he even then that both the civil and religious rites had to be performed in the house. His paintings of incidents in the Franco-German war have to this day a vital influence over his countrymen, and are moreover brilliant artistic triumphs ; while in England he is known to all connoisseurs as the painter of the pathetic "*Les Dernières Cartouches*" and "*Le Bourget*," his name is familiar to hundreds of those thousands of the general public who flocked to a gallery in Bond Street to see his spirited and life-like representation of the "*Defence of Rorke's Drift*" and "*The Assault of the Camp at Tel-el-Kebir*." To his funeral went most of the illustrious residents in Paris and throughout France, President Grévy sending a representative, and some of the most eminent painters of the day doing themselves the honour of being pall-bearers. Very different is the chronicle of the death of poor André Gill, the famous caricaturist and once a brilliant figure in the artistic society of the French capital. A few weeks ago he died mad in the lunatic asylum of Charenton, perhaps sent thither through that very Paris of whom he once wrote : "She is a remorseless power that grinds men's brains into waste sand." One of the most remarkable pictures at the *Salon* is Béraud's "*Les Fous*," a view of the grounds of Charenton with some of the unfortunates laughing, shrieking, praying, or staring blankly ; and anent this picture and poor Gill there is a strange story going the round of the Paris *ateliers* which, as it has not yet found its way into print, may be repeated here. He and Béraud were great friends, and used often to spend an hour or so in each other's company ; and one day last July they adjourned to a café on the south side of the Seine to have a chat together over their absinthe. Béraud had just achieved a sensational success with his communist picture "*A la Salle Graffard*," and he now complained to his friend that he could think of nothing

for the next *exposition* that would be at once sensational and new. Suddenly Gill made an exclamation, and looked at his friend in a strange manner.

"What is it, André?"

"I know what you should do! Paint a representation of the promenade of the mad in the asylum at Charenton."

"Bien! Bien! *Tres bien!* The very thing. It will be thrilling. But wait—I fear, Jean, that I may not be allowed inside the asylum, for I know no unfortunate there."

"Do not disturb yourself, *mon ami*—you can come in order to see me. I shall be there in a few weeks, and moreover as a permanent resident."

A month later poor André Gill was in Charenton asylum, hopelessly mad.

In English literature this May has not been so eventful as some of its predecessors. Perhaps one of the most widely read books has been the small volume called "Home Letters," being the correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield, when, as "D'Israeli the Younger," he travelled in the East in the years 1830-31. The chief interest of these fourteen letters is the light they throw upon the character of the writer, especially reflecting that inordinate vanity which was so manifest in D'Israeli's early life. Thus at Gibraltar he says he found the residents ranking his *Vivian Grey* as one of the masterpieces of the nineteenth century, adding:—

"You may feel their intellectual pulse from this. At first I apologised and talked of youthful blunders, and all that, really being ashamed; but finding them, to my astonishment, sincere, and fearing they were stupid enough to adopt my last opinion, I shifted my position just in time, looked very grand, and passed myself off for a child of the sun, like the Spaniard in Peru."

That he was as proud of his personal appearance as of his mental gifts and social manners may be seen from the following amidst other similar messages, in this instance sent from Cadiz:—

I am sorry to say my hair is coming off just at the moment it had attained the highest perfection, and was universally mistaken for a wig, so that I am obliged to let the women pull it to satisfy their—curiosity.

A very different book, and an interesting and suggestive one, is "The Socialism of To-day," translated from the French of the famous Belgian economist Emile de Laveleye. It is not the somewhat antiquarian socialism of Robert Owen, not even that of Fourier, Proudhon, or even Louis Blanc, that M. de Laveleye pays most attention to, but to Karl Marx and Lassalle. The author associates Prince Bismarck with Conservative socialism, Herr Stocker with Evangelical socialism, and Catholic socialism with the ultramontane.

party as a whole. Two very interesting chapters are devoted to the celebrated "International" and its history subsequent to Bakounin's separation from Karl Marx. Mr. Orpin, the translator, has added a valuable account of socialism in England, dealing broadly and fairly with "the three main socialistic movements at present stirring amongst us."

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster" has just been published, though it is doubtful if it will have a success equal to "Mr. Isaacs"; and Ouida, yielding to the latest fashion, has brought out a new tale ("A Rainy June") in a shilling paper-covered volume. There has been no pleasanter reprint for a long time than that of De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-eater," with very comprehensive notes by the editor, Dr. Richard Garnett, the latest of Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.'s delightful Parchment-series: the volume being rendered doubly attractive by Richard Woodhouse's memoranda of De Quincey's conversations, now printed for the first time. Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson has just published his "The Real Shelley," a companion volume to his much discussed "The Real Lord Byron," and Mr. Swinburne his blank-verse tragedy of "Marino Faliero," to both of which reference will be made next month.

There is much in the foreign literature of the month of interest to English as well as Continental readers. M. Zola, in his preface to the shortly forthcoming French translation of Mr. George Moore's book, "A Mummer's Wife," intends to give a complete history of the naturalistic movement in Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Holland. The novelist has been in correspondence with different literary men in all these countries, and has received from them information on all the points he wishes to touch on. It is interesting news to students of modern history that the correspondence of Peter the Great is being prepared for publication. A commission of Russian literary men was appointed to bring together materials for such a work, and so thoroughly have they accomplished their task that they have collected more than 8,000 letters and documents of the highest interest relating to the great Czar.

An interesting batch of twenty-four letters of Heine to Detmold, his friend, have just been printed in Germany; one is dated from Ramsgate, and another from Granville. In the former Heine describes himself as sitting on a high balcony, and while writing, "looking down on the beautiful wide ocean, whose waves climb up the rock and regale my heart with their musical roar." There was no theatre at Granville, which much distressed Heine. He says: "The theatre I am no longer obliged to visit, but in place of it I have to

walk about in spring weather. Green trees produce *ennui* quite as much as Vaudevilles. Next to art, there is nothing more dreadful than nature."

The book called "Society in London," generally supposed to be written by a Frenchman of rank, but now understood to be by a member of the American embassy, has certainly had a great success, but it will shortly be superseded by the much-looked-forward-to work by Comte Paul Vasili, the brilliant chronicler of the "Society of Berlin." The first series of these by no means mealy-mouthed records has just appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and the letters are devoted entirely to the Royal Family and Court Circles. The following extracts will give readers of the *Indian Review* some impression of the general character of the book. Of the Queen, after drawing a favourable and accurate portrait of Her Majesty as she was previous to the death of Prince Albert, Comte Vasili says:—

"Who would recognise the Queen in the present elderly, old fashioned middle class person of heavy appearance and commonplace talk, who flies from the world, isolates herself in perpetual mourning, saddening herself by the bitterness of her regrets, and appearing before her surroundings as the picture of a mind oppressed by a kind of precocious moral decrepitude? The real Queen died with Prince Albert; the Queen who remains is hardly a shadow of the former."

The Prince of Wales gains the writer's genuine admiration in all things, but the Duke of Edinburgh and the reigning Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg are severely, and, it is to be hoped, exaggeratedly, handled:—

"The Court fiddler, born with an oar in one hand and a violin in the other. He has neither the capabilities nor the tastes of his brother, but it is said that he does not shrink from a bottle of good wine, and that, if opportunity offers, he can drink like an old sailor. He is a handsome man, but lacks the charm of the Prince of Wales; by a contrast, which is not the only one between them, he does not care for elegance. He is said to be avaricious, and I believe it to be true. The English say that he does not know whether to spend a shilling or not when he visits a picture gallery; and I have another story to tell you about him. The Empress of Russia, the mother of his wife, was once staying with her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh, with a large suite, carriages, horses, &c. The Duke gave her to understand that it was too expensive to entertain her, and that he should be obliged if, on her departure, she would order the chief of her suite to pay the expenses. At the moment of her departure, after a little luncheon had been taken and the Empress was already seated in her carriage, the Duke of Edinburgh drew a paper from his pocket and added the luncheon to the expenses of the Russian Sovereign."

Of Duke Ernest, he says:—

I have been told that the Duke Ernest always intended making himself Emperor of Germany and afterwards King of Greece. He is always trying to make himself conspicuous, as ruler, politician, sportsman, and even as jockey. The best way of obtaining a decoration from him was at a certain time to buy horses from him; after having cheated he willingly recompenses. In other words, there exists a tariff for titles and decorations in the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Duke has agents in all parts of the country, who are charged with the selling of the said titles and decorations. He has a peculiar taste for low-class mistresses. One of his relatives told me that he had one day heard it said by the courtly Prince of Wales, when a carriage passed them in the Bois de Boulogne: "There is my uncle Ernest. I shall not look at him because he always has 'impossible' ladies with him."

After these depreciatory remarks it is time to give at least one flattering description, and for this may be quoted the plain-spoken Count's passages concerning the Duchess of Manchester:—

"In London there is a great dread of clever women. This has caused quite a sanitary cordon to be established round the famous Duchess of Manchester. \* \* \* She has been one of the greatest beauties of the age, and has brought to her feet men of high worth. Whatever worship has been given her, she has been worthy of it, for to her irresistible charms she unites the gifts of a superior intelligence—a wonderful intellectual organization. The Duchess of Manchester might well say to her maid, recalling a famous mot, 'Support this head, it is the best in England.' The political parties she has given, like the parting dinner to Lord Dufferin, have always caused it to be regretted that she has not a political salon. 'It would have been both a court and a parliament.'"

Dramatically the events of the month have been fulfilled under amateurs, quite eclipsing the professional element. The first of Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral plays has just been given. *As You Like It* was the first piece, and it was performed with great success before all the Royalties and other "—ies" in London. Another fashionable and delightful entertainment was the performance of Robert Browning's *Blot on the Scutcheon*, witnessed by an audience who (for the most part) would not have gone a yard to see it but for the compliment to the poet and the necessity of being seen at this unique performance.

The great event of the month, however, was the Masque of Painters, *i.e.*, the long-expected costume-ball and tableaux at the Royal Institute of Water-colours in Piccadilly, the most brilliant fancy dress entertainment that has been witnessed in London in our time. "Every one" was there, and no one that was not in some lovely and moreover veritable (*i.e.*, not merely "fancy") garb, the rules in this respect being exceptionally strict.

E. A. SHARP.

## FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

AS Russia is viewed as victor in the Afghan frontier dispute, and England, as usual, has accepted the humiliation, not much attention is now given to that once burning affair. Indeed there are many excellent and unsentimental people who believe she has been only acting a comedy, to make a "face," as the Chinese say, before India and the English people. This is further strengthened by the conclusion of the Suakim fiasco. Opinion stands astounded at the tremendous inconsequences of England and the damage inflicted to her prestige. In Egypt, France firmly believes she has England on the hip: the natives even are reported to have a contempt for the voice behind the Khedive, greater than the Khedive himself. As those that are down need fear no fall, the British Government will astonish no one on the Continent by scuttling out of Cairo and Alexandria. The laugh is very general at calling in Bismarck to direct the foreign policy of England—to lend a hand in righting the ship. Perhaps the honest broker, if he secure a good fee, may condescend to indicate the course to be taken.

The Brisson Cabinet is not very strong on its legs, but it is only expected to live till the elections. It has provoked a "Day" in the Pere la Chaise cemetery, where the police pounded some communists, but the next day the authorities tacitly admitted they were wrong in putting down the red flag in the graveyard. It may be displayed anywhere, save on the highway. At Victor Hugo's funeral, the communists intend to "have it out."

It is not the moment to take stock of that literary phenomenon which France has lost, for Hugo was Titanic in his defects as well as his excellencies. France weeps and mourns for the loss of her greatest son, and the funeral would have been truly national, only it was decided to inter him in the Pantheon, which necessitated the ousting of the Catholic clergy. The Pantheon returns to its secular, its original use, a necropolis; but it is the most insecure of burial places. Mirabeau, Murat, Voltaire, Rousseau, were all interred there, and their remains ejected, as the whirligig of time brought round its revenges. And it will be the same to the end of the chapter.

Hugó counted upon a greater length of days than 83 years: a heart disease finished him. Intellectually, he was dead years ago; he was kept alive chiefly by flattery and nursing. He merits the theatrical funeral accorded to him. When the last act is completed, when sorrow shall have exhausted its license, when academies and delegations shall have said their say, then the genius of the departed shall come up for judgment, and plenty remains, independent of the hurly-burly of a long producing life, to secure a brilliant verdict.

Cæsar testifies that the Gauls were capital story-tellers. M. Vautier maintains the reputation of his ancestors in his *Pays du merle blanc*. Some assert a "white blackbird" is a *rara avis*: others, that it is natural to many a country. M. Vautier's story is witty and brilliant. He presents us with a king and his *fiancée*, a princess, who, in order to make their kingdom like a little heaven below, gives to every subject a revenue of £400 a year and free from income tax. One subject, a little sweep named Blanchet, declines the gifts of Artaxerxes. He alone continues to work, amidst a nation of lotus-eaters, of orgies, and a general disarray of the social state consequent on the peculiar socialism of the Court. Blanchet makes a fortune by his application to work, and, now rich as Cræsus, puts up for sign-board over his shop a white blackbird. The people adore him the more, as the king has exhausted not only the revenues but the very capital of his subjects. Blanchet holds in his hands the fate of the kingdom, and though he possesses a high dose of ambition and vanity, he has not the less a fund of common sense. He even declines propositions to wed the *fiancée* of the unpopular sovereign. He decides to content himself with the daughter of his ancient master whom he sincerely loves. He proposes that the people should fall back on work, and so saves the crown and the country. The book can be read with pleasure and profit.

The *Livre de mon ami*, by M. Anatole France, is a contribution to the study of psychology as bearing on the impressions of early childhood,—in other words, infancy. It is neither a romance nor a collection of *nouvelles*. The author deals with those conceptions, or imaginations, which frightened or charmed us when we were five or six years of age. Can you recall the first *souvenirs* of your first visit, say, to the Zoo; of what you imagined the tenants to be, from pictorial story books or nursery tales? Perhaps you have conceived some special ideas about a royal palace, or a museum, filled with your standard of treasures, say some columns of barley sugar, giants in gingerbread, and bonbons in sacks? These chimeras that endure till we are eleven or twelve, the life of the rose in a word, and that trot



in our tiny brains, M. France analyses with a delicious simplicity ; and we feel our imagination beating in unison with his, as he unfolds the treasures of *naïveté*, the visions of fairyland, that fill our infant minds.

"Called Back" appears in its French dress under the name of *Hors des ténèbres*. The romance is viewed by French critics as strange and melodramatic. Then it has that dash of psychology, as all contemporary novels that aim at a high level of readers must display. The work is regarded as curiously sensational, replete with action, all the scenes well co-ordinated, and an honour to an author too early removed.

Equally eulogistic is the reception accorded to Miss Blind's romance, *Tarantella*. She makes a distinction between novel and romance, which is unknown to French classification, the former being simply viewed as a longer story than the latter. The *Tarantella* is regarded both as romanesque and romantic. The events themselves, and the personages influenced by them, are somewhat exceptional to be linked with contemporary life. Perhaps this heightens their picturesque value. A double current of poesy and realism runs through the work, or its idea ; we have a psychological study on the nervous systems of an artist and a lady. Antonella is an hysterical creature, described with the rigour of a physiologist, engarlanded with a kind of poetical moralisation. The style of the authoress is highly admired in its gifts of observation and creative power. She unites lyrical strength, richness of language, and variety of images. It is the best kind of romanticism.

M. Ernest Daudet, brother of Alphonse, gives us in *Les Reins Cassés*, a novel treating of the rocket ascension, and its stick downfall, of a class of individuals, who by gambling in bears, bulls, bubble companies, and financial swindles in general, enjoy a butterfly life of luxury, certain to end in ruin, dishonour, and the prison.

*En Yacht* consists of four small stories, or *historiettes*, whose subjects or plots are English. The author is Phillippe Daryl, the *nom de plume* of Paschal Grousset, the minister of Foreign Affairs—because foreign to all affairs, as Rochefort joked, under the Commune, now a settled resident of London, and correspondent there for *Le Temps*. The stories are amusing and humorous, the style calm and agreeably coloured. *En Yacht* describes a pleasure party, which somehow lands on a savage corner of Sardinia, and by the force of circumstances is drawn into a most sensational and terrible adventure. *Polly* and *l'Enquête du Coroner* are studies of English manners and customs, completing a very amusing and unpretentious volume.

M. Gaston Boissier, in his *Opposition sous les Césars*, deals in general with government oppositions, and in particular with that under the Cæsars, which, though powerless and trivial, was not wholly insignificant. The author lays down that a government has never yet existed which satisfied every body. The learned professor then divides oppositions into two classes—first and best, that which exists with a government and forms its natural corollary, as in England, and that which aims at overthrowing the government, and if necessary by having recourse to violence. The Roman empire permitted no contradiction. M. Boissier has developed the signs of this opposition, by exhuming the society of the empire, so as to make us grasp without an effort, and feel as if we were contemporary with, a past some eighteen centuries old.

It is strange that the opposition or the discontent differed in no marked degree from what our own times can parallel. Individuals whose ambition was crossed or annihilated—who were “left out in the cold,” formed the oppositions. And all resulted, not so much from the imperial power being unlimited as from its being badly limited. Hence, the somersaults in the administration of affairs. Opposition under the Roman Empire was not an organized body; it was the united dissatisfaction of sectaries, which the disappointed expressed, not in the full light of day, but in hostile conversation in salons and in literary allusions—in the public lectures for example or in writings—the tragedies of Seneca to wit. Of course, the students kept true to their birthrights of *Frondeur* and oppositionist. The exile of Ovid was the most marked point in this opposition. The oppressive character of the Government engendered informers; secret resistance necessitated a secret police, and human cowardice supplied, as it ever will, plenty of volunteers for that brigade. The literary opposition, as represented by Juvenal, Tacitus, Lucan, and Petronius, form two chapters of most interesting reading of a subject examined from a new stand-point.

M. Clapin is the editor of a French journal published in Montreal. In his *France trans-Atlantique*—not so nice as the old and better known term, Canada—M. Clapin calculates that within a century it will be occupied by forty millions of Frenchmen, not aliens in blood and manners from their mother France. Artemus Ward recommends us to prophesy only about what we know. Prevost Paradol anticipated the time when the North of Africa would be a New France, with a population of some 80 or 200 millions—a few more or less makes no difference where only imagination is at stake—on the shores of the Mediterranean. Now the French shun their

beautiful colony of Algeria, and apparently hand it over to the Spaniards, Italians, Maltese and Germans—who never change their nationality. M. Clapin invites the mother country to send emigrants to French Canada which has an area three times greater than France proper. The latter wants sons, and might benefit by some immigrants from Montreal. Beyond doubt, he says, the Gauls of Canada are rapidly organising a separatist movement to be supported by the old folks at home. This said, the book is lively, and ought to receive attention from those interested in keeping half or whole-bred Riels in their place. By advocating the agglomeration of nationalities, Napoleon III. created a United Germany and a United Italy, which have compelled France to abdicate her leading position in Europe. Some of these days Spain may set up a claim, on the principle laid down by M. Clapin, of Algeria for the Spaniards; then will come Tunisia for the Italians, and Tonkin for the Chinese.

Turkey in Asia and Persia, being countries now in the public eye, *Le Caucase et la Perse*, by M. Orsallé, deserves to be dipped into, especially as he has gone over all the ground he describes, and what a Frenchman sees he observes well, and records shrewdly and agreeably. His remarks on the present condition of Persia, the number of battalions she could put in the field, and her natural resources, are instructive; indirectly they bear on the "key of India" question.

*La Littérature Française au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle* is a posthumous work by M. Albert, who was professor in the College of France. The two volumes are a collection of his lessons. It would be more accurate to call the lessons notes. It is too soon, and the work is too arduous, to write the literary history of the current century. Perhaps fifty years hence that trying duty may be undertaken, when time, tastes, and judgments shall naturally have aided to winnow the chaff from the sound grain. M. Albert laments having been born in this age of iron. The contemporaries of each age have had too their kindred regrets. There were Greeks in the time of Pericles who regretted being the descendants, and not the brothers, of the victors of Marathon: Cicero wished to revive the days of the Scipios: Thræseas desired to have died with Cato rather than survive liberty. The age of gold, for many, has been the past. Even Boileau lamented departed times, though he had not very much to grieve over, under the sceptre, despite its heaviness, of Louis XIV. Ulrich de Hutten observes: "It is good to live. If to live implies to

rest and sleep, this century is bad, for it is a stormy and tempestuous age. But if to live means to struggle, to pursue progress under all its shapes, the present time is great and noble." M. Albert is progressionist in the sense of devotion to what exists only as day-dreams or systems; his idea of progress is not concrete: it is negative—nihilist if you will, or a mere question of temperament. According to M. Albert there are two characters by which to judge writers: "one, the conscientious or artistic; and the other, the pecuniary or commonplace. Dumas wrote to amuse the middle classes, those that paid, &c." Such is the author's summing up. But Dumas's works are no more dead than Balzac's, which he pronounces to be living. M. Albert belonged to the *nil admirari* school; for him there was nothing in the future. That is the rôle of an undertaker.

M. Léon Roches was formerly the secretary and friend of Abd-el-Kader. He now gives the second volume of his *Trente deux ans à travers l'Islam*. The first was very romantic, full of hairbreadth escapes, and of moving accidents by flood and field. It gave more than glimpses of the home life of the Emir. The second volume treats of a secret diplomatic mission to the Chérif of Mecca, and of its well-nigh fatal termination. There is much that is new, relating to the governorship days of Marshal Bugeaud, who scouted all philanthropy, persuasion, and mildness to civilize the Arabs, unless such were based on force; might as usual is the head pacificator. A native chief remarked to the author a few years ago, and it is worth remembering by those who send British armies to Suakim, to march up a hill and then march down again like a former French King's cohorts: "To endeavour to assimilate the Mussulmans of Algeria to the French, is to look at things with the eye of desire, and not with the eye of reality."

C. DE LUTECE,

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## THE MONTH.

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### EUROPE.

**I**N reviewing the events of the past month, precedence may fitly be given to the startling political episode of Monday night ; for, though it comes last in order of time, it modifies, more or less profoundly, the significance of all that is most important in the record.

Of the many questions of gravity that have occupied public attention during the last few weeks, not one had either reached a final settlement, or arrived at a stage at which any particular settlement could be regarded as a foregone conclusion in the face of such an event as a change of Ministry. The tale of the Gladstone Cabinet is arrested, like most of its late blue-books, at a moment when the plot has reached one of its most interesting points.

In the time and manner of its ending the proverb that nothing happens but the unexpected has received a most signal illustration. For weeks past the question of the renewal of the Irish Crimes' Act had been known to be the subject of contention, amounting almost to feud, among its members ; and only within the last few days it had been announced that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain had placed their resignations in the hands of Mr. Gladstone, to be acted on in the event of the Government deciding to renew the Act without an accompanying promise of remedial legislation.

Though the statement that an understanding on this question was arrived at on Monday morning has been contradicted, little doubt was entertained that a *modus vivendi* would eventually be found ; and, when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach rose, on Monday evening to move his amendment to the Budget Bill, there was probably little expectation on the part of the leaders on either side that the Ministry would be defeated on a question so much less important, and so much less intrinsically damaging to their credit than many on which they had carried their supporters with them with hardly a single defection.

The amendment called upon the House to condemn the proposed increase on the spirit and beer duties without a

corresponding increase in those on wine, and to decline to increase the succession duty, while the Resolutions for the relief of local taxation passed in 1883 and 1884 remained unfulfilled. Sir Charles Dilke, who followed the mover, announced, to the general surprise of the House, that the Government regarded the Budget in its entirety as a matter of life and death; and the Prime Minister, who wound up the debate with an impassioned speech, affirmed this declaration, and informed the Opposition that, if they gained a victory, he did not envy them its fruits.

Up to the last moment the greatest uncertainty prevailed as to the result, which is now a matter of history, and when the tellers reported the numbers—for the second reading 252, against it 264—a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Many of the Conservative members sprang upon the benches to give emphasis to their cheers, and from the Irish party, who voted in a body with the Opposition, came taunting and derisive cries of “Buckshot,” “Coercion,” “Crimes’ Act,” and the like.

As soon as the Prime Minister could obtain a hearing, he moved the adjournment of the House, which was carried amid great tumult.

Tuesday morning disclosed a wide difference of opinion, on the part of both Press and Public, as to the probable action of the Ministry, but all doubt was removed when, in the afternoon, Mr. Gladstone rose in the House, and announced that they had determined to make a “dutiful representation” to Her Majesty.

Though the defeat of the Government actually took place on the Budget Bill, it is plain enough that it was virtually determined by their decision in the matter of the Crimes’ Act. Though much remained to be settled, enough was known of that decision to disgust the extreme Irish party, and at the same time to excite serious apprehensions among the moderate Liberals.

It is remarked that none of the usual steps were taken by the Government to avert defeat. This may, of course, have been the result of undue confidence; but a widespread suspicion prevails that they were disposed to welcome a release from the unprecedented difficulties which surround them on all sides.

There is abundant room for speculation as to the course which the Opposition will consider it prudent to adopt in case of Her Majesty accepting Mr. Gladstone’s resignation. Looking at the state of public affairs, at the relative strength of Parties in the House and at the inconvenience, amounting practically to impossibility, of dissolving Parliament, it seems to many of their supporters

that they would be fully justified in declining to take office. On the other hand, by taking office they would, in all probability, materially strengthen their position in the country at the general election.

The prevailing impression appears to be that the Queen will call for Lord Salisbury, and that he will accept the task of forming a Cabinet. In that case all the new Government can be expected to deal with before the dissolution is the Budget and the Redistribution Bill.

Since the date of my last communication the Central Asian question has assumed an aspect which, if less instantly alarming, is even more ominous of future trouble. The acute stage of the malady has apparently been subdued, but the timidity of the physician threatens to convert into chronic disease what a more heroic mode of treatment would have permanently cured.

When it was first announced that it had been agreed to submit the Penjdeh incident to arbitration in the form of a question, whether and by which side the understanding of the 16th March had been misinterpreted, it was generally understood that the Ministry had made a humiliating concession to the policy of peace at any price. The precise measure of the humiliation was felt to depend on the interpretation to be placed on the announcement, and this was a point on which a wide divergence of opinion prevailed.

Was the question of the *bona fides* of Russia to be submitted to the arbitrator? Or was the presumption that, whatever infraction of the arrangement might have occurred was the result of a mere error of judgment, to be a condition precedent of the reference?

In the latter case it seemed obvious that the reference not only amounted to a complete surrender on the part of England, but resolved itself into a thinly disguised farce, which could have no practical result, and the motive for which could be only the desire to hoodwink Parliament.

The country was not left long in doubt as to the light in which Russia herself viewed the matter.

On the 8th May an official *Communique* appeared in the St. Petersburg *Official Messenger*, the authors of which, after reiterating their own particular view of the Penjdeh incident, proceeded to say :

"Nevertheless, in consequence of this incident, a disagreement has arisen between the Imperial Government and that of Her Britannic Majesty, as to which of the two Cabinets interpreted the more faithfully the arrangement concluded between them, and in virtue of which, until the solution of the Frontier question, no offensive movement was to be undertaken either on our part or that of the Afghans.

"The point was to determine whether the instructions given to General Komaroff were really in conformity with the arrangement in question, or whether, as maintained by the Cabinet of London, the Imperial Government ought to have enjoined the Commander of the Russian troops to abstain absolutely from all attack upon the Afghan outposts from the moment when he received the order not to undertake any offensive movement. Neither of the two Cabinets has thought it possible to abandon its particular view on this point.

"For this reason, and in order to avoid the obstacles which impeded the solution of the Frontier question, it has been decided that, in case of necessity, the difference of opinion should be referred to the judgment of an arbitrator, who would indicate a mode of solution compatible with the honour and dignity of the two States."

It thus became evident that, according at least to the Russian view, what was to be submitted to arbitration was the purely academic question which of the two Cabinets had interpreted the agreement the more correctly ; for, though the arbitrator was further to be instructed to indicate a mode of solution compatible with the honour and dignity of the two States, it is obvious that more than a purely formal *amende* could be neither awarded nor expected, for what both sides had agreed beforehand to consider an honest mistake.

An important discrepancy was, at the same time, apparent between the account given in the *Communique* of the conditions of the understanding as to arbitration and that put forward by Ministers in Parliament. According to the former the reference was to be contingent on its being considered necessary at some undefined future period. As far as appeared from the latter, the understanding was absolute.

On both these points the Russian account appears from the correspondence between the two Governments contained in the blue-book since published to have been strictly accurate.

In the despatch in which M. Giers, writing in the name of His Imperial master, accepts the proposed arbitration, he says : "As regards the misunderstanding which may have existed as to the interpretation of the agreement between the two Cabinets *if there remained any doubts or differences of opinion*, the Emperor would not refuse to refer the question to the judgment of a foreign sovereign who inspired confidence in the two Governments." And Lord Granville, in his reply, speaks of the satisfaction of Her Majesty's Government "in finding themselves able to adopt the arrangement agreed to by His Majesty the Emperor of Russia,



namely, that in respect to any misunderstanding which may have arisen in the interpretation of the agreement between the two Cabinets, *if there shall still be found to subsist doubts and divergencies of appreciation*, the case shall be referred to the judgment of a sovereign enjoying the confidence of the two Governments."

It is thus abundantly clear that in accepting this limitation of the question to be referred to arbitration, the British Government definitively abandoned the contention that Russia had been guilty of a deliberate breach of a "solemn covenant," and nothing was more natural than that the public, basing its judgment on Mr. Gladstone's account of the agreement of the 16th March, should, have regarded their action in the matter as a surrender of the most abject character.

When, however, the facts come to be examined more closely, it becomes transparent that the real surrender was made, not when the Government agreed to submit the interpretation of the agreement of the 16th March to arbitration, but when it determined to rest its case on any supposed agreement instead of treating the attack on the Afghans at Penjdeh as what it really was, a wanton outrage for which reparation was equally due whether it had been perpetrated in violation of a solemn covenant or not.

Instead of the terms of the arbitration involving any further surrender, the wonder is not that the Government should have abandoned all pretence of there having been a wilful breach of the agreement of the 16th March, but that they should persist in the pretence that there has been a misinterpretation of that agreement.

For what do we find? That the agreement of the 16th March, instead of being a solemn covenant that the Russian troops should not advance beyond the positions occupied by them at the time, was merely an assurance, scarcely even an official assurance, that they would not advance beyond the line claimed by Russia, which included Penjdeh. For anything to support his view of the case Mr. Gladstone is obliged to go back to a report of a conversation of the 13th February between Sir E. Thornton and M. Giers, in which the former had understood M. Giers to say that instructions had been given to the Russian soldiers to remain where they were. But, in view of what had occurred in the interval, this conversation of the 13th February, whatever its purport, had become ancient history long before the 16th March.

The arbitration agreement was accompanied by an understanding that the Frontier negotiations, which had been suspended after the occurrence of the Penjdeh outrage, should be resumed in London,

where the main features of the boundary should be settled, leaving only the less important details to be determined by the Commissioners on the spot.

A series of interviews immediately afterwards took place between Lords Granville and Kimberley, on the part of the British Government, and MM. de Staal and Lessar, on that of Russia; and by the 11th ultimo, matters appeared to Mr. Gladstone to have advanced so far as to justify his informing the House that an agreement satisfactory to all parties, including Lord Dufferin and the Indian Council, had been arrived at, the final ratification of which was daily expected.

In this instance, however, as in that of the "solemn covenant," Mr. Gladstone's disposition to see facts through the distorting medium of his own wishes, would seem to have misled him. Nearly a month has elapsed since the date of the above statement, but he is still obliged to confess not only that the negotiations are unconcluded, but that the danger has not passed away.

During the interval the public mind has been perplexed and agitated by a series of the most conflicting rumours. First it was reported that a serious hitch had occurred, and that a settlement was as far off as ever. Russia, it was alleged, not only claimed Meruchak and Zulfikar—positions to which the Ameer was understood to attach the utmost importance—but insisted on the right to be diplomatically represented at Kabul. According to another account, a dead lock had been caused by the refusal of Russia to enter into any definite undertaking not to advance in the future beyond the boundary that might be settled, while some reports credited her with the audacity of having protested against the presence of British officers at Herat.

Then the Ministerial organs assured the public that, though differences had arisen, they referred only to matters of subsidiary importance, while all that could be elicited from the Ministers themselves was, that matters had not yet reached a stage at which any information could be given.

In the meantime, the sudden stoppage of the guards on their way home from Suakin, followed by their disembarkation at Alexandria, explained by Lord Hartington as due to the same considerations which had led the Government to demand a special vote for extraordinary military preparations, lent colour to the belief that things had gone very wrong.

Next we had the *Daily News* stating, "on the highest authority," that the question had been virtually settled on the understanding

that Penjdeh should be ceded to Russia, who, on her side, was to abandon her claim to Meruchak and Zulfikar, only to be immediately contradicted by Lord Granville, while a few days later Mr. Gladstone again repeated his stereotyped announcement that he had nothing to tell.

As to the ultimate outcome of the negotiations, if it should be left to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to conduct them to an end, no one who has studied the course of late events can entertain much doubt. All that, in that case, is necessary to bring about an agreement is, that Russia should make up her mind definitively how small a slice of her neighbour's territory will satisfy her for the moment. The debate in the House of Lords on the Duke of Argyll's motion having disclosed the fact that the Government not only does not consider a few versts of barren sand in Central Asia worth fighting about, but would not even contest the possession of Herat itself, the precise line of delimitation must depend, it is plain, solely on Russian forbearance.

In view of the light thrown by the debate in question on the policy of the Government, the pending negotiations had, indeed become little less of a farce than the proposed Penjdeh arbitration. Having already swallowed the camel, Her Majesty's Ministers only stultified themselves by straining at gnats. There is no disguising the fact that, as described in Lord Kimberley's speech on the motion of the Duke of Argyll, the policy of the Ministry amounts potentially to the abandonment, not of a few versts of barren sand in Central Asia, but of Afghanistan itself. For that policy is to select a scientific frontier, and so fortify it that "we can defend" not Afghanistan, but "ourselves, if Afghanistan is assailed."

Should Afghanistan be friendly, we are told the Government is prepared to accept a "considerable responsibility" for the frontier of its ally. But a "considerable responsibility" for a frontier is an expression that possesses no definite significance. It may be made to mean anything at any moment by those who apply it, but binds those who employ it to nothing in particular. We are, indeed, further told that it is still a cardinal point of the Ministerial policy "that Afghanistan is to be outside the sphere of Russian influence and within the sphere of our influence." But this declaration must be interpreted along with the announcement, made by the speaker at the same time, that, should we find Afghanistan unfriendly, "our defence is to be based on a strictly defensive system *within our own frontier.*"

The expectation that Afghanistan will remain friendly under a fast and loose arrangement of this kind is, of course, as preposterous as the policy that expects presents of arms, ammunition, and money to supply the place of a regular defensive alliance.

Whether the policy sketched out by Lord Kimberley is a bad or a good one under existing circumstances, is a matter of argument into which I do not now propose to enter. But it needs no argument to show that it is a policy which makes it a matter of very subordinate consequence what precise line of delimitation is agreed upon. For it is a policy which distinctly invites Russia to pass whatever line may be agreed upon, whenever it suits her convenience to do so.

That, having made up its mind to surrender so much, the Government is resolutely determined to secure what it proposes to keep, is, at all events, ground for congratulation.

In the speech just referred to, Lord Kimberley announced that while the actual line of frontier to be defended could be determined only after taking the last military advice on the subject, authority had already been given to expend five millions, as a beginning, on military roads and railways, and no pains would be spared to make it, humanly speaking, impregnable. In moving the second reading of the Indian Loans' Bill, Mr. Cross went into further details of the works in contemplation, and the mode in which their cost was to be defrayed.

Lord Kimberley hinted that the five millions was merely a first instalment of the probable outlay, which may be safely estimated as nearer twenty millions for public works alone. This, however, is far from being the limit of the additional burden which the loss of their insular position will impose on the people of India. A large increase in the annual military expenditure of the Government is also inevitable.

Such are some of the immediate consequences of the new policy. Its proximate consequence, should it be persisted in, must be the absorption by Russia of everything beyond the scientific frontier. In any case, the territories of Russia in Central Asia must, before many years have passed, be conterminous with our own. At whatever points her advance is to be arrested, to those points we must advance ourselves.

The arbitration agreement remains up to the present moment practically a dead letter. Though both Powers have agreed as to the choice of an arbitration, the "illustrious person" selected has, according to the latest Ministerial statement on the subject, not

yet been requested to act, and even the conditions of the reference are undetermined. The general impression, indeed, is, that the matter will be quietly allowed to drop ; and it is certainly difficult to see what England can gain, beyond further humiliation, by reviving it.

The crisis in our relations with Russia has provided the Ministry with a plausible excuse for abandoning the advance on Khartoum, and withdrawing the bulk of the expeditionary forces from the Soudan.

On the 21st of April, as will be remembered, it was officially intimated that, while reserving to itself full discretion as to an ultimate advance on Khartoum, the Government had determined to suspend all preparations for such a movement, and to concentrate the troops then in the Soudan for service in any part of the world where they might be required.

On the 11th ultimo, Lord Hartington further announced that it had been decided to retire on the line of Wady Halfa as soon as the rising of the Nile rendered the movement possible. As regards Suakim he informed the House that there was no intention of evacuating it until an arrangement could be made with some other civilised Power for its occupation. As, however, the plan of constructing a railway towards Berber was subsidiary to that of an advance on Khartoum, which had now been abandoned, it had been decided to discontinue the work, leaving the question of the disposition of the material for future consideration. As to the questions of the force to be retained at Suakim, and the positions to be held in its neighbourhood for defensive purposes, they were military, rather than political, questions.

In spite of the low state of the river, the retirement of Lord Wolseley's expeditionary force, in accordance with these arrangements, has already made considerable progress, and by the 6th instant all places south of Dongola, have been evacuated.

This movement, as predicted by Lord Wolseley in his despatch of the 18th April, has been promptly followed by an advance of the Mahdi's troops, who have already occupied Korti and will, there can be little doubt, as promptly take possession of Dongola as soon as it is evacuated.

The withdrawal of the force from Suakim commenced with the departure of the guards, the Australians, and the British cavalry about the middle of last month, and the whole of the troops, with the exception of the permanent garrison of some 3,500 men, including the 5th Sikhs, the 7th Bengal Native Infantry, and the 28th

Bombay Native Infantry, have since re-embarked. As a consequence, the tribes lately friendly to us are rejoining Osman Digma, and the attacks on the railway and garrison have been renewed.

The despatch just referred to, which appears in this morning's *Times*, fully confirms the rumour current some time ago, that the determination of the Government to withdraw to Wady Halfa and Assouan was arrived at in opposition to the strongly expressed opinion of their chosen military adviser. It is a masterly production, and constitutes far the most powerful condemnation of the policy of the Cabinet yet formulated. Though it was not laid on the table of the House till Tuesday last, its contents were, doubtless, already known to many of the members, and, if so, it furnishes a not improbable explanation of the numerous Liberal abstentions from the fatal division.

There is no longer any doubt that Turkey is the "other civilised Power to which the Government looks to take Suakim off its hands." But, if report speaks truly, Turkey, acting presumably under foreign inspiration, refuses to accept the burden except on conditions which no British Ministry is likely to accept.

The accession to office of M. Freycinet's Cabinet has, to all appearances, been attended by a marked improvement in the disposition of the French Government towards England. Though France seems to have led the other Powers in protesting, last month, against the Khedivial decree levying a tax of five per cent. on the coupons of the Domain loan, on the ground of the Convention not having been ratified by the legislatures of all the Powers, the protest has apparently been allowed to remain a dead letter, and the Chamber has since ratified the Convention without debate.

But the improved spirit in question has been even more apparent in the attitude adopted by the French delegate at the sittings of the Suez Canal Commission. The Sub-Committee had no difficulty in coming to an agreement on sixteen out of the seventeen articles of the draft treaty for securing the freedom of navigation of the canal. The British delegates, however, found themselves unable to accept article 10, by which France proposed the establishment of an International Commission for the purpose, not only of enforcing the regulations for the freedom of the canal, but of supervising, in conjunction with the Company, the regulations relating to navigation and police.

In its place they proposed the following article :—

The Egyptian Government will take the measures necessary to enforce

respect of the dispositions of the present Treaty. In the case of the Egyptian Government not having sufficient means at its disposal it shall claim the assistance of the Sublime Porte, and of the Signatory Powers of the Declaration of London of the 17th March, 1885. Those Powers shall immediately concert together, and settle, by a common accord, the measures to be taken, with a view to answering the appeal. Their representatives in Egypt will watch over the execution of the present Treaty, in order to notify to their respective Governments every infraction, or every danger of infraction, of those dispositions which may occur.

The French delegate, while declaring his readiness to accept any provision by which the collective right of the Powers to watch over the execution of the treaty would be secured, objected that the above amendment failed to meet this condition, whereupon the Italian delegate, in his turn, proposed the following modification:—

The representatives in Egypt of the Signatory Powers of the present Treaty will watch over its execution, and notify without delay to their respective Governments every infraction and every danger of infraction, which may occur. If a war breaks out, or if internal troubles menace the safety of the Canal, those representatives will immediately assemble, under the Presidency of a special Delegate of Turkey, and with the assistance of a Delegate of the Egyptian Government, having only a consultative voice, in order to provide means for the protection of the canal, and to arrange with the Suez Canal Company to insure the observance of the regulations of navigation and police.

In the end the Sub-Committee left the question for the decision of the Plenary Commission, who, at their last sitting, had under consideration a fresh proposal on the part of England, which seems not unlikely to be accepted with slight modification, though the Parliamentary crisis of course, imports a new element of doubt into the situation.

The decision of the International Sanitary Commission in favour of imposing five days quarantine at Suez on all vessels, of whatever nationality, from ports east of Babel Mandeb, on which cholera exists or has occurred during the voyage, without allowing them the option of proceeding through the canal in isolation, is hardly likely to be accepted by any British Government.

Among the minor political events of the month is a difference which may have very serious consequences between Germany and the Sultan of Zanzibar, in connection with the claim of the latter to the sovereignty of the East Coast of Africa from Cape Delgado to the mouth of the Juha river.

Within those limits lie the territories of the Sultan of Vitu, who rules a considerable tract of country, including the famous moun-

tains of Kinia and Kilimanjaro, and who has lately been induced to place himself under the Protectorate of Germany. The Sultan of Zanzibar having sent a force into the country of this potentate, as well as into the territories of the German East African Company in the same neighbourhood, the German Government has demanded their immediate withdrawal, and despatched a powerful squadron to Zanzibar to enforce compliance with its commands.

The contention of Germany appears to be that, with the exception of certain small tracts, the coast has always been independent; but the weight of unbiassed testimony is in favour of the claim of Sayyed Burgash, and even the official map given in the late White Book on the Congo Conference, it is stated, colours the coast in question as belonging to Zanzibar.

The rebellion of the half breeds in Saskatchewan has proved, after all, a less formidable affair than appeared probable when I last wrote. On the 9th ultimo General Middleton attacked the rebel position at Batoche and succeeded, after severe fighting, in dislodging the enemy from the outskirts of the village. On the following Monday the village itself was captured. The remnant of Riel's followers fled into the bush, where it was at first expected they would make a further stand; and they subsequently dispersed. Riel himself has since been given up, and is to be put on his trial for high treason, and the Poundmaker Chief shortly afterwards surrendered unconditionally. Big Bear is still at large; but his followers are deserting him, and the rebellion is practically at an end.

There is some prospect of a renewal of trouble in Zululand, where the Boers have insolently protested against the occupation of St. Lucia Bay; but the Government seems disposed to adopt a firm attitude in the matter, and the probability is that the Boer proclamation will be withdrawn.

Continental politics present little of general interest, independently of the Egyptian and Afghan questions.

The annual pilgrimage of the French Communists to the graves of their comrades at Pere la Chaise, which took place on the 24th ultimo, was the occasion of one of the most alarming riots that has occurred in Paris under the existing *regime*. The authorities having decided to prevent the display of the Red Flag, the mob determined to set the order at defiance, and, on the police interfering, a sanguinary *melée* ensued, in which the police were so severely handled that the troops had to interfere and rescue them at the point of the bayonet. After upwards of an hour's desultory fighting, during which the troops exhibited exemplary self-restraint in not



firing on the crowd, the rioters were expelled from the cemetery. The funeral of a Communist, the following day, was made the opportunity for a renewal of the disturbance in a mitigated form. Though the authorities, with reprehensible weakness, had sanctioned the exhibition of the obnoxious flag within the cemetery, this was not enough for the party of disorder, who, in defiance of the warnings of the police, unfurled it in the streets. The police, however, abstained from interfering till after the conclusion of the funeral, when the mob, emerging from the cemetery, repeated the offensive exhibition. The seditious emblems were, thereupon, seized, and several arrests were made.

An attempt made in the Chamber of Deputies to carry a vote of censure against the Government for their action in the matter was deservedly defeated by an overwhelming majority.

On the 4th instant an absurd motion for the impeachment of the Ferry Ministry was brought forward in the Chamber by M. Laisant, in spite of its having been unanimously condemned by a Committee, but was rejected by 322 votes to 153.

From America comes the news that the leaders of the Silver Party, in view of the attitude of the new President on the currency question, have put forward a scheme to supersede the Bland law which, if accepted, will tend materially to mitigate the effect of its repeal on the value of the metal. They propose that, in lieu of the present limited coinage, there should be an unlimited issue of certificates on deposits of silver at the market price expressed in dollars, to be a qualified legal tender at that price while outstanding, but to be redeemable only at the market value of the metal at the time of redemption.

The scheme also proposes an increase in the value of subsidiary coins and a limitation of the issue of small notes.

The arrival of Sir Peter Lumsden at Charing Cross on Saturday last was the occasion of a demonstration which sufficiently testifies to the prevailing feeling regarding the manner in which that officer has been treated by the Government. Though the exact date and hour of his arrival were matters of shrewd conjecture only, at least as far as the general public were concerned, an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him. The assemblage of friends who met him on the platform included, along with a large number of English and Anglo-Indian notabilities, three Field Marshals, but not a single representative of the Government that, by a remarkable coincidence, received its *congé* the same evening.

It it proposed, I see, that the public should subscribe to present

the General with a sword surpassing in value that presented to General Komaroff by the Czar in grateful recognition of his services at Penjdeh.

The appeal in the scandalous Coleridge libel case came on for hearing before the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice Laidley on Thursday last, and was adjourned till the following day, when the arguments on both sides having been concluded, the Court reserved judgment till Monday. On Monday, however, when judgment was about to be pronounced, Mr. Coleridge's counsel, with the concurrence of the plaintiff, applied for postponement, and yesterday it was announced that the parties had come to an arrangement that the question of the amount of compensation to be paid to the appellant should be referred to private arbitration and both actions stayed.

Mr. Coleridge, at the same time, unreservedly withdrew all imputations on Mr. Adams, and announced, on behalf of Lord Coleridge, that he had never intended to cast any reflection on his daughter, who would be restored to the same position as if the proceedings had never taken place, and on whom Lord Coleridge had agreed to settle £600 a year.

The general satisfaction with which this termination to the proceedings must be welcomed will naturally be qualified by a feeling of regret that the parties had not the wisdom to draw down the blinds before commencing the washing of their dirty linen.

The trial of Cunningham and Burton for treason-felony, in connexion with the late dynamite explosions, has resulted in the conviction of both the prisoners, who have been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Favoured by exceptionally fine weather, the Derby, which was run on the 3rd instant, drew together a larger crowd than has been seen on the Downs for many years; and the great race of the day is universally pronounced to have been altogether worthy of the attendance.

Never have horses looked better than the leading favourites did as they emerged from the paddock; all of them ran game throughout; the finish was one of the most exciting ever witnessed, and it is generally admitted that the right horse won. Paradox, though defeated, showed himself every bit as good an animal as he was held to be before his somewhat meagre performance in the Two Thousand Guineas—every bit as good an animal, in fact, as the favourite Melton, who, after a desperate neck and neck encounter, only beat him by a short head; while the Chopette colt, of whom so much had been expected, proved, under his new name, unequal to the pace and came.

in only a bad fifth, behind Xaintrailles, a bad fourth; and Royal Hampton, in spite of his plucky running, a very bad third.

The Oaks, won easily by Lonely, proved a somewhat tame affair.

The greater part of the month of May has been characterised throughout Europe by extraordinarily cold and inclement weather; while in the North Atlantic icebergs have been encountered, in unprecedented quantities, further south than the oldest navigator of those waters has ever seen them before. The Inman liner, *City of Berlin*, ran end on into one of these floating mountains in a fog, but appears to have inflicted quite as much damage as it sustained. A quantity of ice, estimated at a hundred tons, was displaced by the collision, and came crashing down into the fore-castle and through the deck of the steamer, which, however, was so little injured as to be able to resume its journey after a few hours.

Epidemic cholera has broken out afresh in Valencia, and is spreading at a rate which furnishes grave reason for apprehending that it will invade Northern Europe before the summer is far advanced.

The obituary of the month includes the names of the great French poet and novelist, Victor Hugo, and Sir Julius Benedict and Hiller, the well-known German musical composers.

Victor Hugo was attacked suddenly, on the 14th ultimo, with congestion of the lungs, and died in the afternoon of the 22nd, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

From the first there could have been little hope of his recovery, the attack being complicated with disease of the heart of long standing; but there were times during his illness when the powerful vitality of the man seemed as if it were on the point of baffling the enemy. His funeral, which took place on the 1st instant at the public cost, was the occasion of a pageant which has seldom been equalled for impressiveness. The procession included a large body of troops, the Senators and Deputies and all the principal dignitaries of State, most of the men of letters in Paris, and between eleven and twelve hundred deputations from all parts of the country. The crowd that lined the thoroughfares through which the *cortège* passed to the Pantheon, is estimated to have numbered not less than a million persons.

No man of letters has probably ever been buried with so much pomp or amid such general demonstrations. Yet Victor Hugo may, in one sense, be said to have outlived his fame; and, great as was his literary power, the most partial critic will hardly

place him in the highest rank as a writer of either poetry or romance.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, 10th June, 1885.

#### INDIA.

The suspense and unrest which reigned over India when our last month's chronicle was penned have given place during the month under review to the certainty of peace: 'whether peace with honour,' however, is more than doubtful. The publication of the Blue Book on the Penjdeh affair has afforded some reading the reverse of pleasant to Englishmen of whatever party in politics. It is difficult not to sympathise with the unwillingness of the Amir to commit his country to a definite alliance with England, when we read the letter of the Afghan General to Sir Peter Lumsden. "I am not told," it runs, "in reply to my several letters whether I am to fight or not. I cannot understand the reason. For the sake of God and the Prophet do not be so inconsiderate. \* \* \* I inform you that they are coming here to fight, and their reserves, whether in small or large numbers, are also coming, while you are negotiating for the settlement of the boundary delimitation. \* \* \* We shall be ruined by our own hands. Send me a reply without delay, so that our faces may not be black before God, his prophet, and the king." In reply to this appeal General Lumsden despatched Captain Yate and Doctor Owen with vague general instructions to prevent a collision if possible. There is a general belief that had Sir Peter Lumsden himself undertaken the responsible duty of advising the Afghan commander at this crisis, the mere presence of the head of the English commission in the neighbourhood of the Afghan forces would have done much to check Komaroff's bluster and to delay his advance. The result of the Russian attack was of course a foregone conclusion: it was the old story of Breechloaders *versus* Smoothbores. Again, Sir Peter Lumsden's sudden withdrawal from the neighbourhood, resulting as it did on the disastrous march through the snowstorm that cost the lives of twenty-four of the followers of the Commission and many baggage animals, to say nothing of the loss of kits and of important papers, must have had the most damaging effect on the reputation and influence which the Commission had during their long months of waiting gained for the name of England. The readiness with which the suggestion of arbitration, to be confined to the very abstract question as to a possible misunderstanding of the agreement between the two Cabinets, was received by Lord

Granville, points to the change that had so suddenly come over Mr. Gladstone's spirit after his thrasonical oration regarding the book which England would not allow to be closed. As nobody's conduct is to be impugned, it is perhaps natural and desirable that the arbitration should be allowed to slide; the ridicule which Sir Peter Lumsden is said to have poured on the project whilst being interviewed at Vienna on his way home, seems no more than it deserves.

The stoppage of urgent military preparations has reduced the estimate of the cost of the war scare from three to two crores of rupees. Against this saving must be set off the extra expense temporarily entailed by the bumper crop of opium which this year has produced, amounting to some sixty lacs of rupees—a sum which will, of course, be more than recouped when the opium sales take place next year. It has been decided that the Secretary of State shall borrow at least two-and-a-half crores in England for Public Works; and it is stated that, should matters still progress towards peace, there will not, for the present, be any necessity for increased taxation. The fortification of the frontier, an imperial work of no less magnitude than urgency, has to be provided for, and if current revenue is to pay for it, we cannot hope long to escape some considerable addition to our present contributions to the Exchequer.

Mr. Ilbert has been engaged in drafting a bill which is of considerable interest to the press in India. The leading Anglo-Indian papers have, for some time past, been urging the necessity for a Newspaper Copyright Law for the protection of telegraphic news. Piracy of telegrams, often obtained originally at considerable expense, is a recognised part of the business of some prints. The "extras" published in the course of the day by those journals that subscribe to Reuter's agency are often telegraphed to mofussil papers, and by them are reproduced on the following morning without the least acknowledgment of the source from which they have been taken, and thus a mofussil subscriber to the *Pioneer* say, may find that some cheap local print is as well supplied with telegraphic news as the costly journal which he receives by post. As the proposed law gives protection for only twenty-four hours, any print published at a distance of more than twenty-four hours' journey by post, will still be able to give its subscribers the advantage of the telegrams whose transmission from Europe has been paid for the Allahabad journal. To put a stop to this piracy the time of protection should be extended, so far as newspapers published

in Calcutta, Madras or Bombay are concerned, to at least seventy-two hours. Another great boon would be a reduction by half of the present high rate of postage charged on newspapers. The new bill is naturally not looked on with favour by the Native Press generally, and even those journals in whose interests, presumably, the legislation is proposed, would prefer in its place that Government should cease its practice of publishing Reuter's telegrams free of charge to heads of offices at Simla.

The series of earthquakes in the valley of Cashmere caused a loss of life and property which was in no way exaggerated in the first reports published. The northern parts of the valley have suffered most. Not less than three thousand human beings have perished; at least seventy thousand houses have been ruined; and over thirty thousand head of cattle and sheep have been lost. Seismic disturbances of more or less intensity have since been felt in various parts of Northern Bengal, and a slight shock was perceptible in Calcutta. The Geological Survey Department, not being prepared to adopt the theory accepted by the Mahommedans of Cashmere, that the strange series of disasters is traceable to the wickedness of a Pundit who buried alive two goats, have deputed a special officer to examine into any special phenomena that accompanied the earthquakes.

We have to chronicle some terrible calamities by sea also; the cyclone in the neighbourhood of Aden appears to have been of quite exceptional violence. Two British steamers, the *Speke Hall* and the *Seraglio* are known to have gone down, the former with all her crew, except the second mate, who, afloat on a raft of two spars for three days, fought a gallant fight with waves and sharks till he was picked up by a passing steamer. A French gun boat also sank with all hands.

The new Governor of Bombay has made the first important exposition of his ideas in public affairs in his opening address to the Legislative Council of his Province. And it is a relief to learn that the speech contained no intimation of any political "break of gauge" or of startling innovation. After the doctrinaire Radicalism of much of the legislation under the late Viceroy, it is a welcome sound to hear from the lips of a nominee of a Liberal Cabinet that Indian Administrators "are in continual danger of forgetting how slow the progress of evolution is, and how little good is done by interrupting the national development of the understanding of the people". And again: "A scrupulous regard for ancient customs and ideas, wherever found and by whomsoever entertained on whatever

subject, is a characteristic of English administration which cannot be too carefully preserved. Any interference with the venerable customs of the tiller of the soil would be in direct opposition to the traditions of English administration." We can imagine that the feelings of the Radical section of the late Cabinet which appointed Lord Reay resemble those of Balak when he said to Balaam : "I took thee to curse . . . and, behold, thou hast blessed altogether." But Bombay is to be congratulated on the prospect of rest from political experiments.

The resolution of the Bengal Government on the amalgamation of the Suburban Municipality with that of the metropolis seems likely to provoke some opposition within the Town Council of Calcutta as well as from the Commissioners of the Suburbs. But in the face of the strong feeling generally prevalent as to the necessity of cleansing the Augean environs of the city, it is not likely that small jealousies will avail to delay the beginning of this long-needed improvement.

The sanction of the Viceroy was given during the month to the Bill which was passed last Session by the Bengal Legislative Council to give the Commissioners of the Port of Calcutta power to construct docks and to raise funds for that purpose. Almost at the same time the report of the Committee which had been appointed by the Government of Bengal to enquire into the sanitary aspects of the Kidderpore Dock question, was published. This report is mainly favourable—indeed almost entirely favourable—to the dock project. It is shown that no danger to health is likely to arise either from the large excavations which have to be made during the construction of the docks, or from the water itself in the docks after they are completed; the supposed danger of the "water-logging" of soil which was thought to be a serious one, is also shown to be without foundation. The Committee recommends good drainage, good water-supply, and ordinary sanitary measures as the only precautions necessary to ensure the sanitary success of the Kidderpore Docks.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

## Mr. Irving.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S visit to this country this year and the last was not only profitable to him, but it was very advantageous to us. Whatever rank may be assigned to him as an actor, his service to the stage is incontestable. His personal graces and modesty, the entire freedom of the gentleman in private life from the "staginess" which is commonly associated with actors in retirement, his cultivation and simple urbanity, have corrected the impression that an actor cannot be a "common gentleman," but must be always striking an attitude and rolling out his "deep-mouthed ohs and ahs." This is an excellent service, because it places the actor upon the same plane of self-respecting propriety and courtesy with the men of all other professions.

Mr. Irving quietly and justly assumes that his profession needs no apology and asks no indulgence. The actor is to be judged, not by the fact that he is a player, but solely—like the poet, or the lawyer, or the editor—by the way in which he does his work. Mr. Irving plainly holds that his work is not limited to the presentation of his own part, but concerns the play as a whole. He sees that no part can be adequately represented without a proper setting. Aristotle defined the dramatic unities as those of scene, time, and catastrophe, and the French added a fourth, the unity of conformity, that is to say that in tragedy the characters should all be tragical in style, and in comedy, comical, and in farce, farcical. But the most important unity of all is that of general effect. This can be produced only by the greatest care, study, and perception, and this is one of the great services which Mr. Irving has rendered to our theatre.

As the object of the theatre is to hold the mirror up to nature, it is not enough that one part shall be natural. Perceiving this, Mr. Irving takes care that the scene shall be represented as the imagination beholds it, and every play that he presents, in the excellence of every character, and in the local and historical accuracy of the place, lingers in the memory like a beautiful or touching or tragic picture. Mr. Edwin Booth had the same perception, and the plays presented in the early days of his theatre were placed upon the stage with the most intelligent regard for details and for the general impression. But the time was not ripe, and when Mr. Irving came last year, the symmetry of the plays that he presented, both in the scenery and the acting, seemed to the public the revelation of a new epoch.

The quiet gentleman who did it, whom nothing seemed to disturb, and who has

shown a force of will and an administrative skill which are extraordinary, has made his final professional bow to an American audience, and the curtain is rung down. The controversy of the critics will not cease, but neither will the pleasant remembrance of his visit. He has shown us the highest point which the modern English theatre as a whole has reached. There have been actors of greater genius; there have never been plays more adequately presented.—*Harper's*.

## Review.

"Who the devil he is, what the devil he does, and what the devil he wants?" is the brief abstract of his own sermon on our ghostly foe, which the Welsh minister is said to have delivered. Some similar questions, only in a less profane form, must have been put to themselves by many puzzled newspaper readers, as they attempted to account for the proceedings of the French in Tongking. Mr. T. G. Scott ("Shway Yoe") has given a reply to all such problems in his most interesting and instructive book, *France and Tonking*.

To pass over the ancient history of Annam and Tonquin which, from 200 B.C. to 800 A.D., were governed by more or less independent Chinese rulers, we ask how the French got into *cette galdre*. The conquest was begun, as usual, by missionaries. Instead of saying *cherchez la femme*, in modern wars beyond the limits of Europe, we naturally ask "Who was the missionary that began the trouble?" Well, Jesuits settled in Annam in 1610; in 1669, Palla, Vicar Apostolic of Tongking in *partibus gentium*, proposed to Colbert to found a colony in his see. In 1787 the Bishop of Adran, Cigneaux de Behaine, arranged a treaty, by virtue of which France was to restore an exiled dynasty to Annam, and was to receive in return the Bay of Tourane and the Isle of Ponlo Condore, off the mouth of the Saigon river. The Revolution interfered, but by French aid the representative of the exiled house conquered Tongking. Still, the French were not liked, and not till 1858 did they seriously attempt to use the rights conceded in 1787. They occupied Saigon, which remains a French colony. If any reader wishes to see a lively picture of Saigon, and bush fighting in the neighbourhood, he should look (of all improbable places) in Gaborian's *Cligue Doré*. In 1862 Saigon, Mytho, and Vinh Long were ceded to France, and Vinh Long, Charadoc, and Hatien were annexed in 1867.

• *France and Tonking*. By T. G. Scott, London: T. Fisher Unwin.



In 1882 a new expedition, under Rivière, a soldier and man of letters, was launched, apparently to secure certain concessions of mines. "Hence these tears," Rivière neared the citadel of Hanoï in April, 1882. In May, 1883, the Black Flags, a kind of unofficial Chinese free-lance, as far as we understand, issued a truculent proclamation against the French. "You French brigands live by violence in Europe, and glare out on all the world-like tigers, seeking for a place to exercise your craft and cruelty. . . . You send out teachers of religion to undermine and ruin the people. You say you wish for international commerce, but you merely wish to swallow up the country." How true those words are and how nicely they must seem to apply to other nations as well as to the French! The Black Flags could fight as well as scold. Rivière, who went to war, so weakened was he by illness, in a chair, was defeated and slain on May 19. Then came Admiral Courbet, with large reinforcements, and the fight has been waged ever since, till the fall of M. Ferry's cabinet. Mr. Scott's book is quite full of description, anecdote, and quiet humour. Probably no other Englishman know the obscure country, and the mixed religion and manners of the people, so well as our author. The accounts of fighting are brilliantly done. Both sides, on many occasions, displayed more dash than discretion. The French had usually, our men in the Eastern Soudan, the advantage of artillery. An old Cheltonian, Lieutenant Jehenne, received five bullets in his body, and recovered to receive, at twenty, the Cross of the Legion of Honour. A Black Flag was shot through the throat, and like the old Galloway chief, slew his opponent even as he fell. But what Roman ever fought more sturdily than he whom the French buried, in his post of honour, under the gateway he held alone facing the entire strength of the Foreign Legion, and "firing as steadily as if at practice"? With each bullet he brought down a man, this nameless Black Flag and was bayoneted with his finger on the trigger!

In this war, says Mr. Scott, "no quarter was asked for, and none was given." That is the worst of war waged with barbarous powers, under a Black Flag. But the Turcos, in Sontay, "admittedly killed men, women, and children, every living thing they came across." In compensation, the dirty lanes of Sontay are now boulevards. Such are a few of the contents of this excellent book.—*Harper's*.

#### POETRY.

##### "My Toast."

"Give us," they cried, a "toast!"  
All were in merry trim;  
Each, except me, could boast  
One who had smiled on him:  
Dora we'd toasted, Kate,  
Margery, Ethelred;  
Now it was getting late,  
It was my turn, they said.

"She that you love the most,  
"Give us the name!" they cried,  
Forced to propose a toast,  
"Lilian!" I replied.  
"Lilian" sounded well.  
Blushing eighteen no more;  
Why was I bound to tell  
That she had passed three score?

"Has she blue eyes,—your queen—  
Hazel or black?" said they.  
"Kindly and clear and keen,  
And of a tender grey."  
Why was I forced to add,  
"Spectacles large and blue,  
Now that her sight is bad,  
Shelters their gaze so true."

"Golden or brown her hair?"  
"Soft," I replied, "and light."  
This I conceived was fair,  
Since it is nearly white.  
"What is her voice in tone?"  
"Gentle and soft and low."  
Was I obliged to own  
Sorrows have made it so?

"And do you love her best  
Under the whole blue sky?  
And for her lightest 'hest  
Would you be glad to die?  
Would you that, for her good,  
Troubles should fall on you?"  
"Gladly," I said, "I would."  
That at the least was true.

Then as their glasses rang,  
Dancing with flashes red,  
"Lilian!" out they sang;  
"Here's to her health," they said,  
"Grey-eyed and blonde—a belle—  
"Blushing eighteen—no more!"  
Lilian sounded well,  
Why should I tell them more?

A. M. HEATHCOTE.

—*Longman's*.

##### In Parenthesis.

I READ the verses from my copy,  
A bunch of fancies culled from Keats,  
A rhyme of rose and drowsy poppy,  
Of maiden, song, and other sweets;  
The lines—so patiently I penned them,  
Without one sable blot or blur—  
I knew had music to commend them,  
And all their secret thoughts to her.  
She heard the rhythmical romanza,  
And made a comment there and here;  
I read on to the final stanza,  
Where timid love had made me fear.  
A long parenthesis; the meter  
Went lamely on without a foot,  
Because the sentiment was sweeter  
Then love emboldened me to put.  
Alas, I tried to fill the bracket;  
The truant thought refused to come!  
The point,—to think the rhyme should lack it!  
My wakeful conscience struck me dumb.  
She took the little leaf a minute,—  
Ah, what a happy time was this!  
The bracket soon had something in it,—  
I kissed her in parenthesis.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

—*Century*.

# The Indian Review.

No. 23.—AUGUST, 1885.

## NO MAN'S LAND.

*Egypt's Proper Frontier.* (*Nineteenth Century*, July 1884.) By Sir SAMUEL BAKER.

*Egypt and the Soudan.* (*Nineteenth Century*, May 1885.) By His Highness Prince HALIM PASHA OF EGYPT.

*With Hicks Pasha in the Soudan.* By Col. the Hon. J. COLBORNE, London. 1885.

*The Future of the Soudan.* (*Fortnightly Review*, October 1884.) By Captain E. A. DECOSSON.

*Our Egyptian Atrocities.* From CAPEL CONOR TO KHARTOUM. (*Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1885.)

*The Land of the False Prophet.* (*The Century Magazine*, March 1885.) By R. E. COLSTON.

THE land of the two rivers, at once the key and the drain of Egypt, has attained the unenviable distinction of being possessed by none, held by none, governed by none at this present time, and, judging from the acts of the British Government, is not to be permitted to belong to any one. The reams of despatches, the piles of magazine articles, the acres of news-letters of special correspondents, all leave the subject pretty much where they found it. The Soudan, we are assured on every side but one or two, must be governed with a strong hand: there must be a firm government established: order must be enforced, and property made secure, but by a strange coincidence none tell us how this is to be accomplished or by whom!

The first two works noticed at the head of this paper are by two ex-Governors-General of the Soudan—an Englishman, the well known Sir Samuel Baker, and an Egyptian, Prince Halim Pasha,

uncle of the Khedive. Both of these authorities agree that there are great difficulties in the soil and the people of the Soudan, and that if the country be but held firmly, and order and security restored, commerce and agriculture will do the rest. In these statements there is a general agreement amongst all writers on the subject, but a remarkable divergence as to the means to be adopted for the restoration of peace and order. My readers will, no doubt, agree in giving the preference to the views and statements of an Englishman, who has served the Khedive for seven years as Ruler of the Soudan, and who, during that time, put in practice the principles he now advocates, so far, at any rate, as it was in his power to do so. So little is understood of the people of Egypt, that British statesmen, actuated often by the purest motives, have by mistaken treatment of the country acted rather as its enemies than its friends. If this be the case with Lower Egypt, how much more must we expect to find blunders in regard to a country so remote and so little understood as the Soudan. Whilst admitting this to be so, it is indeed difficult to comprehend the reasons which have led the British Government to ignore and act in direct opposition to the opinions of such able administrators as Lord Dufferin and Sir Samuel Baker, the former of whom was despatched to Egypt for the special purpose of enquiry and report, while the latter is entitled to be heard with respect from his long rule as Governor-General of the Soudan.

The Egyptian Prince Halim is at much trouble to blacken the character of his relative Ismail, the ex-Khedive; but passing over that, there is little enough to be found in his article on the Soudan worthy of reproduction. His remedy for the existing state of that unhappy country is the establishment of strong military posts at convenient intervals along the Nile, towards which trade would gradually gravitate with population; and by slow degrees this process, he considers, would civilise the Soudan. Egypt, he believes to be the most fitting agent for this purpose, there being no natural repulsion in the Soudan against Egypt in its normal state, as there would be against any European Power, and the Egyptian can best withstand the severities of the climate. I have always been taught to believe that it was the viciousness and the wickedness of Egyptian rule in the Soudan which led to the recent rebellion, and that the religious aspect of the rising followed upon the political.

Whilst the Egyptian Prince deals thus feebly with vague generalities, the English Governor-General goes to the root of the subject, and deals with the question after the manner of "one having authority." Sir Samuel Baker did not live and subdue and govern a turbulent people

for seven years, without having obtained a clear insight into their character, and the best methods to be adopted for the pacification of the country and the civilisation of the race. He denies that England can with impunity repudiate responsibility for the Soudan, not indeed for an indefinite, unlimited extent of desert, but for that portion which will secure a proper and safe frontier for Egypt. When the unfortunate General Hicks was permitted to advance with an army to Kordofan, the British Government did not repudiate responsibility. On the contrary it sanctioned the movement, and so certain were the authorities acting on behalf of England that affairs were in a perfectly satisfactory state, that orders had actually been given for the embarkation of a large portion of the British troops then in Lower Egypt; when one fine morning the wire from Khartoum made the startling announcement that General Hicks and his entire army had been annihilated. Then a craven-hearted Ministry, panic-stricken, adopted a policy of repudiation and scuttling from the Soudan.

Sir Samuel Baker quotes from Lord Dufferin's Report to the British Government, the following passages:—

"In the expectation that the fresh efforts about to be made (Hicks's expedition) will result in the restoration of tranquillity, a plan should be carefully considered for the future administration of the country. Hitherto it has caused a continual drain on the resources of the Egyptian Exchequer. The first step necessary is *the construction of a railway from Suakim to Berber*, or, what perhaps would be still more advisable, to Shendy on the Nile. Another scheme of railway communication has been proposed down the Nile valley, but it has many disadvantages. The promoters of the Suakim route maintain that the construction of this line would bring Cairo within six and a half days of Khartoum, the time required to run from Suakim to Berber on the Nile being only sixteen hours, and that the cost would be under a million and a half. The completion of this enterprise would at once change all the elements of the problem. Instead of being a burden on the Egyptian Exchequer, these equatorial provinces ought to become, with anything like good management, a source of wealth to the Government. What has hitherto prevented their development has been the difficulty of getting machinery into the country, and of conveying its cotton, sugar, and other natural products to the sea. The finances of the Soudan once rehabilitated, the provincial administration would no longer be forced to visit its subjects with those heavy exactions which have been in all probability at the bottom of the present disturbances, and the natural expansion of commerce would eventually extend the benefits of civilisation for some distance through the surrounding regions. I apprehend, however, that it would be wise on the part of Egypt to abandon Darfour, and perhaps a part of Kordofan, and to be

content with maintaining her jurisdiction in the provinces of Khartoum and Senaar."

This policy is precisely that advocated by Sir Samuel Baker, who would have us abandon the Soudan in its extended sense, but maintain it as forming a portion of Upper Egypt. He points out how lamentable would be the results to Egypt and the Soudanese themselves were Khartoum and the Central Soudan to be abandoned. The friendly tribes would be the first victims to a vindictive foe, the slave trade would be renewed with tenfold vigour, and the entire Soudan would relapse into the frightful barbarism described by Bruce a hundred years ago. It is ridiculous to suppose that any Soudan races are capable of self-government. Khartoum abandoned would fall a prey to the first adventurer. French officers would too gladly assist the King of Abyssinia in conquering this territory, concessions of land would be made to them, the embryo of a French settlement would be formed, and soon we should find a rival colony firmly rooted at Khartoum.

The ignorance prevailing in the councils of those who unhappily guide the destinies of the nation at this time, renders them unmindful of a serious danger which would threaten Egypt in the abandonment of all Upper Egypt, which they would cast off with the indifference one would throw away an old hat. At Khartoum a Nilometer registers daily the varying level of the Nile, which the telegraph transmits to Cairo, thus warning the authorities of any threatening inundation twenty days before it can reach Cairo. Not only will this great advantage be lost by the abandonment of Khartoum, but any enemy in possession of that capital would have it in their power to effect the ruin of Lower Egypt by dividing the waters of the Nile at that point, and by causing them to disperse throughout the sands of the desert, and dry up the great river to the utter ruin of the agriculture of all districts below that region. There would be no means of preventing any such hostile engineering, and Sir Samuel Baker entertains very little doubt that the seven years of famine that afflicted Egypt in Biblical description were occasioned by some interruption of the Abyssinian tributaries, as the Ethiopians were the constant enemies of the people of the lower country, and it is possible that they may have diverted the Atbara from its channel. If Joseph had received information of such a proceeding, he would have wisely purchased and stored all the corn and available supplies.

The author of "Egypt's Proper Frontier" is naturally astonished and indignant at the blindness and insatiation of the Liberal Ministry,

who, rejecting the counsels of the present Viceroy of India, sent forth the fiat of ruthless abandonment, contenting itself with loose talk about the protection of friendly tribes and the establishment of a strong and permanent Government at Khartoum by means of tribal chiefs, all of which is the veriest dream of political visionaries. Sir Samuel Baker wrote before the abandonment of Gordon: how much more strongly he would write now it is not difficult to judge, when the Suakim-Berber Railway has been begun, the Arabs divided by dispersion, defeat, and rebellion against the Mahdi: yet still we are to scuttle out of the country on the old Radical lines!

The ex-Governor-General of the Soudan, in endorsing to the full the advice of the present Viceroy of India in regard to the retention and civilisation of the Khartoum-Berber districts, points out how, by utilising the waters of the Abyssinian tributaries instead of leaving them at the mercy of an enemy, they may be made to irrigate and fertilise the whole country, converting those regions into a vast field for the production of sugar, cotton, flax, wheat, &c. Sir Samuel Baker points out how—

“Canals, similar to those innumerable channels of Lower Egypt, would irrigate the fertile land during the dry season, and would enable boats to bring down the produce to the Railway stations. Upper Egypt, thus constituted, would become the granary for the supply of England; and cotton of the finest quality would be produced in quantities that would render us independent of other countries. Such a development would be almost instantly effected, should the means of transport be afforded by the construction of a railway.”

He adds, moreover, in regard to the present turbulent population, that—

“The Arabs of the desert would cease to be nomadic if they could be assured of pasturage. If the fertile soil of Upper Egypt between the Atbara and Blue Nile were supplied with means of irrigation, and the new settlers should be protected by a just administration, the nomads would quickly exchange their tents of camel-hair for the more solid dwelling of a village home, and they would devote themselves to agriculture.

“An agricultural population is generally peaceful. Disturbances would endanger their possessions: their crops could not be moved. The fact of having something to lose is a potent safeguard against civil strife, and in self-defence the Egyptian Government should endeavour to promote the permanent settlement of the Arab tribes in localities that would reward their industry. To effect this it will be necessary to awaken the resources of the country by irrigation and by a railway from Suakim to the Nile.

“There could not be a better example of the effect produced upon a population by an extension of the facilities for cultivation than is to be

seen in the North-West Provinces of India, 'where, within twenty years, a warlike race has been completely tamed by the influence of agricultural employment, the land being nourished and rendered profitable by artificial irrigation. The same result would be attained by the development of the Central Soudan in the contracted limit of Upper Egypt."

Of the soundness of this argument there can be no doubt. Let England act upon this policy, and capital would be attracted to the country, not by Jews and Greeks, but by intelligent large-minded Englishmen. Sir Samuel goes on to declare that—

"When confidence shall have been re-established and security guaranteed there will be a new field for British energy and for industrial enterprise. Railways and irrigation works will quickly change the aspect of that Upper Egypt which was so hastily condemned as worthless. Millions of acres which now represent no value will spring into immediate wealth, and will assure a supply of corn and cotton that would be conveyed to Great Britain by a maritime route which, in a time of general hostility, would be effectually protected. The Red Sea and Suez Canal would be rigidly guarded, and Port Said, Cyprus, and Malta with Gibraltar would be coaling stations that would secure the Mediterranean voyage."

Colonel Colborne, on his way to join General Hicks in the Soudan, whence happily he escaped by reason of an attack of fever, saw much of the fertility as well as the sterility of the country. In his volume he tells us that in striking contrast with the desolation and fiery heat of the desert during the summer months, is the Nile scenery with thickly-dotted oases of cultivation and busy villages along its pleasant banks. Up the river beyond Berber there are many stretches of almost indescribable beauty. Voyaging towards Khartoum he says:—

"At daybreak a fairy-like scene burst upon us. The broad expanse of the magnificent river, silvered by the first rays of the rising sun, was studded with islands 'in verdure clad,' which peeped forth through the rapidly vanishing purple mist. Far, far away up the winding sheet of water, we could discern a long succession of white lateen sails of vessels bound for Khartoum laden with troops and stores. The scenery of this part of our Nile voyage was very lovely. The hills gradually approached the banks, and, as we neared the cataract, closed in upon us. The river from this point, and throughout the Sixth Cataract, was dotted with islets.

"Emerging from the ravine above the cataract, of which we are now clear, we again pass through a most lovely archipelago of islets: some comparatively large, and covered with a dense foliage of various tints, from which here and there pierced upwards the graceful feathery palm, swaying in the breeze. Then, again, there were small vase-shaped rocks, just rising above the surface, richly tufted with a leafy crown. A few hours took us beyond

these desert banks and through rich strips of cultivation, and with the groaning *sakeyehs* on the banks, we drew near to Khartoum, and our voyage was now nearly ended. It had much impressed me. Who could have travelled such a distance without being struck with the majesty and grandeur of 'Pater Nilus,' the great historic river of the world?"

The wonderful fertility of the soil when coaxed into yield by irrigation in the simplest form is everywhere described as amazing, tended as it is most assiduously by the industrious husbandmen of the Soudan, who are good farmers as well as fighters.

Slavery has exercised such an important influence in all England's movements in Egypt and the Soudan, that I will here quote from Colonel Colborne's volume in reference to this "domestic institution" as found existing in Berber when he passed through that city with Hicks Pasha on their way to the fatal region of El Obed. Although delighted to find themselves within the walls of a city with some pretence at civilised comforts, after a camel ride from Suakim, it was found to be by no means an attractive place. Of the domestic institution, he says:—

"Through the medium of an interpreter I had a long conversation with a couple of very neatly-clad Dinka men, hailing from the country south of Senaar, lying between the White and Blue Niles. They had been captured when young in a tribal war—something, for instance, like a feud would be between Yorkshiremen and Northumbrians \* \* \* Of ornaments the women have plenty, silver and gold coins being woven into their innumerable thinly-plaited tresses. Amber, coral, and jasper necklaces fall in rows over their, when young, statuesque bosoms: here, as is the custom of the country, left untrammelled by robe or corset. Like the Bishareen Arabs, the Berbereens, male and female, wear attached to their right arm, above the elbow, red or brown leather cylindrical-shaped amulets, like small drums, containing scraps of parchment inscribed with verses of the Koran or some cabalistic words invented by a local *fakir*. These are believed to preserve the wearer from all bodily harm. Happily, whatever may be the kindness shown by the master to his bondsman, slavery has its days numbered. The children and they become thoroughly identified with the country and surroundings of those who own them."

To this description he adds the following remarks:—

"To sum up briefly, the curse of slavery is not the actual holding of slaves, but the misery caused by the destruction of villages, the severing of family ties, and the cruelties perpetrated in the work of capture. People are dragged miles and miles without water, chained by the neck; in fact, the trails of the capturers may be followed by the skeletons of their captives left on the line of route."

No doubt the slavery question is one full of difficulty, and needs delicate though consistent treatment. Nearly all who have written



on the subject declare their belief in its final doom through the instrumentality of commerce and civilisation. Whoever holds Khartoum no doubt possesses a power which may gradually be exercised for the suppression of the abominable traffic, though, at present, it is the very centre and soul of the trade.

The interest attaching to Khartoum itself as a city is more on account of its strong position and the gallant defence of its late heroic Governor, Gordon, than by reason of historical or traditional association, for it is a city of comparatively modern date, as a city. It is estimated to have had quite recently a population of sixty thousand inhabitants, a large number of whom are engaged in trade. The city (he says)—

is interspersed with trees, and, in the centre, are the beautifully laid-out gardens of the Roman Catholic missionaries whose cathedral—for there is a bishop here—and establishment were founded by the Austrian Government some years ago. They have libraries, cloisters for nuns and sisters of mercy, who are well-born ladies, and a mission school. The gardens are irrigated by the *sakeeyeb*. There is no hotel or inn in the whole town, neither is there one in the whole of the Soudan, excepting Suakim. Travelers have either to lodge with a friend or ask the Mudir for a shelter. There is generally a large and very filthy courtyard surrounded by chambers. Restaurants and places of refreshment, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, do not exist here, but there are at least a dozen Greek bakals' shops, where you may buy and drink on the premises almost any poison you like. At the back of the town there is an enormous open space. You cross it and come to the bazaar, consisting of booths in front of some large wholesale shops, where clothes, boots, and all sorts of outfitting may be obtained. The rest of the bazaar consists of a labyrinth of narrow streets lined with stalls having matting in front of them. These are owned by Arab and Syrian merchants and an occasional Greek."

Here, although not openly, any number of slaves may be obtained at prices ranging according to the supply and demand at the time.

The opinions of Lord Dufferin and Sir Samuel Baker as to the necessity of holding Upper Egypt by the means of a Suakim-Berber Railway is borne out by a British Commercial Agent, long a dweller in the Soudan, a Mr. Pericles Green, who possesses an intimate knowledge of the country and the people. He declares in favour of subduing the Arabs of the Soudan by the railway and commerce. He says:—

"The first step to be taken is to build the railway from Suakim right through to Berber. Without that railway you can do nothing: with it you can do anything. Until that railway is constructed you can neither évacuate

Dongola nor pacify the country. It is the first step and the most indispensable. When the railway is made it places the Nile at Berber within twenty-four hours of English men-of-war at Suakim, and he who holds Berber holds 2,000 miles of navigable water stretching into the very heart of Central Africa. Run that railway across the desert and you will be able to hold in perfect security the whole of the intervening country, and the subsequent result will be incalculable. In making your railway, as in everything else which you undertake in the Soudan, the condition of help from the inhabitants of the country is that you are not going to abandon the territory over which you are going to advance. That is the *sine qua non*. Go there declaring that you are not going to clear out till the Greek kalends, and all the tribes will help you, supply you with camels, will do your navvy work, will trade with you, and welcome you as their best friends. Go there proclaiming your intention of clearing out as soon as your own work is done and every man in the country becomes your enemy. You are there in that case solely for your own purposes. You are there to-day : you will be gone to-morrow. Every man who helps you now will be a marked man after you are gone."

Another point in the argument in favour of opening up the country by means of a railway and irrigation, is that relating to the capacity of the Arabs, or rather of the Soudanese, to do their share of the work. Of this Mr. Green disposes in a very practical manner. He says :—

"You talk about the Soudanese not being willing to work except when enslaved. That is a delusion and a snare. No Soudan peasant will cultivate more than is absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together, for two reasons—first, there is no market for his surplus produce, and, secondly, the moment he has accumulated a little store he is plundered by the Bashi-Bazouks. Give that man a market for his crops and secure him a decent government, and you will find that he will work as hard as any Egyptian fellah."

Having alluded to two conditions necessary to the civilisation of the Soudan—the railway and permanency of occupation—let me now come to the third; the means by which the country is to be held and its affairs administered. Here there is some little divergence, Sir Samuel Baker believing in the wisdom of employing Turkish troops to hold the country, with a few officials of the same class held in check by British revenue officers and a chief administrator. Mr. Green, the Agent of the Egyptian Trading Company, would exclude all Egyptian and Turkish officials from the country. No doubt there is much truth in what he says on this subject :—

"The rule of the Pashas sent from Cairo to the Soudan has left deep and bitter memories in the hearts of all the people. They loathe the Turks, as they call them; and when you tell the people that you are going to conquer the country you must not have one red cap in your train. If you

have as much as a single Egyptian they will imagine that you are going to bring the whole brood back again, and then they will treat you to the deserts of the Egyptians. But if you observe that condition, you will find that, when you announce that you are going to make the railway, that you are going to stop there for ever, and that you are *not* going to levy direct taxation upon the people, you will find the tribes all along the route of your railway only too anxious to trade with you. Instead of sending up the guards and sepoy, send up Manchester and Birmingham goods; make the sheikh of each tribe a present of a consignment of samples, tell him that there is more to follow from the same place, and that your object in opening up the country is to bring plenty of goods and sell them much cheaper than they have ever been able to get them before. You will find that you will have plenty of offers of labour then."

Mr. Green speaks in glowing terms of the gums, rubbers, feathers, ivory, and timber of Central Africa. "I have been," he says—"through these regions, and I have stood lost in amazement at their surpassing wealth. When you leave the desert and pass south of Khartoum you strike upon almost inexhaustible teak forests, the lumber from which alone would in a few years pay the whole cost of making your railway. As for the soil, it is like butter. At present, without any cultivation beyond simply burning down the high grass before the first rain, and scattering millet seed upon the ground—it is not even scratched before the second rain—the natives contrive to raise sufficient food for their own sustenance. Imagine what such good soil would produce if cultivated properly. There are hundreds of thousands of acres that will grow anything in the world—sugar, maize, cotton, there is no limit to the produce that may be taken from the soil without any manuring or costly cultivation."

As regards Egyptian troops and officials, they should never be admitted into the country. If it be impracticable to employ Turkish troops for the maintenance of order, the better course would be an Indian contingent officered by British officers, with a few Indian civilians as administrators of the country, for the collection of such light taxes and dues as may be necessary to cover the cost of administration, any surplus to be paid into the Khedival treasury at Cairo. The Central Soudan would thus be held and administered as a dependency of Egypt, the government of which country should, however, be forbidden the slightest interference in its affairs. A British Resident or Administrator at Khartoum, backed by a force of Indian Irregular troops, Infantry and Cavalry, and supported by a small fleet of armed steamers for Nile service, would serve for all the purposes of such an administration, and suffice for keeping in check any turbulent chiefs disposed for a time to give trouble, but whose influence would rapidly disappear before good Government.

JOHN CAPPER.

## THE DEVIL'S DYE.

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INDIGO is innocent stuff enough to look at: certainly offends no sense of propriety whether one sees it bending before a passing breeze in a big *serat*, or presented to view as a smooth, symmetrical, business-like cube with the *imprimatur* of a factory stamp on it. It is useful inasmuch as dyers cannot get on without it, and so it "helps trade," and trade, as every school-boy knows, is the corner stone of the foundation of England's greatness and goodness. Translated into an Italian sky or a summer sea in a picture gallery, into a soldier's red coat, or a white opera cloak allowed to toy with Lesbia's back hair, its beauties are apparent to many people. But, all these recommendations notwithstanding, it is uncanny stuff—innately and desperately wicked. Centuries ago—when it threatened interference with local trade monopolies—popular instinct in Germany christened it "the devil's dye." The Elector of Saxony of Queen Elizabeth's time, a philosopher of the common-sense school, described it as "a corrosive substance not fit food for man or devil." It was very obvious to the Elector that since the dye was not fit for food it could be applied to no useful purpose. About the year 1745, however, the Government of Great Britain discovered that it was fit for taxation, and imposed a duty of 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb. on West Indian shipments to the old country. A few years after the trade had been in this manner quashed, and such English planters in the West Indian settlements as were not thereby ruined past redemption, had gathered themselves up and betaken themselves to the cultivation of sugarcane and tobacco, the British Government abandoned the duty, and in its stead allowed a bounty of six pence per pound on indigo manufactured in its colonies. The concession was vouchsafed too late for West Indian indigo and the men it had ruined, and had the effect mainly of transferring the dye's opportunities for mischief to pastures new and virginal. In some indeterminate year, between 1770 and 1780, a M. Louis Bonnaud came to Bengal, established himself at Chandernagore, and introduced the West Indian system of indigo manufacture to the notice

of East India merchants. Others profited by his example, and in the latter year the East India Company, always keen to scent opportunity for turning honest pennies, included indigo in its indices of suitable investments.

The result was a loss (freight and all incidental charges being taken into account) of some 30 per cent on the trade advances made by its agents. The Company thereupon dropped indigo in a burnt-fingered sort of way ; but being in properly British fashion very jealous of the French who managed somehow to make their traffic in the dye pay them, and being in 1786 still desirous of turning honest pennies, it in that year drew the particular attention of its Governor-General to the possibility of making indigo "a most valuable article of importation." With a view to this prospective valuableness, it actually held in abeyance its traditional policy and Charter-granted power of keeping out of India all would-be interlopers there save its own servants, and in 1787 permitted a Mr. Robert Heaven, an erewhile West India planter, "to proceed to Bengal to cultivate indigo \* \* \* \* \* for five years," and so to assist in laying up for his corporate patrons store of infinite future trouble and mortification because of interlopers. To their successors in the Government of India too fell a due share of the anxieties incidental to association with "the devil's dye."

We are not aware whether Mr. Robert Heaven succeeded or did not succeed in making his fortune out of indigo in five years.

It is probable that he did ; for the pagoda tree flourished in his time, and would have been disposed to cast down its fruit abundantly on a man patronised by the Directors of the East India Company. Many of that Company's writers found dabbling in indigo cultivation and manufacture a profitable undertaking for themselves if not for their masters, and used it freely for the development of their private fortunes. It was to a great extent by virtue of such demi-official patronage that indigo obtained such a substantial footing as it did in Bengal, and factories increased and multiplied all over the province. For long years after interdict had been laid on private trading, covenanted civilians continued to be more or less sleeping partners in indigo concerns. But gradually the Company's orders as to this matter became too stringent and real to be evaded. Interlopers, not blessed with official business partners, were naturally jealous of interlopers in possession of such powerful leverage.

They became irrepressible : *would* make themselves heard ; and did. The Company in its corporate capacity had by that time so many jealousies to contend against, so many scandals to defend,

that naturally enough it felt disinclined to have any supererogatory offendings laid upon its shoulders, and became year by year more determined to be in earnest about its prohibitions of private trading. Year by year as these prohibitions became increasingly operative, indigo became more and more veritably an unofficial product, and less independent of the weather, the money market, the common fluctuations and chances of ordinary business ventures. Only it was a gambling business, and involved risks far more than proportionate to the value of the stakes played for. As far as that consideration goes, the devil's green tables and the devil's dye went upon a pretty equal footing. In some seasons indigo planters realized immense profits, as well as the agents who lent them money: oftener the agents' books showed them to be in debt.

But just as so many people remember the one dream that comes true and forget the hundreds that do not, so tradition with regard to indigo planting has fastened on to the story of exceptional successes, and ignores the pits of ruin and failure out of which they were dug—ignores even intermediate results. In 1827, a Mr. Gordon, a gentleman behind the scenes, and able to speak with authority as to the financial position of many Bengal indigo factories, published a pamphlet, in which he arrayed facts and figures to prove that most erroneous ideas prevailed on the subject. He wrote of "instances, unfortunately too numerous, of concerns that have scarcely paid their outlay." He particularised some of these instances:—

The Sricole concern in Jessore, which in the year 1821 gave a very handsome profit, did not again until 1827 repay its expenses. The Beluabarry concern, the Jungypore, the factories formerly belonging to Messrs. Bell and Droz, and Boyd and Droz, and several others, may I believe be cited as instances where no profit, allowing for interest on stock, accumulated from 1821 to 1826, and where consequently the cost per maund has, on an average of five years, been upwards of Rs. 250. The factories under the charge of Mr. R. Williams of Sricole, which had proved themselves capable of turning out 1,462 maunds in 1821, did not produce, in an average of the ensuing five years, so much as one-third of that quantity, or only maunds 381, on an average outlay of Rs. 1,18,000, costing therefore Rs. 310 per maund.

Now the average market price of indigo during the years referred to ranged from Rs. 250 to Rs. 300 per maund.

Mr. Gordon's pamphlet was written before the collapse of the great agency house of Palmer & Co. and collateral houses;—a collapse in great measure attributable to the devil's dye, and which has, after the manner of history, repeated itself since as soon as certain limits of indigo inflation have been reached. As to that matter, such of

our readers as were in India eighteen years ago may be able to remember for themselves an instance in point.

In spite of the usually unremunerative risks that follow like a shadow in the wake of the devil's dye, speculations of sorts in it have always proved an attractive field for English commercial adventure. Men in Mark Lane are ruined by it, as well as men in Mission Row and the Bengal mofussil. It is perhaps because of its identification with a gambling venture that it is so popular; much as Cornish tin mines are, although it is well enough known that in the aggregate they do not pay. With the power for mischief accruing to it as a gambling venture, the devil's dye was not long satisfied in India. When demi-official connection with it was finally suppressed, and factory ryots were in consequence allowed some nearer approach to fair play in their contentions against their natural enemies, the zemindars, the infinitely vexed question of tenant-right and landlord opportunity for wrong afforded and invited seven-fold larger scope for demoniac possession.

It had been a vexed question ages before Lord Cornwallis's Perpetual Settlement Act was dreamt of; and now, nearly 100 years after that so-called settlement, the legitimate interpretation of its riddles has become a burning, a paramount question in Bengal, with indigo playing a not unimportant part in helping to foment disagreements about it. It is curious to note by the way that over this controversy indigo has become a house divided against itself; the Indigo Planters' Association taking one side, and the *Indigo Planters' Gazette* and the "interests" it represents another. The zemindars' party has money to back it, and can very well afford to flood the newspapers with telegrams reporting congresses of protesting zemindars and enthusiastic meetings of ryots in favour of their landlords and against themselves. "Enthusiastic" is a vague word when used as a substitute for numbers—may stand for 10, 100, 1,000, or 10,000. We have known it applied to a meeting in opposition to the new Rent Bill, at which five people were present—a Chairman, and a mover and a seconder a piece for each of the two "Resolutions" that were its result. Estimates made by English people of Indian popular opinion must always be guess-work for the most part. They are even less safe foundations to build upon usually than official statistics. For our own part we should prefer to take as guides precedent, customariness, and probabilities, and these three indicators do not seem to us to point in the direction of a peasantry unwilling to be set free from zemindari dominion. It is a fixed and rooted faith with too many Englishmen

that whatever seems right and proper and of good repute to them must needs be similarly circumstanced with regard to all the rest of the world. Out of the application of this dogma to Ireland, all the agrarian troubles of that much misunderstood island have arisen. Out of its application to India sprang the perpetual settlement and its mischiefs, and all the new wine of amendment thereto that from time to time since has been poured into that cracked old bottle.

Indian precedent, it seems to us, assigns right of possession, "holding" in cultivated land, not to any landlord, but to the man "who cut away the wood, or who cleared and tilled it: to him and to his heirs in perpetuity." That idea dominates such law as the Code of Menu lays down on the subject. "The tax belongs to the king: the land belongs to me," is the Rajput's rendering of his tradition of immemorial rights in the soil. What, under Hindoo law dispensations, the holder of land paid to his king or chief was not rent but a tax; a money *quid* for a kingly *quo* of protection—a royalty so to speak on his patent of beegahs, cottahs, and durs, not demanded in a lump sum from the ryot, but, for his convenience sake, spread over a term of years. In actual war-time this tax was susceptible of increase. But there must have been actual fighting, or imminence of necessity for actual fighting, to warrant any assessment of the sort. The tax was not of the nature of a modern road cess which can be levied without any roads being made or repaired in consideration of it. One-sixth of the crop was the assessment of land tax that tradition holds to have prevailed in the days of Rama and Yudisthira, that is recognized by Menu as a just medium, and that is referred to in the *Ayin Akbari* as traditionally proper, and to some extent customary, before the days of the Mahomedan rule.

In theory the Mahomedan conquerors of the country held that whoever cultivated waste lands acquired thereby rights of property in them, and (in theory again) they limited the assessment of land tax to a half or a third (according to circumstances) of the gross produce of the land, or, in lieu, a presumptive money equivalent. It is true that by dint of *abwabs* and Viceregal imposts of sorts whatever leniency of assessment may be ascribed to Mahomedan rulers was made null and void; a more or less waste-paper imagining. True also that accumulations of these *abwabs*, etc., at last rendered the Government demands quite unrealizable, that Bengal was fast relapsing to primitive jungle conditions of being, and that in 1765 the Emperor Shah



Alum and Nudjum-ul-dowla, the then Subadar of Bengal, were glad enough to get rid of a bad bargain, and—of course for a consideration to the tune of so many lakhs of rupees—to confer on the East India Company the Dewani of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. True also by the way that to the heartless rapacity of farmers of the land tax under Mahomedan Viceroy's large zemindaries, such as Burdwan, Rajshahye and Nadiya owed their origin.

True, moreover, that Mahomedan rule did in action, although not in theory, recognise and encourage landlord's claims at the expense of tenant's rights, still the fact remains that, both before and after the days of Mahomedan conquest, the canon of, at any rate, legally recognized precedent shows a large balance in favour of tenant right, Mahomedan disregard of Mahomedan law notwithstanding. It seems to us that customariness and probabilities very obviously point to a similar conclusion, and that English people who, to all intents and purposes, weigh the Indian law of landlord and tenant in English balances of law and customariness, make a mistake in so doing—a mistake which hitherto the devil's dye has done what in it lay towards helping and encouraging them to perpetuate.

Hitherto, indigo planting in Bengal and Behar has been carried on under a condition of dependence on the zemindar. Claims for rent have, under the auspices of English law, ousted claims for land tax; and the planter has either bought these claims outright, or secured a lease of them, or such vested interest in them as has enabled him, using them as a fulcrum, to gain possession of land for the cultivation of indigo *neez*, or to induce ryots to cultivate indigo for him in their holdings. In Lower Bengal, under the old indigo factory *regime* that was upset by Sir Ashley Eden and Sir John Peter Grant, the ryot, having once been persuaded by means of the zemindari screw to take advances for the cultivation of indigo, found himself thenceforth always in debt to the advances-making factory, and obliged to go on cultivating indigo as long as the village in which his land was situated remained under the factory's zemindari or *quasi-zemindari* thumb. But for the screw put into indigo-planters' hands by enforcement in Bengal of an English framed and intentioned Rent Law (and but for the abeyance of other law) ryots in Bengal would either not have cultivated indigo for planters, or would have cultivated on terms very different from those forced upon them. Bengal's vested interests in indigo have never recovered from the effects of the rude shaking they got five and twenty years ago, and are now-a-days a mere

shadow of what they once were. But by the collapse in Bengal indigo interests in Behar were greatly advantaged. On the strength of it scores of new factories have been established in the Tirhoot, Durbhangha, Chupra, Chumparan, and (Northern) Monghyr districts, until at this last one of the stock grievances of the latter-day indigo planter is what he calls—an interloper! A man, that is to say, who, without asking for planter leave and license which he knows he would never get, builds vats and a press house and cake house, and applies himself to the cultivation of indigo somewhere within a radius of twenty miles from the sudder factory of a previous squatter; that squatter being a man who grounds his title—his claim to monopoly—on the fact of previous possession (twenty miles off) of so many superficial feet of bricks and mortar, and a suppositious boundary line, never defined, and existent only in some mythical byelaws which nobody now living has ever seen, but which are supposed to have been drawn up and subscribed to by certain indigo-planters at some time in the earlier years of this century. Thus has time sarcastically revenged the Hon. John Company, a mocking fate impelling representatives of the interloper of one generation to persecute the interloper of another. The representatives for that time, being of an older generation of interloper planters in Behar, found their opportunity, as has been suggested, in the collapse of indigo interests in Lower Bengal. They too have been dependent on zemindars for the screw wherewith to obtain land on which to grow indigo, or to get a crop of indigo grown for them. “Loss on villages” has hitherto been a prominent item of account in most Behar factories. It represents willingness on the part of the Behar planter to pay a zemindar for a lease of his claims for rent on such and such a village Rs. 100 or Rs. 1,000, as the case may be, over and above the sum total of rupees realizable from that village as rent. It has led to many abuses. Sir George Campbell knew of them towards the end of his incumbency of office as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and when the reins of power were slipping through his fingers, tried to do something to abate them; to make indigo-planters transact their business on what he called “a commercial basis.”

Sir Richard Temple knew of them. They were very patent and withal obnoxious sometimes to famine relief officers employed in Behar in 1874, and so Sir Richard could not help knowing of them. But he considered that he owed much to the planters who had taken up his cart contracts for the conveyance of grain to Northern Behar, and had made their fortunes out of them, and used to drink

to "a good healthy famine." And Sir Richard was grateful. He disliked moreover fuss not of his own contriving, and did not care about playing the part of cheap Jack to a ragged, uninfluential crowd, at a cost to himself it might well be of such unpopularity as years before had fallen to the lot of a predecessor of his, Sir John Peter Grant. He preferred that the crowd's unseemly sores should be kept out of sight; its nakedness protected from inclement surroundings with wordy tinsel coverings. When the time for giving over his office to another was near at hand, and it became known that Mr. Ashley Eden, the man who had upset the Bengal Indigo Coach, was to succeed him, indigo planters in Behar perceived that the time had really come for putting their house in order. They did so: inaugurated many urgently needed reforms, and for the furtherance of others, as well as for the sake of having recognised representative committees, to watch over and defend their interests, they started a Planters' Association, which has done, and still continues to do, much good work for planters in a healthy and in the main honest spirit of endeavour. Save for its dependence on zemindars the system of indigo planting hitherto pursued in Behar differs in every respect almost from the one that under the old *regime* obtained in Bengal. We say "hitherto" because under the stress of zemindari exorbitancy of demand, and an inclination made obvious on the part of powers that be to favour tenant right, many indigo-planters in Behar are seeing their way to an alliance with the ryot instead of with the zemindar, and are trimming their business sails, and inclining their votes and such interests as they can command to the ryotti side of the scale. In such fashion indigo has become a not unimportant factor in an agrarian agitation that just now is actively stirring up the minds and ambitions of some men, and menacing the pockets, vested interests, and feudal authority of others all over Bengal and Behar.

We are no great admirers of the new Rent Law—certainly not sanguine enough to believe that it will bring about the sort of millennium its promoters seem to expect of it. We think its provisions—if they are found workable—likely in time, and in more or less degree in different parts of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, to place the class now known as occupancy ryots in the position of the class now known as zemindars. And then it will be considered probably that the time has ripened for another tinkering at the Rent Law; another distribution of property. But we do not think that the instalment of Rent Law we have got will be found workable to any very substantial extent. In that connection it

seems to us that legislative tinkering is not the first thing needful; that under existing working conditions it must add to existing mischiefs and dissatisfactions. It has already indeed added to them; and must in the future add more, unless concurrently with legislation as to rents provision is made for making the doubtless benevolent intention of that legislation operative into the bargain. It cannot be really, truly operative as things stand. There is not a sufficiency of capable judicial and magisterial power available. In spite of the spread of sub-divisions, and the creation of new districts of late years, justice is still too many miles away from many a hand-to-mouth living ryot's home to be of any use to him. And the way to it is blocked up with stamp fees, a venal amlah, and a police force not more venal perhaps, but vested with more ubiquitous powers to hinder and prevent—a police force under-officered and poorly paid, and prone to evil doing accordingly.

Again, in the absence of any trustworthy record of rights in landed property, and the prevalence of perjury and forgery in Bengal, it is but haphazard rent-suit justice that an overworked Judge, Collector, Munsiff, (whatever he may be called) can mete out to suitors, whilst his file is always crowded with undecided cases, or whilst dread of such a file is always staring him in the face, ominous of a High Court wiggling, and tempting him to scamped work. We incline greatly to doubt and discount the possible power for good of any imaginable rent law, for the working of which no capable machinery exists; and pending the setting up of such machinery, we incline to deplore the unsettling of men's minds, and the crude, wild, notions new rent laws generate amongst people so ignorant and credulous, and so easily moved by the flatulent socialist preachments of their demagogues as are the generality of ryots in Bengal and Behar. Such considerations as we have glanced at vitally affect, and are in degree affected by indigo interests. These have had a direct as well as an indirect bearing on the moulding of some of the provisions of the new rent law. It is probable that they will more powerfully influence such results as it has yet to work out in the body politic.

The mischiefs that have followed in the wake of the devil's dye wherever ships have carried it, and men have engaged in its manufacture and sale, have been sufficient, one would think, to satisfy even demoniac malice. They have not been unrelieved, however, by redeeming touches of goodness; of saving grace even on the part of its victims. The Bengal planter of former times was too prone to regard his ryots, first and foremost as automatic machines, out of which he had a right to look for delivery at his vats of so many

bundles of indigo plant. Provided, however, that the machines answered his expectations in this respect, he was for his part willing enough to keep oiled and in good humour cogs and escapements that craved oily titillation.

If a daughter had to be married, he would advance the money necessary to that end, and not be importunate about payment of interest or repayment of principal. He would be equally ready with a loan if inopportune deaths in a ryot's family threatened him with ruin in the shape of feastings to caste fellows, and fees to the Brahmans and priests of death. A loan was always negociable with him, if applied to the purchase of a bullock, or a pair of bullocks, and a new plough or cart. In years when the rice crop failed, as it had failed the year before perhaps, and the grim skeleton famine peeped in at the window of many a homestead in Burdwan, Jessore, or Nadiya, the planters came forward, and with generous, altogether unselfish, helping hands saved their people from the impending desolation. They made roads and bridged them; they constructed embankments and kept them in repair; they dug tanks, and planted trees, and promoted the establishment of *haths* and bazars in their neighbourhood. At Goamaltee early in this century an indigo-planter, a Mr. Creighton, supported several native schools at his own expense, connecting them with his factories. At Chagda on the Bhagirathi, a place evilly notorious for ghaut murders, an English school was opened by an indigo-planter in 1845. Attached to the well known Mulnath concern there were flourishing schools a charitable dispensary and a doctor too.

Quinine and "Europe medicines" paid for with planters' money have saved the lives of many Bengalee men, women, and children, whose village homes were situated in the neighbourhood of indigo factories. Chief and best of all his tale of virtues, the planter of a bygone time protected his ryots from the ravages of the police, of civil court ameens and *burkundazes*—*et hoc genus omne*: indeed he allowed nobody to oppress his peculiar people except himself and his own *amlah*. That virtue, even if we leave all others out of the account, might, we think, be held to cover a multitude of the sins that were committed through the instrumentality of factory *lattials*, *piadas*, *zilladars*, and blackguards of sorts, who were, after all is said and done about them and by them, an outcome of the times in which they lived quite as much as of the devil's dye *per se*. A sin unconnected with *lattials* or brute force in any shape, although far more powerful for evil than they can be, was charged against the old Bengal planters, and is charged against the Behar planters of to-day.

This is that they hold it no crime to support their lawsuits with forged documents and perjured evidence. They excuse themselves on the plea of surrounding custom, and hold as honestly as they may to a belief that it is right and proper, even if not exactly lawful, to "fight a man with his own weapons," as they are fond of putting the case for themselves; a notable example by the way of the fallacy of that ancient and most respectable saw "*cælum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" We, for our part, are far from thinking that it is right or even seemly for an Englishman in India to fight a man with his own weapons, when those weapons are disgraceful ones, and it is impossible for him to handle them in any fashion without staining his hands with them, and playing fast and loose with the standard of right and wrong, which it is to be presumed that, as an honest man, he set up for himself before coming to India. But why should the indigo-planter be blamed and a Cabinet Minister or Ambassador gain credit and reward for pursuing on a larger scale the self-same policy? In the name of fairness at large, and to the devil's dye in particular, we would ask why, out of such reflections of English society at large as Anglo-Indian Society presents to view, indigo-planters have been invidiously selected as scapegoats for a moral squint common enough, we fear, in one form or another amongst Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen all the world over.

JNO. HOOLEY.

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## SONNET.

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 FALLEN.

Because, being chosen for a nation's trust  
 That saw thee gifted and believed thee great,  
 Thou didst not steer right on the Ship of State,  
 But trimmed'st thy sail to every shifting gust  
 Of the mob's whim ; and, knowing what was just  
 And noble, thou didst still on Fortune wait,  
 Following not guiding ; then, self-blamed too late,  
 Wouldst blind men's eyes with clouds of sophist dust :—

Therefore those long held puppets of thy will  
 Beneath thy tongue's strong charm, are thine no more :  
 And as the laurel, in thy winter chill,  
 Drops from that furrowed brow its faded green,  
 The fool-crowd laughs at what the wise deplore,  
 Dumb with regret for all thou might'st have been.

W. T. W.

*June, 1885.*

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

KOPAL-KUNDALA : A tale of Bengali Life. Translated from the Bengali of Bunkim Chandra Chatterjee, by H. A. D. Phillips, B. C. S. *London: Trübner & Co., 1885.*—Mr. Phillips has made good use of his extensive knowledge of Bengali in producing a very readable translation of this brightly written romance of Mr. Chatterjee's, the well known author of *The Poison Tree*, rhythmically recommended by Mr. *Punch* to his readers. How far the translation faithfully represents the original we have no means before us of judging ; but the style on the whole runs smoothly, though a certain stiffness here and there reminds us that we are reading a translation and not an original work ; while such sentences as “ we will take this opportunity of informing the reader that a flower feels pleasure in blooming ; ”—“ a seed sown in a field germinates without any extraneous aid ”—seem to indicate a liking on the part either of the author or the translator for flowers of speech that have rather run to seed.

Mr. Phillips prefaces the book with an introductory essay, sketching on optimist lines the present state of India, supplemented by a few critical remarks on Bengali novel-writers and their works. The essay is, however—and is perhaps intended to be—but a slight one ; a full historical sketch of the rise and progress of Bengali literature (a work which would be full of value and interest) remains to be written. That the modern Bengali novel is to a great extent an exotic—“ a hybrid compromise between eastern and western ideas ” Mr. Phillips calls it—is doubtless true in the sense that, while the incidents and surroundings are Indian, the artistic method and the moral sentiments that characterise the narration are European. We find, for instance, in such a work as that before us but little of the Oriental diffuseness, and the love of the preternatural and the grotesque that mark the old collections of stories from the Sanscrit, which revel in long and elaborate descriptions, or female beauty, or of isolated bits of natural scenery, drest out in exaggerated metaphors ; or fill their pages with *bhuts* and demons and fairy maidens



radiant with heavenly charms, and set before us all the paraphernalia of magic power. Touches of the Oriental method appear, it is true, here and there in *Kopal-Kundala*, as in the long and luscious description, crowded with poetic similes, of the beauty of Moti or Lutufonissa, the rival of *Kopal-Kundala* for the love of Nobokumar, the hero of the tale—of her, whose skin was of “the rich brown colour of molten gold.”

“If the rays of the full moon, on the dawn crowned with golden clouds, represent the colour of fair-limbed women, then the colour I am describing may be compared to the beauty of the new mango-leaves that come out in spring.

“If any one disagrees with what I say, then let him for a moment think of the tresses hanging over that bright brown forehead, like a cluster of bees seated on young mango leaves; let him contemplate the eye-brows touching the curls under that forehead, resembling the moon of the seventh day; let him think of those cheeks, purple as the ripe mango; and between the cheeks let him regard those small deep-red lips; if he does this, he will feel that this unknown woman is the queen of beauties.”

The translator annotates on the variety of complexions reckoned among the Bengalees, the large number of which, scarcely smaller than the variety of castes, would seem, at first consideration, strange to a European. Thus there is the jet black complexion, the creamy white, the turmeric yellow, the burnished gold, the copper red, the lemon, the bamboo, the chocolate, the coffee, together with a hundred gradual variations of these colours.

A glimpse of the demonic and the supernatural, in the present volume, is found in the introduction of a *kapalik* or worshipper of Siva and the terrible Kali, with his incantations and human sacrifices, and endowed with strength so great that when Nobokumar tries to wrest his hand from his grasp with a force “that would have felled any ordinary person to the earth,” the *kapalik* does not move a muscle, while Nobokumar feels as if the bones of his wrist and arm were broken by the effort.

The march of western ideas in India is curiously illustrated in this story by the transformation which we find our old friend *Kismet* or *Destiny* undergoing in its pages. Like the aged Æson, rejuvenated by the magic of Medea, the ancient and decrepit doctrine of Fate or Necessity is infused with the magic juice of modern science, and starts up afresh in all the vigour of youth.

“I do not mean (writes our author) by destiny that, by some divine or internal power, our actions assume a certain shape. Even atheists may admit destiny. Worldly events are the inevitable outcome of natural laws and

man's character ; man's character is the result of mental and natural laws ; but those rules are called destiny, because they are beyond man's comprehension."

One passage may be quoted from the fine scene where Nobokumar rejects the proffered love of Lutufonissa—a scene which shows that the author possesses no little power of dramatic delineation and effect. In reply to Nobokumar's words "Return to Agra, and give up all hopes of me."

"'Never in this life !' Lutufonissa stood up like an arrow and proudly said, 'In this life I will never give you up ?' Raising her head, and slightly curving her neck, the enchantress of kings stood with her large eyes fixed on Nobokumar. Again flashed forth the light of that ancient divine pride which had melted away in the fire of her heart—\* \* \* that power again arose in her body, shattered with love. The veins in her forehead swelled ; \* \* her lustrous eyes began to flash like the ocean waters sounding in the rays of the sun ; her nostrils quivered ; as the swan, sporting, on the stream, floats with neck curved against the opposing current, as the trodden snake lifts its crest, so stood the mad Mussalman girl, raising her head. She said, 'Not in this life. You will be mine and mine only.'"

In conclusion we can confidently recommend this interesting volume to those readers who, while ignorant of Bengali, yet are desirous of becoming acquainted with some of the best that the literature of that language has produced.

LIFE AND WORK IN BENARES AND KUMAON, 1839—1877. By James Kennedy, M.A. Illustrated. London : T. Fisher Unwin, 1884.—This book need not detain us long, in spite of a Prefatory Note by Sir William Muir, who regards it as possessing a rare interest, not only for the missionary student, but equally so for the general reader. We are not disposed to quarrel with the former part of this statement, but we demur to the latter. Parts of the book, no doubt, will have an interest for those who address themselves to its pages with fresh and untutored minds ; but the general reader, who has already perused works upon works treating of India and its "manners and customs" from every possible or impossible point of view, will find this, we fear, but a dull book. Who wants now-a-days to hear about Ceylon and its Coffee Plantations, or to read an account of the "Buildings of Agra ?" The book is, however, sensibly, if somewhat prosaically, written, and gives a good deal of general and statistical information about Missionary work in India ; while to those who, in England, have set before themselves the apostolic career, it will be specially interesting and valuable.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., &c., &c., &c. London : Trubner & Co., 1885.—This *Edition de Luxe* of a well known

book is somewhat disappointing. It is finely printed on paper thick and large ; but the illustrations, taken from photographs of Buddhist sculptures and frescoes, are wanting in the clearness and delicacy of finish which we expect to find in an edition of this kind. Of the text we have already treated,\* and to this the numerous pictures—many of which have been identified by archæological scholars as actually illustrating scenes in the life of Gautama—afford an interesting, and at the same time useful, comment.

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\* See "A Noble Life."—*Indian Review*, Vol. II, p. 509.

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# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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### THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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JULY, 1885.

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TO WITHIN A MILE OF KHARTOUM.—The small force which left Korti under Sir H. Stewart, K.C.B., consisted of 1,911 of all ranks, but the combatant European strength was only about 1,470. After passing through El Howeyat on January 1, they pushed on to Gakdul, where were large pools of water. There part of the force halted for 11 days, while General Stewart returned for more stores and men to Korti, and then again rejoined his troops on January 11. On the 14th, at 2 P.M., the whole force, except a garrison of 150 men, started on their march to Metammeh,

It was known we were watched, but no enemy was seen by the scouts or flankers of the 19th Hussars until 11 A.M. of the 16th, when Colonel Barrow sent in a message, during the two hour's halt for breakfast and for feeding the camels, to say he had found and exchanged a few shots with the enemy's cavalry. Brigadier

Stewart immediately galloped up to our advanced scouts on to a hill, from whence we could see the Arab camp, marked by a tent and a number of flags, situated in a dry watercourse close to where our maps and our native guide told us were the wells of Abu Klea. A very rough broken valley with high bare hills on both sides led to the wells, and after choosing the best site possible, the force was halted for the night (it was then about 2 P.M.), and orders were given to zereba ourselves as strongly as possible with a parapet of thorn bushes, stones, and provision boxes, and this kept everyone busy till dark. The enemy's bullets from a hill on our right flank, too distant for us to occupy, began to drop among us about 4 P.M., and their fire continued at intervals during the night.

The next day, the 17th, the battle of Abu Klea took place, and the victorious square reached the wells at 5 P.M., and bivouacked there for the night. The next morning our convoy returned from the zereba bringing away everything, and the day was spent in building a small but strong fort for a garrison of 100 Royal Sussex men, left to protect our wounded and to hold the wells.

At 4 P.M. the same afternoon the little army, then reduced to about 1,000 actual combatants, started on its night march of twenty-five miles to strike the Nile a little south of Metammeh, a town of which very little was known, nor could we tell what force of rebels it might contain. It was a very dark night, the camel-drivers, tired out with constant work, were perpetually dropping asleep, the camel's loads were constantly falling off, and then in the darkness were replaced by men so careless from fatigue that the work was generally imperfectly done. Halt after halt was sounded to allow the rear guard, who had a night of toil, as hard as it was unceasing, to reload and drive up again to the column our weary camels, who had now been five days without water and on very short rations of dhurra. To add to our difficulties we entered about midnight a plain covered with thickly-scattered bushes: it was too dark to tell six feet off what were bushes and what were camels; many baggage animals straying a few yards out of the line of march were unseen and so lost; and the men of different regiments became considerably mixed up.

At daylight, the 19th, we were still some miles from Metammeh, and at 8 A.M. when the enemy appeared in force from that town between us and the river, the Brigadier ordered the force to zereba on the best position that was near. Bullets from the Arab skirmishers were soon causing us losses, and about 9-30 A.M. Sir Herbert Stewart received his mortal wound, and Colonel Sir Charles Wilson took over the supreme command. After the zereba was finished, and we had had some food (the first for twenty-four hours), and as the Arabs refused to attack us, a square was formed to march out and fight its way to the Nile, very much as had been done forty-eight hours previously to reach the wells of Abu Klea. In the zereba we left all our stores, all the camels, except about sixty which were required for spare ammunition and to carry the wounded, with as strong a garrison as possible to protect them.

The Arab sharp-shooters annoyed us severely, and the only way we could keep down their fire was by halting the square and firing volleys at them; but after the main body made their final charge and fell back defeated, they retreated into Metammeh and left us unmolested to reach the river just after

dark. How delicious the water, of the old Nile—still ever cold, as in the days when Herodotus wrote—tasted to our parched throats, few who drank that evening will ever forget; except what we had scooped out of the wet sand from the water-holes of Abu Klea, we had had no water, beyond the regular allowance served out, since the morning of the 13th instant.

Next morning, the 20th, we took possession of a hamlet known as Gubat or Abu Klu, and that night we all bivouacked between the village and the river. At daylight next day we made a reconnaissance in force of Metammeh, and while doing so were joined by Gordon's four steamers. The following day was occupied in reconnoitring Shendy, and the 23rd was fully employed in seeing to the defensive works of our small fort on the river.

Next morning, the 24th, soon after daylight we started for Khartoum. In the steamer "Bordein" were Sir Charles Wilson, myself, Khasm-el-Mous Bey, ten non-commissioned officers and men (Royal Sussex Regiment), one naval artificer, and 110 Soudanese troops; in the "Tall Howeiya," our second steamer, Captain Trafford and ten more Royal Sussex men, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley (Intelligence Department), one naval artificer, Abdul Hamid Bey, and about eighty Soudanese troops, part of whom were on board a large dismasted nuggar in tow of the steamer. These steamers were about the size of the Thames penny boats, but they had been protected as well as possible against rifle-fire with large iron plates and strong planks like railway sleepers to the height of six feet from the deck, and each carried a four-pound brass gun in a turret amidships, and another in a second turret in the bows. At 10-30 A.M. a native hailed us from the bank, was taken on board, and told us of a gun the enemy had in position on the east bank, about a mile higher up. We landed a little below the spot he indicated, and I marched up with some Bashi-Bazouks, but found the gun had lately been removed from the battery, which was well concealed in the bank, and had three embrasures, one up stream, one straight to the front, and one down stream. At 12-30 P.M. we were obliged to stop for firewood at a deserted village, and after a detention of two hours we steamed on till dark, and then moored to the bank for the night near Derrera.

The following morning we were under way at daylight, but the captain insisted on stopping at 8 A.M. for about an hour for more fuel, and we had much trouble in keeping the Soudanese troops from going off after loot and the villagers' flocks and herds, instead of carrying wood on board. At 4 P.M. we passed the strong fort of Wad-el-Habeshi, where the Beys told us the enemy had four guns in position, but no rebels were seen, and shortly afterwards we entered the sixth cataract, which extends for about twenty miles, reaches of comparatively open water intervening between most dangerous rapids. At 5-15 P.M. the "Bordein" ran hard and fast upon a rock in a bad reach of river; and in spite of all our efforts to move her, which were continued till nearly midnight, she still remained immovable. A few rifle shots were fired at us during the day from the west bank. The steamers' furnaces were of an old and extravagant pattern, therefore they burned fuel very fast, but our captains said we now had sufficient timber on board to take us through the cataract, where it is almost impossible to stop to get wood.

At earliest dawn on the 26th, they recommenced their attempts

to float the steamer, and at 9 P.M. they succeeded in hauling her off the rock; after landing all the troops. Not long after they again ran hard aground, and after getting afloat again, the reis declared that the steamers must ascend the difficult rapid below Hassan Island one at a time—a plan which took up much time, but which they were powerless to prevent. At night, some natives came on board and reported hard fighting at Khartoum.

Soon after starting next morning we had to moor to the west bank opposite Jebel Royan for more wood. Previous to this we had passed through Shabluka, a narrow gorge, where the hills on both sides come down to the river—a splendid place to defend and stop all steamers. We were now well above the last part of the sixth cataract, and during the day we made good progress up the river, which here is broad and not very swift. At 2-30 P.M. shots began to be fired at us from both banks, and this fusillade continued up to dark, when we moored to the east bank, near a large deserted village a quarter of a mile from the river. In the afternoon an Arab had hailed us from the bank, and said a camel man had passed through his village that day, and reported the fall of Khartoum and death of General Gordon on the 26th instant, but this we did not believe. It was necessary that we should take on board all the fuel we could carry, as we knew we should have some hard steaming on the following day to run past the rebel batteries near Khartoum. Our men were both tired and lazy; and Sir Charles Wilson, Stuart-Wortley, and myself were all at work till 1 A.M. keeping the Soudanese carrying on board and sawing into suitable lengths the beams from the houses in the village. Captain Trafford and his Sussex men formed a line of picquets beyond the village, so as to give us notice of any sudden attack while we were at our work.

Next morning we started at daybreak; at 7-30 A.M. passed Gebel-Seg-el-Taib, a steep hill close to the river, where formerly the rebels had some guns with which to fire at Gordon's steamers; but it appeared then unoccupied. A Shagiya native hailed the "Tall Howeiya," and stated that Khartoum had fallen two days before. About 11 A.M. we could see the town in the distance over the low banks, but still some miles off. Opposite Figiyeh we received a sharp fire, half a mile higher up a very heavy fire from four guns at Halfiyeh, and much musketry fire from rebels intrenched in rifle-pits and behind natural cover. Our men replied with great vigour, and the artillerymen under Abdullah Effendi in the 'midships turret worked their gun rapidly and well; but the enemy were so well hidden we probably did but little execution. When passing Tuti Island we were not fired at until near the south end, but here we received a hot rifle-fire, close range; then to our astonishment the engines suddenly stopped, our reis and captain declaring that, as they were now sure Khartoum had fallen, it would be useless proceeding further; but Sir Charles Wilson at once ordered the "Bordein," the leading steamer, to go on ahead. Very soon four guns opened fire on us from the direction of the town, and when almost opposite Omdurman, and within range of its down-stream guns (which at once opened a heavy fire on us), and when we could see Khartoum across the open water above Tuti Island, at the junction of the two Niles, the town being then about a mile distant, Sir Charles ordered the "Bordein" to be headed down stream, as it was then evident to all of us that Khartoum had really fallen. The bullets from some

thousands of rebels, who were in large numbers with many of the Mahdi's flags on the Khartoum shore, as well as from a very strong force of the enemy in masses between Omdurman and the river, kept hitting the two steamers all over, but owing to our armour plates only two men were killed and about fifteen wounded. Our ship's boat was sunk by a shell, and the other steamer received a round shot through her hold.

They had (says the writer) the following good reasons (omitting the two accounts received from natives) for knowing that Khartoum had fallen:—

Not an Egyptian flag anywhere on Khartoum, though we all searched most carefully for them with our glasses, and we were quite near enough to have seen any ensign with the naked eye.

Large numbers of rebels on the Khartoum shore close to the town.

No counter attack on the rebels from the town to aid us, which would have been the case had Gordon still held command; nor were his steamers sent to help us.

Rebels on Tuti Island, where we knew they had never been before during the siege.

For the last twenty miles up to the town we had met occasional nuggars and boats; Gordon had collected them all under his guns and moored them close to Khartoum; had he still been there we should not have met them.

We could plainly see that all the houses around Government House had been wrecked and half destroyed; Gordon's large troop boats riding at anchor off Omdurman.

Turning down-stream, they anchored at dark about 12 miles south of Jebel Royan, and there natives sent ashore for news brought word that Khartoum had fallen on the night of the 26th instant, and that Gordon had been killed. All the Soudanese, Turkish, and Egyptian naval officers were completely upset, most of them having families in Khartoum, which were certain to have perished; and all were much disheartened. The reises made out great difficulties about descending the cataract, so that they determined to jettison all the dhurra which they were taking up for the Khartoum garrison.

On the morning of the 29th a damaged paddle-wheel delayed our start till 7 A.M.; at 8-30 we ran on to a sandbank for half an hour; two hours later both steamers stopped for consultation between the reises and captains, who all seemed very nervous. At 12-30 P.M. we stopped again for both reises to take the "Tall Howeiya" down the first dangerous piece of the sixth cataract. At 3-30 P.M. we followed her, and afterwards both steamers proceeded together down seemingly fairly safe water, but at 4-30 P.M. our consort ship, which was then leading, struck heavily on a sunken rock, and immediately began to sink. We moored to a sand bank just below her, and I took the boat to help Wortley and Trafford, but found they had already disembarked their men, the ship's guns, and all valuables into the nuggar, and there were only about a dozen men for me to take away. It was impossible, however, to save much ammunition, but the men took away with them their arms and kits. No panic had taken place on



board, but the Soudanese seemed stupefied by the late events, and all the native officers seemed too upset to care what happened. The loss of Khartoum had thoroughly disorganised them all. It was reported that an argument had taken place between captain and reis as to which side of the sandbank had caused the accident ; the fatal rock lay in mid-stream, three hundred yards straight above the sandbank ; both Trafford and Wortley reported that they considered the wreck entirely accidental.

In the evening a dervish arrived, bringing a letter from the Mahdi enjoining them to surrender at once and become Moslems, or they should be all killed. It also stated that the Mahdi had taken Khartoum, and that Gordon was dead. No reply was given to this letter.

Next morning we placed all the shipwrecked people on the nuggar, rigged out her sweeps, and sent her down a difficult reach of water, which we afterwards descended also in safety. At 11 A.M. we stopped to land all our men to lighten the ship, but a stiff breeze had driven us so firmly aground that it took us over an hour to get her off again. Then we entered some most dangerous narrow passages between sharp rocks, but by going with the greatest care, stern first, and sometimes using hawsers from one or both bows, made fast either to the shore or to an anchor in the stream, so as to steady her, and at the same time using her engines, we safely passed the worst part of the cataract and anchored for the night at 5-30 P.M. below Hasan Island. We had now only one dangerous reach before entering open water, and were about half way to Gubat.

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By 10 A.M. next morning, after slowly descending the last narrow gate of the cataract, which at this time of the year is really too dangerous for steamers the size of the "Bordein," we stopped for two hours for wood. Afterwards we steamed down open water, and hoped to successfully pass Wad-el-Habeshi without being badly hulled, but at 3-30 P.M. she bumped heavily on a sunken rock in mid-stream, came off again and was at once placed alongside a small island, which lay some fifty yards off Mernat Island near the east bank. The artificers at once carefully examined the hole in the ship's side, but found it impossible to stop it or to reduce the water in her hold, though we worked hard for an hour with the pump and lines of men with buckets. This hole was considerably below the water line, amidships, in a very difficult place to get at, and the water was soon several feet above it. We landed all the men, guns, ammunition, and what stores and provisions we had still remaining, and I was then ordered to examine Mernat Island for a suitable place for a zereba. The island was covered with high grass and scattered trees, and there was a small hamlet in the centre where were a few women, who fled at my approach and ran to the side nearest the east bank, where they evidently had a boat for crossing the narrow passage of three hundred yards to the mainland.

Mernat is about three-quarters of a mile broad and two miles long, with high steep banks all round above the river. Soon afterwards Sir Charles landed, and it was then decided that Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley should start at dark in our best boat (and she was but a heavy, clumsy craft) for Gubat Camp, a row of about forty miles, to carry the news of the fall of Khartoum, and to ask for a steamer to relieve us. We might of course have attempted to march down the east bank, but we had no idea what hostile forces might oppose us, and besides

we should have been forced to abandon our wounded men, the steamers' guns, and everything except what we could carry on our backs. At 6-45 P.M. Stuart-Wortley started with a crew of four English soldiers and eight natives ; and about an hour later we distinctly saw the flashes of three volleys in the distance, which we knew to be the enemy at Wad-el-Habeshi, three miles down stream, firing at our boat.

The native troops seemed perfectly indifferent ; they all commenced cooking immediately they gained the island, and having enough to eat were perfectly happy ; but the Turkish officers took a gloomy view of matters.

On February 1 they built a zereba on the banks of Mernat, and defended it with the four ship's guns, making a very strong position, if their men kept true. Some sheiks came to see Khasm-el-Mous, and all confirmed the account of Gordon and Khartoum.

No attack was made during the night, and next day at 2 P.M. a report was brought us that two steamers had started for their relief ; so then we knew that Stuart-Wortley had safely accomplished his perilous night row.

About 7-30 A.M. the next morning, they saw the smoke of a gun at the end of the long reach of river stretching from Mernat to Wad-el-Habeshi.

It was the enemy's fort firing at the steamer, which directly afterwards came in sight round a bend in the river, and immediately the firing on both sides became hot and furious. We at once returned to camp to inform Sir Charles, and I rowed out to the "Bordein" to hoist the Egyptian ensign to show we were still on the island ; while doing this I happened to look down stream to see how the fight was going on, and saw a dense cloud of white steam rise from the steamer. I knew she must have been hit in a very bad place ; our men also saw this, and immediately they considered that she was as good as lost. Orders were then given to break up the zereba, and place on board the nuggar all the baggage—and an extraordinary amount there was still left after the two previous shipwrecks. A scene of confusion followed ; all discipline was at an end among the Soudanese, and the rebels from the west bank opened on us a hot rifle-fire, hitting several of our men, although we returned the fire whenever we saw an enemy. In about half an hour our four guns and all the native baggage was placed on the nuggar, and I received orders to take her down to the ferry-place at the north end of Mernat to assist in taking across all our people on to the east bank. There were, however, too many rocks, and the water was too shallow, to allow me to do this ; so the nuggar was moored to the bank where we found the water was deep enough, quite a quarter of a mile below the ferry. I then landed with about thirty Bashi-Bazouks, all the soldiers that were with me, and occupied a small rocky hill which commanded all the country round the ferry. It was at once evident that there was no rebel force then near enough to oppose the landing from the island ; so leaving Major Ali Agha with some men to hold the hill, I rejoined the rest of our people who were being brought over from Mernat to the mainland. This was a long business, as we had but one small boat, which could only hold a few at a time. We could see the fight still hotly continued, the steamer either anchored or aground on

a sunken bank about 300 yards from the enemy's fort ; but after all our people had crossed, and when we began marching down the bank, the fire slackened considerably, and we were soon near enough to see the white ensign flying defiantly over her stern, and that she was anchored in the stream, evidently badly damaged.

By signals she informed us that a round shot had pierced her boiler, that the injury would be repaired by that evening, and that next morning she would pick us all up if we would march down the bank a couple of miles to where the water was deep enough to allow her to approach near, and would zereba ourselves there for the night. As it was desirable to learn full particulars I obtained leave to go out to her in our boat ; she lay about five hundred yards from our bank, and on going on board I met Lord Charles Beresford commanding, and from him received the same instructions which had been signalled to us. She had had a very hot engagement with the fort, but had succeeded in silencing the enemy's fire ; and now, whenever they did fire at her, it was without taking any aim. Lord Charles Beresford spoke very highly of the good practice his men had made with their 5-pounders and the Gardner guns, and of the good shooting of the small party of mounted infantry under Lieutenant Bower. The steamer had almost succeeded in running past the fort when she was hit. Lieutenant Van Koughnet had been shot through the thigh while serving the Gardner, one seaman was mortally wounded, and several more badly scalded by the steam from the boiler.

Orders were given the writer to return to Sir C. Wilson, and ask him to continue our fire which they had at once begun on arrival opposite the fort. After delivering his message he took charge of the nuggar and tried to get her past the fort, but they shortly grounded exactly opposite the enemy's central embrasure, from which fire was at once opened on them. By landing all except the wounded, however, they were able to tow her up stream out of fire ; and before the moon rose, they succeeded in dropping quietly down stream past the enemy's guns without being hit. Just as they seemed to have passed these narrows, the nuggar bumped heavily on a sunken rock, and there stuck hard and fast. By 9 A.M. the next morning, after having jettisoned all the dhurra and heavy baggage, she at last hove off the rock, and they floated down stream.

Previous to this, as soon as there was light enough to see the passage, Lord Charles Beresford in the "Safiyeh" had successfully steamed past the fort ; had anchored some way below the nuggar, and had sent to my assistance a strong boat's crew under Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., with orders that, if I could not at once float the nuggar, everything valuable was to be taken out of her, and she was to be scuttled to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands. Fortunately, and owing chiefly to the great assistance which Lieutenant Keppel and his men gave me, it was not necessary to carry out this last order. The enemy since daylight had done their best to sink us, and the Arab riflemen on the bank, about 400 yards off, kept up a hot fire and occasionally hit the nuggar, but no one was wounded except Lieutenant Keppel, by a spent ball. Two miles lower down stream we stopped and took on

board the "Safiyeh" and the nuggar, Sir. Charles Wilson, Captain Trafford, Khasm-el-Mous Bey, and all the Sussex men and Soudanese troops; and, the steamer towing the nuggar, we reached El Gubat at 5-30 P.M. the same evening.

The amount of ammunition used on board the "Safiyeh" during her engagement on the 3rd of February is well worthy of note; no less than 70 rounds for the big gun, about 5,500 Gardner, and about 4,300 rifle cartridges were fired. This shows how hot was the fight, which, it must be remembered, was at rather close quarters, our men's rifles carrying true with the sights set for 350 yards, thus showing the exact distance the steamer lay from the fort.

Such is an exact account of the voyage from Gubat to the junction of the two Niles, close to Omdurman, and of all the incidents by the way.

**THE TRUE "SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER" OF INDIA.**—The writer begins by explaining that Lord Beaconsfield "had no policy in respect to the defence of India." The true author of the policy was the late Sir George Colley, whose "scientific frontier" was (to use his own words) "a line running from the Hindoo Kush along the Paropamisus to Herat, and thence down the western frontier of Afghanistan and Beloochistan to the Arabian Sea." There was no thought of garrisoning Candahar; and at the inception of the last Afghan war, Candahar was regarded by Lord Lytton and his advisers as a place of quite secondary importance to Cabul. The "Key of India" was then "the triangle formed by Cabul, Ghuznee and Jellalabad;" and the object of Sir F. Roberts's march upon Cabul was to firmly establish ourselves in this so-called "commanding strategical position." This is clear from a despatch from the Government of India to Lord Cranbrook, dated the 5th of January 1880, which contains the following remarkable statements:—

Of the future of Cabul it is difficult to speak at this moment, when military operations are still in progress around its capital. . . . Our aim, however, is to minimise that occupation and control, and ultimately to make over the internal administration to a ruler in subordinate alliance with ourselves, supported and controlled by a strong British cantonment established at some suitable point. . . . We consider our withdrawal from Cabul to be impossible if the Oxus provinces are entered or seriously threatened by a foreign power.

The total impracticability of this visionary project was taught these "wise men of the East" by the narrow escape from annihilation of Sir F. Roberts and his force in the cantonments of Sherpur. Then, in the words of a despatch by that General to the Government of India, they apparently became—

fully aware of the difficulties which Russia would have to encounter were she at any time to advance upon India *via* Cabul, and to how great an extent we could injure and harass her by raising the tribes along the line of communication which it would be necessary for her to maintain. . . . The longer and

more difficult the line of communication is, the more numerous and greater the obstacles which Russia would have to overcome; and so far from shortening one mile of the road, I would let the web of difficulties extend to the very mouth of the Khyber Pass.

The fact is Lord Beaconsfield's Government adopted successively three scientific frontiers, and under the pressure of adverse circumstances abandoned them all.

There was, first, Sir George Colley's "scientific frontier," which involved the occupation of the whole of Afghanistan at a cost of 1,200,000*l.*; there was second, the "scientific frontier" acquired by the Treaty of Gundamak, and the greater part of which was subsequently given up as useless and expensive; and there was, third and lastly, "the commanding strategical position formed by the triangle of Cabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad," and which also was abandoned in accordance with the advice of Sir Frederick Roberts. Candahar had, at a very early period of the war, been discovered to be "a position unsuitable for either attack or defence," and consequently its permanent occupation had never been seriously considered. The fact was that Lord Lytton's invasion of Afghanistan was entered upon by those responsible for it under a complete and marvellous misapprehension of the enormous cost and difficulty of the enterprise. At the outset they really had a definite line of frontier which they wished to obtain, but the invasion had barely begun when it was apparent to the most sanguine among them that this frontier was altogether unattainable; and then in their despair they clutched first at one frontier and then at another until they had no alternative remaining except to get out of a hornet's nest as quickly as possible. Now any mistake into which Mr. Gladstone's Government was led by the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy did not consist in the evacuation of Candahar—that had already been decided upon by their predecessors—but in setting up a puppet Ameer on the throne of Cabul, and then entering into engagements with him, as if he and the people of Afghanistan, whom we had been slaying, hanging, and burning out of house and home, were identical existences. So long as the Ameer Abd-al-Rahman Khan reigns in Cabul, so long will the hostility of the Afghans to the English Government of India burn with undiminished intensity. For he is the memorial, the living witness, so to speak, of the unavenged wrongs and cruelties that we have perpetrated among them. He is in fact our last and worst injury inflicted upon a people who never desired nor attempted to injure us except by way of retaliation. Forgetfulness of this obvious fact, and not the evacuation of Candahar, was the cause of the so-called "surrender" to Russia. The Cabinet counted upon allies and found only enemies.

One of the chief causes of our recent difficulties is our unreasonable attitude towards Russia. Our own experience in India might have convinced us that the only way of staying the Russian advance was the occupying Central Asia ourselves.

If we were not prepared to do this, we ought to have garrisoned and fortified the line which we considered indispensable for the security of our Indian Empire, and then awaited the Russian advance in silence. But in order to avoid the expense and the difficulty of this duty, the barbarous policy which we set before ourselves was to create round our Indian Empire a belt of desert country inhabited only by raiding Turcomans. The frantic outcries that were raised

against Russia when she marched to Khiva, when she stormed Geok-Tepe, when she established her dominion in Merv, had their origin in an ignoble terror lest this belt of desert should disappear. Provided India was secure, we were content that the Turcomans should go on for ever raiding on Persian and Russian subjects, and converting into solitary wildernesses huge tracts of country which once were, and which might again become, the homes of a thriving, industrious, and crowded population. In saying this I have no wish to make myself an apologist for all that Russia has done in Central Asia. All I maintain is that we, of all nations in the world, are the one which has absolutely no right to reproach her.

How then, with Russia securely planted at the gates of Herat, can we best provide for the defence of our Indian Empire in the future?

First, there is the policy of attempting to build out of Afghanistan a strong and friendly "buffer state"—a policy which must obviously be dismissed as absurd and impracticable.

Afghanistan and its dependencies are peopled by a variety of races—Afghans, Persians, Usbeks, Turcomans, Hazarehs—none of whom have advanced beyond the tribal condition; and the sole bond of unity among them consists in the accidental and precarious supremacy of the Ameer of Cabul. The Ameer himself is compelled by his circumstances to fight continually against the growth of that homogeneity in his dominions which our Indian administrators wished to bring about, for his own authority depends upon the success with which he can play off the rivalries of one section of his subjects against those of another. And so whenever an Ameer paid the debt of nature it was inevitable that the "strong, friendly, and independent Afghanistan" which might seem to have existed during his lifetime should immediately dissolve into its elements. As regards the Ameer Abd-al-Rahman, it may be said that he has even less chance than his predecessors of ever ruling over a united kingdom, and that for this reason: of the various races dwelling in Afghanistan and its dependencies the Afghans are unquestionably the most numerous and influential, but Abd-al-Rahman Khan derives all the power which he possesses, independently of British subsidies and British rifles, from the support of the Usbeks and Turcomans dwelling in Balkh and Badakshan, the country between the foot of the Hindoo Kush and the Oxus. And thus, under his rule, the Afghans proper, both Ghilzyes and Douranees, find themselves coerced by the inhabitants of their own dependencies, who are armed and maintained by means of subsidies obtained from Calcutta.

Recent occurrences, then, have shown us that, if Abd-al-Rahman were to die, we should find ourselves without a policy and without a friend in Afghanistan.

Another conclusion which, if we are wise, we must accept, is that Herat is lost to us for ever.

The Russians in Penjdeh are not more than twelve days' march from Herat and every passing year will increase their facilities for the rapid concentration of troops upon the frontiers of Afghanistan. It is true that, at present, their recent acquisitions in Central Asia are but sparsely peopled and mostly desert;

but neither fact is due to the natural infertility of the soil. It is the forays of the Turcomans which have reduced these once fair and populous countries to the silent and desolate wastes which they now are. The cause once suppressed, the effect also will disappear; and with the increase of population, and the breaking up of soil which, having so long lain fallow, will return abundant harvests, the Russians will not experience the difficulties which at present exist in the transport and provisioning of large bodies of men. Penjdeh, too, will at no distant date be linked by railway with the Caspian, and through the Caspian with the general railway system of the Russian Empire, and when this is done it will be as easy for Russia to assemble 60,000 men at Penjdeh as for us to collect a like force at Bombay. We, on the other hand, unless we are prepared to drive Abd-al-Rahman Khan from his throne and enter upon a third invasion of Afghanistan, cannot diminish by one foot the distance which divides our outposts in the Pisheen valley from the valley of Herat. Add to all this that Herat is not, properly speaking, an Afghan city at all. Herat and the fertile valley in which it is situated have become a dependency of Afghanistan because the Persian Government was too weak to retain them; but the inhabitants hate the Afghans as oppressive and extortionate rulers, and there can be but little doubt that, were a Russian army to appear at the gates of that city, it would be greeted with enthusiasm by all, except, perhaps, the soldiers of the garrison.

Now, if the foregoing reasoning is correct, it follows that the future defensive line of India must be found on its own proper frontier. The great danger that lies before us is our occupation of Quetta with its facilities for an advance to occupy Candahar. Not Quetta, but the Sind desert, is the barrier constructed by Nature for the protection of our Indian Empire against an army advancing from Herat.

I repeat, what I have frequently said before, that I do not believe for a moment that the Russian Government meditates any project so wild and impossible as the conquest of our Indian Empire. But if she does, unless we spare her the trouble of doing so, it is obvious that before despatching her legions upon so distant and gigantic an enterprise, she must secure her flanks and communications by the conquest of Afghanistan. Now by advancing from Quetta and occupying Candahar we shall spare her this trouble, by instantly transforming the Afghans into her eager and active allies. This result is inevitable unless the nation determines now, and remains true to that determination, to meet an invasion actually within our own frontier. This assuredly is the course marked out for us by every dictate of military expediency.

"We are now fully aware," to slightly modify the words of Sir Frederick Roberts, "of the difficulties which Russia would have to encounter were she at any time to advance upon India *via* Candahar, and to how great an extent we could injure and harass her by raising the tribes along the line of communications which it would be necessary for her to maintain. . . . The longer and more difficult the line of communication is, the more numerous and greater the obstacles which Russia would have to overcome; and so far from shortening one mile of the road, we should let the web of difficulties extend to the very mouth of the Bolan Pass."

With this change of policy we could tranquilly allow the Afghans to "stew in their own gravy"—a process which is all they desire at our hands.

And what is of the greatest importance, a permanent cause of irritation between ourselves and Russia would be effectually healed. For once having selected our frontier line, and determined not to cross it on any pretext whatsoever, all those futile projects about neutral zones, demarcations of frontier—in other words, the attempt to stay the inevitable by means of paper obstructions—would cease to have any meaning. The trade of the Russophobe would become obsolete as the dodo, and until he could manufacture some new bogey, he would be compelled to walk miserably through dry places seeking rest. Curiously enough, too, in nearly all the writings on this Indian frontier question by military men that I have come across, it is frankly admitted that India's natural frontier is the strongest position in which we could possibly encounter an invader. But, it is urged, that if a battle was lost here, the whole of India behind our troops would rise in insurrection. Perhaps so : still it is obvious that wherever we elect to meet the invader, that to all intents and purposes becomes for the time being the frontier of India. And were an army of ours to be defeated by the Russians in the heart of Afghanistan, not a soldier would return to India to tell the tale. On the Indus, on the other hand, long before a Russian army, laden with its baggage and enormous transport, had traversed the distance between Herat and Quetta, we could collect a superior force without any particular strain upon our resources. Food and forage for our army we should obtain in unlimited abundance. It would await the enemy upon ground of its own choosing, unweakened by fatigue, sickness, or exposure ; and, if, with such immense odds in its favour, 60,000 British soldiers, backed and supported by double that number of Sikhs, Jats, Ghorkas, and Rajpoots, could not defeat and practically annihilate an invading army, we should deserve to lose the Empire which the gallantry of our fathers won for us.

At any rate, concludes the writer, we must make up our minds to meet a Russian invasion on Indian soil, or we must undertake the conquest and pacification of Afghanistan. No third course is open to us.

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THE ADMINISTRATION OF IRELAND.—The recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland, whereby he gave proofs alike of his sense of duty and his courage, gives Professor Goldwin Smith an occasion to suggest some very definite steps that he considers might be taken with happy effect with a view to the pacification of that most distressful country.

The Professor has a few well-earned words of praise to bestow on the self-sacrificing patriotism of the recent Viceroy of Ireland.

If the prince set us an example of duty, he also saw one. Amidst all these wretched scenes of faction, intrigue and weakness, while English noblemen and gentlemen are not ashamed for the sake of office openly to conspire with the avowed enemies of the realm, the eye of any Englishmen who cares only for the country must rest with pleasure on the figure of Lord Spencer. Praise of the living may sound like flattery ; but distance gives somewhat of the privilege of history, and we who look from afar may pay our tribute to one who has made such sacrifices to patriotism, and has so bravely and steadfastly held a most hateful and dangerous post. The breath of calumny will soon pass away from the mirror, and it will be better to have served the country at Dublin than to have reposed amidst the social delights of Althorp.

There are those to whom the Prince's visit, though late, seems to have been a step in the right direction. More than twenty years ago an unheroic policy was, after careful study of the question,

propounded for Ireland. It consisted of (1) disestablishment and religious equality ; (2) a reform of the landlaws, abolishing primogeniture and entail, and facilitating purchase ; (3) the residence of the Court in Ireland ; (4) one or two sessions of Parliament in Dublin for the purpose of dealing with Irish questions ; (5) an increase of local self-government, perhaps in the form of Provincial Councils ; (6) a line of Government emigration steamers running from an Irish port. Every item of this policy, with the exception of local self-government, was meant for the three Celtic and Catholic provinces which, to the great confusion of our ideas, are miscalled Ireland.

Late the Prince's visit was, and being paid under the pressure of State necessity, it was robbed of all its spontaneity and of much of its grace. Besides, it was that of the heir, not of the wearer, of the crown. Yet its result has surely been such as to justify a proposal which had been treated by great practical authorities as paradoxical and futile. The policy of cold and dignified indifference prescribed by Mr. Parnell, at all events totally broke down. His lieutenants were obliged to betake themselves to getting up hostile demonstrations, which they did with imperfect success. It is evident what the effect would have been if every other year the Phoenix Park, surely no unlovely place of sojourn, had taken its turn with Balmoral.

A hand was at the same time held out, not before there was need, to the Unionists of the North of Ireland, whom English Radicalism, in its courtship of the Irish vote, has been doing its utmost to disgust and estrange ; while the Government, deeming it right to repress with impartial rigour Unionist as well as Disunionist demonstrations, has appeared to turn a cold shoulder to its friends. Lose the loyalty of the North, and all may be lost ; keep the loyalty of the North, and rebellion elsewhere may be confronted without fear.

One great political grievance the Irish have, and they will not be satisfied till it is redressed. Craving, most of all people, for objects of personal attachment, they have never seen those by whom they were governed. Constitutional liberties and privileges, to their hearts, are cold comforts in the absence of a chief ; they ought to see both the Sovereign and the Parliament. To hold one or two short Sessions of Parliament at Dublin would be very inconvenient no doubt, but it would satisfy as nothing else will satisfy the craving for a Parliament in College Green. The Parliament in College Green before the Union is a strange object of wistful regret for Catholic Ireland. It was a Parliament of exclusion as well as of corruption and factious violence. It did nothing for the people ; yet there is a not unnatural longing for something in its place. Let the Parliament of the Union present itself to the eyes of the Irish people ; then, and not till then, they will understand that boons bestowed on them are the gifts of Parliament, and not the gifts of Mr. Parnell.

The absence from their sight and their hearts of the powers that govern them has been called the one political grievance of the Irish people. If there is another, what is it ? What is there which Irish Members of Parliament have, with anything like unanimity

or perseverance, sought to obtain for their country, and which, Parliament has obstinately refused? Two literary champions of the Irish revolution have essayed to state its case.

One dwells mainly on defects in local self-government, from which Ireland does not alone suffer, and to the cure of which Parliament was actually addressing itself when this rebellion broke out. The other dwells on Castle government, which his patriotic fervour leads him to represent as not less arbitrary and tyrannical than that of an Austrian governor of Venetia, as though the Austrian governor of Venetia had been the servant of a Parliament in which Venetia was fully represented or had been restrained by a free press, habeas corpus, and trial by jury. The Viceroyalty is a survival from the time when Ireland was really remote and the carriage of the Lord-Lieutenant had to be taken to pieces to be carried over Penmaen Mawr. Whether it should be retained has long been an open question among British statesmen, but it can hardly be abolished with safety unless the Court will take its place. If it is retained, the limitation to Protestants ought of course to be abolished. Home Rulers demand in its room an Irish Secretaryship to be held by an Irishman. Would a Protestant Irishman from Ulster serve their turn?

The question of local self-government is necessarily suspended by the continuance of a smouldering rebellion. The police cannot be handed over to the management of Moonlighters, and people who avow their intention of extirpating the English.

It is from its union with the agrarian movement that the political movement derives its present strength.

Movements purely political have always come to nothing. O'Connell's Repeal was a prolix farce, saving that it brought him rent. The aims of the leaders are political, but the aims of the people are agrarian. The people are persuaded that if they can get rid of the English connection they will be at liberty to deprive the landlords of the rest of the rent. Despoiling landlords will not make land which does not produce grain capable of feeding a population which, even if it did produce grain, it could not feed. Like the French in Canada, the Irish, having a low economical standard, multiply with a rapidity which defies the laws of prudence and overflows the limits of subsistence; the Church in both cases encouraging early marriage. Quebec is relieved by profuse emigration into the States; otherwise she would be the scene of chronic famine: and Ireland must be relieved in the same way. If she is to be permanently cured of her complaint, there must be not only emigration but clearance. Socialists who call upon the State to provide food for everybody on the spot will find it necessary to invest the State with the power of determining how many people shall be brought into the world. Priests oppose emigration because it carries off their flocks, demagogues because it carries off discontent. But it is the prime and most absolute necessity of the Irish situation; and a Government line of emigration steamers running from an Irish port is a proposal which invites consideration. Whither the emigrants shall be sent is a difficult question. To send them to the Northern States is to swell the ranks of the enemy. The same may be said as to Canada in a somewhat less degree. In the Southern States there is as yet no Fenianism, and the rise of manufactures is improving the

market for labour. The emigrant from Celtic Ireland hardly ever takes to farming. But Australia is more within reach than it was, and Tasmania seems to have room for a good many inhabitants, while the climate is one in which an Irishman will not suffer as he does when he is sent from the mild climate of Ireland to a country where the winter is long and severe.

Agrarian legislation is beneficial just in so far as it increases production, and gives more bread to the people. This will hardly be done by confiscation, which puts an end to investment in land and to the advance of money upon it or by encumbering the country with a multiplicity of complicated and unsaleable tenures. It is strange that by the side of a drastic, not to say socialistic, Land Act Parliament should allow primogeniture, entail, and the costly and cumbrous system of conveyancing to flourish as before.

A free market would put the land into the hands of those who would till it, either on the large scale or on the small. In this way absenteeism, which undoubtedly is a great social evil, will be cured; it is not likely to be cured in any other way. The notion of treating estates again as fiefs and reviving feudal duties is surely chimerical. Landlordism, it is to be feared, however beneficent and picturesque in theory, is practically a failure. Where there is no obligation to work, pleasure in most of us gets the better of duty, and it carries off the squire to London or the Continent. Absenteeism is becoming very common in England. It is likely to become commoner still if scientific agriculture and democracy put an end to fox-hunting and game-preserving, as they probably will. But the days of great estates, held for the purposes of political influence or of social pride, are past in Ireland and England alike. Territorial aristocracy is being killed by American harvests.

The residence of the Court in Ireland would tend to banish the fancy which malignity is trying to inflame, that Irishmen are socially disliked and disparaged. Everything in the empire, social included, is open to Irishmen as freely as to Englishmen and Scotchmen, and they do in fact hold many of the highest places in the State, the Army and the Church.

History cannot be abrogated, but it may be read in the light of common sense and equity. In the age of conquest Ireland was conquered, as England was, by the Normans, and special evils were entailed by the circumstances of the conquest which produced a local separation of the races and the "Pale." In the age of religious wars, Catholic Ireland was involved in religious war; she did what she could in support of the Catholic powers which were trying to extirpate Protestantism and liberty with the sword; and happening to be in the part of the field where Catholicism was worsted, she suffered a small portion of that which the party of Protestantism and liberty suffered in the part of the field where Catholicism was victorious. All this belongs to the past as completely as the Inquisition and the Dragonnades. That England crushed a brilliant civilization is a preposterous fable, as, in fact, apologists of the present rebellion admit when they call Englishmen unfeeling for letting in on the fiction the light of history. The only native civilization which Ireland ever had was

ecclesiastical, and this was ruined, not by England, but by the barbarism of the clans. Commercial exclusion was very bad, though this also was in the spirit of the age ; but it has been compensated ten times over by the market which England has afforded to Ireland, and the employment which her manufactures have given to Irishmen who would not have found bread in their own island. If it is called harsh to tell these truths, the answer is that no people have suffered more than the Irish from lies, and that they have no worse enemies than those who teach them to subsist by the exhibition of historic sores and by getting up abortive rebellions instead of exerting themselves, like other nations which have been unfortunate, to make up the lost ground. That Catholic Ireland has been most unfortunate, and that great allowance ought to be made for the political shortcomings of her people on that ground, no one has striven harder to show than the writer of this paper. It is a different thing to say that the political shortcomings of the Irish, even in Ireland, much more in the United States, where their political character is just the same, are the results of British oppression. Does courtesy require us to believe that the Government of Mr. Gladstone is in the habit of "causing pining infants to be tossed on bayonets, and calling in famine to exterminate the Irish people when the sword has failed to do the work ?" There is no justice, as Mr. Morley truly says, in being unfair to one's own countrymen ; or, it may be added, to one's own country.

That history has left its trace in the bitterness of the Irish against England is true, yet about this there is a good deal of exaggeration. Some twenty years ago, when Professor Goldwin Smith first visited Ireland, the feeling was nothing like so strong, and he attributes its present intensity to "a vitriolic press in the hands of men whose aim is not to improve the condition of the people, or to tell them any sort of truth, but to fill them with hatred of their British fellow citizens for the purpose of getting up a rebellion. "Here, in India," we have not been without experience of a similar abuse of freedom of writing ; happily the evil is to some extent counteracted by the undoubted loyalty of the masses and of the more influential spokesmen of public opinion. The Professor would make short work of these sedition-mongers.

With that press it will be found necessary to deal, however unwelcome the necessity may be. Freedom of opinion is precious, but inciting to murder and civil war is not opinion, nor does every villain who can buy a fount of type become thereby sacrosanct and privileged to do the community any mischief that he pleases.

To withhold the extension of the franchise from Ireland would, no doubt, have been difficult. But there are evident objections to the sudden and wide extension being granted to Ireland on the same terms as to the more settled portions of Great Britain.

The objection to the whole measure is that it is another blind alteration of the basis of the government without a fresh survey of the constitution as a whole

or any attempt to provide sufficient safeguards, another step in the progress of unorganized democracy of which the bourne may be pretty certainly foreseen. But it was a special stroke of statesmanship to put political power into hands by which you are assured beforehand that it will be used for the subversion of the Legislature and the dismemberment of the nation. Is everybody, fit or unfit, entitled to the suffrage by the law of Nature? Why, then, are votes not given to the two hundred millions of Hindoos? Give an Irishman a vote, and he hands it over at once to the priest, to Mr. Parnell, or to Mr. Tweed. His political instincts and habits are those of the tribesman, not those of the citizen. Instead of being more free when invested with the suffrage he is rather less free, because he becomes the willing slave of his head centre, who is at this moment nominating his representatives. To govern the Celtic province as a Crown colony is what nobody has proposed. But if civil war should break out and a strong Government should be the temporary consequence, that Government will perhaps be found more suitable to the temperament of the people, as well as more conducive to the improvement of the country, than the demagogic system. In time, Ireland, if she remains in the Union, will be brought up to the level of British progress in self-government. At present she is in an earlier stage.

The great political need of Ireland at the present time is that positive assurance should be given of the inviolability of the Union, and of the hopelessness of all attempts to destroy it.

This is the great political need of Ireland at the present moment. A nationality the Irish may have in the Union, like that of the Scotch, with all the memories, sentiments, and symbols. Home Rule also they may have in the Union like that of the Scotch, if the Irish members of Parliament will only follow the example of the Scotch members, and instead of trying to wreck the Legislature, take counsel and act together on local questions. But let all doubt be removed at once from the minds of Irish Unionists about the determination of England and Scotland to uphold the Union, as the people of the United States upheld their Union, with the whole power of the nation. Nationalist leaders will then begin to direct their efforts to practical and attainable reforms. At present that at which they aim is not reform, but the severance of the Union and to intrigue with them is to intrigue with dismemberment. No measures of reform, however extensive, have ever moderated the virulence of their abuse.

Ireland has been connected with England for seven centuries, surely a sufficient term of prescription. Nature has manifestly linked the two islands together, so that they must be united or enemies, while if they are enemies the weaker must suffer. The races are now mingled both in Ireland and in Great Britain. What can be more ridiculous than to hear a man bearing the name of Parnell, Biggar, or Sexton, talk of driving the British out of Ireland? Supposing separation to take place, what is to be done with the Irish in England? Is every member of a nation of composite or federal structure to deem itself privileged at will, instead of bringing its grievances constitutionally before the United Legislature, to secede and break up the nation? Is every local demagogue to be at liberty to get up a civil war for that purpose? When Sicily or Naples becomes restless, do English Radicals call upon Italy in the name of morality to let the disaffected province go? Why is this duty of self-dis-

memberment to be enjoined on Great Britain alone? To the writer of this paper jingoism and aggrandizement have always been hateful. But the Radicals must surely own that their country is a great moral power, that her influence in Europe is good for humanity, that it depends upon her retention of her high place among the nations, and that human progress, political and general, would suffer greatly by her fall. Nor can they doubt that with a hostile republic, for hostile it must always be, carved out of her side, she would sink to the level of a second-rate power, and lose her voice in the councils of Europe.

As to Ireland itself, does the most extreme of Radicals, if he have anything statesmanlike or scientific about him, believe in the feasibility of a Fenian Republic, or think that anything could come of such an attempt, but confusion and a renewal of the calamities of the past? The political insurrection is nothing but a conspiracy, conceived mainly in the interest of personal ambition.

The dictates of patriotism, of statesmanship, of morality, seem to coincide and to be clear. But the nation is governed by party, and on both sides a section is now bidding for the Irish vote—not only the Irish vote in Ireland, but for the Irish vote in English and in Scotch cities where the Irish are strong. A dismal sound is the name of the Irish vote in the ears of all the lovers of good Government in the land of Professor Goldwin Smith's adoption. America has had bitter experience of the evils it has produced.

Cities overwhelmed with debt by municipal corruption are not the worst effects of its influence. The political excesses which have brought discredit on republican institutions in America were not the work of true republicans, but of the Irish vote leagued with slavery, and under the patronage of the slave-owner working its will in the Northern cities. The Celtic and Catholic Irishman, as has been already said, is not a citizen but a clansman. He belongs not to the nation or to any national party, but to his race, the union of which within itself and its severance from the rest of the community are preserved by the Catholic Church, which in Canada has been able to extort for itself a system of separate schools. His vote is in the hands of his leaders, ecclesiastical or demagogic. He fights at the polls, not for any national policy or party, but for the interest of the tribe and of its chiefs. At the bidding of the chiefs and in the interest of the tribe he is ready to connect himself with either party, and to pass from one party to the other. He does the same in Australia, as we learn from Australian writers on politics, and there also threatens seriously to mar the working of Parliamentary institutions. As a labourer, the Irishman in America has been most useful, and deserves a full measure of gratitude; though he is now in some degree cancelling his services by maltreatment and exclusion of the Chinese. But politically his influence, as an American journalist said the other day, has been invariably evil. To that influence, however, politicians have cowered; any force which is compact and unscrupulously wielded affects their imaginations even out of proportion to its real magnitude; and in the United States whatever remained of Anti-British

feeling has combined with this servility to make Tammany a great power. But for this continent the day of redemption has dawned. In the Presidential election, the Irish believing, and having probably received some assurance, that the Republican candidate would inaugurate a foreign policy hostile to England, deserted the Democratic party, and cast, there is reason to believe, sixty thousand votes against its candidate in the State of New York alone. To rat and then be beaten is ruinous; that strange alliance, which nothing but slavery could ever have cemented, between the Irishry and the highly Conservative leaders of the Democratic party has been broken; and among the republicans of the New England stamp the retainers of Tammany will scarcely find a political home. At Washington is now a President who owes his election largely to an independent vote, and whose uprightness, courage and resolution set the armies of corruption at defiance, and have opened a better era for his country. Between this man and Tammany there can be no fellowship; even peace is not likely to be long maintained. And while we are thus looking forward to emancipation, is the mother of us all going to bow her neck to this wretched yoke? Is faction to be allowed to lay the greatness of England at the feet of a Head Centre? Are these the fruits of Party Government?

CRICKET.—This article reads rather like an *Apologia pro vita sua* on the part of the young nobleman, who has pursued the national game of Englishmen with such devotion that his recent appointment as an Under-Secretary of State came on men with something of a shock. A man need not be the worse politician because he is a good cricketer; and it is satisfactory to learn from the Conservative Press that Lord Harris has, for some time past, been giving considerable attention to politics. There is nothing very striking or original in the article before us, but the Kentish Captain's words have all the earnestness of a thorough devotee.

After a few remarks on the benefit conferred by field sports and pastimes generally, Lord Harris turns to *the game*.

Can the historian ignore what cricket has done towards bringing together the mother country and her Australian colonies? We think not, and therefore we think ourselves justified in calling it a remarkable game, perhaps the most remarkable the world has ever seen. This fact at least is worthy of note, that practical colonial statesmen have not ignored, and do not ignore, that cricket can be a factor in creating amongst Englishmen an interest in those great offshoots from the mother country. We are inclined to question whether the excitement in Australia has been greater over the transmission of a body of colonial troops to assist the mother country in the Soudan than it was over the successes of the first Australian Eleven that visited these shores. The theorist, however, may say, "I grant you that some out-door exercise is good and indeed necessary; but is there not a great waste of time over such a game as cricket—time which would be much better spent in the consideration of such economic problems as might lead to solutions having a beneficial result for mankind?" Well, putting aside altogether the difficult problem whether the circulation of capital, and consequent employment of labour, which does result from a game so universally pursued as cricket, is or is not of benefit to the community, we should be inclined to say, "If the minds of those who take an active part in the game



were devoted to nothing else, the answer might be in the affirmative. But that is not the case. Let the theorist inquire among his friends, and not seldom will he find that some athletic pursuit has exercised its sway over their earlier days. He will find perhaps that the millionaire, who devotes much of his thought and wealth to the improvement of his estate, and is an enthusiast on the subject of church architecture, was in his University Eleven; that the judge spends his leisure evenings at Lord's; that the statesman pulled an oar in his University Eight; that the rising barrister's name is celebrated in tennis court annals; that the philanthropist, who spends his evenings with the poor, may occasionally be seen no inconspicuous figure in the football field, and that the hardest of hard-worked M. P.'s was never beaten in the racquet court; and if he finds that answer to his inquiries, perhaps he will admit that the field of athletics need not necessarily, and indeed seldom does, prevent the man who has been able to excel there to excel also in after years in graver pursuits. And, the greater covering the less, he will find this applies also to cricket; for as the young gentleman who has been a distinguished figure in the cricket-field finds the graver duties of life forcing themselves on his attention, he leaves the former for the latter, not without a heartache perhaps, but none the worse a man that the republic of the cricket-field has given him a closer acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, and with probably a practical knowledge of human nature that will serve him in good stead through life, which he might have acquired with difficulty, if at all, in the class-room or the study.

So much for the effect of the national game on those who learn it at school, practise it at college, and carry their enthusiasm for it to Lord's, the Oval, or the county cricket field. These may be numbered by tens; but what is its influence on the thousands who practise cricket on the village green, or in the neighbourhood of towns and cities seek in cricket their one healthy relaxation?

It is an undoubted fact that the English people are laying hold of the game more and more every year; it would be a serious thing if we had reason to believe that it brought them harm.

It always was an essentially English game, supported by country gentlemen, and practised on village greens; but now that has taken an extended form. The splendidly appointed grounds which are to be found in or near every large town are supported by the sixpences of the people. Ten years ago most county cricket clubs eked out an uncertain subsistence on the generosity of one or two patrons; now the more wide-spread interest in the game gives them a more than sufficient income. Where hundreds dawdled up of an afternoon to see a big match, now thousands arrive early on the ground to secure a good place. Shall we ever forget the curious sight presented to the astonished gaze of any one who chanced to pass round Kennington Oval in August, 1884, on the morning of the great match, England v. Australia. The backs of those standing or sitting in the outermost ring of spectators can be seen from the road that encircles the ground; and that morning it was as if each person had loaned out his back as an advertisement for one of the daily papers. They were being used as preventives against sunstroke, but one was immediately struck with the anxiety there must have been to secure a coign of vantage to induce the earliest comers to sit in so hot a place.

We can remember very well when Manchester cared nothing for cricket;

now, if the crack bat of every local club, who manages to get fifty runs indifferently against moderate bowling, is not tried for the county eleven, the unfortunate committee is besieged with indignant protests, hinting broadly at favouritism, and demanding the dismissal from office of the captain and most of the committee.

Lord Harris spends some almost unnecessary energy in slaying the hardly living opinion that it is a better thing for the teeming swarms of manufacturing towns to spend the day in watching a cricket match than in talking maudlin politics over beer and pipes, and lounging their afternoons away in the close courts and heated alleys of the town.

Politics ! let them talk politics by all means in proper season ; for Heaven's sake let them study the science, for in all conscience it is very necessary that the rulers of a country should understand it ; but induce them also to come out of the courts, and the alleys, and the slums, into God's air and sunshine, and they will not be worse politicians one bit ; and, if you can get them out in the air, let them go and take part in, or look on at, one of our manly old English pastimes ; they will get more good from it than from seeing half a dozen thorough-breds flash by a post once every half-hour during an afternoon. Waste of time, again ! Well, perhaps there is, if time is always to mean money. They will not be earning that ; but will not every young aspirant to cricketing honours be treasuring up in his mind how Mr. Grace keeps that bat so straight over the leg-stump, and yet always seems to get the ball away to short-leg ; or how years seem to make no difference to Mr. Hornby's determination always to try his hardest ; or how Peate goes on pitching the ball so near the same spot that at last it begins to look quite bare ; and will he not be registering a solemn determination in his mind to try his best, in the hope of some day emulating these giants ; and will you say that his time is wasted if he has been encouraged to try to do his best at something—play it may be—but still at something ? We think not ; at any rate, we believe he will be a better man for it, and that his work will not suffer because he has been encouraged to do his best at play.

A note of warning is sounded in conclusion against the spirit of dilletantism which Lord Harris jealously fancies he sees coming over young England in respect to cricket—"a disinclination to go through the drudgery of the game, which alone can ensure eventual excellence, and a consequent hankering after the milder excitement of lawn tennis."

We trust we are entirely wrong, and that gentlemen will continue to be the equals, if not the superiors, of the professionals in the cricket-field. Whilst that continues, the game will continue to be the pure game it is, untouched by the lowering tendencies of the betting-ring and its degrading accompaniments ; it will remain a simple trial of skill and endurance, honoured by those who take part in it and an honour to the country that has produced it. But once let the former class begin to lose their proficiency at it, and they will drop back into the inferior position of patrons ; they will no longer lead, they will barely encourage ; the betting-ring will insert its foot, will little by little gain an ascendancy, and the question, "Has the encouragement of cricket as a pursuit for the people any advantages ?" may then, when put, receive a different answer to that which it is entitled to at the present day.

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ROMAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.—The question is often asked : Is Rome a desirable place of residence or not? The enquiry is vague. Desirable, for what end? To live in, of course. Mr. Marion Crawford would, to some enquirers, emphatically answer : No, it is not.

Have you children to educate, an *exigeant* wife to amuse, an invalid aunt to take care of, a scapegrace son to reform, a brace of superfluous daughters to marry, an injured fortune to repair, a tarnished reputation to polish, or an inclination to hereditary gout? If you are troubled with any of these cardinal evils of the flesh do not come to Rome. Your reputation will not be whitewashed, your fortune will probably suffer, you will not marry your superfluous daughters, your scapegrace son will go to the bad, your invalid aunt will die, your wife will be bored, your children will grow up full of foreign prejudices, and your gout will become unbearable. Not that it is impossible to avoid each and all of these catastrophes, but because it is ten to one that you would be able to avoid them better in your own country.

Rome is one of the best abused cities in Europe. It is impossible to mention it without eliciting the two standard remarks which everybody has ready : "It is fatally unhealthy, and it has been ruined by the modernizing improvements it is now undergoing." The ruin referred to is of an artistic kind, and any judgment passed upon it must necessarily be subject to individual taste ; but the popular prevailing opinion concerning the health of the city is demonstrably a libel.

Rome has always stood among the great cities which have the lowest death-rates, and last year it was third among the great cities of Europe. Roman fever is a sort of red rag wherewith it is possible to bait the foreign bull to the verge of distraction; the very name is misunderstood, for what is commonly called by foreigners the "Roman fever" is the typhoid, which it is generally allowed may be contracted elsewhere; whereas the "perniciosa," which the Romans themselves dread, and which sometimes kills its victims in a couple of hours, is a malady that hardly ever attacks any but natives. It is neither contagious nor infectious, but purely sporadic. It is an easy matter to be well in Rome. Eat and drink well—the Romans eat more meat than any people in Italy—live anywhere except in a house built against a hill, and wear flannels, or at all events carry an overcoat upon your arm if you are likely to be out after sunset. Avoid violent exertion on the one hand and laziness on the other; in other words, try to live, as Romans live, and you will assuredly enjoy good health in Rome; but avoid Rome in August, September, and the beginning of October. Rome is a very desirable place of residence for persons with a fixed income and few ties. There is a wide choice open to every one as regards expenditure and society; above all, Rome is a city where it is possible to live in absolute independence, in seclusion, if need be, without annoyance. An Englishman may live in Rome for years and not be called to speak to any one of his own nationality, an advantage which cannot be overestimated by a race of men who systematically avoid each other when away from home. Take a furnished lodging west of the Corso, or else far up in the new quarter towards St. John Lateran, where the houses are newer and cleaner, but less healthy, hire a couple of North Italian servants, and do not nail your visiting card upon your door, and I will venture to say that you could not be more completely isolated if you were Robinson Crusoe on a South Sea island, or boycotted on an Irish farm. Stay in town until July or even August if you do not mind the heat, and keep away until October or November, and unless you rashly expose yourself to the chilly damp at sunset or overheat yourself in the insane idea that violent exercise is necessary for your health, or starve yourself in order to look like a bilious Italian poet, you will never be ill.

But, if you take a house in the new quarter, satisfy yourself about the drainage. The old part of the city is rendered healthy by the immense quantity of pure water and by the ventilation of the streets and sewers produced by the very rapid current of the Tibre; the new quarters are less plentifully supplied with water, and are far removed from the river. The native Roman prefers the portion of the city included in the irregular figure of which the northern extremity is at the Piazza del Popolo, the southern at the Capitol, while the western side follows the river from about the island of St. Bartholomew to the Passeggiato di Ripetta.

The tourist in Rome necessarily occupies himself more with things than with people. He has his preconceived ideas regarding the topography of the ancient monuments, the unity of Italy, the relations between Quirinal and Vatican, and if he passes a few weeks in comfortably verifying these, he is pleased with his visit. If he escapes the fever he will ever afterwards speak of his month in Rome in glowing terms; if not, he will never cease to anathematise the

country, the climate and the people. Of the people themselves, however, he will have seen almost nothing, having been brought into contact only with a class of persons who get their living from him and his kind.

If he has made any acquaintances during his short stay, they have probably been formed among people of his own nationality, or, at all events, among non-Italians. It is next to impossible for him to have obtained access to the intimacy of Roman family life. The Roman is hospitable, but tenacious of his privacy. He loves his shirt sleeves like other Italians. He is fond of appearances, but does not think it necessary that they should be perpetually maintained, provided he avoids being seen by a stranger when he has laid them aside. In France, in Germany, in England, in most of the great cities of Europe, a stranger will find many families of excellent social position who, for a consideration, will receive him amongst themselves at once as a lodger and as an acquaintance, but there is none of this in Rome. The foreigner who lives in lodgings catches occasional glimpses of an untidy landlady, and has ample opportunities for acquainting himself with the strongest words in the Italian language. His landlord's family use them all in every variety and quality of altercation, from morning till night, on the landing, in the kitchen, and in the "cortile." But, there his experience of Italian family life begins and ends.

As for the expense of living in Rome, it may fairly be said that the question of rent is one of the most importance.

A bachelor who lives in a couple of rooms would have no difficulty in being extremely comfortable upon £200 during nine months of the year. The rent of rooms varies from about £3 to £10 monthly, but excellent lodgings can always be had for £5. The permanent resident, however, should always take an unfurnished apartment; a very large suite of rooms, comprising the second floor of a palace or other extensive building, with attics, can generally be had for from 5,000 to 8,000 francs yearly, at from three to five years' lease (£200 to £320). The cost of furniture will always be found to be covered by difference of rent after four years. Generally, I should say that a family of four or five persons can live for nine months of the year in Rome in great comfort for £1,000, and in considerable luxury for £2,000. As regards servants, the North Italians are cleaner, more exact, and less talkative than the southern people; but the southerners are more faithful, more gentle, and far more willing. There are dishonest servants here as elsewhere, and as the foreigner is especially defenceless he is more likely to hire them, and consequently abuses the whole race as liars and thieves, which they are not. I need hardly say more about the expense or manner of living. Italian cookery is not generally to the taste of Englishmen, but there are plenty of good cooks in Rome. Eating is after all a matter of taste. I have heard Greeks bitterly lamenting over the "kartoffel knodel," the "suppenfleisch" and the "compotes" of Bavaria, and I have seen Russians putting caviare and sweet pastry into a "consommé à la Reine" at Voisin's. Sir William Thompson has seen aldermen in London swallowing the common conger-eel of commerce in the full and satisfactory belief that they were eating turtle soup. How then can any philosopher find it in his heart to inveigh against the macaroni, the roast kid, and the wild boar of Rome? The foreigner is not obliged to go and eat stewed porcupine at the Falcone, nor to devour artichokes fried in oil with garlic at the inn of Abramone, the Jew of the Ghetto.

What is much more important to the foreigner is a knowledge of the elements which compose the Roman world. Broadly speaking, these are three in number, comprising three distinct species of humanity—the Roman, the Italian, and the foreigner.

Prior to 1870 the Italian (as the Roman himself calls him) was an unknown component ; there was a Roman society, and a foreign society, and the two had many points of contact. The dominating foreign element was French, and the relations between the latter and the Romans were very close, if not always very sincere. The French have ceased to play an important part in Roman politics, and their place is taken, and more also, by the Italians. The immediate result has been that a portion of Roman society has amalgamated with the Italians, as represented by the court, and that the remaining families, the *beaux restes* of the Roman aristocracy have not only refused to acknowledge the court, but have become far more exclusive than they formerly were as regards foreigners. It is needless to say that there are many subdivisions in the Italian party, subject to the political changes of the day, and that the members of the Chambers, together with the principal office-holders of the various administrative departments, and a large number of ex-ministers, lobbyists, and men of genius in search of employment, form a number of distinct circles all comprised with the class known as Italians and generically as the white party.

It must be borne in mind that, if we except Greece, Italy is the most democratic kingdom in Europe. The powers of the king are less than those of the Queen of England, far less, of course, than those wielded by the president of a great republic like France or the United States. The suffrage is now greatly extended, and the representatives are frequently men risen from the lowest orders. The work of the Chambers is largely in the hands of lobbyists, and the amount of jobbery done would do credit to any republic in the world. The interests of the army and navy and of the individual provinces are worked by a system of bureaucracies which are generally quite beyond the reach of royal or parliamentary interference. On the whole it may be said that, whether Italians are well or ill-governed, they are governing themselves as completely as though they had thrown off the monarchy and had elected a president for their republic. The only improvement they could make if a republic were ever proclaimed would be to introduce the Carthaginian scheme of electing two presidents at enmity with each other, and crucifying either as soon as he becomes obnoxious.

The governing body in Rome now forms the preponderating element in polite society, and is in every respect the opposite of the black party (*neri*) which comprises the cardinals, the *prelatura*, and the black nobility—a party numerically small, but extremely compact and exclusive, not plotting nor scheming for any immediate result beyond the election of the local municipality, but standing together as one man while waiting to see what will happen.

It was an interesting thing to watch, fourteen years ago, how the nobles divided after the Italian occupation of Rome ; the separation was instantaneous, and there have been few important changes since. In many cases, where both father and son were alive, the son went to court, while the father refused to

bow to the king in the street, and after fourteen years the two are still unreconciled. The line was suddenly drawn through many households, and is yet practically unchanged. It is true that there are a few houses where some members of both parties are received. The blacks who frequent this neutral territory are generally those of the younger generation, who find their own society dull, and are willing to sacrifice something for the sake of a ball, and the houses are chiefly those of nobles who have maintained an indifferent position from the first, or of financiers whose interests are too important to be endangered by such trash as politics.

In Rome the Roman is patriarchal in his mode of life. The Italian is extremely modern in his habits, and the foreigner is nomadic. Patriarchal conservatism glowers at innovation, and modern advanced civilisation laughs heartily at the fifteenth century habits that come to its notice. As for the resident stranger he may choose between the two according to his circumstances or tastes.

The white party are incomparably more amusing, more gay, and more ready to receive strangers into their circles; the blacks are unquestionably more serious, more in earnest, and far more interesting, as representing a class of men and women now quickly disappearing from the face of the earth, a thoroughly old, blue-blooded, prejudiced nobility, ready to die for their religion, their blood, and their prejudices. Of course the consequences of so broad a distinction are carried into the diplomatic body, for there are missions to the Vatican as well as to the Quirinal, and it is one of the most amusing points in Roman society to watch the relations between foreign ministers and secretaries, often intimate friends and even relations, who are supposed to be officially unaware of each other's existence.

To form a just idea of Roman society it is necessary to understand the Roman character, and that is not an easy matter.

It is not enough to know the mere names of the parties, their attitude towards each other, and the political occurrences which have led to partisanship. This would explain much, perhaps, but it could not account for the tone of what one hears. The Roman is essentially a grumbler, a conservative, a *laudator temporis acti*; a lover of peace, not for its own sake but because it gives so little trouble; an artist by his gifts and a loungeur by preference; ready to jest at other people's failures, and averse to attempting anything lest he should "compromise himself," as he calls it; possessing a keen wit, of which the mainspring is the belief that failure is ridiculous, and must be laughed at; hating and even fearing a fight when he is calm, but reckless to madness if once roused; a good actor; a poor conspirator; patient from indifference and a certain inertness; forgiving an enemy until seventy times seven, rather than take the trouble of seriously hating him, but withal, in extreme cases, a good hater and a good lover. The Roman is honest in a way of his own; that is to say, he will tell you the truth unless you press him too hard with importunate inquiries, or unless he thinks it would be very unpleasant to you to hear it. Tax him with an untruth in such cases, and he will shrug his shoulders a little and demand why you asked so many questions, or else he will say with a laugh that he did not wish "to disappoint you," and therefore told you a fib. But the same man would not be guilty of the smallest prevarication for his own advantage. There are, indeed, many Romans, some of

them in high positions too, who would be incapable of any untruth whatever; but I am speaking of the great majority of the people, and I will venture to say that they are as honest as an equal number of men in any other country, where the average gentleman is scrupulous in telling his friend the precise number of birds he has shot, but will deceive his tailor to any extent in his power. The Roman is a conservative in all his ways; but he is so much given to grumbling that he is never quite satisfied. His conservatism extends to his household, to his native city, to his ideas upon education and social conditions, even to matters of religion; but from time immemorial it has been impossible to satisfy the Roman people in the matter of government. Under kings they hankered after a republic; with a republic they longed for a despot; weary of despots they tried what was practically an aristocratic oligarchy; from thence to the ill-fated dictatorship of Rienzi; next they were under a religious autocracy, then again a republic of short duration; more Papal supremacy; now a democratic constitutional monarchy; and during fully half of our era they have played fast and loose with German imperialism. Truly they have tried a goodly variety of governments, and have never been satisfied with any from the days of Tarquin to the rule of Humbert I. Even now there are dreams of a republic abroad, and many a Roman, hobnobbing with a friend over a glass of red Marino, will look at the wine and whisper the words, "La vogliamo rossa!" ("We would have it red")—not the wine, though, for the feminine adjective agrees with "repubblica," understood.

A republic presupposes a public opinion. There is no public opinion in Italy, but there is occasionally a public frenzy.

The mass of the people are little educated, and though the extensive system of direct taxation (*ricchezza mobile*) constantly brings the poorest classes face to face with the Government, as represented by the tax-gatherer, and although the scheme of the Government is in a high decree democratic, the people are nevertheless ignorant of their power, or too inexperienced to exert it. They no more understand the meaning of the word "republic" than they appreciate the act that, if they knew how to use their privilege, they could easily obtain all the advantages of a commonwealth under the existing monarchy. In history, unenlightened republics have generally found it expedient to hold the most ignorant classes of the community in the bondage of personal slavery. In the great days of Roman republicanism Italy was largely peopled with slaves—the property of the Roman citizens who dwelt in the cities during half the year—the proportion of freemen who farmed their own land being small until it was extended by the custom of granting freeholds to veteran soldiers.

It seems to be a peculiarity of Latin nations that names and expressions, even dates, are capable of being considered as so much fetish, to which all classes gladly attach their individual ideas of happiness and glory, of misery or defeat. Are streets, for instance, named with dates in any non-Latin city? During the last years of papal sovereignty "Garibaldi" and "Victor Emmanuel" were the fetishes to conjure with among the Romans. Now it is changed again.

The "honest king" is dead, and his wild guerilla supporter is laid in his grave. The monarchy is established, and yet the Roman is not satisfied, and he whispers



of the "red republic" to his friend as he used to in 1848. I am of course speaking of the lower classes in Rome, the people and the dregs of the people; the higher ranks are almost to a man ranged either on the side of the monarchy or of the Vatican. But I believe it is this unsettled feeling in the lower grades which gives to all Roman life its peculiar air of political uncertainty. Society in the sense of the well-born, and of those who in virtue of wealth, political importance, or talent claim intercourse and equality with the well-born, is either a structure superimposed by circumstances upon the normal popular majority, depending for its stability upon the toleration of the people, and, indirectly, upon the principle that a man of low origin can by his own efforts obtain consideration in the higher ranks; or else it is a true aristocracy, a social governing body maintained by its own inherent strength, wealth, and talent, and holding the people in dependence. Now, in Rome, the former state of things is beginning to predominate; society, in the sense in which I have used the term, is composed of the most various elements, liable at all times to be recruited from the people. But the true aristocratic institutions of former times are not yet extinct, and are jealously guarded and handed down by a party which, though in the minority, is powerful and compact. The people, long accustomed to the superiority of the nobles, but always murmuring against it, are undecided whether to accept the new order of things as an improvement, or to hanker after a state in which they formerly enjoyed the flesh-pots of Egypt, though interdicted from the sweetmeats of a free press. This uncertainty makes itself felt throughout society. I have been asked, by people of all notions and kinds who visit Rome, the same question: Will the monarchy stand or fall? The foreigner turns to the native for information, and the native can only say in answer that great changes are at present going forward—and that it is impossible to predict what may occur. No one, however, neither monarchist nor clericist, denies that Italy may profit enormously by fifty years of any stable and thoroughly unified government, and I doubt whether any educated Roman looks forward to or desires an immediate change, either in the shape of revolution or war; as for the latter, indeed, sufficient unto Italy are the pickings thereof—and very rich pickings they have been in the last twenty years.

The true Roman is conservative in his mode of life, even to being patriarchal.

He is not apt to change his habits, his friends, or his favourite dishes. He likes to live in his own house, with his married brothers, his married children, and, by-and-by, his grandchildren, under his roof. He likes to employ the same servants for a lifetime, and pension them when they are superannuated. They are trustworthy people, who will not tattle with the servants of his lifelong enemy in the next street. He grumbles at everything, but changes nothing. Nothing is so good as it was in his youth, nothing so cheap, nothing so thorough. The aged prince has daily bickerings, quarrels, and reconciliations with his aged steward, flavoured with mutual recriminations that would be impossible anywhere else. Save for the matters discussed these wranglings differ in no wise from the regular disagreements and treaties of peace which follow each other with the utmost regularity in the home of old Aristide Rossi, the retired shoemaker, when Felice, the maid-of-all-work, brings in her daily account for oil, charcoal and bread.

In matters of religion the Roman is decidedly devout, though

his devotion may lack the stiff sobriety of demeanour which Protestant Church-goers generally affect.

One need only go into one of the parish churches, such as Sant' Andrea della Valle or Sant' Agostino to see that religion in Rome is a reality. Men go to early mass, and go gladly, in great numbers. Nevertheless, to the foreigner, the Roman seems to treat sacred things with a familiarity not altogether respectful. A Roman is as much at home in a church as in his own family, and to the superficial observer he appears to be lacking in reverence. He handles the chairs in a free-and-easy way, looks at everything and everybody, and converses in an undertone with his neighbour. He is critical of the way in which the services are performed, and expresses his approbation or censure without hesitating. But he has a great respect for religion, and brings up his children according to the Church, as he expresses it. Not to receive the sacraments of his faith at the important periods of his life would be intolerable to him. Not to be baptized, confirmed, married in church, confessed before dying, and buried in holy ground, seems to him like a violation of the laws of nature. And this is true, not only of the average individual, who goes to mass every Sunday, and is otherwise exact in the performance of prescribed duties. There is a type of Roman who will abuse the priests, laugh at miracles, call down judgments on any individual prelate to whom he owes a grudge, and not go to church more than once in a year, if at all; but nevertheless a Roman may do all these things and yet have a very lively belief in his religion. Grumbling means nothing with him, whether at religion, government, or prices; it is a pure pastime.

The Roman is not gregarious, as a rule, except in his youth. He has few friends and sees them very often, few topics of conversation, and recurs to them continually. He reads one or two papers daily, but he reads nothing else.

He has an acute artistic sense of the beautiful, with very little creative power, or rather with very little desire to create. He is an excellent critic of music—from his own standpoint—of architecture, sculpture, and drawing, but his sense of colour is frequently defective. On the whole he is an artist by nature, with many of those idiosyncrasies of which the affectation alone gives a man an artistic reputation in some countries.

Sensitive in the highest degree to every shade of manner, to the slightest discourtesy, to the least annoyance, to the smallest offence against his own standard of taste, the Roman is nevertheless the most unconscious and the least "shy" of men. False shame is a thing unknown to him, and snobbery is utterly removed from his nature. The Roman is as self-possessed in the presence and conversation of a great social luminary as when he is talking to his most intimate friend. Being incapable of desiring familiarity with persons out of his own sphere, and consequently not fearing to be thought anxious to obtain social advantages not lawfully his, he does not blush and tingle with pleasure and pain when he is spoken to by a person with a title. He has little imagination; he does not covet imaginary distinctions, and he has no illusions about the advantages of birth. Birth is a fact to him; one man is born noble and is noble, another is born a commoner and is a commoner. I never knew a Roman given to the affectation of concocting a coat of arms, or attempting to prove that his grandfather's plough-coulter was the sword of a gentleman. There is small

respect in Rome for new titles, whether conferred by Pope or King, and the expression "Conti che non contano" ("Counts who do not count"), has been a proverbial pun for ages. Of families ennobled within the century and who have taken and held a place with the Roman aristocracy there are few instances; perhaps only one, the case of the Torlonis, where enormous wealth and great personal talents have made an exception deserves any mention. It is hard to account for this entire absence of shyness among Romans, except on the theory that they are indifferent, and generally possessed of a good deal of personal firmness and courage. They are good soldiers in war, and tolerably orderly in time of peace, which seems to carry out this idea. The Roman dislikes a broil or a fight of any kind, but he has an unfortunate capacity for losing his temper, and when he is angry he generally finds a weapon. There are few cold-blooded murders committed in Rome, but an extraordinary number of people come to grief in hot quarrels over wine, love affairs, and gambling. The Roman knife is a ready and dangerous instrument never lacking when there is mischief to be done.

It is somewhat sad to think that since Rome has become the centre of Italian life, the Roman of Rome is destined, like the noble savage, to become extinct before the march of civilisation.

Indifferent to the very core of his nature, he refuses to help himself, and looks on, grumbling, but doing nothing, while brains of less capacity and more activity than his own think for him, reform for him, build for him and dictate his taxes. He stands idly by while fingers less gifted but more apt at money getting take hold of his commerce—such as it is—of his art treasures, and of his whole heritage. He cares little, for he will always have just enough to buy food and go to the theatre—*panem et circenses*—and if not, he will go to the theatre and starve, still feeling that, if he die of hunger, he has left to him at least the name of Roman, and that is enough to atone for many ills. But civilisation is a great destroyer of names, and when it cannot root out a name it transfers it. Fifty years hence the genuine Roman will be as extinct as the dado or the steinbock, "Siamo roba da museo," one of them said the other day—we are only fit to be set up in a museum as curiosities. The Roman has survived kingdoms, republics, empires, powers spiritual and temporal, and something of the original character of the race of dominators can still be traced in their magnificent indifference to consequences. But one thing the Roman will not survive, and that is the civilisation of modern Italy. He will be absorbed and lost under the weight of a new population. Neither Goths nor Longobards could destroy him, but their fair-haired descendants from Piedmont and Lombardy will civilise him out of existence, will take firm possession of his city, and will tell their children that they too are Romans. Truly, to the Rome of to-day, to the city that cheered Pius IX., that murdered Rossi, that proclaimed a republic, that submitted to the French, that voted for the *plébiscite*, and that is being exterminated as the price of her inconsistency, one may say, "A qui la faute si tes souvenirs ne sont pas l'écho de tes espérances ?"

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## THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1885.

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WHAT IS PUBLIC OPINION?—A few selections from this scathing article will be of interest to our readers.

Mr. Traill begins by commenting on the parallelism between the fate of the Gladstone Government and of Colonel Francis Charteris, who, after having with impunity committed nearly every crime of which human nature is capable, was at last executed for one of which he was innocent.

It cannot, I think, be reasonably contended that an Administration which has squandered the treasure of England with both hands in three out of the four quarters of the globe, which has lowered the flag of England before every enemy, however contemptible, by whom it has been challenged, and which has abandoned to destruction every ally who has trusted her, and given up to death or disgrace every servant by whom she has been served—it cannot, I say, be reasonably contended that an Administration which has done all these things, and survived them, should have found it impossible to blunder in a set of financial proposals without coming by their death. A Government which may desert a Gordon but may not put a shilling duty on spirits, which may establish Russia at the gate of India but may not tax beer, is surely a conception which can find no place in a sane imagination. That appearances go to show that this conception has been actually realized is a reason, not for indolently tolerating the conception, but for minutely interrogating the appearances. There is nothing in itself in a Government being out-voted; the event has no real significance unless there is reason to believe that what a majority in Parliament has done a majority in the country would be ready to do—or, in other words, that there is

a preponderance of opinion among Englishmen in favour of restraining the Government which was allowed to desert Gordon, from putting a shilling duty on spirits, and the Government which has with impunity established Russia at the gate of India, from taxing beer.

If this fantastic proposition is not true, it may be false in one of two ways.

It may be (1) that the English nation would rather, after all, have had their beer and spirits taxed than their heroes sacrificed and their empire endangered, and that their representatives were wrong in attributing a reversed order of precedence to these considerations; or (2) that the English nation are equally indifferent both to the disgrace of treachery and cowardice and to the burden of an increased impost on alcoholic liquors, and that their representatives were wrong in supposing that they had any preferences in such matters at all. If (1) is true, the House of Commons has merely failed to interpret the political opinion of the country correctly; if (2) is true, it amounts to saying that the country, taken at large, has no such thing as a political opinion to interpret. Now everybody, of course, who would like to think of the nation as still possessing a corporate intelligence, a corporate conscience, or even, one may say, a corporate existence, must prefer to believe in the truth of (1). Better a thousand times that a nation should be unworthily represented than that it should possess no opinion worthy of representation.

What evidence, then, is there that there is a genuine English public opinion on political matters? There is the argument based upon the existence of a vast and highly elaborated organization for the main purpose of expressing it. The argument might be put in this way:

"There are published every morning in London six or seven newspapers of the first class, and of very large circulation. Every one of these has at least one long political leader, most of them at least two, some of them on many occasions three, one of them on some occasions four. Week in week out, in session and out of session, upon every day of the whole three hundred and thirteen *dies fasti*—for English newspapers know no *dies nefasti* but Sundays—a political leader appears, solid, tri-paragraphed, columnar, a dish of politics not to be lightly trifled with at breakfast time, like the omelette of the foreigner, but to be manfully attacked and disposed of like the mutton-chop of the Briton. Now newspapers, like all who live to please, must please to live; the more they please, the more vigorous their life, as attested by what is the surest proof of vigour—the circulation. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that they would allot such an inordinate amount of space to the exposition, the defence, and the attack of political opinion, unless they had reasonable grounds for believing not only that such 'matter' pleased their public, but that it pleases them more than any other kind of matter which might with no more, if not with actually less, difficulty be obtained."

Granting that this argument, as far as it goes, is a reasonable one, it still remains to enquire how far this curiosity of the popular mind on political matters testifies to the existence of an *effective* public opinion on political questions? By *effective* is meant

a public opinion which is something more than a popular emotion, and which will incite its holder to *act*—which, in short, will induce him to go to the ballot-box, and punish by his vote the Minister who is condemned by such public opinion.

In the palmy days of what used then to be called the leading journal, it might have been said that a newspaper created, or directed, or educated public opinion. But when the repeal of the paper duty gave life and vigour to a host of cheap newspapers, the competition of such a multitude of political instructors was felt to be something of an absurdity—all of whom, with one lucky group of exceptions, were necessarily condemned to exhibit themselves at each successive election as instructors who had failed to instruct.

Accordingly, by tacit consent, they all took to asserting, not that they instructed the public, but that the public instructed them. Mistakes committed under that assumption were felt to be less humiliating than they would have been under the old one; and the assumption having been adopted in a day when the penny newspapers were in their infancy, was, and is, maintained with equal confidence after the number of newspaper readers has increased by millions, and the number of persons whose opinions, if they have any, are of high importance to the future of the country has, through the operation of successive measures of enfranchisement, undergone a like augmentation. What is yet more singular, the voices which the newspapers profess to hear and interpret have gained, it would seem, in the distinctness of their utterance as they have increased in number, a phenomenon not usually observable among gathering and growing multitudes. The desires, the fears, the loves, hatreds, and beliefs of "the people"—meaning always of the electoral millions—have, according to their professed exponents, become more unmistakable in their manifestations, and more plainly recognizable with regard to a greater number of subjects, as the electorate has grown in size. Every day adds, if we are to believe our newspapers, to the number of things which "Public Opinion will heartily approve," or "will severely condemn," to the number of high Imperial objects which it "has at heart," and of Imperial dangers which it "gravely apprehends." These have now swelled into such a lengthy list that, if we can accept the catalogue as a full, true, and particular account of them, our "capable citizens" must be capable indeed.

It may be worth while to enumerate a few of them. Public opinion, then, meaning the established and effective conviction of the capable citizens, "approves heartily of the maintenance of the Unity of Great Britain," and will not hear of any concession to the claims of Home Rule. It would even demand the condign punishment of any English statesman who should show signs of coquetting with that pernicious movement. It is remarkably proud of the "great Empire handed down to us by our ancestors," and could not for a moment submit to the rule of any Government in whose hands it did not believe that the interests and safety of that Empire might be safely placed. To descend to particulars of Imperial policy, it is a cardinal article of Public Opinion that "English influence must be paramount in Egypt," that our power of transit

through the Suez Canal must be "assured against any risk of molestation," and that as a necessary condition of such assurance, we "cannot tolerate anarchy in Egypt," or allow its financial affairs to fall into that disorder which sooner or later leads to administrative anarchy. On the matter of India itself, our solicitude for which is the main cause of this strong Public Opinion with regard to Egypt, we should expect to find a still stronger Public Opinion in existence. And so we are assured we do. Proud of their Empire in general the "English people" are more proud of their Indian possessions than of any others beneath their flag; they "perceive the immense importance of India to their trade and internal prosperity"; they glory in the "civilizing work" which they are performing among the "countless races" of the Peninsula; and they watch with the most jealous vigilance any menace to the safety of that great dependency or to the "tranquillity of its teeming populations." So again as to the Colonies; more "public opinion," more "pride," more determination to "knit closer the bonds which," &c., and to punish any enemy, English or foreign, who shall attempt, &c.

As regards its moral duties, again, Public Opinion holds the most admirable views.

The English people—meaning always the English people for political purposes, the electorate—are "enthusiastic admirers of fair play, haughtily sensitive on the point of honour, immovably staunch in the support of their agents and representatives abroad, unalterably true to their allies, inflexibly faithful to their national engagements." Public Opinion will never forgive a Ministry who deal treacherously with their countrymen, or inequitably with their political opponents, who humiliate the nation by truckling to foreign Powers, abandon the officials who have with zeal and fidelity discharged their instructions, surrender defenceless allies to the vengeance of their infuriated enemies, or in any manner violate their country's plighted word.

Surely a nation that can boast this collection of political opinions and moral maxims—with such sound views as to its temporal interests and such generous instincts on the moral side—ought to enjoy the promise of this life, and of that which is to come. It is common ground alike with Liberals and Conservatives that this is so.

Ministerial prints have, throughout the career of the late Government, devoted their whole energies to showing, not that the English people do not care for their Empire, still less that they are indifferent to truth, honesty, and self-respect, but that the policy of the Ministry, strongly as appearances made against it, was in some mysterious fashion calculated to safeguard the material interests, and to exalt or, at any rate, not to lower the moral reputation of the country. And starting from this common ground of belief or professed belief in a judicious and honourable Public Opinion, Ministerialist and Opposition pressmen have for two or three years past kept up such an incessant fire of appeals to it that, if Public Opinion really is non-existent, we may almost fancy ourselves on the top of Carmel.

Yet, can we honestly say that the priests of this Baal have received any audible reply? Let us consider how Public Opinion has comported itself with regard to some recent questions.

In the spring of 1884, Mr. Gladstone, by way of mere momentary expedient of policy despatched General Gordon to the Soudan. The enterprise was a desperate one, devotedly undertaken. In the event of its manifest failure, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's country were as deeply pledged to use every effort for the rescue of their emissary as ever a minister and nation were. Time passed on, and the Parliamentary emergency which Gordon's mission was designed to dispose of passed away. Soon it became evident that the enterprise was going to fail: a little longer and it was evident that it had failed; that the emissary who had been sent to "rescue and retire" was powerless to do either, and was, in fact, himself a prisoner in the city he had sought to relieve. At once, therefore, there arose the moral obligation of rescuing him; but this obligation, having inconsiderately presented itself without being duly introduced by a Parliamentary emergency, failed to obtain an audience of the Prime Minister. How, in these circumstances, did Public Opinion, behave? Public Opinion as represented by the voices of its entire priesthood, behaved admirably. It would not hear for a moment of the abandonment of Gordon; on that the Liberal and the Conservative priests were in perfect accord. It is true that the latter felt convinced that the Government would end by abandoning Gordon, and said so, and that the former professed to be equally assured that Ministers were incapable of such infamy; but it would be unjust to make the god responsible for the contradictory utterances thus ascribed to him. They were merely the conflicting glosses of two rival schools of commentators. On the main point they were, as has been said, in complete accord. Public Opinion would not tolerate the desertion of Gordon, cried the newspapers in chorus; and presently it seemed that some of Mr. Gladstone's followers in the House of Commons began to hear in that chorus the accents of the god. Another Parliamentary emergency threatened; and now Mr. Gladstone, who had declared up to that moment that Gordon did not need rescuing, undertook to rescue him. Public Opinion then expressed itself satisfied: the stress of the emergency abated, and the Government resolved that they, would take their time about rescuing Gordon, and do their work in their own—that is, of course, the cheapest and least business-like way. Then came the Nile Expedition, the march of Stewart's forlorn hope, the battles in the desert, the fall of Khartoum, the news of Gordon's death.

What now was the behaviour of Public Opinion—that Public Opinion which had declared a thousand times through its Liberal and Conservative priests that Gordon must be saved, and through its Conservative, with but faint contradiction from its Liberal, priests that if he were lost through the default of Government, they would be held to a heavy reckoning?

Well, Public Opinion behaved admirably again. The news of the disaster arrived, unfortunately, during the Parliamentary recess, so that it was necessary for Public Opinion to go on feeling indignation at Gordon's betrayal, for I think about a fortnight, before it could bring itself to bear upon the guilty Government. But it was quite equal to the occasion. Conservative priests were still confidently invoking the fire of its wrath, and the Liberal priests still industriously constructing a lightning-conductor out of Sir Charles Wilson, when Parliament met; and so potent had been the voice of the god in the meantime, that out of twenty-eight members of Parliament who doubted whether Public Opinion



had approved of the rescue of Gordon, as many as fourteen had been converted to the belief that Public Opinion disapproved of Gordon's having been left to be slaughtered by the troops of the Mahdi. Anticipating, however, a new manifestation of the deity, under its hypostasis of Parliamentary Emergency, Mr. Gladstone had announced his intention of "avenging" the dead hero who had never himself sought vengeance upon anybody, and of "breaking the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum," as an offering to the manes of the soldier-administrator who had warned the Government twenty times over that they would have to undertake that work, but who would never himself have undertaken it, as they now proposed to do, as a mere vindictive measure to be followed by no constructive work. Public Opinion, however, was pleased to be satisfied with the Ministerial offer. It had apparently, during its few weeks of reflection, arrived at the conclusion either that heroes or that honourable obligations were not of such value as had at first been hastily assigned to them, or that, at any rate, the betrayal of the former and the breach of the latter might be quite sufficiently atoned for by the slaughter of a few more thousands of Arabs. And so rapidly, as we all know, did heroes and honourable obligations continue to decline in the market, that in the course of a few more weeks their equivalent in slaughtered Arabs disappeared altogether. Public Opinion heard that the Soudanese Expedition was to be abandoned, and that the Government no longer saw any occasion for breaking the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum; and Public Opinion manifested every sign of acquiescence in the change of plan.

This particular example has been selected as the most striking, but the history of the Egyptian campaign abounds in examples of similar behaviour on the part of our mysterious deity.

The god said, "Go to Egypt"; and again he said, "Retire from Egypt." He said, "The Soudan must be abandoned at once," and immediately added, "but it must be pacified first." He frowned when Baker Pacha's army was annihilated, but his brow cleared after the bloodshed of El Teb and Tamanieb, and again he graciously acquiesced in an abandonment of the Soudan. Of his even more inscrutable demeanour as regards the fall of Khartoum, and the death and avenging of Gordon, I have already spoken, as being the most striking example of his mysterious ways; but it is only one degree more striking, perhaps, than the revelations vouchsafed to us during the Afghan crisis. There, again, the priests were all unanimous, or nearly so. Public Opinion had spoken out clearly on the necessity of opposing a firm front to Russian aggression upon the territory of the Ameer, and Russian menace of the tranquillity of India. Mr. Gladstone even said in the House of Commons that the god had declared "a policy" unanimously received by the country, and that this policy included, among other things, the maintenance of Abdur-Rahman in possession of all territory that is lawfully his. When news of the Penjdeh incident reached England, Public Opinion was exceeding wroth. The god thundered with every voice that he possessed, and even the *parcus deorum cultor* here and there was awed for a moment, like Horace, into political piety. London society was shaken to its centre. The usually placid surface of Consols—that "steady lake" in which English solvency complacently contemplates itself—was profoundly agitated; and the stream of Russian finances threatened to run back to its source. Public Opinion, in the admission of the most sceptical, had indeed

spoken. Reparation must be demanded, the rights of the Ameer vindicated, the offending Russian general recalled, the advancing Russian troops withdrawn. Nor was this noble resolution a mere affair of days. Komaroff's exploit was known in England early in April, and as late as the 27th of that month Mr. Gladstone's warlike speech was received by Public Opinion with dignified approval. But when, not two days after the delivery of this speech, the Prime Minister executed the evolution so admirably pourtrayed by Mr. Tenniel, and the mailed knight, with the drawn sword and the open book, was instantaneously transformed into the smirking figure with the olive branch—why, Public Opinion gave that evolution its dignified approval too!

Seriously, does this god exist? Have not a daily increasing number of men at the present day convinced themselves that the *vox populi* is really *vox et præterea nihil*; that it is not the expression of a settled consistent effective opinion on men and things, but the mere outcry of a transient emotion, destined to subside as speedily as it has been excited?

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**THE GATE OF INDIA.**—As long ago as the time of Alexander I and Napoleon I, a project was entertained by the two of sending an army of 35,000 through Persia, by way of Herat, into India. The Russian policy of the last fifty years may or may not contemplate an ultimate descent into India, but meanwhile her military forces in that region have steadily increased and steadily pushed their outposts further south-eastward.

But another view of this movement is that it is a natural expansion of a vast population which has no other outlet in any

direction, but to the south-east; and that the same pressure which precipitated the swarms of Huns upon Imperial Rome, may yet precipitate the Russians from Bokhara upon Cabul, or even from Armenia upon Constantinople.

From St. Petersburg it is 1,200 miles by rail to Odessa. The latter place is also connected by rail with the general railway system of Europe. Draw a line on the map straight south-eastward from Odessa to the nearest point of India, on the lower Indus, and it falls near to Batoum on the Black Sea, Baku and Michaelovsk on the Caspian, and Herat and the Bolan Pass in Afghanistan. On three-fifths of this great line of over 2,800 miles, communication has been opened in the last five years by the completion of the Batoum-Baku railroad, and the Trans-Caspian railroad, and by steamers on the Black and Caspian Seas, until it is now only eight days' journey from St. Petersburg to Kezil Arvat, within 450 miles of Herat. How much farther than Kezil Arvat the railroad has really progressed in the last year or so, is carefully concealed by the Russian officials, who will allow no inquisitive foreign travellers to proceed that far. But two years ago there was a tramway from Kezil Arvat to Askabad, which may have already been turned into a railroad.

But in case the route across the Black Sea was impracticable, owing to the presence of an enemy's fleet, there is a nearly all-rail route around the Black Sea. This is by rail from, say, Moscow, *via* Koslow and Rostov to Vladikavkas on the northern slope of the Caucasus, 1,063 miles; from Vladikavkas over the Caucasus by the wagon road in the Dariel Pass, 133 miles to Tiflis; thence to Baku by rail 305 miles; thence across the Caspian 220 miles to Michaelovsk, and thence 300 miles by rail to Askabad on the Persian frontier, which is only 300 miles from Herat. The whole distance of 2,000 miles from Moscow to Askabad could be traversed by troops in ten days. In April, also, the Russian Government authorized the extension of the railroad from Vladikavkas 150 miles to Petrovsk on the Caspian Sea. When this line is completed, as it probably will be this summer, the entire distance from Moscow to Askabad will be 1,800 miles, all of which will be railroad except the 400 by sea from Petrovsk to Michaelovsk.

There has also been a project to build a railroad from Kezil Arvat, about 300 miles eastward to Khiva. This would give Russia direct railroad connection with Turkestan, and steamers could ply on the Oxus from Khiva to Bokhara.

England, uneasy at these expanding schemes and this steady progress, has built a railroad from Kurachee on the lower Indus, 450 miles north-westward, up into the mountains to the Afghan border, at the Bolan Pass. Russia has steadily protested that she has no designs upon India, and has invited England to extend her Kurachee railroad 600 miles farther to Herat, and so make a nearly all-rail route by which the trading Englishman could go from England to India, 4,500 miles, in nine or ten days.

There are at the utmost but four or five mountain passes as the only means of access to India anywhere on its entire land boundary of nearly 2,500 miles. Of these the Khyber Pass is the chief, and after this the Bolan. The others are the Kurm, the

Gomal, and the Saki Sarwar. These are the gates of which Herat is called the key, though possession of the key only implies access to their vicinity.

Within a radius of about 400 miles from the city of Cabool lies one of the strangest, wildest, most diversified, and historically interesting countries in the world. Here the great mountain ranges of the Himalaya, the Soliman, the Beloor Taugh, and the Siah Coh, which traverse the vast continent of Asia from China to Persia, and from Siberia to the Indian Ocean, are all converged into a titanic jumble. Within this territory are embraced portions of the tropical plains of India, the bleak steppes of Tartary, and the high plateau of Iran. These are separated from one another by such bewildering mazes of snow-clad, impassable mountains, that soldiers and travellers have called it "an awful country." "Awful," or awe-inspiring, indeed it is; a maze of mountains full of surprises to the explorer, who finds here not only different climates, but different tribes having different customs and in some cases speaking different languages.

Almost in the centre of this district, and within about a hundred miles of the city of Cabool, are the peaks of Hindoo Coosh, Coonde, Soliman, Suffaid Coh, Siah Coh, and many others, varying in height from 16,000 to 20,000 feet above the sea level. How these compare with others in better-known parts of the world, may be seen when it is said, that, of the great peaks of the Swiss Alps, the Matterhorn has an altitude of only 14,856 feet, and Mont Blanc only 15,670 feet. If the whole mountain system of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with all the greatest peaks, were crowded into the area of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, it would be a region much less rugged, less elevated and difficult, than that within a radius of 300 miles from the city of Cabool. The city itself, though surrounded by high mountains, is 6,400 feet above the sea. The city of Ghuznee, ninety miles to the south of it, is at an elevation of 7,700 feet, and the entire road between the two averages 8,000 feet, one of the passes, the Lion's Mouth, being at an elevation of 9,000 feet. Heavy snows lie on the city of Ghuznee, sometimes until the end of March, while 200 miles to the east is the tropic valley of the Indus. The group of these four great captains, Hindoo Coosh, Coonde, Suffaid Coh, and Soliman, represents almost in the limit of one view nearly all the important mountain ranges on the continent: From the peak of Hindoo Coosh, seventy-five miles north-west of Cabool, the range of the same name extends nearly 1,000 miles eastward at an average height of 18,000 or 19,000 feet, in one unbroken, treeless wall of stone. In all that distance there is not a pass that leads over an altitude less than 12,000 feet above the sea. That of Kawah, the most easterly one yet discovered (about longitude 70° east), is at an altitude of 13,500 feet, and even the Bamian Pass, 100 miles farther west, which leads entirely around the western end of Hindoo Coosh, is at an altitude of about 9,000 feet. Nor is there any break in this tremendous barrier, even at the end of 1,000 miles eastward from the peak of Hindoo Coosh, for there the range is developed into that of Himalaya, which is higher still, thus making an impassable barrier along the northern border of India, from Afghanistan to Burmah. From the peak to Coonde northward, extends the range of Beloor Taugh, the "Cloudy Mountains," which form part of the western rampart of that vast high plateau of Central Asia, called the plain of Pamir, the "Roof of the World." About eighty miles south of Coonde is the peak of Suffaid Coh, the "White

Mountain,\*—so called by the natives\* from its continual cap of snow,—and from here southward into Beloochistan, extends the range of Soliman,—not so lofty in its whole extent as the Hindoo Coosh, but still at various points reaching up into the thin atmosphere, beyond the range of vegetation and animal life.

But this vital knot in the mountain system of Asia is also the place where the two great elevated plateaux of the Continent find their only point of approximation.

Here the plateau of Pamir almost connects with that of Iran. Here, too, the lower-lying, habitable plains of Tartary and the Caspian, come closest to the warmer plains of Hindostan—indeed, nothing separates them but this very knot of mountains, traversed by a pass about 300 miles long from Hindoo Coosh through Cabool and Peshawer to the Indus. From the two sides of Hindoo Coosh the streams run into the Caspian Sea and the Indian Ocean; while from the snows on the eastern side of Beloor Taugh run rivers that after many hundreds of miles are lost in the sands and solitudes of the great Mongolian Desert in China. Such is this one culminating point of all the great physical features of Asia.

The Khyber Pass is a deep gorge, but in many places comparatively a mere crack or crevice. Down this for a distance of about 150 miles rushes the Cabool River, delayed and placid for a while near Gundamut, about the upper end of this 150 miles, and again near Jellalabad farther down, and still again in the plain of Peshawer, but rapid and torrent-like between each of these places. Jellalabad is on a mountain as compared to Peshawer, and Gundamut is on a mountain as compared to Jellalabad. Between the plain of Peshawer and the higher one of Jellalabad is the Khyber Pass, a deep ravine about thirty miles long, shut in by cliffs that in some places present walls 600 or 700 feet high.

\* \* \* \* \*

This Khyber Pass is indeed the "Gate of India," for the road through it and over the Bamian Pass, 150 miles north-westward, near the mountain of Hindoo Coosh, is the only route practicable for artillery across that vast wall of mountains anywhere between Burmah and Beloochistan, a distance of nearly 2,300 miles, which covers nearly the whole land boundary of India from the Bay of Bengal to the mouth of the Indus. This mountain wall is a great ethnological barrier which in all ages has separated widely different races of men, and in all the ages prior to the eighteenth century, whatever of conquest or commerce or immigration came to disturb or change India, either for better or for worse, flowed and ebbed through this narrow gate of the Khyber Passes, crossing the Indus where the Cabool rushes into it with wild commotion near the fort of Attock.

The little district which embraces these mountain passes vertebrates the whole history of mankind down to the time of the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. Its rocky walls, if they could repeat the sounds with which they once echoed, could tell the history of the world.

It is the year 1738, and Nadir Shah with all his army has crossed the Indus ravaged all the north-western provinces of India, and finally captured the capital, Delhi, and made the Mogul a prisoner. After occupying Delhi for some months, and ordering a massacre of many thousands of people, he has marched back, carrying with him a booty to the value of 100,000,000 dollars, in

which is the famous Koh-i-noor diamond. Nadit Shah, the man whose father was only a maker of sheepskin caps at Kelat, with grim humour proposed as a token of friendship to the fallen Mogul monarch that they should exchange turbans—because in the turban of the latter he saw the great diamond, which is presumed to be worth somewhere between five and ten millions of dollars.

Nine years later (1750) the passes resound to the tramp of another great army going to invade India.

It is Ahmed Shah Abdali, the founder of the Afghan empire. He is of the native Afghan tribe of Abdallis, of which he has changed the name to Durannees, and calls himself "Ahmed Shah Duranny." He goes down to cross the Indus at Attock—where every conqueror before and after him has crossed. Making only a flying invasion this time, he will cross again next year with a larger army; and still again a third time in 1752, and then will capture and plunder the oft-captured capital city of Delhi, and carry off the treasure which seems ever to accumulate there. And now, again a fifth time, in 1760, with an army of over 40,000 horsemen, and 2,000 camels, he clatters down the passes to cross the Indus at Attock, and in the Punjab is "joined by three of the native princes, swelling his whole army to 41,800 horse, 38,000 foot, with some eighty pieces of artillery." "This"—says a Persian writer (Casa Raja Pundit) who was present at the battle of Paniput—"I know to have been precisely the state of the Mussulman army, but the irregulars who accompanied these troops were four times that number, thus swelling Ahmed's army to above 300,000."

\* \* \* \* \*

To oppose this army is that of the Mahratta king, Biswas-rao, who has within a few months nearly overturned the feeble Mogul government, and is now entrenched with 55,000 horse, 15,000 foot, and a vast number of irregular and independent troops, and camp followers on the fatal field of Paniput, where the empire of India has twice before in former years (1526 and 1556) been lost and won.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Persian vakeel, or news-writer,—Casa Raja Pundit,—telling the story of that terrible battle which lasted from noon till sunset, says: "Of every description of people, men, women and children, there were 500,000 souls in the Mahratta camp, of whom the greatest part were killed or taken prisoners." The headless body of the Mahratta king was found and recognized only by his jewels."

But now, again, the curtain is lifted on another era of the past—the Middle Ages.

It is the year 1398, and through the snows on the lofty Pass of Kawah, seventy-five miles north of Cabool, a cloud of Tartar horsemen under Timour are descending on the city. Everything gives way before them, and as they swarm down through the rocky passes below Jellalabad they collect such a multitude of prisoners—whom they are afraid to liberate lest they should have to fight them again on their return—that by the time they have reached the historic crossing-place of the Indus at Attock, the number of captives is over 100,000. And still as they go on across the plains of the Punjaub the number increases until, just before the great battle near Delhi, Timour orders all the

fighting men among the captives (over 100,000) to be slaughtered, so that in case of necessity for retreat the Cabool passes may not be closed by these captives flying back in advance to their native cliffs and valleys.

A hundred and twenty-eight years after Timour comes his descendant Baber, who having conquered Cabool and from that city as a base of operations has already crossed the Indus at Attock four times in twenty years, crosses now a fifth time (1525) with a greater army than ever before, and goes down to fight the *first* great battle of Paniput and capture Delhi, and thus establish that great empire of the Moguls in Hindustan which will last for nearly 300 years.

But again the scene shifts to an era anterior to that of the Moguls.

It is the year 977, and Sebuctagi, the Persian Sultan of Ghuzni, after reducing Cabool, has marched down through these passes with such an overwhelming army that, though the Brahmin Jeypul opposed him at the crossing at Attock with an army of 200,000 foot and 100,000 horse, Jeypul's army has been completely routed.

After Sebuctagi comes his son Mahmood the "Scourge of India," the most zealous Mohammedan bigot of his time,—the meaning of whose name, "Mahmood" according to Gibbon, is "the slave of the slave of the slave of the Prophet,"—and who invaded India twelve times in twenty-five years, and each time except the last advancing by way of Cabool and the Khyber passes.

But now once again the genius of the past waves his wand, and the head of a column of horse comes round a turn in the road.

The foremost riders are men of fair complexion, except for the weather bronze of two or three years' campaigning. Their dress and arms are different from any of those of later days. They wear close-fitting, long-sleeved jackets of woollen cloth, and tight-fitting pantaloons of the same. They wear either breastplates of brass, or cuirasses made of many plates of the same which come down to the waist, and in some cases below. Greaves of thick leather cover the front part of their legs. On their heads are high helmets, some of leather and some of brass, with strong stiff visors. The tops of their helmets are ornamented with stiff, closely cut hair from their horses' manes. They carry short straight swords of brass. Upright behind the right shoulder of each are two spears, the butts of which rest in sockets by the right foot. Their sheep-skin over-jackets and cloaks hang behind them on their horses. These men are Greeks, the advance guard of a great army of Macedonians, Greeks, Phrygians, Bactrians, and men of all the countries of Asia Minor. The time is the year 327 before Christ, and the man who directs the march of this great army is Alexander the Great. He will go down to cross the Indus at Attock, and push his conquest as far east as the Hyphasis (Sutlej), where his Macedonians appalled at the distance from their homes and the recklessness with which he plunges farther into the unknown world of the Orient, refuse to follow.

Two hundred years earlier (525 B.C.), there is a misty outline of an invasion by an army of Darius, king of Persia.

And still the swarms of human beings seem as great in the ancient as in the later days, and away back in the past, beyond the reach of chronology, tradition shows an out-pouring of an Aryan race from the plains of Tartary, downward through these passes, to conquer and extinguish the aboriginal "dark race" of India.



But the historic interest which is concentrated round this Oriental gate, also extends to the Afghans themselves, whose traditions of their origin are among the most curious of all peoples in Asia.

They claim their descent from the Israelites, and say they are the representatives of a part of the lost ten tribes of Israel who never returned from the Assyrian captivity, into which they were carried by their conqueror Tiglath-pileser, in the year 721 B. C. All the Afghan accounts of their own nation begin with the recital of the principal events in Hebrew history, from Abraham down to the time of the Assyrian captivity. These traditions do not differ very essentially from the biblical accounts of the same events, except in some cases, in which both accounts are evidently of an apocryphal and mythical character. The Afghans claim that they are descended from Melic Talut (King Saul); that Melic Talut had two sons, Berkia and Imria, that the son of Berkia was called Afghan, from whom are descended the Afghans, and the son of Imria was called Usbee. Their traditions, however, are here at variance with the biblical genealogies, which do not mention any such sons of Saul.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tiglath-pileser, who took the whole of Israel into captivity, distributed them among the north-east provinces of his empire. From the time of this captivity, ten of the tribes drop out of the biblical history. But the Afghan account is that a portion of these "lost tribes" withdrew to the mountains of Ghore, in the present Afghanistan, and another portion to the vicinity of Mecca, in Arabia.

This claim of the Afghans to have descended from the Jews was regarded with respect by many distinguished Oriental scholars, among whom was Sir William Jones, the founder of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

As another evidence of the probability of their Jewish descent, the Afghan historians all claim that the children of Israel both in Ghore and in Arabia, preserved their knowledge of the Unity of God. "When the select of creatures, Mohammed, appeared upon earth," says the Afghan tradition, "his fame reached the Afghans, who sought him in multitudes."

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## BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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BECKET.—Lord Tennyson's third historical drama is decidedly the best. His Henry II is a more thoroughly living man than his Harold ; his Rosamond interests us more than his Edith : while the situations in "Becket" are much more striking, and its catastrophe more dramatic than those of "Queen Mary." Few and feeble as they are, there are also more pathetic lines and more passages worth quoting in this drama than in the other two put together.

Yet to say this is, after all, to say but little, when we consider the vast superiority of the argument, which might well have enabled a genius inferior to Lord Tennyson's to rise to a very considerable height. Of the innumerable dramas sketched out for us in English history there is not a finer subject for a tragedy than the murder, with its causes, of the great Archbishop Thomas in his own cathedral, and there are few more touching among those presented to us by English legend than the tale of fair Rosamond ; therefore, while the poet who, not adequately treating either theme, has yet skilfully combined the two, and given a measure of justice to each, must be held worthy of a prize, it is still a prize less magnificent and less lasting than those never-fading bays which the hand of Melpomene twines for her most favoured votaries.

The very combination of history and legend which has here given the dramatist such splendid opportunities has proved a snare to him. He has suffered his underplot to encroach too much on his main plot. The true tragedy, the friends severed by stress of circumstances, and set to fight out till death the battle between Church and State—each, in the judgment of a contemporary, zealous for God, yet each at times doing what his own conscience condemns—is not, indeed, ever lost sight of ; but it is interfered with by the perpetual intrusion of Rosamond Clifford. Considering the darker blots on Henry

the Second's life, we need not, indeed, blame the poet who has materially deepened his guilt in relation to her by prolonging their mysterious connection and its consequent deceptions many years after the true date of the unacknowledged wife's retirement to the safe shelter of a convent: it is only thus that he can make the Archbishop's murder the result of the Queen's wrath, braved by him in order to save Rosamond's life in this world, and the King's in order to save it eternally. But Becket's right conduct in that last and critical moment only makes his previous tolerance the more inexplicable: even harder to understand in a mediæval Churchman than it is to explain how the very modern-looking plan of the retreat at Woodstock, which Henry and his Prime Minister are first seen poring over, came into their hands. The King's earliest and latest confidences to him concern Rosamond; Rosamond's name is on Eleanor's lips alike in private and in public; Rosamond's bower, from the prologue to the conclusion, is the great attractive or repulsive force—the mark at which the Queen's coarse and base plots aim—the spot round which she prowls for long in an ineffectual way wholly inexplicable in so clever and so powerful a woman—the place, in a word, from which all the great interests of the kingdom, all other loves and hatreds, await the signal before they finally move. Lord Tennyson is as much bewitched by Rosamond as Henry himself, and her influence on his drama is not wholly beneficial. When he should have been depicting the anguish of a loyal heart forced to seem disloyal to his King through the paramount claims of loyalty to his God, his gaze is distracted by the sight of the fair Clifford fleeing the unwelcome pursuit of Fitzurse through the streets of London. When his utmost strength should have been put forth to enable Henry to not wholly forfeit the spectator's sympathies in spite of the ungrateful part which circumstances allot to him throughout the drama, his attention is called off by warblings (not altogether melodious) in the forest of Woodstock, and by his heroine's sometimes childish, as well as childlike, talk.

This being so, it is the more remarkable that when Rosamond is enlightened as to her supposed husband's prior union, the scene that follows between her and Henry is not (as we might have expected) one in which the outraged dignity of the highborn lady is kept in check by the tenderness of the woman, or in which love for her child's father restrains the full expression of her sense of the wrong which that child has suffered; or, if not this, at least a soliloquy showing how love and duty strive in a noble breast.

Neither the one nor the other—only two lines importing that little Geoffrey is to be henceforth his mother's sole comfort:—

"Nay, if I lost him, now

The folds have fallen from the mystery,

And left all naked, I were lost indeed;"

And her subsequent declaration to Eleanor—

"I am not so happy I could not die myself."

Here, as in several other places, the painter has veiled Agamemnon's face, in despair of being able to portray its changing lineaments. For not here only—though here most conspicuously—we seem in reading "Becket" to be reading a clever sketch of a play, but not the completed work, and feel inclined to ask

for the omitted and deeply important scenes. What we have is more or less good ; but to bring us into full acquaintance with the persons represented we need much more, to make room for which many things here bestowed on us might well have been swept away.

Here is one great opportunity lost. A second has been used ; but how far well ?

To what extent is the Queen Eleanor, who finds her way at last into the bower of Woodstock, armed with the traditional poison and dagger, the meet companion of the Lady Macbeths and Clytemnestras of the stage ? The poet's delineation of her throughout the rest of the play is true to what history tells us of her. The child of the sunny South, the lover of the troubadour's strains, herself a poetess, grieved and amazed to find her once peerless beauty waning, and those charms which Christian and Saracen have alike found irresistible proving now powerless to retain her youthful husband's heart, the Eleanor of the Prologue's pretty song gives us the poetic aspect of her situation and character :—

“Over ! the sweet summer closes,  
The reign of the roses is done ;  
Over and gone with the roses,  
And over and gone with the sun.  
Over ! the sweet summer closes,  
And never a flower at the close ;  
Over and gone with the roses,  
And winter again and the snows.”

The prose which follows the song,—in those bitter words which show her heart to be an extinct volcano, and by those evil and foul designs which reveal into what black writhing shapes the hot lava of her Courts of Love, of her unholy crusade, and of the manifold disgraces through which she dragged her royal robes at Paris, has petrified,—sets before us a repulsive picture, but a correct one, as far as it goes, of the divorced wife of Louis of France. True, years of sorrow are to purify this hopelessly bad woman, as she now seems, into something which in advanced age shall not be wholly unvenerable ; England shall bless as a regent her whom it scorned as a queen. But this lies in the far future. Her sons, Henry and Geoffrey,—concerning whom Eleanor is one day to pen to the Pope these pathetic words, “The young King and the Count of Brittany sleep in the dust, while their most unhappy mother is constrained to live on, tormented irremediably by the memory of her dead,”—are as yet children ; and the repentance which their sad fate is to work in her is far distant. Nevertheless its possibility should somehow have been foreshadowed ; as it is not either in the Prologue or in any of the other scenes in which Eleanor is an actress. But the more refined and diabolical the malice which the dramatist, without historical foundation, attributes to her against Rosamond, the less are his readers prepared for her entrance in the fourth act in the character which the old ballad assigns her. His Eleanor is herself unprepared for it. She has long sought her rival's secret retreat, she has armed herself with the fatal bowl and dagger ; but when she stands face to face with Rosamond she does not know what to do with them, and the reader feels instinctively that she is in a false position, in which the dramatist has placed a puppet rather than the real woman ; whose Southern refinement would have shrunk from shedding blood with her own hand—whose Provençal quick-wittedness would have committed the deed to some trusty

follower, to be sacrificed, if needful, to the King's anger in her own place. In short, Lord Tennyson has been too faithful to history, as far as Eleanor's main outline is concerned, to play it false with impunity. He has prepared no mighty lioness to rush with a leap and roar on his defenceless lamb ; and when the hybrid he turns loose upon it misses its spring, the spectator feels neither relieved nor disappointed. How much more life there is in Schiller's meeting of Queen Elizabeth with Mary Stuart than in this meeting of Eleanor and Rosamond ! There indeed they speak daggers, though they use none. But here Eleanor's dagger is a feint, and her tongue not sharp, though vile.

Rosamond's demeanour, on the other hand, is beautiful and natural—natural when, to save her life for her little son's sake, she kneels to the wicked Queen ; noble as well as natural when, using her lately gained knowledge of that Queen's guilt, she appeals to Heaven against her :—

“ I am a Clifford,  
My son a Clifford and Plantagenet.  
.  
.  
.  
Both of us shall die  
And I will fly with my sweet boy to heaven,  
And shriek to all the saints among the stars :  
‘ Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of England !  
Murdered by that adulteress Eleanor,  
Whose doings are a horror to the East,  
A hissing in the West !’ Have we not heard  
Raymond of Poitou thine own uncle—nay,  
Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own husband's father—  
Nay, even the accursed heathen Saladden—  
Strike !  
I challenge thee to meet me before God.  
Answer me there.”

Foiled by Becket's intervention, and quickly restored to her cool and sarcastic self, it is difficult to see why Eleanor's wrath should wax so hot against the man who had relieved her from having to answer to the King for Rosamond's blood, and at the same time rid her of her rival by taking her to Godstowe cloister. So it is, however—

With as sudden a change of character as that exhibited by the ornament given by her to Henry in the Prologue,—which, a crucifix when he bestows it on Rosamond to assist her devotions, becomes once more a jewelled cross with its great central diamond when reclaimed by its former owner at Woodstock,—Eleanor forces her way into the presence of her suspicious and indignant spouse, holds up before him the tell-tale cross, and, at considerable personal risk, proclaims to him Rosamond's retirement to Godstowe, to which, she says, the Archbishop has constrained her ; and so, making the already all but overflowing cup of his indignation run over, causes him to utter the fatal words, “ Will no man free me from this pestilent priest ? ” The dramatist's not unhappy device of closely linking Rosamond's fortunes with Becket's, and making the deliverance

of the one in the spiritual, cause the death of the other in the temporal sphere, might have been executed with less violence to probability.

The picture of St. Thomas, on the other hand, will seem to most to be too uniformly bright, and requiring here and there a little shading. The conflict between the worldling and the saint has not been brought out into any strong relief. Nevertheless a fine portrait of Becket's nobler self is given us here; and his rapid growth up to the medieval standard of holiness is well indicated. He sees how impossible it is to be the church's man and yet the King's :—

“ O thou Great Seal of England,  
Given me by my dear friend the King of England—  
We long have wrought together, thou and I—  
Now must I send thee as a common friend  
To tell the King, my friend, I am against him.  
We are friends no more he will say that, not I.  
The worldly bond between us is dissolved,  
Not yet the love : can I be under him  
As Chancellor ? as Archbishop over him ?  
Go therefore like a friend slighted by one  
That hath climbed up to nobler company.  
Not slighted—all but moaned for : thou must go.  
I have not dishonoured thee—I trust I have not ;  
Not mangled justice. May the hand that next  
Inherits thee be but as true to thee  
As mine hath been ! O, my dear friend, the King !  
O brother ! I may come to martyrdom.  
I am martyr in myself already.”

It is as martyr that Thomas is principally painted here, and the third act closes with his anticipations of martyrdom :—

“ The State will die, the Curch can never die.  
The King's not like to die for that which dies :  
But I must die for that which never dies.  
It will be so—my visions in the Lord :  
It must be so, my friend ! the wolves of England  
Must murder her one shepherd, that the sheep  
May feed in peace. False figure, Map would say.  
Earth's falses are heaven's truths. And when my voice  
Is martyred mute, and this man disappears,  
That perfect trust may come again between us,  
And there, there, there, not here I shall rejoice  
To find my stray sheep back within the fold.”

Lord Tennyson's version of the meeting of the King's four knights with the Archbishop is uniformly good. The gentleness of his preceding talk with his trusted friend throws into stronger relief the courage with which he defies his assassins :—

“No !

Though all the swords in England flashed above me  
 Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—  
 Though all the loud-lunged trumpets upon earth  
 Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings,  
 Blowing the world against me, I would stand  
 Clothed with the full authority of Rome,  
 Mailed in the perfect panoply of faith,  
 First of the foremost of their files, who die  
 For God, to people heaven in the great day  
 When God makes up His jewels.”

And it is every inch a mediæval saint and archbishop who puts on mitre and pall, and with the words—

“I go to meet my King !”

moves forward calmly amidst the terrified monks to fall a Christian and a hero before St. Benedict's altar in Canterbury Cathedral.

Rosamond's ineffectual interference—merely invented, as it should seem, that the curtain may fall on her form kneeling beside the great Archbishop's dead body, while his murderers fly from the storm which they have raised—may be defended on two grounds,—either as the suggestion of one flaw in so much strength, the too easy condonement of the King's light dealing with his marriage vow, visited in this world by a death, if glorious, yet violent and untimely ; or on the one diametrically opposite, that Rosamond's presence is meant to remind the spectator that Archbishop Thomas died, not merely for the Church, but for God, a sacrifice to Eleanor's wrath, provoked by his zeal for the Sixth Commandment, to Henry's incurred by his reverence for the Seventh.

But it is very questionable whether in this case the saying holds true, that “a mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.” Where the actual fact is so grand as it is here, any tinsel additions to its pure gold seem impertinent ; and had the irrepressible Rosamond been suffered to disappear from sight, though not from memory like many a heroine of the Greek drama, before the catastrophe of the play, its effect would have been the weightier and the more solemn.

That Shakspeare, with his power of divining character and his amazing dramatic insight, should have left the story of Henry II untouched—perfect tragedy as it is according to all the rules of art—seems an instance of a splendid opportunity thrown away ; and our loss in this is one of which it is impossible to think without deep regret.

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**CHINA SPEAKS FOR HERSELF.**—China, after being made known to Europe for over five hundred years by Europeans only, has at length spoken for herself. Colonel Tcheng-ki-Tong, military *attaché* to the Chinese embassy in Paris, published last year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a series of papers which have since been reprinted in a little volume called *Les Chinois Peints par Eux-Mêmes*. The author claims the right for his country to be heard through her sons, and as he has lived in Europe for fifteen years and is versed in her history, literature, and languages, he knows the standard by which his national manners and customs must be judged. He is keen and observant, with an ironical wit which, but for the strong restraint of Oriental courtesy, might have found many fitting



subjects for satire in the practices and beliefs of those western nations who are so ready to laugh at the "Celestials."

The family is the corner-stone of the Chinese Empire. Chinese society may be defined as the totality of its families, and the Chinese family may be compared to an organized society. It attains the dignity of a religious order with a settled rule; its income constitutes a common fund, from which provision is made for the education of children, for marriage portions, for an allowance to young men beginning their career, for pensions to the sick, the aged, or those who are out of employment. The administration of the family fortune is the application of the apostolic system within the limits of kin. Real estate also belongs to the united family, and landmarks bearing the patronymic define the boundaries of every property. Each family has its own statutes, among which are recorded the joint possessions and the destination of certain revenues to the purposes named above. Each separate statute-book has also its penal code, fixing the punishments of such members as, by ill-conduct not amenable to law, shall injure the honor of the family, for the general welfare of which it is incumbent upon every one to sacrifice his individual peculiarities. But if circumstances, or irreconcilable differences of disposition, destroy the common harmony, there may be a division of the estate among the male heirs. The eldest of a family is the head; every important action is decided by him, and he signs legal papers in the name of the other members. It is usual for all the generations of one line to live in one house, so that the seven ages may sometimes be found under the same roof.

Five principles are inculcated to maintain the sacredness of the religious bond of kinship, namely, fidelity to the sovereign, respect towards parents, union between husbands and wives, concord among brothers, and constancy in friendship.

The obligations of children to parents are held as so solemn that the distinction of the former redounds to the advantage of the latter, and honors are transmitted backwards: if a public functionary is ennobled, his parents are ennobled with him, and his rank, if sufficiently high, ascends to more remote progenitors. Titles are not hereditary except for military services, and in that case descend through the eldest son only; but unless sustained by personal merit, this sort of rank is not valued. Such a conception of aristocracy must act as a constant stimulus to filial reverence, and supply parents with an additional incentive for educating their sons carefully, literary attainment being the most direct road to office in China. Fraternal affection comes next in the order of virtue, and involves almost an identification of a man's interests and advantages with his brothers'; the responsibility for mutual help and relief seems to be boundless. All kindred share these claims in some degree, and even friendship recognizes them as sacred duties: to strip one's self of one's coat for a friend who has none would not be accounted a merit in China, but the least that anybody could do. These obligations are as binding upon the poor as on the rich; people who have not the means to do much individually for others raise subscriptions among themselves to provide for the more needy of their own class. Colonel Tcheng slyly remarks that in Christian countries he has noticed that practices which he has always looked upon as matters of course are held up as miracles of grace and goodness. "With us," he says, "to assist friends who

have met with ill-fortune is not a virtue, but a habit." Europeans strike him as hard-hearted and wanting in sympathy for the misfortunes of their friends and acquaintances. At the same time he admits that the idea of succouring the ill of the stranger, of humanity, in short what we term philanthropy or general benevolence, is incomprehensible to them; they have the charity that begins at home in its widest sense, but the Christian relation of the "neighbour" is unknown to them, and by inference the Good Samaritan would have been set down as a fool in China.

The worship of ancestors is the highest expression of filial piety and blood-love among the Chinese.

Their burying-grounds, like ours, are without their towns, in the prettiest situation of the environs,—on a hillside, if there be one in the neighbourhood,—and "Family Vault" is to be read on the entrance of many inclosures. The richer families build temples to their ancestors, in which are mural tablets inscribed with the name, titles, and public services of each line, forming a sort of genealogical tree. Some of these edifices contain apartments, in which the surviving members of a scattered clan meet twice a year, in the spring and autumn, at the time appointed for the semi-annual veneration of the manes, seasons of thanksgiving and solemn rejoicing. They are even built occasionally with a view to being used as villas, or summer retreats, in which family festivals, such as marriages, or the celebration of successful examinations,—to be spoken of hereafter,—are held. In this way, those who have gone before, long before, are associated in the memory and gratitude of their descendants with the important events of the present life. Throughout the provinces of the empire the inhabitants of each village are generally kinsfolk, and have a common chapel dedicated to their forefathers: "This," observes Colonel Tcheng, "is our parish church."

Marriage, and all that relates to it, illustrate beyond any other custom the principle of solidarity in Chinese existence. Colonel Tcheng informs us that his countrymen consider the increase of the family the sole object of marriage. This being one of the most sacred duties of man, matrimony is universal, and entered upon very early; celibacy is condemned as a vice; and an old bachelor or an old maid is looked upon as a monster.

Marriages are made while the parties are extremely young, according to our notions, and are arranged by the parents, or the next of kin, often when the future consorts are children. Love-making, courtship, engagements in our sense of the term, are unknown and impossible; women, although they go out unveiled, living in a sort of gynecæum, to which only their immediate kinsmen have access. The preliminaries are frequently managed by discreet and zealous friends, or even by respectable professional go-betweens. The first step in the alliance is a solemn ceremony of betrothal, emphasized by a festival in both families, when the contract is signed by the parents and heads of the respective houses, and the bridegroom sends the bride a pair of bracelets in token of espousal; but neither she nor he is present on this occasion. Later he sends what is known in France as the *corbeille*, or those articles of a bride's wardrobe which are not included in the *trousseau*. In China they consist of silk and cotton stuffs and embroideries, and are literally sent in a basket, or rather in several

dozen very handsome ones. This is the signal for another pompous ceremony; and on the bride's part there comes in return a splendid dress to be worn on the wedding-day, which, if her future husband is already a man of rank, is the uniform of his grade; every degree of mandarin is distinguished by his costume, and after marriage the wife wears a dress corresponding to his title. The bridegroom, moreover, sends to the lady's family presents of choice eatables, notably a peculiarly delicious sort of cake, to be distributed among the acquaintance in announcing the engagement. The marriage must be concluded within a year from this interchange of gifts. On the eve of the wedding-day there is another important transfer of goods, namely, the bride's portion, which consists of her outfit, plate, and furniture; for dower, in the sense of money, there is none. The bridegroom's family gives a State dinner, at which these objects are exhibited, and on the same evening he sends the bride a sedan-chair, trimmed with crimson satin and embroidery. The chair is accompanied by a procession of musicians and servants with lanterns and torches, a red umbrella, a green screen, and other insignia of rank. Her family also gives a grand dinner party for the reception and display of the chair, during which the guests are regaled by the music of the band. The next day four persons belonging to the family, or friends, of the bridegroom, go to the bride's house and invite her to repair to that of her future husband. She goes in her sedan-chair, with four or eight bearers, according to his rank, and a small escort, and her arrival is announced by an explosion of fireworks. The chair is deposited in a saloon, where the family, friends, bridesmaids, and groomsmen are assembled. One of the last,—the best man, no doubt,—bearing a metallic mirror before his breast, advances to the sedan-chair, bows thrice, and a bridesmaid raises the curtains and begs the bride to descend. She accedes, still wearing her veil, and is conducted to an inner room; there the bridegroom, in his wedding-dress, receives her, and this is their first sight of each other. They are formally reconducted to the first apartment; music is playing, and a table has been laid with wine, fruits, and perfumes burning, to symbolize an altar. The pair prostrate themselves and thank the Supreme Being for their creation, the earth for their nourishment, the emperor for his protection, and their parents for their education. There is no minister of religion or civil functionary present. The bridegroom then introduces his bride to the company, and a banquet follows, during which the music, which has not ceased during the orisons, continues to play. Throughout the evening the house is thrown open, and any one can enter and see the bride, who remains standing behind a table on which there are lighted candles. On the morrow the bride takes her husband to present him to her family, and the formalities of the previous evening are partially repeated, which completes the marriage ceremonies.

Divorce is legal in China, but is not popular. Sterility after a fixed age is a plea admitted by law, and gross disrespect or disobedience on the part of husband or wife to the other's parents. Adopting a child is more frequent than divorce where there is no offspring.

Women, although excluded by Chinese custom from society, have an authority in the household beyond anything known in Europe or America.

The Chinawoman is her husband's equal before the law, and can buy,

sell, contract, alienate or conduct any business negotiation in his place. She has complete control of her children and of their education. Her own, although not solid according to our notions, is practical and graceful ; besides domestic accomplishments, poetry and elegant literature have a place in her studies, and are often her favorite recreations ; skill in painting and embroidery, is held in high esteem, and the cultivation of flowers, especially within doors, is one of the daily pleasures of every woman of leisure ; that charming taste and luxury is carried far beyond anything that we imagine, even with our hothouses and conservatories. Her amusements are limited : games of cards and *loto* are among the most exciting. "If Heaven gives her children," declares Colonel Tchong, "and a good husband, she is certainly the happiest of her sex." Yet there is a domestic institution which one would suppose might seriously interfere with the happiness of a lady-mandarin who had children, flowers, the gift of rhyming, and even a good husband. Although polygamy is not permitted in China, except in cases where marriage is sterile (when, if the husband is unwilling to ask for a divorce, the law countenances a second wife), there is another conjugal relation recognized. Living under the same roof as the wedded wife, but in an inferior and dependent position, is an unwedded one, or the "lawful mistress," as Colonel Tchong terms her. He thinks that this arrangement is altogether better than the furtive or transient connections which are the cause of so much grief and shame in Christian countries ; he refers in vindication of it to patriarchal custom and to the story of Sarah and Hagar, but the instance is not well chosen to illustrate the peace and happiness of such a domestic practice. The Chinese proverb, nine women in ten are jealous, is a comment on its moral effect.

There is another class of women who have no place in the household, yet who seem to hold an admitted, and by no means infamous position, somewhat answering to that of the courtesans of ancient Greece, but to no modern denomination in the western world. Here, in India, it has been prognosticated that the spread of education may eventually give rise to such a class, as women of ill-fame are prompt to take advantage for their daughters of the free primary schools that are scattered about the *mofussil*, the girls thus getting a far better education than the female members of most respectable families. It would be a result hardly expected by the advocates of free schools, if the first fruits of their efforts should be to bring forward a class of women to be to "Young Bengal" what the *Hetairæ* were in Athens.

These women are the only female musicians, music and singing not being taught to ladies ; they are well educated, talk agreeably, and have the much prized accomplishment of making verses. Such "artists," as Colonel Tchong calls them, are of great value in society, which in China is composed exclusively of men, women appearing only at family parties. A young man who wishes to entertain his friends hires a flower-boat, a large junk adorned like a florist's window and illuminated at night ; he sends cards, supplied at the boat, on which he writes his own name, that of the female artist who will be present, and the time of meeting. The guests spend an hour with him upon the water,—the

invitation being limited to this unless explicitly made longer,—and the time is passed in talk, music, making verses and puns, a favorite amusement among Celestials of polite education ; for refreshment they have delicious tea, fruit, and sometimes a delicate repast, although eating has not much share in Chinese parties of pleasure. The aforementioned artists also allow dinners to be given at their houses, on the invitation of a person who hires them for the occasion, the talents and resources of the hostess, if so she may be styled, helping to make the evening agreeable. The young men who are invited sometimes engage companions of the same class to come with them, and add their accomplishments to the general enjoyment. These women are often clever and handsome, and their mode of life does not imply immorality ; they may be well or ill conducted,—that is their own affair ; but those who belong to the former category are often engaged to enliven family parties, which would not be done in the other case. A Chinese novel which has been translated into French throws a curious light on this subject. The hero declares that he will not marry until he can find a woman who is beautiful, sweet-tempered, affectionate, clever, and accomplished. “ You will have to look for your wife on the flower-boats, then,” says his friend. This book is altogether an interesting supplement to Colonel Tcheng’s.

An organised life of pleasure, such as can be found in Europe does not exist in China. There are no out-of-door sports ; even riding is looked upon only as a mode of travelling. There is no habitual play-goer. The Chinese are serious and studious, and after their first youth have little necessity for amusements that cannot be found in their homes, or in the intercourse of their friends.

There is probably an absence of animal spirits in the national temperament. Their calm and sedentary pleasures are for the most part of a social and singularly refined nature. The existence of rich people is organized so as to give them the constant indulgence of their tastes ; they love gardens, flowers, and inactive occupations out-of-doors, and their homes provide them with all these. Birthdays and other anniversaries are constantly observed and celebrated by family gatherings and by much making of presents ; there are great public holidays, the Feast of Lanterns, of Dragon-Boats, and of Kites and parties among families and friends are made to enjoy them together. Private festivals are held in honor of certain beautiful flowers to which an allegorical significance is attached, and these blossoms have their anniversaries. On an invitation, instead of dinner, supper, dancing, etc., being mentioned as the object of the reunion, the full moon, a fine view, or the blooming of a rare plant is held out as the inducement. On these occasions, pen, ink, and paper are supplied to the guests, who compose verses against time. The subject and rhymes are often suggested, and it becomes a trial of wits, not more insipid, probably, than the recreations of the Della Crusicans, the Diversions of Parley, or the pastimes of many other literary circles. It gives a chance to display the chirography of the competitors, which holds a curious place among Chinese accomplishments. It has been gradually coming to its present elaborate significance since the year B. C. 2000. India ink (*encre de Chine*) and a camel’s-hair brush are used instead of pens and fluid ink. Great importance is attached to a fine handwriting, which by its shades and curves expresses what with us can be conveyed only by the voice.

The force and point given by *italics* and capitals but faintly represent the effect of different styles of writing in Chinese; Colonel Tcheng compares it to the modulations of fine declamation, making intelligible to the eye and preserving every gradation of the writer's thought. Excursions also are in high favour, either water-parties, or prolonged picnics among beautiful regions, where the Buddhist convents offer their hospitality instead of hotels, and make pilgrims of pleasure very comfortable.

The Chinese do not take their pleasure sadly, but always enjoy their social meetings—a great contrast, Colonel Tcheng observes, to the coldness and dullness which, in spite of the dangerous charm of women, often mark even balls and parties in Paris. The only society which he found really agreeable was in the artist world, and there alone, to his opinion, do people enjoy themselves.

From time immemorial the value of public education has been admitted in China. Although properly speaking there is no aristocracy, there are four classes—men of letters, agriculturalists, manufacturers, and tradespeople. All have the same opportunities of learning, and competitive examinations which confer grades of honour are open to all.

For the student the first thing to learn is “to form a resolution.” A firm resolve made and persevered in will insure success in one's studies, thinks Colonel Tcheng; it has, besides, the double advantage of giving a direction to the energies and forming the character. The precepts for the student are: to analyze daily the work he has done; to review his work every ten or twenty days; to begin study every morning at five o'clock, and to give as much attention to it as a general should to his manœuvres; not to allow any interruption whatever to occur for five or ten consecutive days; not to fear being slow, but to fear making pauses; finally, to remember that time passes like lightning,—that a month goes like a flash, another follows it, and the year is gone before we know it. These are not unfamiliar maxims to the Western mind, and we have equivalents for the proverb, “Bend the mulberry tree while it is young,” which is given as an example of the many Chinese proverbs—the language is rich in that vein—referring to the importance of early training. The standard text-books treat only of mental tendencies, of duty and mutual obligation; from Colonel Tcheng's account, they must be like Telemachus, without the story.

Families who can afford a tutor educate their children at home; for poorer ones there are day and night schools in every village, not free, but so cheap that they are within the means of the humblest classes. There are also colleges in various parts of the empire; the instruction is not official, although the examinations are. There are annual examinations at the chief town at each province, before the prefect. Every candidate must pass in five subjects, each taking a day, during which he is shut up by himself in a cell, with writing materials, but no books to consult. If the candidate passes in all the branches, he goes up for examination before an imperial commissioner delegated specially to each province. There are three degrees, corresponding to B. A., M. A., and Doctor. The examinations for the second grade are triennial; they take place at the capital of each province, and the candidates are examined on three subjects,

each of which occupies three days. The ordeal is so severe that out of ten thousand candidates sometimes but two hundred are graduated. The third degree is conferred at Peking, and the examinations follow the same order as for the second. There is still a final one which takes place before the emperor, and assigns the graduates to four ranks, according to their merit. There can be but four recipients of the highest honors, which immediately confer the title of Academician; the second are bestowed on candidates who are counted worthy to compete for admission to the academy a second time; the third qualify for clerkships in the different departments of the Government; the fourth render graduates eligible for sub-prefects. The number of degrees of Doctor conferred at one time vary from two to three hundred. Promotion may always be hoped for, as it depends upon merit, and not upon age. The Academicians become members of the Imperial College, the highest body in the empire, from which the emperor's ministers are chosen. While with us or in Europe an M.D., D.D., or LL.D., begins to forget much of what he has previously learned as soon as he takes his degree, the same order of men in China pass the rest of their lives in reviewing their knowledge by holding examinations.

The prehistoric world of the Celestials was not peopled by demi-gods and heroes but by a dynasty of holy emperors, whose supernatural wisdom and longevity laid the foundations of the present prosperity of the realm. The crown of these monarchs were not hereditary. Each chose his successor, and abdicated when his own powers declined.

The first is called the Emperor of the Heavens, and he divided time into its celestial and terrestrial epochs. He lived eighteen hundred years, and was succeeded by the Emperor of the Earth, who lived for the same length of time, and divided the month into thirty days. The third was the Emperor of Men, and under his reign, which lasted forty-five thousand five hundred years, human society appeared; he divided his dominions into nine parts, over each of which he set a member of his family. This period corresponds to the era of cave-dwellers in modern palæontology. The fourth is known as the Emperor of Nests, under whom man tried to build wooden dwellings for himself, to defend himself against wild beasts, and to use their skins for clothing. The fifth, the Emperor of Fire, taught man how to produce and use it; he instituted domestic life, and taught the practice of barter and of recording events by means of knotted cords. His successor, Fou-Hy, introduced hunting, fishing, and the domestication of animals among mankind; he defined the four seasons, and fixed the first day of the year about where it now falls. He determined the cardinal points of the horizon, and invented stringed instruments. He also instituted marriage with its ceremonies, property, and proclaimed the eight diagrams or fundamental principles on which are based progress and philosophy. He was followed by Tchong-Nung, the Emperor of Agriculture, who studied the properties of plants, taught the healing art, and invented canals, embankments, and dykes; during his reign the dragon first appeared, which after many mysterious visits to China took up its abode on the imperial escutcheon. Next came the Yellow Emperor, and this close connection between the first mention of the national arms and the national color suggests a new order of expansion; he created the observatory, the art of run-

ning, the bow, the ship, coinage, wind-instruments, furniture, coaches, and costume. He published a book on medicine, in which the phrase "to feel the pulse" first occurs. The administrative division of the empire was organized during his reign. The ninth emperor is said to have ruled from 2399 B.C. to 1981, at which date the historic period begins, and the holy dynasty ends. History relates that in his time great hydraulic works were accomplished during terrible inundations, the only allusion in Chinese records to anything corresponding to the Deluge of the Jewish Scriptures. But everybody will see the analogy between the preceding catalogue and the descendants of Adam: Cain the tiller of the ground, Abel the shepherd, Jabal, Jubal, Tubal-Cain, Noah the first ship-builder and vine-grower, Nimrod the mighty hunter. Colonel Tcheng draws no inferences from this, nor from the noted similarities between Buddhism and Christianity; he himself is apparently a disciple of Confucius.

There is one subject on which the author deserves to be heard, with respect by the western world—the relations of his government to other nations. China is blamed, he says, for her want of confidence in the outer world, whether represented by countries or individuals, and for her opposition to the general introduction of modern improvements, such as railroads and gas.

As regards individuals, Frenchmen are roughly classed in China as missionaries, Englishmen as opium-traders, Americans no doubt being included in the same denomination. With regard to the propagandists, Colonel Tcheng, fearing lest he should be carried away by righteous indignation, quotes a passage from M. de la Vernède, of the Free School of Political Science in Paris, the gist of which is that three hundred years ago the Jesuits went to China, and penetrated into the interior, teaching the arts and sciences, and conciliating public opinion by their amenity and adroitness. They were soon acknowledged as pacific, benevolent, and intelligent instructors, and received permission by an imperial edict to build churches, and practise and teach their doctrines. But the Dominicans and Franciscans, jealous of the influence of the Jesuits in the far East, obtained in 1772 a bull from Clement XIV. expelling them from China. The Lazarists, who replaced them, undid their good work, upset the religious ideas of the natives, rubbed their national prejudices the wrong way, and drew upon themselves the suspicion of acting as spies. The Anglo-Saxons have persisted in forcing an illicit trade forbidden by law and treaty, violating good faith, and ruining the health, morals, and fortunes of the inhabitants. "And yet we are reproached for want of confidence! How are we to learn it? . . . The essential character of Western civilization is invasive; I need not demonstrate this. Formerly barbarous hordes invaded flourishing countries, not to introduce the benefits of a new order of intelligence, but for rapine and pillage. Civilized races follow the same course, claiming to establish happiness on earth: violence is the starting-point of their progress. . . . War and pauperism are the two scourges of humanity, and in China the idea of progress is to maintain peace and promote the common weal. The day when the Occident shall convince the Chinese that the modern spirit which creates the marvellous inventions over which we clap our hands possesses the secret of maintaining peace and promoting the common weal, on that day China will in the general confederation with enthusiasm. But have we been convinced



of this? Is it known what the importations are which enter those ports which a famous treaty has opened to the world? We hoped for the perfected implements and machinery of the arts of peace, which it is the object of the Government to encourage throughout the empire, but the staple of those importations has been firearms, and by way of modern civilization we are to inaugurate militarism! And we are blamed for our want of confidence.

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The foreigners who land in China have "but one end, speculation, and what is very curious, these speculators despise us because we have no confidence in them. Confidence? We can never have too little!"

Englishmen who remember the affair of the *lorcha Arrow*, and Americans the *Burlingame* treaty, may reply.

Colonel Tcheng makes exception in favour of the foreigners who honour their own nationality by the respect they show for that of others.

Diplomatists, who captivate us by their good-breeding, and who accomplish delicate missions with a courtesy and tact that do credit to their civilization; men of learning, who come to study our language and to draw from our books the wisdom of the most ancient of human societies,—these are not aliens, but friends, with whom we are proud to exchange our ideas and to dream of progress and civilization; true sons of humanity, who have nothing in common with the adventurers who swarm upon our coasts.

In proof of the good-will and fair dealing of the Chinese towards Europeans who do not come to their country with sinister or too selfish designs, he adduces the Arsenal of Fou-Tcheou, founded under the Emperor's orders by a French ex-naval officer.

It is a great head-quarters of ship-building and civil engineering, intended to develop Chinese commerce and metallurgy. There are scientific schools attached to it; the pupils finish their education in France, and return to superintend their special branches. The administration of the arsenal is in the hands of high dignitaries of the native government, Europeans teach and direct the works, and a perfectly good understanding exists between them. Alas! since this was written the unfortified and defenceless Arsenal of Fou-Tcheou has been bombarded by a French fleet, without any declaration of war on the part of the republic. Colonel Tcheng's readers are forced to repeat, "And they are blamed for want of confidence!"

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JULY, 1885.

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THE STORY OF THE "AMERICA."—It is probable that this season will see a contest at New York for the marine trophy known as the "Queen's Cup," the English yachtsmen having built a cutter of great claimed speed to make good a challenge to race for the blue riband of the Ocean. Our readers may be interested to hear some account of the famous yacht *America*, and the manner in which she won the cup. Her owner has asked to be allowed to enter the race to retain it, lest the English Sloop should, by any misfortune of her American competitors, be able to win it away from the States.

Prior to 1851 the English yachts were believed to be, and were on the Eastern continent, the fastest vessels in the world. In 1850 Mr. George Steers, who had already built from his own designs several boats that had shown considerable capabilities as to speed, built the yacht which he named the *America* for Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club.

In 1851, at the time that the first "World's Fair," as such international exhibitions were then called, was held in England, under the patronage and supervision of Prince Consort, Commodore Stevens sailed in the *America* for Havre, where he arrived after an exceedingly quick passage, although careful not to carry too much sail lest he might strain his yacht. On her arrival at Havre she was thoroughly refitted, and sailed for Portsmouth, where she was docked and cleaned of the barnacles and weeds which during the voyage had attached to her. On the 22nd of August a race, open to the yachts of all nations,

took place, which is described in the following language by the correspondent of the *London Times* :

"COWES, Friday, 10-30 P.M.

"The £100 cup for all nations was run for to-day, and after a most exciting contest was won by the *America*, which beat all her competitors with the greatest ease. The day was fine, and at starting there was not much wind. Eighteen vessels entered for the cruise, and went off beautifully at ten o'clock. At the Nab the *America* shot ahead, and at the Needles was seven or eight miles ahead of the nearest yacht.

"The Queen went off to the Needles to see the race and the royal steamer ran part of the way home with the *America*. She rounded the Needles at eight minutes to six o'clock. The *America* was loudly cheered by all ashore and afloat."

Perhaps the description given on the same day by two old sea-dogs will best describe her performances.

"D'ye see that 'ere steamer? I'm blest if the Yankee don't beat her out of sight around the island!"

And the signal-master of the club-house said to a gentleman who asked for information as to whether the yachts would not catch her when they came to beat to windward, "Pshaw, Sir! catch her; you might as well set a bull-dog to catch a hare."

In the *Illustrated London Journal*, a few days after, appeared a cartoon which showed the interior of the cabin of a royal yacht, with the Queen at lunch waiting the return off the Needles of the yachts. Her Majesty says :

"Signal-master, are the yachts in sight?"

"Yes, may it please your Majesty."

"Which is first?"

"The *America*."

"Which is second?"

"Ah, your Majesty, there is no second!"

The Queen's Cup was hers.

An objection was made that Commodore Stevens varied a little from the prescribed course; but his explanation to that, which was accepted, was that his variation gave him a longer sail than the rest of the yachts had.

Another cup, valued at one hundred pounds, given by the Queen, to be sailed for by the yachts of all nations at Ryde, was to be competed for on the 25th of August.

Commodore Stevens declined to start, owing to the almost entire absence of wind on the day appointed. This determination of the Commodore was the subject of the following doggerel, written by one of his foremast hands :

" Says he, ' My noble lord,

I ask one favour, if you please :

Do not start me to race, my lord,

Unless it blows a breeze ;

A *six-knot breeze* at least, my lord,

Or else it is no test,

Unless to show, not which can sail,

But which can *drift* the best.' "

The *America* having, however, a cruising party on board, subsequently got under way, and beat the whole fleet by upward of an hour, not, however, winning the cup, because she had formally withdrawn from the race.

R. Stephenson, M.P., challenged her for a race on the 28th of August, forty miles out and in, in competition with the *Titania*, an English iron schooner. They started at 11 o'clock, steering south-east, with strong wind from the north-west, and at five o'clock the *America* returned in sight from Portsmouth, when about ten miles outside of the Nab, but nothing could be seen of the *Titania* at that time.

The *America*, like all successes, had her detractors.

An English paper started a report that "her purchaser," who was disappointed in her, was anxious to sell her at a reduced price. It was said that she was no sea boat, that she would not do anything in a storm; but on the 6th of February, 1852, a letter from Malta describes her performance in the Mediterranean in the following manner:

"She came in in beautiful style, after lying for four hours in a heavy gale from the north-east. Her noble owner, Lord De Blanquiere, is loud in her praises. She is a vessel of remarkable speed and buoyancy. She will lie within four points of the wind, and do her fifteen knots an hour with ease. Since leaving England she has had her share of heavy weather, and if there was any truth in the prognostics of her detractors, that her masts would carry away in heavy weather, there was every possible opportunity of their being realized; but the pretty craft nobly did her duty, doing her fourteen knots for a whole night, and running with her jib set, and setting all bad weather at defiance."

The question that naturally arises is, what were the differences between her and the English yachts, the result of American science and skill, which gave her this immense superiority?

The principal ones can easily be stated.

First, the model of her hull, a sharp prow with slightly concave bows, parting the water substantially at the fore-rigging, and leaving it without pressure by her retreating and beautifully moulded run, while the English yacht had convex bows and a straighter run.

Second, her draught, she cutting the water forward at about five feet submergence of her keel, a draught of about twelve feet at her centre, and eleven at her stern.

Third, the cut and set of her sails and raking masts, at that time two inches and a half to the foot—a rake which American science has since shown was too much, as too great a rake made her sluggish before the wind, unless the breeze was free and strong. Her masts now rake only one and a half inches to the foot. The fit of her sails was such that when on the wind they were set as "flat and straight as a board," and the booms of her fore and aft sails when on the wind were nearly parallel with her keel. The English sails of that day were all cut so as to set like bags and hold the wind, and when on the wind their booms were from ten to twenty degrees angle with the keel, and the gaffs, that is the small booms that extend the top of the sails, would be at an angle of from twenty to thirty degrees with the keel. It is needless to say that the set of her sails is now adopted by all fore-and-aft vessels as nearly as possible, in both England and America.

I may have been too technical in this description for the ordinary reader, but there are plenty of nautical men who will be obliged for the description.

The subsequent history of the *America* has been almost a romance.

Her English owners altered her rig somewhat, cut down her masts, and used her for cruising until 1861, when her name was changed to the *Camilla*, when, deeming her the fastest vessel in the world, an American gentleman, who was then living in the South, and who has every qualification now to represent his country abroad, purchased her as a Confederate cruiser, put on her a heavy gun, and named her the *Memphis*; but he soon found his mistake, for although with a good wind she could beat most of the steamers even yet, without wind she was no match for the slowest tub of the Northern blockading fleet. Thereupon he took her up the St. John's River, Florida, and sank her in the mud for safety, where she remained for several months until she was dug out and sent by the American frigate *Wabash* to New York, whence she was taken to Annapolis and refitted, and nominally used as a training schooner for the cadets at the naval academy. Her actual use, however, was a pleasure yacht for the officers.

Afterward Admiral Porter had her brought to New York, and refitted, at an expense of some twenty-five thousand dollars, to sail in the race against the *Livonia*, an English yacht which came over here to contest the possession of the Queen's Cup, but being fitted up like a man-of-war, and sailed by a man of war who knew nothing of yachting, she only came in third in that race, and it was wonderful that she did as well.

In 1871, being found by the then Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Robeson, to be simply a useless burden and expense for the navy, she was sold at auction, and bought by General Benjamin F. Butler and Colonel Jonas H. French, of Boston, by whom, taking off from her the man-of-war absurdities, she was put in the order in which she is now represented.

In 1875 she sailed an ocean race at the Isles of Shoals against the *Resolute*, one of the best of the New York fleet, where she won successively two races. In 1876 she sailed in the international race of the Centennial Exhibition, the New York Yacht Club selecting the yacht to sail against her, from Sandy Hook light-ship to Cape May and return, wherein she easily came off conqueror, and holds a diploma as evidence of that victory. Afterward, when the Canadian yacht *Countess of Dufferin* came here to contest the cup, the *America*, not belonging to the New York Yacht Club, was not allowed to take part in the race, but being not in racing, but in cruising trim, with ladies on board, she crossed the line after both boats, and beat them in a twenty-mile stretch to windward, since which time she has been cruising with her owners generally upon the Northern coast, up as far as the north-eastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence over to the coast of Labrador and the Magdalen Islands.

In 1878 the *America* was entered in a race for the Bennett Cup, from the Sandy Hook light ship off New York Harbour, down Long Island Sound, around Brenton's Reef off Newport, and return. There were also entered for the race the *Idler*, the *Wanderer*, the *Tidal Wave*, and the *Countess of Dufferin*.

The race was sailed with varying fortunes until on the return, near Fire Island, when the *America* was in rough water, which is the best condition for her sailing, and a heavy wind, and when her sail was shortened to her lower sails only, an accident happened which put her out of the race, and was thus described in her log :

"After passing the point the wind freshened again, and at 4-40 o'clock, when the *America* reached Shinnecock Light, the *Idler* was about five miles ahead, the *Wanderer* three miles, the *Tidal Wave* abreast the weather bow, and the *Countess of Dufferin* twelve miles astern, with about one-third of her mainsail only visible above the water, the wind blowing a strong breeze from the south. At 5-25 the wind further freshened, and the *America* took in foretopsail, and five minutes afterward lowered her maintopsail. At 6-35 o'clock the *America*, which had been for some time plunging along at a fearful rate through the sea, which was growing rougher every minute, and against a strong head-wind, made one or two terrible plunges into the water, burying her bowsprit, and shipping tons of water over her bow, when suddenly a twist was felt from stem to stern, and word was passed backward from the man at the watch that the bobstay had parted, and in a minute more the jibstay also was gone. All sails were lowered as soon as possible, and the ship's head brought up sharp in the wind, thus averting further disaster and saving the masts. This decided the question of the race so far as the *America* was concerned. When the accident occurred she was about half a mile ahead of the *Tidal Wave*, was rapidly hauling up on the *Wanderer*, and was preparing to go after the *Idler*, with at least an even chance of a successful contest with her for first place."

To the unnautical reader the phrase that "the bobstay had parted" may convey but little idea. The bobstay is attached to the pro<sup>w</sup>, and sustains the bowsprit, and holds all the stays of the masts, by which they are kept in place. It was a piece of solid iron about five inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. It was only the most thorough seamanship of her sailing-master, and the fact that the masts would substantially support themselves even in a gale of wind, which was blowing at that time, that prevented her being a total wreck.

It is a curious fact that the old bobstay, which had been put in in England, and which had held in every extremity of storm and wave in many races, so that she always rode in safety, had become somewhat rusted ; and as a precaution in fitting her for the race had been removed, and a new one considerably heavier had been substituted, the work of a New York mechanic. The iron proved to be worthless, and gave way under a quarter of the pressure to which the old one had been subjected. After the *America* reached New York the old bobstay was put back, and remains there even to this day.

Such are the incidents which very often—much too often—make or mar the results of a race.

In the spring of 1881 she took a cruise to the West Indies, and there encountered a severe storm and heavy seas, through which she ran under a double-reefed foresail only, fifty-two miles in four hours, between twelve o'clock at night and four in the morning.

It being now thirty-five years since she was built, her owners have such

confidence in her that they have made a standing offer for years to sail, under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, with a six-knot breeze or over, twenty miles to windward and back, against any sailing yacht that chooses to accept the challenge.

It will be seen from her eventful history that the superiority of American sailing vessels is fully established beyond all cavil or question. The taste of yachting gentlemen now turns toward steam-yachts, and it is to be hoped that the genius of the American builder and the craft of the American mechanic will soon produce some steam vessel which shall maintain a like supremacy in that branch of the American marine.

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## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1885.

Court Royal. By the Author of 'JOHN HERRING,' 'MEHALAH,' &c., Illustrated —	
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**A CHINESE ASCOT.**—The Hongkong race-week is one of those rare occasions when the Chinese came out of their swarming ant-hills, and for miles the broad, handsome mainroad is taken possession of by a swiftly circulating mass of chattering Chinese, with their strange-looking vehicles. As soon as an Englishman is spied approaching, "Lickshaw, Lickshaw!" (they cannot manage our "R") cry a dozen eager competitors; and at the magic word of "race-course," off starts the coolie at a sharp trot, slips into the first gap in the string of vehicles, kept rigidly in their places by tall stalwart policemen, and we become one of the moving atoms of the evenly flowing current.

Trot, trot, trot, along the smooth, sunny, but bamboo-shaded high road, I have a little leisure now to observe these astonishing rickshaw coolies. They wear the enormous traditional mushroom Chinese hat, suitable in case either of beating rain or fierce sun, under which are tucked their hard-plaited pigtails—for even a coolie would feel himself disgraced were he minus a pigtail. They are bare-footed, bare-legged, bare-armed, and wear just sufficient rags to save themselves from the charge of indelicacy. Their skins are sallow, their Mongolian faces are pinched, their stature is small, their limbs seem attenuated and loosely put together. And yet these demoniacal-looking wretches, to call whom "brethren" is indeed a heavy demand on our charity, throw themselves forward into the shafts and drag their carriages with its passengers, who may be ten or may be twenty stone, not at a walk, or a shuffle, or an amble, but at a good round trot of about six miles an hour. They neither flag, pant, nor perspire, but keep up this pace for two or three miles at a stretch. Would not the most renowned European athlete or pedestrian be but a feeble coney in comparison? Moreover, these coolies have to content themselves at the end of their journey with five cents—a cent is a fraction less than a halfpenny. They exult if they receive ten cents, and consider the donor an utter fool if he gives them fifteen cents.



The first sensations at being conveyed in a rickshaw are those of mingled amusement and shame. One likens oneself to a drunken masquerader or to an ostentatious buffoon. Then habit begets indifference. Dignitaries of the Church, dignitaries of the government, dignitaries of the law, soldiers, sailors, and even the well-to-do Chinese, all have recourse to them ; and the sergeant in his rickshaw salutes the colonel in *his* rickshaw with precisely the same gravity as though both were on parade. Perhaps the full absurdity can be best realised by considering what would be the effect produced were the Dean of Westminster to be trundled in a wheelbarrow down Piccadilly by a dirty ragged little London Arab.

There are besides the sedan chairs, more suitable for the staid elderly ladies and the "spins" (Anglice, spinsters.)

The bearers, two or—if the weight of the lovely burden should try the supporting bamboo poles—four in number, shuffle rapidly and unweariedly along, and the occupants, perched high in the air, endeavour to look dignified, but only succeed in appearing supremely absurd. Their coolies, if in private employment, are habitually clad in light, bright cotton liveries—barefooted of course—and the effect is thoroughly Oriental and rather pretty. There, I see, is the chair belonging to the establishment of the Governor of the colony. It is borne by four coolies in our brilliant national scarlet uniform, and this dazzling colour in the midst of the Chinese green, yellow, and blue really looks very imposing. There is a different sort of chair, carefully covered and closed around with straw lattice-work. It veils from public view some Chinese beauty of high degree. But as I pass I strain my eyes to obtain a glimpse, and am of opinion that she is a foot-deformed, high cheek-boned, wide-mouthed, leprous-white, rouge-ruddled dwarf, in whose behalf it is not worth while to strain one's eyes.

Soldiers under the rank of Sergeant are forbidden by garrison orders to travel in rickshaws, so there are but few along the road, but the route is freely interspersed with Jack ashore.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the sense of fun, of being out for a day's novel lark, seems to soften even the bureaucratic swagger and pedantry of Teutonic strangers. At all events the faces of all the blue-jackets are beaming with merriment at the contrast between their Simon Legree sort of servitude on board ship, and the sensation of being toiled for instead of being themselves the subjects of hounding and vituperation.

Thus far I have been chiefly noting the European race-going folk, but as a matter of fact the Europeans are only as units among thousands. True, the natives, high and low, rich and poor, afoot or transported, will instantly shrink aside at the incessant warning "Hyah" of the running coolie, who thus intimates that he is conveying an Englishman in all the pride—a pride which is not without its merits, of the ruling race, but the enormous majority of the streaming throng is of course Asiatic Chinese. They are of all classes, and are enjoying themselves in their way, to judge from the incessant wooden clatter of their uncouth language, so desperately difficult that only erudite sages and infant English children brought up by Chinese nurses (amas) can master it. Here and there are some Sikhs, and there is that about these grave, dignified Orientals—Nature's gentlemen, albeit I like not the misused term—which instantly dispels all notion of ridicule or contempt ; there are some Madrassesees, far inferior to their other

congeners of India ; and there again are some snuffy Parsee merchants, eager, rich, covetous-looking—types of Shylock, of Isaac of York, or of Faust ere the exorcism of shabby clothes and wrinkles enabled him to captivate Margaret.

Emerging into the country, the scene changes, and the route is lined with palms, banyan-trees, and bamboos, and the red granite dust flies up into our faces ; and up go the umbrellas.

Uphill, and my trotting coolie never flags ; downhill, and his speed becomes so breakneck that every moment I expect an upset, a collision, or a smash, irrespective of the contingency of broken bones to a few English foot-travellers who would scorn to move out of the way for any number of Chinese cries of 'Hyah.' 'My breechless friend, I entreat of you to moderate your pace.' But not one word does he, or will he, understand. Indeed, the Chinese, so apt in learning many things, are singularly dull in picking up English, and all, with very few exceptions, are totally ignorant of our language—unless, indeed, the case be, as some French naval officers assured me, that they simulate for convenience sake ignorance—but loud tones and a few smacks soon impart to them the required knowledge.

Here we are at the entrance of the grand stand. A payment of five dollars procures admission to the lawn, and our attention is arrested by the strangeness of the scene before us.

In lieu of stands are some seven or eight large mat-houses, like picturesque structures supported on bamboo poles, with sides and roofs of rushes, and decorated with tropical evergreens and bright cloth or calico, the effect of which is excessively pretty. Each mat-house is the property of some one private individual or of an association, and the refreshments provided are so costly and abundant, that the imputation of excessive eating and immoderate drinking can scarcely be resented. One species of decoration is deplorably wanting—pretty women. There are certainly a few nicely dressed pretty English ladies, the wives of officials whom capricious ill-fortune has shot into an exile far more complete than exists in any other part of the world ; but there is equally certainly a collection of dirty-gloved, tawdry-ribboned, unhandsome, fast vulgarians, who ape the patronesses of Ascot in the gaudy elaboration of their dress, and differ from them in their entire ill-success.

The race crowd, without which a race meeting is as dull as a German steeplechase, is of large proportions, with representatives of almost every Asiatic State, but of course Chinese enormously preponderate. Nearly all are chattering, and quite all are in high good humour, enjoying the general sense of holiday. Not a single case of drunkenness did I see—no bickering, no rowdyism, and yet no lack of fun. Our scarlet-coated soldiers, though few in comparison with the grand totals, stand out with singular distinctness, and catch the eye above all other objects.

The saddling bell rings, the numbers are hoisted, a thud of hoofs announces the preliminary canter. Well, what of the racing ? Beneath criticism, almost beneath contempt. The ponies are from Australia, Japan, or Chefoo—doubtless serviceable for the work of their respective countries, but as racers, wretched, weedy, groggy, undersized brutes ; while the chief features to be noticed of the amateur jockeys are the paraphernalia of their business, the preposterous length

of their legs, their heavy weights, their horse-coping idiosyncrasies, and their indifferent riding.

I bought a very average type of racer for 6*l.* 10*s.* In fact, the sport is merely a peg on which to hang the love of gambling, which, like the love of drink, runs very high in this part of the world. Innumerable and high prize lotteries are started, and three-legged screws are merely bought and entered on the off chance of winning the stakes, which, in addition, are very considerable.

"Three to one bar one" is an unknown cry on this course—all the better, perhaps—and the excitement among the masses of Chinese is *nil*. As the ponies gallop past the post, the English, it is true, begin to cheer; but a cheer, unless contributed to by many voices, sounds as artificial as stage shouting behind the scenes.

Let us give up "le sport" as a bad job. There is plenty else to admire of which Ascot never dreamed. The racecourse is situated at the bottom of one of Nature's amphitheatres, edged by an unbroken line of bamboos, with an upward sloping mass of palm and banyan foliage; then, higher, the friendly-looking Scotch fir; and to crown all the vast framework of rugged hills; while, still further, are the red mountains of the China mainland—a noble set off to the lower level beauties of the Hongkong racecourse.

While pondering on the scene, my attention is suddenly aroused by an unwonted hum, bustle, and excitement among the Chinese mob. A race is in course of being run, but to this incident they are habitually very indifferent. Something unusual is certainly arousing them. Here come the horses. How queer the jockeys look, how strangely they are hunched up, how wildly they throw their arms about, how fiercely they flog, what diabolical faces—and, bless my heart, why, they have got pigtailed streaming in the wind! The puzzle is explained. It is a race ridden under special arrangements by Chinese "mafoos," or grooms—the best race of the meeting, the only one which has caused any real enthusiasm. Roused by the half-laughter, half-cheers, of their white masters, stimulated by the cries of their fellow-countrymen—"Go it, Fordham!" I once heard an encouraging Chinese lad shout—the mafoos, as they "finish" up their Walpurgis ride, wild with excitement, seem to have lost still further their semblance to humanity, and to be transformed into distorted-visaged, horribly frenzied demons. The race over, how they strutted about in all the pride of jockey caps and jackets, and how they clung to their costume to the last possible moment!

The writer here took the opportunity of entering one of mat-fashioned grand stands tenanted chiefly by Chinese and Japanese ladies, and before retreating before their wondering half scornful glances, had time to remark their faces flushed all over with skilfully applied pink tints, with intervening patches of intensely opaque whiteness.

Their eyebrows were pencilled into narrow stiff arches; their headdress, vests, and trousers—for in China all the women wear large, loose trousers—were of variegated colours, quite ingenious in their contrasts and brightness; their black hair was dragged back into lumpy, slimy rolls like jelly fish; their

stature was ugly and stunted, and their feet, their extraordinary feet, in many cases had been contracted since childhood into mere deformed knobs, hideous to look at, on which they painfully tottered for a few yards.

At the conclusion of the races they were conveyed away in a body in chairs ; and as the procession hindered the traffic, the English policemen whacked the bearers, and—did not whack the girls.

A wide detour round a deep wet ditch, running parallel to the grand stand side of the rails, brings us into the very thick of China racecourse dregs. Here gambling and booths of every shade and description illustrate the Chinese passion for play.

Gambling booths for large sums, gambling booths for small sums, gambling booths for nick-nacks, gambling booths for highpriced drinkables, gambling booths for low-priced carrion—each booth with an eager throng of both sexes and of all ages around it, which renders circulation difficult.

Private Thomas Atkins thinks it will be pleasant and easy to win a dollar or so from the heathen Chinese, but ere long he discovers that he has been bested, and that the heathen Chinese is infinitely too clever for him.

What is that turmoil I see in the distance, with a scuttling about of the crowd, among whom two white-helmeted red-coats are conspicuously prominent ? Enraged at having been “done” at the native *rouge et noir*, they put in practice a little lynch law, tear down the fragile canvas booth, arm themselves with the supporting bamboo poles, clear a space by whirling them around like the arms of a windmill, impartially rain down cracks on the skulls of the unresisting surrounders, and then quietly withdraw to a more reputable part of the course. Each party is perfectly satisfied ; the Chinese sharper gloats over his filched gains, and the soldiers think they have taken change in the vengeance they have executed.

The fracas has scarcely interrupted the flow, or rather the torrent, of gambling. This young imp, of about eight years old, is really a study of innate human nature in this department of vice. He is gambling for his dinner at the booth of a wrinkled, demoniacal, loathsome old male atrocity, and still more loathsome hag. A form of “Blind Hookey” is, I fancy, the favourite form of vice. Coin after coin, each worth about one-fifth of a farthing, he loses at his ventures. The imp’s face lowers, and his features become contorted with angry excitement ; faster, faster he plays, regardless of his fifths of farthings, until at last he wins. With a growl one would never have supposed that babyish throat could have emitted, he dashes on one side up to the tray of raw meat, seizes a lump of horrible garbage with singular dexterity by means of chop-sticks, plunges it into a kettle of boiling rancid grease, and then rams the dreadful morsel into his throat. His cheeks are distended to near bursting, the tears of scalding suffocation stand in his eyes, and he nearly chokes ; but still he wears your thorough gambler’s expression of delight at having at last won. Childhood’s innocence is not a pretty sight out here. Are these creatures really akin to English childhood ?

After all the love of gambling is more or less common to all nations. Mingled with the demon Chinese are stray specimens of English, French, Germans, Italians, and Russians from the ironclads in the harbour ; of Portuguese from their settlement at Macao ; of

Punjabies, Madrasis, of snuffy Shylock Arabs, of effeminate Japanese.

"Of what country is that man there?" I asked a Madras Lascar, pointing to a nondescript, strange old villainous specimen, who altogether baffles my cognisance. "Seaman, sar, but I find out," says the Lascar, delighted at being thus appealed to as an authority by a European. "You old man of sea," singling him out imperiously, "you come here. Major Sahib want to know what your country," and, rather to my dismay, the weird old man feebly totters up to me, and, salaaming with a humility which is painful to witness, quavers out a few words to his swaggering interrogator. "Old man of sea, old Malay pirate, sar." I am not surprised. Doubtless he has cut many a throat in his time.

Evening closes as the last race is run, and we set off homeward. There is the same dust, the same aspect of fatigue common to the conclusion of all race meetings; but not the same drunkenness and rowdyism habitual in England.

The English are too much in a minority to render tipsiness prominent, and the Chinaman is at all events a good tempered fellow; if bullied, he is submissive; and if hustled, he laughs—a wooden, joyless laugh, but still a laugh. The police really have some difficulty in exemplifying their utility. Perhaps an inexperienced rickshaw coolie tries on a little extortion or cheek. You mention it casually to the English watch-dog. "Oh, did he, sir? thank you," he replies gratefully, bolts after the man whom he assumes to have been tried, convicted, and sentenced, and administers the one invariable Hong Kong panacea—he soundly whacks his skull until the criminal dodges, runs, and finally escapes. These police comprise a great many grades, shades, and races, as is a characteristic feature of all Hong Kong humanity. The imperious and imperial European policeman; the efficient, proud, taciturn, turbaned Sikh; and the trumpery native watchman, incapable of saying "Bo" even to his compatriots, and dressed up to resemble a valuable, rare old China chimney ornament, equally ugly, and equally worthless.

What is this fragrant and yet somewhat sickly smell, a mixture of burning spills and sandal-wood, emanating from some of the closed chairs conveying home the Chinese ladies? It is due to the joss-sticks, in consuming which they utilise their leisure moments, an exercise which they consider as equivalent to an act of worship.

Does this opportunity of observing the various features of various types of Chinese population produce a favourable impression?

They are certainly industrious to a remarkable extent, intelligent, sober, and good tempered—rare combinations of rare virtues—and yet my feeling is one of abhorrence. Their sly civilisation, their crafty dealing, their apparent absence of what I may call kindly feelings, their inhumanlike expression, even their beardless, smooth faces, their high cheek bones, their Mongolian mouths, their long slit eyes, and their flat noses all give one a feeling of extreme repugnance. I would regard more as my brethren the scoundrelly Egyptians, the scowling Malays, even the half-women Cingalese, than these more than semi-civilised Chinese, who, as they shuffle along in never-ending haste, and with the wooden clatter of their discordant chatter, seem to me like the emissaries of some evil spiritual potentate intent on the performance of some malignant errand.

## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1885.

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**MARLBOROUGH.**—The name of the old town of Marlborough has been carried into every quarter of the globe by those who claim the title of Marlburians on the strength of having belonged, not to the ancient borough, but to the comparatively new school to which it has lent its cognomen. There are many in India for whom Marlborough and Bradley are still names to conjure with, and who will be interested to read what their old head master has to say about their *Alma Mater*.

Wiltshire, says Dr. Bradley, as a county in spite of its size and position, and in spite of the *Chronicles of Barset*, has a somewhat faint hold on the public mind. As a matter of fact, however, it is a most characteristic county.

There are deep lanes in Wiltshire, it is true, where the violet and the primrose nestle round the roots of elms that later on shut out the summer sun. There are, as elsewhere, heavy, low-lying lands where big crops of mangolds grow, or in the good times used to grow, and where steam-ploughs and steam-harrows wrestle in wet seasons with the stubborn clods of deep clay soils. There are pasture lands, too, as fat as those of Cheshire, broken into small areas by blooming hedges and rows of elms as symmetrical as those of Warwickshire; but the Wiltshire that comes to the mind of most men, familiar with that part of England, recalls wilder and ruder scenes than these—a country rather of great distances and of swelling downs streaked with the white lines of chalk roads that go ever rising and falling till they disappear over some bleak horizon. A land where the winds riot over bleak uplands, with nothing to mark their violence but the whitening leaves of vast turnip-fields in autumn, and nothing to break their force but here and there some clump of tall naked firs that roar and groan as if in protest of their inability to bend their stiff and shattered tops to the gale; a region of tinkling sheep-bells and of wattled hurdles; of stout hares

that run for ever, and of partridges that ignore all conventional limits of flight ; of yokels not yet wholly "unsmocked," whose gait and accent in these levelling days are a delight to see and hear, and of red-roofed gabled boroughs that the tide of progress has left untouched, as it has left few other parts of accessible England untouched, to stand as monuments of a time gone by. Nor, in recording Wiltshire memories, either would it be possible to forget those huge relics of a prehistoric age—those grass-grown mounds and giant stones that lie scattered over the land with a thickness that has no parallel elsewhere in England. Nor yet again would the picture be complete if we forgot those rich green valleys that here and there break the long monotony of down-land, where in summer time the perpetual scent of hay-fields hangs among the elms that shoot up tall from the alluvial soil, and where clear, willow-bordered streams, famous in Waltonian lore, steal down from hamlet to hamlet and from mill to mill.

It is in one of these green bases in the very heart of the down country that Marlborough lies.

To put it more plainly: as the traveller upon the Great Western Railroad approaches Swindon, he will see upon his left hand a long bank of downs bounding for many miles the southern horizon. On leaving Swindon, a place whose reputation as a busy workshop is forgotten in its wider associations of sandwiches and bath-buns, this high rampart of hills will be seen to abandon the course of the railroad and to trend away to the south-west. This is the high step by which the Marlborough Downs drop into the valley of the Thames, and when the traveller's eye lights upon a solitary clump of firs, crowning what seems to be their loftiest crest, it will have struck a point that is "within a measurable distance" of the town itself; for that crest of pines is popularly known in Marlborough as the "six-mile clump." The face of the down once scaled at this point, a two hours' walk through a wild region, haunted only by sheep and shepherds, brings you to that dip in the hills where, on the banks of the Kennet, the ancient borough stands.

Marlborough, from its isolated position in the midst of a thinly-peopled and purely agricultural or pastoral region, has been long in emerging from a state, so far as railroads go, of total inaccessibility to a condition of communications that is at least of an average description.

Twenty-five years ago, and twenty after the founding of the school, no railway whistle was heard within a radius of a dozen miles. In those scarcely remote days, all travellers from the west, and most of those from London, found themselves on the platform of Swindon station, with thirteen miles of hilly road yet between them and their destination. Here, it is true, the more exclusive passenger of those days with some patience and perseverance might procure an ancient fly that, for a consideration commensurate with the task, would undertake the expedition. To the initiated, however, there was known to be an element of adventure in this course: for, if the horses and the vehicle were equal to the strain, there was always a doubt whether the moral principles of the driver were proof against that line of public houses which from point to point almost alone lit up the chilly solitude of his way.

There is one immortal name with which this epoch is connected. Any Marlburian who can recall the period between the lapse of coaching, and the advent of the steam horse upon the Marlborough

**Downs, must shed a tear of tribute for that illustrious worthy, who so long maintained the connection between the ancient borough and the outer world.**

Historic Marlborough, as we shall presently show, commences with the name of King John. It may be said to terminate with that of "Jerry 'Ammond," whose purple-faced lieutenant's "Be you for Maarlborough, zur?" has cheered many a lonely heart gazing helplessly into the darkness from the railway stations of Swindon, Hungerford, or Devizes.

How well I can recall the venerable omnibus that painfully but regularly crawled over the thirteen hilly miles to Swindon in the morning and back again to Marlborough in the darkness of the night. The sensations of a ride in that primeval chariot come vividly back to me from a time in life when hours seemed to be days and miles leagues. How hopeless then the look of the distant downs fast settling into the gloom of a winter's night—thrice murky perhaps with storms of driving rain. How reassured and close to the goal one used to feel for a deceptive moment as the familiar voice and accents beckoned us, "This way for Maarlborough; any loogidge, zur?" How hope again grew cold, and the long miles in anticipation longer, as the lights of the train vanished into the darkness, and the vehicles for Swindon town disappeared, one after the other, with their loads of commercial travellers intent on smoking suppers. How we sat and sat on the well worn seats of the omnibus, kicking our heels upon the straw-strewn floor, long into the night as it used to seem, till the sense of desertion, intensified by the drear beating of the rain against the windows and occasional hollow echoes from the now empty station, was terminated by the advent of the "loogidge." What "Oh lawkeses!" and "Lord a' mussys!" used to be forced from the inevitable old lady passengers, as each trunk was hurled on to the roof with a crash upon our very crowns, as it seemed, that might well have made the stoutest heart quail. And when that fearful performance was over, when the tarpaulin was stretched upon the towering pile, and we were congratulating ourselves, or one another, that the expedition was in the act of setting out—just as our hopes, in fact, were wrought up to the highest pitch of expectation—there would come an ominous slam of the inn door. The gin-laden stream of light that had shone upon us from that festive haunt would become on a sudden quenched. The suspicion that we were abandoned by our crew ripened into a certainty, and as the slow minutes dragged on we began to realise that we were in the power of monopolist to whom time, at this end of his journey at any rate, was of little moment. What survivors of those long night rides to Marlborough does not recall their weary details. The long drag from Swindon town to the summit of the far away downs; the slow transition from the heavy grinding roads of the valley to where the sticky chalk highway shone white in our track on the darkest of nights; the gradual cessation of the hedge-row trees that passed, one by one, in endless procession, across the disc of our lanterns, seen glistening with raindrops for a moment and then vanishing into the gloom; the final tug up to the crest of the downs, when the steam from the horses floated like clouds of smoke across the lantern's rays: the groans of the labouring caravan as at last it lumbered forward with an energy all too brief on to the wild plateau, where no tree or hedgerow caught our light, and no roadside house but some isolated tavern, where the mere force of habit brought the steaming horses to an invariable halt. What spots were those wan-faced houses of good



cheer upon such nights as these ! None of your fine old coaching inns, but poor, thatch roofed, weather-beaten public-houses, where melancholy ploughmen from the downs might be imagined sadly shaking their heads over sugared small beer and the rate of wages, on Saturday nights, to the music of the storms without. On such occasions they were quite capable of suggesting to the youthful mind more dismal scenes even than these ; for as their faded sign-boards swung to and fro in the night wind, creaking on rusty hinges, they might without much effort of fancy have seemed to echo the stifled groans of some entrapped wayfarer with the knuckles of a wicked landlord at his throat.

The town of Marlborough is one of those quiet old world spots upon which the tide of modern progress has made no visible impression.

Just as the pure air of the surrounding country is polluted by no smoke more noisome than that of a steam plough or a threshing machine, so the old town itself has little that would startle the shade of a Camden, or be obvious to the first gaze of a Jacobin Rip Van Winkle. Nowhere, it always seems to me, is the real history of an earlier England—the history of the people as opposed to that of kings and courtiers so eloquently presented as in the bricks and stones, and lanes and churchyards and traditions of old towns such as this—towns which, like Marlborough, have covered almost the same ground, and contained almost the same population for generations. The historical interest of Marlborough, however, is by no means merely domestic, while its prehistoric traditions are illustrious. Its very name, one of the earlier forms of which was *Merlin-berge*, justify its claim to connection with the great enchanter, more especially as the huge prehistoric monuments of the immediate neighbourhood mark it as a spot of most supreme importance in those misty times which that name recalls. From the times of the Norman conquest, and probably even long before that, a castle of some sort stood at the end of the town in the grounds now occupied by the College. In the reign of Henry I. Marlborough Castle is first mentioned as a royal residence, that monarch on one occasion holding his court there. In the Stephen and Matilda wars Marlborough, like most of the West, held for the Queen, and was more than once the head-quarters of her armies. After this the castle became a favourite dower residence of the Plantagenet queens. In 1267 Henry III. held there his twenty-fourth parliament, and enacted the “*Statutes of Marleberge*.” It is with the reign of King John, however, that the present site of Marlborough is most intimately connected, and it is his name, and that of his queen, that are the most prominent upon the earlier pages of its history. A hospital dedicated to St. John the Baptist—transformed in the time of Edward VI. into a grammar-school—traces its origin to this reign. A formerly existing priory of Gilbertine canons, with a hospital of St. Thomas of Canterbury dates from the same period, while a house of Carmelite friars was established in the reign of Edward II. It was at Wolfhall in the immediate neighbourhood of Marlborough that Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour. Her father was ranger of the royal forest of Savernake which occupied then a large slice of the country contiguous to the town. To Jane Seymour's brother, the Protector Somerset, was afterwards granted the whole of the forest, and the Marlborough property as well. A small principality was then established with Marlborough as its centre, which at this day is still owned and presided over by a representa-

tive of the old Seymour family, the present Marquis of Ailesbury. The typical English squire has little place in the annals of Marlborough. Suggestive as its steep gables and quiet old streets are of his burly form we should have listened generally, I think, in vain for his broad jests and loud laugh in the inn parlours, and in vain for the cry of his hounds upon the hills around. Farmers and corn factors, lawyers and traders, doctors and divines lie by scores in the long disused churchyards. Kings and queens, great nobles and fine ladies, historic figures are scattered plentifully enough all through its history, but the social gap between has never been filled. The connecting link that in most places there would have been between the great house beyond the town and the burghers within it, has scarcely had an existence in the Marlborough country. Marlborough, in short, has always been without what people are pleased to call "a neighbourhood," and for many miles upon every side the country—without noteworthy exceptions—still belongs to the representatives of the great Protector.

In the civil war the "men of Marleberg" were ferociously roundhead, and it was hotly besieged by the king's forces whose cannon balls to this day have left their mark on its church towers. The town was partially burned during this siege, but a few years later an accidental fire swept it almost away. "Thus," concludes a local chronicler of the time, "was the stately and flourishing town of Marleberge consumed with fire on a sudden. It would make a heart drop tears of blood that had but heard the doleful cries and heavy moanes that pass between men and their wives, parents, and their children." In the days when England was the Australia of Europe, and wool was its principal export, Marlborough, doubtless, as the centre of a famous sheep district had no difficulty in retaining its modest prosperity. Later on, too, when the wealth of the nation increased, and with it the desire and facilities for travel, it became a famous posting and coaching depôt on the great highway which connected the metropolis with the west. There are plenty of people still living who can recall the stir and bustle, the cracking of whips, the rumbling of wheels, and the notes of coach horns that all day long, and night too, used to wake the echoes of that now quiet street.

The town of Marlborough may be almost said to consist of that one broad highway which, springing from the College gates upon the West, stretches itself for half a mile towards the East along the banks of the Kennet. It is said to be the widest street in England.

However that may be, the large church dedicated to S. Peter in the fifteenth century which stands at its western end leaves ample room for the traffic of a country town to pass without inconvenience on either side. It is not only the breadth of the Marlborough High Street that at once arrests the stranger's attention, but the slope upon which it lies is so steep that rival towns who register perhaps a few more quarters of barley at their weekly markets, but are a trifle jealous may be of the presence of the school, are wont to make huge jokes at the expense of the famous Marlborough highway. The people of Devizes, for example, are wont to declare that a bicycle is the only machine that can be driven down the street which is the pride and joy of their neighbour town without a risk of capsizing.

Marlburians, however, may regard such facetiousness with complacency, as they stand at their doors and look up the charming old street. Upon the

upper side especially, the long half-mile of gabled houses are scarcely two of them alike, while for some distance they are still further set off by an old "pent house," which called forth the remarks of seventeenth-century travellers. There is nothing behind these two long rows of quaint houses that stand facing one another, so far apart, and upon such different levels. The back windows of the one look on to green fields that trend upwards till they melt away in the downs. The gardens of the other slope down to where the clear slow waters of the Kennet wind under rustic bridges and rustling poplar trees.

At the head of the broad street there is the town-hall, standing in front of the rugged and time-beaten church tower of St. Mary's. At its foot, facing the former, and occupying the same central position, the church of S. Peter shoots its tall tower heavenwards, and still flings the notes of the curfew on winter nights far over the distant downs.

At the foot of the High 'Street, beneath the tall tower of St. Peter's, the town of Marlborough comes abruptly to an end and the school begins.

Before a high barrier of iron gates the close-built street suddenly ceases, and parts into two country roads, leading to the right and left—to Bath and the Pewsey vale respectively. Stepping through the gates, the stranger finds himself amidst that curious combination of the past and the present—of the new and the old—which to-day represents the flourishing school of Marlborough.

The large modern building that immediately overlooks the town and first arrests, unfortunately, the stranger's gaze, is perhaps an object rather of affectionate association than of architectural pride to Marlburians. The ivy, it is true, has long been desperately struggling to hide its homely face, and a row of tall and venerable lime trees, which rustle their leaves above the roof, do much to atone for its artistic failings. Follow the broad gravel walk, however, a little further on, and you will forget and forgive the rash erection of 1843 in the beautiful old mansion of Inigo Jones which rises before you and constitutes the main building of the school—the nucleus from which it sprang.

It is not the fine old house alone, with its time-mellowed bricks, its tiled roofs, its big stacks of chimneys and wide sunny windows, that Marlburians recall with fond memory, but the scene also over which it looks: the soft and yielding lawns; the quaint yew-trees, cut generations ago into fantastic shapes; the noble terrace, the mossy banks, and the tall groves of elm and lime, noisy with the sound of countless rooks; the meadows, fresh and green the summer long with the waters of a hundred rushing rills; the old mill under the trees, and the lasher where the Kennet churns and foams with ceaseless sound over the heads of lusty and expectant trout; and behind all, the soft swell of the overhanging down with its hazel thickets dear to generations of nutters; with its honoured, if not ancient, white horse, and its tinkle of innumerable sheep bells.

If the College at Marlborough can lay no claim to an academic history such as that of Eton or Winchester, it has at least been grafted on a stem whose roots run more back beyond the reach of dim tradition, much less of history. This might be true, indeed, and yet the record and the figures it contains might be so insignificant and obscure as to fail in interest. Marlborough, however, from the present time back for centuries, generally keeps touch, in some shape, with the leading event and the noted characters of successive periods. The only

obscurity into which it sinks is the obscurity that experts try in vain to pierce as they stand before those vast and silent monuments that mark it as a metropolis of some prehistoric age.

Rising above the roof of the western end of the College, and so close that it darkens the very windows, stands a gigantic tumulus. With the exception of its fellow, a few miles up the Kennet, this huge mysterious mound has no fellow in Europe.

Who shall say of what people—of what warriors—of what mysterious rites this gigantic work of unknown hands stands as a silent and imperishable witness? Whether a vast altar of Druidical sacrifice, or the resting-place of some mighty chief, are questions for the archæologist who wanders with delight through this corner of Wiltshire, so incomparably rich in prehistoric relics. To the "Arcadian" age of the early Georges the Marlborough mound owes the spiral terraces which ascend its grassy sides, and probably to the same period the trees, which now give it the distant appearance of a wooded hill.

These earliest monuments of man's dominion are more enduring than the walls of masonry which heralded in the period when this spot first appears upon the page of authentic history. From the time that Marlborough Castle is first mentioned, soon after the Conquest, figures famous in history find refuge and hold state within its walls. As if, too, in derisive testimony to the change of human fortunes a Norman keep towered high upon the summit of the British mound, and commanded the old Roman road from Cunetio—three miles east of Marlborough—to Bath, twenty-seven miles to the westward. Immediately beneath it stood the royal residence that for five centuries belonged to the Crown, and for two was the frequent habitation of kings and queens. To touch upon the stirring scenes of sieges and of battles—from the arrows of the Stephen and Matilda wars, to the cannon balls of Prince Rupert—is not here possible; nor perhaps would such details be interesting to other than those who have associations with the place itself.

Times have changed. Where once upon a time a Norman dungeon descended into the depths where lay perhaps the bones of British chieftains, the exigencies of modern needs have placed a water cistern. Where the moat once ran between rows of fierce warriors—a long pool formed by the inducted waters of the Kennet—reflects the tall limes and grassy banks of the College gardens, and in summer days resounds with the splash and shout of a hundred youthful swimmers.

Katherine Parr was the last name that connected Marlborough Castle with, the reigning house. She married into the Seymour family, who then were, and whose representatives still are, the grand seigneurs of Marlborough. At this period the castle, as a fortified stronghold, disappears from history. Leland, visiting Marlborough in 1538, says: "There is a ruin of a great castle hard at the west end of the town, whereof the dungeon tower partly yet standeth." It was to Wolf Hall, in the neighbourhood of Marlborough, I have already said, that Henry VIII.—when the tower guns proclaimed the death of Anne Boleyn—rode at post haste to his nuptials with Jane Seymour. An old barn is still in existence that is said to have witnessed the wedding ceremonies of that insatiable monarch.

Wolf Hall stands near to the present station of Savernake,

between Hungerford and Devizes, and is only separated from Marlborough by the wooden dells and beech avenues of Savernake forest.

The latter, in the sixteenth century, was probably twice the size it is now—and was royal property, though even to-day it is sixteen miles in circumference. The Seymours of Wolf Hall were then comparatively obscure. They held before the King's wedding, the "rangership" of Savernake, and their horn of office is still in the hands of their representatives, the Ailesbury family, who now own the estate which was granted in the reign of Edward VI. to the Protector Somerset, the brother of the queen. In the reign of Charles II., Francis, Lord Seymour, received that monarch in the stately mansion already alluded to, which had been erected upon the ruins of the ancient castle by Inigo Jones. Of all its Seymour owners, however, none are so intimately connected with its fortunes as the well known Countess of Hertford. The rural charms of her seat at Marlborough enraptured to ecstasy this celebrated lady, who was one of the chief exponents of the Arcadian mania that raged during the beginning of the eighteenth century. Hither came courtiers and fine ladies to pose as Strephons and Chloes, amid the green paradise where the famous Countess held her court. Hither, too, came poets and authors. Dr. Watts, Pope, Thomson, were summoned to aid with their lyres in the worship of this unequalled Arcadia. The latter, his biographers tell us, took more pleasure in carousing with his lordship than in assisting her ladyship's poetical compositions. That he had, however, his lucid intervals and his romantic moods, may be inferred from the fact of his poem of *Spring* having been composed here. "Here," says that poetical *bon vivant*—

"Let me ascend  
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
And see the country far diffused around,  
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower  
Of mingled blossoms." . . .

In bygone days a stone used to mark the spot upon the down above the College where the poet was supposed to have sat and received his inspirations. It was during this period, probably, that the wide terraces were made, and one can easily picture the dainty figures passing up and down upon them, or grouped upon the velvety banks, indulging in the astounding fiction that they were Wiltshire swains. The mill still stands silent in the foreground, whose dusty occupant stirred, according to her letters, the Countess's Arcadian emotions to their very depth a century and a half ago. The sheep still bleat and cluster on the adjoining hill behind their shepherds as they did when these aforesaid tinsel shepherds enacted the cant of their day in the groves below; but times have changed. The white lines of the ubiquitous tennis court now desecrate the shadow-chequered turf, where even twenty years ago the twang of the bow and the click of the bowl used to seem so much more in keeping with the bygone age, whose memory the aspect of the spot so eloquently pleads. The grottoes and the spiral walks upon the mound, the dark shades of the overarching groves are the haunt no longer of impassioned swains, but of Marlborough prefects intent on nothing more romantic than scholarships and cricket scores.

In 1753 a quaint and characteristic advertisement announced to

the travelling public that the stately mansion of Inigo Jones had been opened as an hostelry. Thenceforward for nearly a century the Castle Inn at Marlborough was the favourite halting place between London and the West, and during the latter part of that period was one of the most celebrated and best managed coaching inns in England. There are scores of men now living who can recall the time when over forty coaches thundered daily down the now quiet street of the old town—when the echoes of one horn had scarcely died away upon the London road when others came sounding down the roads from Salisbury and Bath.

As coaching and posting gradually withered before the inroads of the iron horse, the future of the historic borough began to look very blue indeed ; but for the founding of the school certain stagnation and probable decay would have stared its people in the face.

Most happily for Marlborough certain philanthropic gentlemen in London conceived about this time the then novel idea of founding a great school that should give an economic but high class education to the sons of gentlemen and of clergymen more especially. The idea very soon took practical shape. The deserted Seymour mansion and the now lifeless town of Marlborough stood gazing blankly at one another, wondering doubtless what in the world they were to do next. Here the founders of Marlborough College saw their opportunity, and happily for all concerned seized upon it. But alas ! the Seymour mansion and Castle Inn, huge as it was, could be but the nucleus of such an establishment as these well-meaning founders contemplated, and large buildings were at once and hurriedly erected at the back and on the town side of the old house.

Not all the tender associations of nearly half a century ; not the most desperate attempts of perennial creepers or the frantic endeavours of modern art to relieve their blank walls with oriel windows ; not the contiguous shade of the venerable limes nor the mellowing neighbourhood of the old mansion house—nor the mossy lawns, nor the clipped yew trees. Alas ! not all these modifying influences can make even the most patriotic Marlburians blink those rash creations of the early founders. The exact workhouse that supplied a model for the one block, or the particular house of correction which inspired the designs of the other has ever been a mystery. He can only look on them with mingled feelings of personal regard and vain regrets, and inwardly hope that they may with even greater celerity follow the example of their predecessor, the vanished Norman keep rather than of that other one—the imperishable mound of the Druids.

August, 1843, was a date of importance not only to Marlborough, for I think I may say the founding of that school marked the commencement of a new departure in English higher education. The important schools of that date had grown from old foundations ; but now there was about to commence an era of ready-made rivals, of which Marlborough was the first. Many of these have swept past both socially, numerically, and intellectually all but three or four of the most distinguished of their seniors, and forced some of these even to reforms that seemed almost humiliating at the time to their admirers. Rossall, Wellington,

Haileybury, Malvern, and many other new prosperous and influential schools, may in some sort regard as the germ of their own existence that August day, forty-two years ago, when 200 boys from every part of England crossed the Wiltshire downs and took possession of the old halls of the Seymours.

It is not my purpose to enlarge on that decade of turbulence and misfortune by which Marlborough bought her experience, or to dwell on the thorny untried paths through which she groped in the dark to a success that gave heart unquestionably to a host of imitators, and that I think I may say has never for a moment waned.

Those early days of trial, however, had doubtless their good uses, and taught their lesson not to Marlborough, only, but, as I have said, to her younger rivals. A greater contrast in every particular between the past and the present could hardly be conceived. Indeed the survivor of those Spartan days, who now and then returns with grizzled hair from some distant clime to look upon the scene of his youthful adventures, is apt to gaze with as much scorn as bewilderment on the transformation that meets his eye.

The name of the town of Marlborough is inseparable from the great forest of Savernake, whose northern limits crown the hills immediately above the town. Grand avenues of immense beech-trees run for miles this way and that, crossed by green drives which lead the traveller for hours through what M. DeLesseps declared to be the finest forest scenery of the kind in Europe.

Some half a dozen miles above the town, almost at the head of the Kennet valley, stands the gigantic tumulus of Silbury—the largest in Europe.

From its summit you look down upon what is left of the scarcely less wonderful temple of Avebury. Before the once vast proportions of this ancient shrine the now more celebrated monuments of Stonehenge (twenty miles distant) shrink into an almost insignificant place. The local vandalism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which built farm-houses and paved roads with these gray veterans of unnumbered years, is minutely chronicled. The process by which the vast stones were crumbled by fire into blocks suitable for the new house of Farmer Green, or shivered into fragments for the new road to Farmer Browne's, can be read in detail by the curious.

This whole country, indeed, from Devizes to Marlborough, and from Marlborough to the fir-crowned crests that look down upon the Pewsey vale, teems with imperishable records of an unknown age. Silbury and Avebury are but the centre of a host of lesser satellites. Turn almost where you will the grass-grown mounds of those mysterious days crown the summits of the lonely hills, and grey boulders clustered or piled in shapes uncanny lend terror in the rustic mind to many a lonely dell.

Dr. Bradley is a noted angler, and he cannot say farewell to the banks of the Kennet without a word as to the delights of that renowned stream—renowned, at any rate, to initiated brothers of the angle.

It would never do to forget the trout, for the Kennet is accredited in the most august angling quarters with the three largest English brook trout that have

been played on record—namely, a nineteen and two seventeen-pounders.\* That such leviathans are in the habit of lurking beneath the mill-dams, by which the infant Kennet descends by slow degrees from the hill of Silbury to the groves of Marlborough is not, I need hardly say, the case. As a matter of fact, however, the largest fish in a river celebrated for large fish, haunt these rich feeding grounds far up among the downs. But these four and five-pounders are fat, lazy, and luxurious fellows, who scorn the efforts of the greatest expert to bring them to the top when such ample provision lies below. It is immediately below Marlborough—in the broader waters—that the angler who is privileged to do so most rejoices. There are people who cannot separate the habitat of the trout in their minds from the neighbourhood of beetling crags and rushing torrents, and are apt to speak even with contempt, of the finny denizen of more homely scenes. The former sentiment is of course only a matter of taste and habit. The latter would be returned with interest by your Kennet trout on the head of any uninitiated gentleman from the north or west, who came randomly flicking at him with a cast full of flies. The clear slow stream in which the veteran two-pounder lies eyeing the surrounding landscape with eagle glance, is a different field of attack from the whirling tail of a mountain pool alive with three-ouncers. Let the surface of the stream be churned into mimic waves by the western breeze, let the willows'

“Whistling lashes, wrung

By the wild winds of gusty spring,”

whiten against a background of sunless sky—then, if it is late enough in the season, almost any one can at least hook trout upon the Kennet.

But in the still summer days, when no air is stirring, or only light puffs that barely shake the bulrushes; when the sun is shining bright, and the feeding fish can be seen trailing their long length above the streaming weeds twenty yards away—then it requires something more than a slayer of Devonshire doyens to drop a sedge fly again and again lightly above that wily fellow's nose, so that it floats with dry wings and life-like look across his vision. And if he should be good enough to accept the snare, what a five minutes ensues! what a leaping and splashing and whizzing of reels! what moments of breathless suspense, as desperate rushes for banks of weeds or roots of trees have to be stopped by an absolute reliance on the strength of the thin gut! what triumph and relief as at last he measures his bright length on the grass! and scales a pound and three-quarters.

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\* Within the last month a trout of 16½ lbs. has been taken in the Kennet.



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**THE FIRST POTTER.**—Collective humanity owes a great debt of gratitude to the first potter.

Before his days the art of boiling, though in one sense very simple and primitive indeed, was in another sense very complex, cumbersome, and lengthy. The unsophisticated savage, having duly speared and killed his antelope, proceeded to light a roaring fire, with flint or drill, by the side of some convenient lake or river in his tropical jungle. Then he dug a big hole in the soft mud close to the water's edge, and let the water (rather muddy) percolate into it, or sometimes even he plastered over its bottom with puddled clay. After that he heated some smooth round stones red hot in the fire close by, and drawing them out gingerly between two pieces of stick, dropped them one by one, spluttering and fizzing, into his improvised basin or kettle. This, of course, made the water in the hole boil ; and the unsophisticated savage thereupon thrust into it his joint of antelope, repeating the process over and over again until the sodden meat was completely seethed to taste on the outside. If one application was not sufficient, he gnawed off the cooked meat from the surface with his stout teeth, innocent as yet of the dentist's art, and plunged the underdone core back again, till it exactly suited his not over-delicate or dainty fancy.

To be sure, the primitive savage, unversed as he was in pastes and glazes, in moulds and ornaments, did not pass his life entirely devoid of cups and platters. Cocoanut-shell and calabash rind, horn of ox and skull of enemy, bamboo-joint and capacious rhomb-shell, all alike, no doubt, supplied him with congenial implements for drink or storage. Like Eve in the Miltonic Paradise, there lacked him not fit vessels pure : picking some luscious tropical fruit, the savoury pulp he chewed, and in the rind still as he thirsted scooped the brimming stream. This was satisfactory as far as it went, of course, but it was not pottery. He couldn't boil his joint for dinner in cocoanut or skull ; he had to do it with stone pot-boilers, in a rude kettle of puddled clay.

But at last one day, that inspired barbarian, the first potter, hit by

accident upon his grand discovery. He had carried some water in a big calabash—the hard shell of a tropical fruit whose pulpy centre can be easily scooped out—and a happy thought suddenly struck him: why not put the calabash to boil upon the fire with a little clay smeared outside it? The savage is conservative, but he loves to save trouble. He tried the experiment, and it succeeded admirably. The water boiled, and the calabash was not burnt or broken. Our nameless philosopher took the primitive vessel off the fire with a forked branch and looked at it critically with the delighted eyes of a first inventor. A wonderful change had suddenly come over it. He had blundered accidentally upon the art of pottery. For what is this that has happened to the clay? It went in soft, brown, and muddy; it has come out hard, red, and stonelike. The first potter ruminated and wondered. He didn't fully realise, no doubt, what he had actually done; but he knew he had invented a means by which you could put a calabash upon a fire and keep it there without burning or bursting. That, after all, was at least something.

All this, it may be said, is purely hypothetical. In one sense it is so; but not in another.

We know that most savage races still use natural vessels, made of cocoanuts, gourds, or calabashes, for every-day purposes of carrying water; and we also know that all the simplest and earliest pottery is moulded on the shape of just such natural jars and bottles. The fact and the theory based on it are no novelties. Early in the sixteenth century, indeed, the *Sieur Gonneville*, skipper of *Honfleur*, sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, made his way right across the Southern Ocean to some vague point of South America, where he found the people still just in the intermediate stage between the use of natural vessels and the invention of pottery. For these amiable savages (name and habitat unknown) had wooden pots "plastered with a kind of clay, a good finger thick, which prevents the fire from burning them." Here we catch industrial evolution in the very act, and the potter's art in its first infancy, fossilised and crystallised, as it were, in an embryo condition, and fixed for us immovably by the unprogressive conservatism of a savage tribe. It was this curious early observation of evolving ceramic art that made *Goguet*—anthropologist born out of due season—first hit upon that luminous theory of the origin of pottery now all but universally accepted.

Plenty of evidence to the same effect is now forthcoming for the modern inquirer. Among the ancient monuments of the Mississippi valley, *Squier* and *Davis* found the kilns in which the primitive pottery had been baked; and among their relics were partially burnt pots retaining in part the rinds of the gourds or calabashes on which they had been actually modelled. Along the Gulf of Mexico gourds were also used to give shape to the pot; and all over the world even to this day, the gourd form is a very common one for pottery of all sorts, thus pointing back, dimly and curiously, to the original mode in which fictile ware generally came to be invented. In *Fiji* and in many parts of *Africa* vessels modelled upon natural forms are still universal. Of course all such pots as these are purely hand-made; the invention of the potter's wheel now, so indissolubly associated in all our minds with the production of earthenware, belongs to an infinitely later and almost modern period.

The last consideration naturally suggests the fundamental question: When did the first potter live?

The world (as Sir Henry Taylor has oracularly told us) knows nothing of its greatest men; and the very name of the father of all potters has been utterly forgotten in the lapse of ages. Indeed, paradoxical as it may sound to say so, one may reasonably doubt whether there was ever actually any one single man on whom one could definitely lay one's finger, and say with confidence, Here we have the first potter. Pottery, no doubt, like most other things, grew by imperceptible degrees from wholly vague and rudimentary beginnings. Just as there were steam-engines before Watt, and locomotives before Stephenson, so there were pots before the first potter. Many men must have discovered separately, by half unconscious trials, that a coat of mud rudely plastered over the bottom of a calabash prevented it from catching fire and spilling its contents; other men slowly learned to plaster the mud higher and ever higher up the sides; and yet others gradually introduced and patented new improvements for wholly encasing the entire cup in an inch thickness of carefully kneaded clay. Bit by bit the invention grew, like all great inventions, without any inventor. Thus the question of the date of the first potter practically resolves itself into the simpler question of the date of the earliest known pottery.

Did palæolithic man, that antique naked crouching savage who hunted the mammoth, the rein-deer, and the cave-bear among the frozen fields of interglacial Gaul and Britain—did palæolithic man himself, in his rude rock-shelters, possess a knowledge of the art of pottery? That is a question which has been much debated amongst archæologists, and which cannot even now be considered as finally settled before the tribunal of science. He must have drunk out of something or other, but whether he drank out of earthenware cups is still uncertain. It is pretty clear that the earliest drinking vessels used in Europe were neither bowls of earthenware nor shells of fruits, for the cold climate of interglacial times did not permit the growth in northern latitudes of such large natural vessels as gourds, calabashes, bamboos, or cocoanuts. In all probability the horns of the aurochs and the wild cattle, and the capacious skull of the fellow-man whose bones he had just picked at his ease for his cannibal supper, formed the aboriginal goblets and basins of the old black European savage. A curious verbal relic of the use of horns as drinking-cups survives indeed down to almost modern times in the Greek word *keramic*, still commonly applied to the art of pottery, and derived of course, from *keras*, a horn; while as to skulls, not only were they frequently used as drinking-cups by our Scandinavian ancestors, but there still exists a very singular intermediate American vessel in which the clay has actually been moulded on a human skull as model, just as other vessels have been moulded on calabashes or other suitable vegetable shapes.

Still, the balance of evidence certainly seems to show that a little very rude and almost shapeless hand-made pottery has really been discovered amongst the buried caves where palæolithic men made for ages their chief dwelling-places. Fragments of earthenware occurred in the Hohefels cave near Ulm, in company with the bones of rein-deer, cave-bears, and mammoths, whose joints had doubtless been duly boiled, a hundred thousand years ago, by the intelligent produce of those identical sun-dried fleshpots; and M. Joly, of Toulouse, has in his possession portions of an irregularly circular flat-bottomed vessel, from the cave of Nabrigas, on which the finger-marks of the hand that moulded the clay are still clearly distinguishable on the baked earthenware. That is the great

merit of pottery, viewed as an historical document : it retains its shape and peculiarities unaltered through countless centuries, for the future edification of unborn antiquaries. *Litera scripta manet*, and so does baked pottery. The hand itself that formed that rude bowl has long since mouldered away, flesh and bone alike, into the soil around it ; but the print of its fingers, indelibly fixed by fire into the hardened clay, remains for us still to tell the story of that early triumph of nascent ceramics.

The relics of palæolithic pottery are, however, so very fragmentary, and the circumstances under which they have been discovered so extremely doubtful, that many cautious and sceptical antiquarian will even now have nothing to say to the suspected impostors.

Among the remains of the newer Stone Age, on the other hand, comparatively abundant ceramic specimen have been unearthed, without doubt or cavil, from the long barrows—the burial-places of the early Mongoloid race, now represented by the Finns and Lapps, which occupied the whole of Western Europe before the advent of the Aryan vanguard. One of the best bits is a curious wide-mouthed semi-globular bowl from Norton Bavant, in Wiltshire, whose singular shape suggests almost immediately the idea that it must at least have been based, if not actually modelled, upon a human skull. Its rim is rough and quite irregular, and there is no trace of ornamentation of any sort : a fact quite in accordance with all the other facts we know about the men of the newer Stone Age, who were far less artistic and æsthetic in every way than their ruder predecessors of the interglacial epoch.

Ornamentation, when it does begin to appear, arises at first in a strictly practical and unintentional manner. Later examples show us elsewhere by analogy how it first came into existence.

The Indians of the Ohio seem to have modelled their pottery in bags or nettings made of coarse thread or twisted bark. Those of the Mississippi moulded them in the baskets of willow or splints. When the moist clay thus shaped and marked by the indentations of the mould was baked in the kiln, it of course retained the pretty dappling it received from the interlaced and woven thrums which were burnt off in the process of firing. Thus a rude sort of natural diaper ornament was set up, to which the eye soon became accustomed, and which it learned to regard as necessary for beauty. Hence, wherever newer and more improved methods of modelling came into use, there would arise an instinctive tendency on the part of the early potter to imitate the familiar marking by artificial means. Dr. Klemm long ago pointed out that the oldest German fictile vases have an ornamentation in which plaiting is imitated by incised lines. "What was no longer wanted as a necessity," he says, "was kept up as an ornament alone."

Another very simple form of ornamentation, reappearing everywhere all the world over on primitive bowls and vases, is the rope pattern, a line or string-course over the whole surface or near the mouth of the vessel. Many of the indented patterns on early British pottery have been produced, as Dr. Daniel Wilson has pointed out, by the close impress of twisted cord on the wet clay. Sometimes these cords seem to have been originally left on the clay in the process of baking, and used as a mould ; at other times they may have been employed afterwards as handles, as is still done in the case of some South African pots :

and when the rope handle wore off, the pattern made by its indentation on the plastic material before sun-baking would still remain as pure ornament. Probably the very common idea of string-course ornamentation just below the mouth or top of vases and bowls has its origin in this early and almost universal practice.

When other conscious and intentional ornamentation began to supersede these rude natural and undesigned patterns, they were at first mere rough attempts on the part of the early potter to imitate, with the simple means at his disposal, the characteristic marks of the ropes or wickerwork by which the older vessels were necessarily surrounded. He had gradually learned, as Mr. Tylor well puts it, that clay alone or with some mixture of sand is capable of being used without any extraneous support for the manufacture of drinking and cooking vessels. He therefore began to model rudely thin globular bowls with his own hands, dispensing with the aid of thongs or basketwork. But he still naturally continued to imitate the original shapes—the gourd, the calabash, the plaited net, the round basket ; and his eye required the familiar decoration which naturally resulted from the use of some one or other among these primitive methods. So he tried his hand at deliberate ornament in his own simple untutored fashion.

It was quite literally his hand, indeed, that he tried at first ; for the earliest decoration upon palæolithic pottery is made by pressing the fingers into the clay so as to produce a couple of deep parallel furrows, which is the sole attempt at ornament on M. Joly's Nabrigas specimen ; while the urns and drinking-cups taken from our English long barrows are adorned with really pretty and effective patterns, produced by pressing the tip of the finger and the nail into the plastic material. It is wonderful what capital and varied results you can get with no more recondite graver than the human finger-nail, sometimes turned front downward, sometimes back downward, and sometimes used to egg up the moist clay into small jagged and relieved designs. Most of these patterns are more or less plaitlike in arrangement, evidently suggested to the mind of the potter by the primitive marks of the old basketwork. But as time went on, the early artist learned to press into his service new implements, pieces of wood, bone scrapers, and the flint knife itself, with which he incised more regular patterns, straight or zigzag lines, rows of dots, squares and triangles, concentric circles, and even the mystic cross and swastika, the sacred symbols of yet unborn and undreamt-of religions. As yet, there was no direct imitation of plant or animal forms ; once only, on a single specimen from a Swiss lake dwelling, are the stem and veins of a leaf dimly figured on the handiwork of the European prehistoric potter. Ornament in its pure form, as pattern merely, had begun to exist ; imitative work as such was yet unknown, or almost unknown, to the eastern hemisphere.

**In America it was quite otherwise.**

The forgotten people who built the mounds of Ohio and the great tumuli of the Mississippi valley decorated their pottery not only with animal figures, such as snakes, fish, frogs, and turtles, but also with human heads and faces, many of them evidently modelled from the life, and some of them quite unmistakably genuine portraits. On one such vase, found in Arkansas, and figured by the Marquis de Nadaillac in his excellent work on Prehistoric America, the ornamentation consists (in true Red Indian taste) of skeleton hands, interspersed with cross-bones : and the delicacy and anatomical correctness of the detail inevitably suggest the idea that the unknown artist must have worked with the

actual hand of his slaughtered enemy lying for a model on the table before him. Much of the early American pottery is also coloured as well as figured, and that with considerable real taste; the pigments were applied, however, after the baking, and so possess little stability or permanence of character. But pots and vases of these advanced styles have got so far ahead of the first potter, that we have really little or no business with them in this paper.

Prehistoric European pottery has never a spout, but it often indulges in some simple form of ear and handle. The very ancient British bowl from Bavant Long Barrow—produced by that old squat Finnlike race which preceded the “Ancient Britons” of our old-fashioned school-books—has two ear-shaped handles projecting just below the rim, exactly as in the modern form of vessel known as a crock, and still familiarly used for household purposes.

This long survival of a common domestic shape from the most remote prehistoric antiquity to our own time is very significant and very interesting. Many of the old British pots have also a hole or two holes pierced through them, near the top, evidently for the purpose of putting in a string or rope by way of a handle. With the round barrows, which belong to the Bronze Age, and contain the remains of a later and more civilised Celtic population, we get far more advanced forms of pottery. Burial here is preceded by cremation, and the ashes are enclosed in urns, many of which are very beautiful in form and exquisitely decorated. Cremation, as Professor Rolleston used feelingly to plead, is bad for the comparative anatomist and ethnographer, but it is passing well for the collector of pottery. Where burning exists as a common practice, there urns are frequent, and pottery an art in great request. Drinking-cups and perforated incense burners accompany the dead in the round barrows; but the use of the potter's wheel is still unknown, and all the urns and vases belonging to this age are still hand-moulded.

It is a curious reflection that, in spite of all the later improvements of the fictile art—in spite of wheels and moulds, pastes and glazes, stamps and pigments—the most primitive methods of the first potter are still in use in many countries side by side with the most finished products of modern European skill.

I have in my own possession some West Indian calabashes, cut and decorated under my own eye by a Jamaican negro for his personal use, and bought from him by me for the smallest coin there current—calabashes carved round the edge through the rind with a rude string-course, exactly like the common rope pattern of prehistoric pottery. I have seen the same Jamaican negroes kneading their hand-made porous earthenware beside a tropical stream, moulding it on fruits or shaping it inside with a free sweep of the curved hand, and drying it for use in the hot sun, or baking it in a hastily-formed kiln of plastered mud into large coarse jars of prehistoric types, locally known by the quaint West African name of “yabbas.” Many of these yabbas, if buried in the ground and exposed to damp and frost, till they almost lost the effects of the baking, would be quite indistinguishable, even by the skilled archæologist, from the actual handicraft of the palæolithic potter. The West Indian negroes brought

these simple arts with them from their African home, where they have been handed down in unbroken continuity from the very earliest age of fictile industry. New and better methods have slowly grown up everywhere around them, but these simplest, earliest, and easiest plans have survived none the less for the most ordinary domestic uses, and will survive for ages yet, as long as there remain any out-of-the-way-places, remote from the main streams of civilised commerce. Thus, while hundreds of thousands of years, in all probability, separate us now from the ancient days of the first potter, it is yet possible for us to see the first potter's own methods and principles exemplified under our very eyes by people who derive them in unbroken succession from the direct teaching of that long-forgotten prehistoric savage.

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## TEMPLE BAR.

JULY, 1885.

A Girton Girl. Chaps. XXVI.-XXIX	...	...	...	...	...
Eugène Bodichon : A Republican of 1830	...	...	...	...	...
Lesbia in London	...	...	...	...	741
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Mitre Court. Chaps. XX.-XXII	...	...	...	...	...

### LESBIA IN LONDON.

To die for all the heart holds dear  
 When death is at the door,  
 And perfect Love has vanquished Fear,  
 What can a man do more ?

Thus, fluttering o'er his fragile nest,  
 While flames that breathed of hell  
 Burned the soft feathers from his breast,  
 A Sparrow fought and fell.

And men who ran abroad to see  
 Great rival forces play,  
 Saw Love's triumphant mastery  
 O'er fire and flood that day.

Fleet are the horses, men are brave,  
 Swift is the deluge hurled,  
 For " many waters " yet may save  
 Some treasure for the world—

And fire is quenched ! the spoils of Kings  
 Life safe within their walls,  
 Love too can save her precious things,  
 As one poor Sparrow falls.

Rough hearts within their bosoms stirred,  
 As once a girl's in Rome,  
 And London cheered the little bird  
 Who died for hearth and home.

O Sparrow ! Death hath served thee well,  
 He gave thee Lesbia's tears ;  
 And never hero vainly fell  
 Who falls mid British Cheers.

C. B.



ONE OF THE WORLD'S WONDERS.—The following is a descriptive account of the "wonder," which consists of a so-called "Grotto," situated in the "Dane" at Margate, a splendid example of early artistic effort, possibly constructed as the asylum of some secret worship at the time when the Danish hordes ravaged the coast. It is as wonderful in its way as Fingal's cave or as the Blue Grotto at Capri.

The writer follows his guide, holding a lighted taper, down a flight of rough stone steps, and in a minute they were in the subterranean temple, miscalled a grotto, and which, as the guide lit the gas all along it, proved one of the most beautiful, fantastic, and interesting relics of the ancient days that exists in England or anywhere else.

I had expected nothing like it. I had no idea there was such a place to be seen anywhere, least of all in Margate, and I was fairly bewildered at the fine architecture and artistic proportions of the beautiful temple in which I stood. It is spaciouly and mathematically planned; a long winding passage, with exquisitely designed archways here and there, leads to the culminating point, a square room with the fragments of an altar at each end. An enormous column, as thick and as handsomely rounded as the centre column in Roslin Chapel, supports the roof, but the wonder of it all, apart from its architectural construction, is that the walls, the centre column, and the altars, are covered with shell panels, designed by the brain and worked by the hand of man, every panel different in design, and all beautifully executed. Here a sunflower, with leaves and buds, all exquisitely worked out in shells of different form and size, covers one panel; next to it, a rising sun surrounded with triangles, stars and crescents—one particularly beautiful panel has upon it a full blown rose with leaves, thorns and buds, all perfect. Two hearts, one within the other, a sword or dagger half drawn from its hilt, a star-fish, rings entwined, and all sorts of emblematical signs form centres for these wonderful shell panels, each panel having a different and more or less elaborate border. The great centre column is a perfect marvel of shell-work, some portions of it being as finely worked as Florentine mosaic. The shells used are the usual ones found on the sea-shore, and are bedded in common clay. Utterly unprepared as I was for such a marvel of art and beauty, I said to my guide:

"What is the history of this wonderful place? Does any one know anything about it?"

"Very little is known," said the girl. "It was first discovered in 1834. The foundations for a school were being laid just above here, and one of the workmen let his spade fall. To his surprise it dropped through a hole and disappeared. A small boy was then let down through the hole to look after the spade, and when he got to the bottom he found himself just close to the centre column of the Grotto. Afterwards the entrance was found, and cleared of stones and rubbish, so that people could walk through. The piece of land on which it is, has always been private property, and the lady to whom it now belongs allows us to live here for a small rental and make what we can by showing the Grotto, as long as we take good care of it. She had the gas laid on all through the

place as it is now. A great many people who have seen it have said it ought to be written about in the papers, but no one has taken any particular notice of it yet."

On further inquiry, I heard that Frank Buckland, the naturalist, had paid many visits to the cave, purposing to write a book about it, had not untimely Death put an end to his useful labours. His theory was, that all the shells used in the ornamentation of the place, must have been taken *alive*—that is, with fish in them, or they could not have remained in the wonderful state of preservation in which they now are. This is, however, a difficult question, which only profound conchologists can determine.

The square room at the end of the beautiful vaulted passage looks as if intended for a place of worship, though the Christian emblem of the cross is nowhere to be seen. The walls here are richly emblazoned with designs in shells of the sun; the sun rising, setting, and in the full splendour of all his rays; these rays exquisitely worked in the minutest shells, some of them so small that one needs a microscope to judge the amount of patience, thought and skill, bestowed on their arrangement. On some of the panels in this room too are worked urns or vases of primitive shape, from which flames are depicted ascending. Tapping the middle panel at the end of this chamber, I found that it sounded hollow. I suggested to my guide that it might be well to make some excavations there; she agreed, but averred that the present owner of the property would never allow it. Wandering slowly back through the beautiful vaulted passages, I noticed at the top of one of the arches the small figure of a man in a sitting posture, carved out of one stone; the arms are tightly folded, the head is gone, but judging from the position of the body, the head had evidently turned downwards so that the chin rested on the breast. Full of curiosity and surprise, I turned back once more to look at the whole effect of this almost unrecognised memento of the past, and noticed how marvellously the designs harmonised together, the different colours and shapes of the shells blending so that from the foot of the steps that led into it, as far as eye could see, it looked like a miniature chapel ornamented with the finest mosaic work. It is difficult to guess for what purpose it could have been built. It is certainly not a Christian temple; nor is it Druidical, as the Druids never worshipped underground, but on hills and in forests. It is more likely to be a relic of Scandinavian mythology—it is suggestive of the sea, and may have been a burial-place of the Vikings, though it is generally believed that these bold riders of the waves preferred to let their lifeless bodies drift out to sea in ships and sink in the "cold, populous graves" of the ocean they loved so well, rather than be laid in the damp and wormy earth. Whatever it be, the Shell Grotto at Margate deserves a better name and a wider fame, and so it will prove, when antiquarians and scholars shall have given it proper consideration, and have freed it from its present common surroundings. Sixpence, for seeing so beautiful and extraordinary a place, seems an absurdly small sum, considering what "guides," as a rule, charge for showing sights not half so interesting; yet that humble silver coin is the only key required to unlock the wonders of a palace almost as beautiful as one of the scenes in Hans Christian Andersen's "Little Mermaid."

## ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

COUNT VASILIS'S book, the "World of London," from which I gave copious extracts last month, has quite usurped the place of its not very fascinatingly interesting predecessor, "Society in London." It is now generally understood that the authorship of the latter is dual; that neither a Frenchman nor a member of the American Embassy had any part therein, but that society in general has to thank (or the reverse) Mr. Escott, the well-known editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, son of the novelist and Irish M. P., and the acknowledged writer of the successful play, *The Candidate*. One gentleman, who moved in the best literary and social circles, has returned to America to the great regret of many friends in London. This, of course, is the late United States Ambassador, Mr. James Russell Lowell. It is interesting to learn that this accomplished writer has taken on hand a "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne," in which there will be some new data and a judicious re-arrangement of old, the work ultimately to come out in the "American Men of Letter Series."

The book of the season (such as is left of it) is, or rather will be immediately, the Khartoum diary of the late General Gordon. As this will be in every one's hands, or as ample extracts will appear in every paper, I need not give any excerpts here; but I may add that much attention has been paid to the Nemesis by which the day of the publication of this intensely interesting and important work was synonymous with that on which was first made officially public the dispersion of the Gladstone Ministry. It also is a curious coincidence that Gordon's Diary will greatly tend to disparage the late Government, and be one of the most useful of party-weapons in the coming elections. The same kind of thing should be taking place in France, where the publication of the non-official letters of the late Admiral Courbet, of Tonquinese and Formosan fame, constitutes one of the most disparaging influences that will work against the chances of the late Ferry administration and its supporters when the voice of the party agent is heard in the land.

After this stirring and pathetic diary, which no one should neglect reading, the book that has had the greatest success is one of a very different kind, though here also the interest is mainly personal. This is Mr. Bompas's "*Life of Frank Buckland*," the genial and world-known naturalist, who was so lately cut off in the midst of his energetic career. Besides the interest attaching to the personal record, there is a great deal of curious information on out-of-the-way subjects, and a good many amusing anecdotes. To all who knew Mr. Buckland ("Frank," as he was called by hundreds) his remark concerning an operation which he had to undergo is thoroughly characteristic—"No, of course, I won't take chloroform, because I want to be present at the operation myself."—An amusing story is circulating among friends of the Buckland family, concerning the late naturalist's father, the Dean. This eccentric cleric was once on a visit to Nuneham, and was reverently shown a casket containing (what was esteemed a most precious relic) the heart of one of the early French Kings. No sooner was the casket opened than, to the unspeakable horror of its owner, Dean Buckland pounced upon the relic and instantly gobbled it up. He had a passion for ascertaining the flavour of everything he came across, and, never having tasted a king's heart, the temptation was too strong to be resisted. He is said to have eaten through the whole of the animal creation; and to have averred that, though a mole was somewhat disagreeable, the worst creature of all to tackle was a blue-bottle fly. Subsequently he went out of his mind, and crawled about the Deanery on his stomach, fancying himself an ichthyosaurus. "In which condition," said his son (so runs the story) "he was far more interesting than he had ever been before."

Mr. Ruskin's autobiography has begun to come out in irregularly published parts, and is naturally finding a wide public, though undoubtedly the main interest will be in the succeeding numbers. There will be thirty "chapters" in all, and the first, recently published, is entitled "*The Springs of Wandel*." Most that is in it has already appeared disconnectedly in various issues of "*Fors Clavigera*." As regards his genealogy the great writer is not only frank but assertively candid. Some years ago he wrote: "My mother was a sailor's daughter. so please you; one of my aunts was a baker's wife—the other, a tanner's; and I don't know much more about my family, except that there used to be a greengrocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace." We now learn further that the maternal grandmother "was the landlady of the old King's Head in Market Street, Croydon, and I wish she were alive again, and

I could paint her Simone Memmi's King's Head for a sign." An amusing story is given of the maternal grandfather, a sailor. "My mother being once perceived by him to have distinctly told a lie, he sent the servant out forthwith to buy an entire bundle of new broom twigs to whip her with. "They did not hurt me so much as one twig would have done, said my mother, *'but I thought a good deal of it.'*" Young John Ruskin, the only son of the wealthy wine-merchant, was brought up by his mother in the strictest Evangelical principles, though a paternal aunt, who lived in the same house, caused him even greater weariness of the spirit. "As I always had a way," writes Mr. Ruskin, "of looking forward to things, a lurid shade was cast over the whole of Friday and Saturday by the horrible sense that Sunday was coming, and all the glory of Monday, with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it." But it was the Scotch aunt who gave the last straw "by carrying her religion down to the ninth or glacial circle of holiness." With one other quotation we must take leave of this most interesting autobiographical fragment, to which, doubtless, all lovers and students of the great writer's works will turn with eagerness. "My mother forced me by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; and to that discipline, patient, accurate, and resolute, I owe not only much of my general power of taking pains, but the best part of my taste in literature. Once knowing the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishness of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English, and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into."

In poetic literature the great event has been the publication of Mr. Swinburne's dramatic poem, "Marino Faliero: a tragedy." Readers will remember that Byron wrote a poetic drama on the same subject, one moreover in which the author of "Don Juan" is certainly not seen at his best. Possibly it was this fact that in the first instance impelled Mr. Swinburne to undertake his tragedy, for it is well known that this eminent writer has completely swung round from the enthusiastic estimate in which he once held Byron, regarding him now as "a very ordinary great man indeed." The two poets treat the subject very differently, the younger one making the insulted Doge conspire against the Venetian aristocracy, not

from any mean motive of grossly exaggerated revenge, but in a truly patriotic spirit, looking upon aristocracy as the cancer that was destroying the whole body, and as so necessary to be cut away at any cost. History does not bear Mr. Swinburne out, at least the ordinary reading of that chapter of Venetian history. The later writer has more dramatically conceived his subject; but for stage representation it would probably be found inferior. At any rate the exuberant periods of the second chronicler of "Marino Faliero" would have an effect of bathos, or at least of weariness, if heard in public. There is no direct love-story inserted, but there are some fine passages between the young Duchess, wife of the aged Doge, and the latter's son Bertuccio. Soon after Faliero's late marriage the touch of love had electrified the hearts of both these young people; but both were honourable and loyal, and mainly through the nobility of the young Duchess's character they were enabled to keep pure both openly and in secret. The passage where a reference is made to this subdued love, is so very fine that I will quote it here.

The Doge's wife and son have just left his presence after the terrible disclosure of the shameful insult by the nobleman Steno, who had written above the ducal chair in the hall of audience: "Marino Faliero, the husband of the fair wife: others kiss her, but he keeps her." The blind fury of the old man has awed these two almost into silence, so that it is but in whispered talk they indulge during the brief moments they are alone after leaving Faliero's apartment:—

*Duchess.* Have I merited these? Have we that loved,  
Have we that love, in God's clear sight or man's,  
Sinned?

*Bertuccio.* Nay, not thou, if heaven by love for earth  
Sins not: if thou, then God in loving man  
Sins.

*Duchess.* Nay: for yet you never kissed my lips.  
That day the truth sprang forth of thine, I swore  
It should not bring my soul and thine to shame.  
And thou, too, didst not thou, for very love,  
Swear it?

*Bertuccio.* And stands mine oath not whole?

*Duchess.* Give God  
Honour, who hath kept in us our honour fast.  
Whatever come between our death and this,  
For that I thank him.

*Bertuccio.*

Ah, my love, my light,  
 Soul of my soul, and holier heart of mine,  
 Thee, thee I thank, that yet I live, and yet  
 Love, and yet stand not in all true men's eyes  
 Shamed. Am I pure as thou, that save through thee  
 I should be found no viler than I am?  
 Had'st thou been other, I perchance, God knows,  
 Had been a baser thing than galls us now.

Another volume of verse that seems to have appealed to a wide audience is the *Poems* (3rd series) of Jean Ingelow. The collection is not on the whole so satisfactory a one as either of the two preceding volumes by this popular writer, nor is it likely that Miss Ingelow will now ever write anything to surpass the admirable "High Tide on the coast of Lincolnshire": but still there is much in these pages to delight all lovers of essentially English poetry. From one poem I quote three stanzas giving a delightful picture of a summer noon in some South English country:—

And our small river makes encompassment  
 Of half the mead and holm : yon lime-trees grow  
 All heeling over to it, diligent  
 To cast green doubles of themselves below,  
 But shafts of sunshine reach its shallow floor  
 And warm the yellow sand it ripples o'er :—  
 Ripples and ripples to a pool it made  
 Turning. The cows are there, one creamy white—  
 She should be painted with no touch of shade  
 If any list to limn her—she, the light  
 Above, about her, treads out circles wide,  
 And sparkling water flashes from her side.  
 The clouds have all retired to so great height  
 As earth could have no dealings with them more;  
 As they were lost, for all her drawing and might,  
 And must be left behind ; but down the shore  
 Lie lovelier clouds in ranks of lace-work frail,  
 Wild parsley with a myriad florets pale.

In fiction the book that is attracting much the most attention is the very powerfully written and interesting story "Colonel Enderby's Wife," by Lucas Malet, whom many may remember in connection with a clever study entitled "Mrs. Lorimer, a sketch in black and white." It is, however, not only a sad story but even a sombre one. Mr. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster" is attracting a great many readers, despite the supposed objection of the public to historical

romances, specially those dealing with very remote times. Of all the shilling novels that are now deluging the reading world none has, since Hugh Conway's "Called Back" and "Dark Days," had a greater success than Ouida's "A Rainy June," which, as the story is not one of exceptional power or interest, shows that the author has still a firm hold on her *clientele*. Speaking of Hugh Conway, readers of "A Family Affair" now running in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, will be interested to know that the late novelist finished the MS. some months ago. Mr. Arrowsmith's annual for next Christmas was likewise finished before Mr. Fergus ('Hugh Conway') left England for his fatal trip to Italy and the South of France. Another story, which it was at first feared was not completed, turns out to be likewise ready for publication; this is a long and a more ambitious work than anything the author had previously written. A syndicate of newspapers has paid £1,200 for the mere right of publication in three separate journals, and the story will commence running serially the first week of 1886. It is said by those who have read the MS. to be a very finished and artistic piece of work.

In art there is almost nothing to chronicle this month save the unexpected academical honours paid to Mr. Burne Jones by his election into the august body who reign at Burlington House, and the conferment on the part of the Queen (and Mr. Gladstone) of baronetcies on Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A.

E. A. S.

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## FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

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PARIS, 27th June 1885.

**F**OREIGN questions have sunk to the second rank since Lord Salisbury has become Premier. It is felt nothing can be "squeezed" out of him ; that England must be no longer snubbed ; and that she and Bismarck will henceforth rule the roast in Europe—or where they please. It is also accepted that Russia will be prudent, and must reconsider her ways and be wise. India may now count upon being looked after—not being regarded as a *quantité négligeable* in the British Empire.

—In France, nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth over Admiral Courbet's death, and his denunciation of Jules Ferry ; over the questionable treaty with China, where France went to seek wool, and came back shorn ; over the disorganised condition of the finances and the juggling to keep back the truth from the voters till after the general elections ; and over the want of success, which characterises the administration of the Republic at home and abroad. M. de Lesseps, it seems, is quite discomfited at the mishaps in the Suez Canal, and the progress of the revived route by the Cape.

M. Cucheval Clarigny, true to the *mot d'ordre* of his *confrères* before the accession of the Marquis of Salisbury, writes in compassionate vein on the future of England's power. He is very severe on the late Gladstone ministry, whose foreign policy was a uniform "knuckling under." He points to the fact that Palmerston had never in his day need to assure his countrymen that they should not be downcast, that there was no fear for the future of the nation. Nor, had Palmerston being alive, would three emperors have dared to meet without inviting England to the tête-à-tête ; nor would Earl Granville have presented the spectacle of kissing the rod administered by Bismarck to the Cabinet. M. Cucheval raises the questions : "Is the power of England on the decline : what are the causes : what are the elements of her weakness : what are the sources of her vitality, and their extent ?" He considers the insular position of England to be at once a source of strength and of

weakness. Only continental writers, as is natural, harp on the latter. He reproaches England with not being a military people, and so with being incapable of undertaking an invasion. It is a question if France, despite her military repute, would be able to recruit so large an army as Britain, had she to depend on enlistment instead of conscription to muster her battalions. And if the occasion arose for every Englishman to become a soldier, he would require no *compulsory* law to "fall in." The only time when the English army really led the van in the way of a continental invasion was at Waterloo; that was a soldier's, not a general's battle. The 30,000 English troops there engaged were all raw *materiel*—"the worst army I ever commanded," said Wellington,—but they defeated the veterans of Napoleon. Since then, the red jackets still are so stupid as not to know when they are defeated, and are never shot in the back. At the present moment, the most unpopular profession in France is that of arms. When Napoleon I. overran Europe, his army was composed of conscripts, drafted from the nations he crushed. In the invasion of Russia, he boasted that only one soldier in five was French, and he reminded the King of Bavaria that he had the honour of conquering his kingdom without the aid of a single French soldier. And to-day, France is in straits to find soldiers for her colonies: the home army will furnish no volunteers; hence she counts upon Arabs and Annamites, and her foreign legion, composed of all the waifs and strays of cosmopolitan society, to make up a colonial army. Carthage had her mercenaries, her Hessians, too. M. Cucheval reproaches England with not being able "to undertake a war without allies." What is that but common sense. Even Bismarck counts upon Austria. It was the bitterest reproach addressed to Napoleon III. that he undertook the 1870-71 war without having secured an ally. The *rôle* of M. Thiers, making the tour of Europe to find an ally for France, *after* the twelfth hour, is still contemporary history. And what important war did France undertake single-handed? In the Crimea and China she had England—and so won. Against Austria she had Italy. She went alone to Mexico, and had to retreat; she was alone with Germany fourteen years ago and was smashed, and her recent struggle with the Celestials is not the most glorious page in her military annals. If England has been, till now, momentarily without allies, that was due not to any difficulty in obtaining them, but to her statesmen repelling overtures, out of deference to "susceptibilities" and "sentiment." That has been the reason why England has "let herself down." She has only to cease to starve her navy, to put backbone into her defences, have a policy of defence, but not

defiance ; of knowing her own mind, of speaking up and speaking plain, and then all the theories about her decadence will vanish like ghosts at cock-crow. . . M. Cuheval does not gainsay that remedy, but is ready to avow that on the day that England will rouse up to be true to herself, his occupation, like Othello's, will be gone.

The time has not come for an impartial review of the literary career of Victor Hugo. His idolaters are still too fervent, their adoration is yet in the region of hyperboles. It is but rational to allow grief to subside, merely recording that the profound sentiment of pity which runs through his writings for all human suffering will not die with him. In this sense he loved much—all things both great and small, and so will be forgiven much. The poet glorifies the good, he absolves the erring, for he knows that all wrong-doing, all crime, springs from the germ of despair. Thus he holds in one hand justice, in the other clemency, remembering that if Adam wept over Abel, Eve wept over Cain.

Many will prefer the obstinate romanticism of Hugo to the ferocious realism of the day, his spiritualism, vast and comprehensive, to the narrow materialism of Flaubert and Zola. He has remained chivalrous, while all around him is repulsively utilitarian. He has preserved a robust faith in life, in idea, in love, while the pessimism of Schopenhauer gains each day a fresh advance. He has ever affirmed his confidence in progress, and in the indefinite perfectibility of man. He has dwelt on the summit of mountains, while his opponents agitate in the profound depths of valleys. He has remained younger than his posterity ; he has been flattered, has received extraordinary deference, but then he was an extraordinary man, and such deference implies no adhesion to many of his mystical and impracticable doctrines. He has had many devotees, but may be said never to have had disciples. He has left no school, yet every *roitelet* has to-day his kingdom, and Hugo not the less passed for more than a King. His intellect was at service for cementing all the conflicts and differences which divide and distract humanity ; he was a leveller, in the sense that he worked to overthrow the barriers that separated minds and souls, ; he aimed at disarming passions, parties, and churches ; he wished to be the neutral ground where the adversaries of the eve and the morrow might meet and mingle in peace. The termination of such a rôle, the loss of such a benefit, cannot but be a sad and bitter loss. He may have dreamed a good deal, but in all his rhapsodies the "august sower of ideas" let fall some seed, that is bringing forth an hundredfold.

*Bel Ami*, by Guy de Maupassant, is a powerfully written satire

on the class of persons—Bismarck would call them “reptiles”—who glide into journalism as a stepping-stone for their ambition or bad instincts. It is as “real” in point of dissection as any production of Zola’s. The author is the best pupil and direct heir of Gustave Flaubert. The book is at once attractive and unhealthy, while it stirs the depth of our hearts by the exposure of perverse curiosities. It destroys all enchantment in humanity, and discourages life; for what is the use of dwelling on the earth, if it be only peopled by scoundrels and vile women. Then the creatures are simply abominable; there is not in them even the greatness of magnificent rogues, or that recklessness which makes courtesans superb. Vautrin is a vulgar wretch, Esther, a coarse sample of human mediocrity. When Flaubert entered the lazar-house of immoralities, he showed us he detested it from his heart. M. de Maupassant simply regards the social abominations with philosophical indifference; details the sores with a serene exactitude. One character, the poet de Varenne, indulges in an admirable imprecation on the prevailing *ennui* of life and the horror of death. But the class he addresses forgets the supreme sagacity and the practical philosophy of *Candide*. “Let us cultivate our garden.” M. de Maupassant does not fairly describe a Parisian journalist, when he asserts that female influences and not brains suffice to make a reputation in the political world. The Duroys can make millions but they are debarred from possessing talent. It is said ladies “devour” this novel, which is curious, as the author is neither respectful nor tender towards their sex. From being a non-commissioned officer in a cavalry regiment, without a penny in his purse, and his head as empty, Duroy becomes a baron and weds an heiress by the sheer force of his sobriquet *Bel Ami*. Many scenes are vigorously portrayed, seizing at once the eyes and the heart. The death of Forestier, at Cannes, of consumption, is powerfully drawn. People protest against this novel, but read it with passion, although there be not an honest man or woman in the whole story.

Quite a different romance is *La Maison de Chasse* by the Marquis de Cherville. The author gives us three novelettes of unequal length. He is a tried writer on rural sports and customs, and repays reading. His language is elegant and sober, precise and supple, without padding and always picturesque. He knows how to compose a recital, and sustain its interest by a development at once logical and proportionate. The first story is that of a farmer’s widow, who murders her landlord to steal the receipts for the rent

she could not pay, while she inserts the body in the hollow of an old tree; she directs her daughter, aged ten, to wipe up the evidence of the crime. The girl is horrified, and Lady Macbeth-like, perpetually re-acts the wiping scene, till her sleep-walking conduct raises suspicion. *Montcharmont* is the story of a poacher, who considers killing a keeper to be no murder. But *Diomède* will be the favorite tale with sportsmen.

A very respectable library could be furnished with a collection of the volumes printed in French, on Shakespeare, whose authors have testified for the immortal bard an enthusiastic admiration, and which, be it observed in passing, has also been shared in by painters and musical composers. Not taking into account Voltaire, Ducis, and Letourneur, the writers, since the commencement of the century, include Châteaubriand, Villemain, Chasles, and Mezières, to whose works must be added the eloquent and refined articles of Taine and Montégut. Nor ought Dumas *Père* be omitted. M. Darmesteter merits special notice on account of his minute and learned studies on Shakespeare. It appears there was still room for something new; and this novelty is not only agreeable reading but useful. It is called the *Repertoire de Shakespeare*, by *Monsieur* Jane Brown. The writer is a lady, who adopts a masculine *nom de plume*. But "Jane" is not more whimsical for a man's name, than *Marie*, and the latter is very common in France. M. Jane Brown is a young lady, not unknown, and a fair poetess. Her *repertoire* is a kind of key to the personages in Shakespeare's plays. Each act is commented upon, each scene explained; each character analysed, each leading phrase made as plain as road to parish church. The study of Richard III. is at once an historical and a literary treat. The volume is a handy and safe guide to Shakespeare.

The *Lettres de Jules de Goncourt* are the history of a life-struggle told in all its most intimate relations. The work of the brothers de Goncourt has produced a veritable revolution in literature. We see here two men at work, not promising to labour, not indicating difficulties, but grappling with them. The style of the letters is very elegant, witty, delicate, and natural. In the battle of life one of the brothers fell; he died on the field of honour and in the lap of victory. His brother remains with apparently no other mission but to weep over the loss, and to give the literary world those charming letters written by one, but containing the thoughts and feelings of two individuals, covering the period, 1848 to 1870—dates in themselves epochs.

In *La Grande Marnière*, by Georges Ohnet, the author shows

that his constant occupation is to arrive rapidly at the most intense emotion, by the juxtaposition of the most opposed characters, by the contrast of extreme social situations, and the ingenious succession of scenes, terrible and tender. In this sense his present novel is among the best he has written; the interest goes on ever increasing, and the manner of recounting scenes is seducing. These qualities are due to his essentially dramatic mind, which never allows the action of the story to halt, and keeps the personages Antoinette and Paul ever face to face. The story is of the Capulet and Montague kind, of two families separated by all that this world can do to divide them. The son of one of the houses is caught in a snare set by the head of the other, and is arrested for murder; he is defended, and his acquittal secured by the eloquent pleading of the son of him who organised the conspiracy. As a reward, the advocate receives the hand of the accused's sister. It is amusing while being also affecting.

M. Albert Delpit is journalist and dramatist; he figured as a warm partisan of the late Duchesse de Chaulnes, whose fall, a few years ago, seemed more like a romance than reality; only the assize court laid bare a terrible history of gilded misery. M. Delpit does not appeal to our feelings of passion or indignation, but to our tears and our pity, and so his *Solange de Saint-Luc* will be eagerly read, as many dramatic episodes have been added.

M. Paul Lindeau is one of the most appreciated critics in Germany. His romance, *M. et Mme. Berwer*, is very popular. He published a series of letters during the representations of *L'Anneau du Nibelung*, which were highly appreciated by the musical world. These have now been collected and appear in a French dress—*Richard Wagner*—thanks to M. Weber, the able musical critic of the *Temps*. The letters have passed already through nine editions in Germany. The author has written a special preface for the French edition. There is a portrait of Wagner, which alone is invaluable for its beautiful execution. The work naturally calls the rival schools to arms over the merits of the great German's music. The fanatics of both camps will alike be irritated by the author's appreciation, as he is impartial and gives only his own impressions, with *sang froid*, competence, and *verve*. He claims to have spoken out sincerely: what he admires he praises; what he dislikes he blames, but with prudence, reserve, and modesty. M. Lindeau also writes of *Tannhauser*, as represented at Paris, and of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, and sums up his judgment on Wagner, and his influence on music. He points out the useless length and the

absence of interest of certain situations: He does not approve of plunging the house into darkness pending a representation ; perhaps he is not so happy in objecting to the orchestra being invisible. Beyond doubt M. Lindeau leans to Mozart and Weber, but he none the less pays the highest tribute to the numerous and sublime beauties of Wagner, to his richness of invention, and the variety and strength of expression of his incomparable recitatives.

*Lettres Politiques Confidentielles de M. de Bismarck*, by M. de Paschinger, have been put into a French dress by Professor Lang, of the Saint Cyr Military School. The reader has here the progressive and methodic development of Prince Bismarck's genius, and above all his beginnings when a youth to fortune and to fame unknown.

It is odd to be informed that foreigners believe the Chancellor to be a greater figure than the Germans do themselves. The Prince owed his success not to dreaming, but to working. The lesson these letters teach is that nothing in politics is either created or achieved *instantanèe*. Nothing comes from Jupiter's thigh ready made. Further, Bismarck works with the patience of a Benedictine ; he never ignores the details of all the plans he prepares. He illustrates the truth that genius is not a spontaneous product, but the result of application, attention, method, work, and patience.

Those interested in Chemical Science would do well to note *Le Guide du Chimiste*, by MM. Fremy and Terreil, which supplies all that is current from the French point of view on the subject. The articles on organic chemistry and adulteration are well done. M. Fremy rejects M. Pasteur's theory of fermentation being caused by living beings, brought by the air, and deposited in *milieux* favourable to their development.

Military readers would not lose their time in perusing the *Manœuvres du 17<sup>e</sup> Corps*, during last autumn, and which at the time occupied much attention. Colonel Daill's, *Les Armées étrangères en Campagne*, their formation, strength, &c., should be in every officer's library. It has 80 illustrations of military costumes.

C. DE LUTECE.

## THE MONTH.

### EUROPE.

THE materials for the political history of the past month lie within an unusually narrow compass.

Since the Ministerial crisis which has resulted in the substitution of a Conservative Cabinet under Lord Salisbury for the late Liberal-Radical coalition, the ship of State has been riding at anchor, her future course, till Monday last, a matter of more or less shrewd speculation, the surrounding atmosphere an almost undisturbed calm, and the morrow's weather defying the most cunning prophecy.

British policy being the main factor in all the chief international questions of the hour, continental countries have participated in this state of quietude.

When I closed my last retrospect, it was uncertain not only what course, under the extraordinary circumstances of the case, the Queen would deem it her duty to pursue in view of Mr. Gladstone's resignation, but whether the Conservatives, being in a hopeless minority in the Lower House, would, if called upon, consent to take office. Eventually, after assuring herself that Mr. Gladstone was unwilling to reconsider his resignation, Her Majesty sent for Lord Salisbury, and nearly a week passed in deliberation and in negotiations between the leaders on either side, for the history of which, so far as it is likely to be publicly known for some time to come, reference must be made to the statements of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on the 24th ultimo, and Lord Salisbury in the Upper House the following day.

The essential facts may be very briefly stated.

In the first instance, Lord Salisbury represented to Her Majesty that, recent legislation having rendered an appeal to the constituencies practically impossible, it was in his judgment desirable that the Government, whose legislation had produced this abnormal state of things, should retain charge of the management of Parliament during the interval that must elapse before the constituencies could be consulted. This opinion was at once communicated by the Queen



to Mr. Gladstone, who, however, replied that, owing to events which had taken place and which he recited, he was precluded from reconsidering his resignation.

Lord Salisbury thereupon represented to Her Majesty that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it was indispensable, in the opinion of the Conservative leaders, that, before accepting office, they should obtain from the leaders of the majority in the Lower House an undertaking to support them in the measures necessary to bring the Session to a close. For this purpose they thought the Liberal Leaders should engage that the Government business should have preference on all days on which supply, or ways and means, or the Appropriation Bill should be put down; and that if no other provision were made by the house to satisfy the estimates that had been laid on the table and the votes of credit that had been passed, provision should be made for the issue of exchequer bonds to the necessary amount.

In the course of the correspondence that ensued, Mr. Gladstone first declared his belief that, in the conduct of the necessary Government of the country, during the remainder of the Session, there would be no disposition to embarrass the new Government, but declined to enter into specific pledges on points of Parliamentary action regarding which he was imperfectly informed. Lord Salisbury's demand and the above reply to it were more than once re-iterated in slightly varying forms,—Mr. Gladstone, in his final letter, stating that with regard to finance he felt sure there was no idea of withholding the ways and means required for the public service. At this stage, as stated by Lord Salisbury, Her Majesty intervened by calling that nobleman's attention "in very earnest language to the injury that was being done to the great, the highest interests of the State," by the prolongation of the crisis, adding that in her opinion Lord Salisbury might reasonably accept Mr. Gladstone's assurances.

Under these circumstances Lord Salisbury and his colleagues came to the conclusion that the balance of public advantage would be consulted rather by their accepting office than by their refusing it.

The following is a list of the new administration :—

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary	...	Marquess of Salisbury.
First Lord of the Treasury	...	Earl of Iddesleigh.
Lord Chancellor	...	Lord Halsbury.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	...	Mr. Gibson.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	...	Earl of Carnarvon.
Lord President of the Council	...	Viscount Cranbrook.
Lord Privy Seal	...	Earl of Harrowby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	...	Sir M. Hicks Beach.

Home Secretary ...	Sir Richard Cross.
Secretary for the Colonies ...	Colonel Stanley.
Secretary for War ...	Mr. W. H. Smith.
Secretary for India ...	Lord Randolph Churchill.
First Lord of the Admiralty ...	Lord George Hamilton.
Postmaster General...	Lord John Manners.
President of the Board of Trade.	Duke of Richmond.
Vice-President of the Council ...	Mr. E. Stanhope.

The above form the Cabinet.

President of the Local Government Board...	Mr. Arthur Balfour.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster ...	Mr. Chaplin.
Chief Secretary for Ireland ...	Sir W. Hart Dyke.
First Commissioner of Works ...	Mr. Plunket.
Attorney General ...	Mr. Webster.
Solicitor General ...	Mr. Gorst.
Lord Advocate ...	Mr. Macdonald.
Solicitor General for Scotland ...	Mr. Bannerman-Robertson.
Attorney General for Ireland ...	Mr. Holmes.
Solicitor General for Ireland ...	Mr. Monroe.
Paymaster General ...	Earl Beauchamp.
Financial Secretary to the Treasury ...	Sir Henry Holland.
Patronage Secretary...	Mr. Akers-Douglas.
Junior Lords of the Treasury ...	Mr. C. Dalrymple.
	Mr. Sidney Herbert.
	Colonel Walrond.
Under Secretary for Home Department ...	Mr. Stuart Wortley.
Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs ...	Mr. Robert Bourke.
Under Secretary for the Colonies ...	Earl Cadogan.
Under Secretary for War ...	Earl of Donoughmore.
Under Secretary for India ...	Lord Harris.
Secretary of the Admiralty ...	Mr. Ritchie.
Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.	Baron De Worms.
Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Colonies.	Lord Dunraven.
Parliamentary Under Secretary for War ...	Viscount Bury.
Civil Lord of the Admiralty ...	Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett.
Judge Advocate General ...	Mr. Marriott.
Naval Lords of the Admiralty ...	Admiral Hood.
	Rear Admiral Sir A. Hoskins.
	Captain Codrington.
Lord Chamberlain ...	Earl of Lathom.
Vice Chamberlain ...	Viscount Lewisham.
Lord Steward ...	Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe.
Master of the Horse ...	Earl of Bradford.
Master of the Buckhounds ...	Marquess of Waterford.
Treasurer of Her Majesty's Household ...	Viscount Folkestone.
Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household ...	Lord Arthur Hill.
Mistress of the Robes ...	Duchess of Buccleuch.

A study of the above list would, in itself, be sufficient to show that, under the pressure of circumstances, the Conservative Party has entered on a new evolution. The Fourth Party, which has of late years occupied so prominent a position, and which, by its independent attitude, has proved so grievous a thorn in the side of the older school of Conservatives, has, in fact, ceased to exist as a separate body. This result, moreover, has been brought about, not by the absorption of the offshoot into the parent stem, but by a process of mutual assimilation, in which the former has parted with more of its distinctive characteristics than the latter. It needs no prophet to foresee that the Conservatism of the immediate future will resemble that of Lord<sup>c</sup> Randolph Churchill and his late associates much more nearly than that with which, till a few weeks ago, Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote were identified. The extension of the franchise had made this evolution ultimately inevitable; the peculiar circumstances of the late crisis have precipitated it.

The appointment of Lord Randolph Churchill to the Secretaryship of State for India has given rise to less criticism than might have been expected. It is an appointment regarding which most people in India will be disposed to hope for the best, but which will be generally felt to justify a certain amount of apprehension.

In legislative matters the hands of the new Government are tied, for the moment, by their numerical weakness in the House of Commons, and this circumstance not only debars them from initiating contentious measures, but stands in the way of their making any adequate attempt, while the House is sitting, to expose the faults of their predecessors. It is notorious, however, that the confusion in which they have found the affairs of the Foreign Office surpasses even the worst that could have been conceived; and, though the whole truth will probably never be known, the coming electoral campaign may be expected to form the occasion of disclosures of a character most damaging to the late Ministry.

In their foreign policy, again, the hands of the new Ministry are to a great extent, if less absolutely, tied by the accomplished facts and unfulfilled pledges inherited by them. It does not follow, however, that, with regard to contingencies that may occur at any moment, they will adopt the course that their predecessors would have adopted, and the points at which a fresh departure is likely, if not inevitable, are plainly discernible in the speech made by the Marquess of Salisbury, on Monday last, in the House of Lords.

There are few Englishmen on whom that speech will not have

produced much the same effect, that the morning sun produces on one suddenly awaking from a horrible nightmare. The true spirit of England, strong, trustful, and determined to fight down all difficulties, breathes through every sentence of it.

The pledges which the English Government, as the English Government, has given must be observed, and foremost among them the pledge that the pass of Zulfikar shall not be wrested from our ally, the Ameer; but it is to the right hands of her sons, and not to any treaties or settlements, or to the friendship of the Ameer, that England must trust for the defence of her interests and possessions. In Egypt the difficulties we have to contend with are enormous, military, political and financial, but between manfully grappling with, and overcoming them, and taking a course which would cover England with shame, that of abandoning Egypt to chaos and anarchy, there is no alternative; and until they have been overcome we cannot be in a position to deal with the serious questions connected with the international relations of Egypt which lie behind them.

On the imperative necessity of humbling the Mahdi and retrieving the military reputation in a measure forfeited by the late precipitate retreat, Lord Salisbury dwelt in language of unmistakable significance, nor was he less emphatic as to the intimate and indissoluble connexion between the retention of part, at least, of the vast territories of the Soudan and the security of Egypt itself, while in insisting on the necessity of taking such steps that it should not be necessary to retrace them, he passed by implication quite as severe a censure on the self-destructive policy of oscillation pursued by the late Ministry, as it would have been possible to convey in any direct attack.

On one point Lord Salisbury was careful to give the lie to the insinuations of the Opposition. "Among the many evils with which we have had to deal in Egypt," he said, "we have had one compensation. We have had to deal with a Khedive who, throughout the whole of this calamitous history, has shown himself loyal and steadfast to England. To him, therefore, we are bound by every consideration of honour."

That the Irish Crime's Act would be allowed to lapse became a foregone conclusion when the Conservatives determined to accept office: and though to many Liberals, as well as to many supporters of the Government, the arguments put forward by Lord Carnarvon in defence of that course will appear specious, it would be waste of words to criticise the inevitable. In one sense the decision arrived at may seem a triumph for the majority of the Oppo-

sition ; for there can be little doubt that the true explanation of the sudden and apparently gratuitous resignation of Mr. Gladstone and his late colleagues is to be found in the knowledge of the Radical section of the Cabinet that the Conservatives would be powerless to attempt what Mr. Gladstone could have abstained from attempting only at the risk of a split among his supporters followed by inevitable defeat.

Whether the Radicals had fully counted the cost of this seeming triumph may, however, be doubted. For while they have made the Conservatives a present of such popularity in Ireland as may attach to the abandonment of a measure of coercion, they have given them, along with the *damnosa hereditas* of their embarrassments elsewhere, the chance of achieving success where they signally failed.

The result of the elections at Wakefield, where the Conservatives have won a seat, and at Eye and Woodstock, where they have returned their members with largely increased majorities, may well shake the confidence with which the Opposition affect to look forward to the coming appeal to the constituencies.

The House of Commons has so far shown disposition to facilitate the conduct of business. The motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give precedence to supply and other Government orders during the remainder of the Session was agreed to last night without a division, after an absurd amendment by Sir Wilfred Lawson, declaring the Government unworthy of confidence, had been rejected by 151 to 2, the minority consisting of the mover and Mr. Labouchere.

In the course of his speech Sir M. Hicks-Beach stated that, while the Government did not consider themselves justified in undertaking any but urgent and non-contentious legislation, they were willing to proceed with the Australian Federation, the East India Loan, the Irish Labourers, the Irish Educational Endowments, the Army Officers, the Summary Jurisdiction, and the Scotch Secretary Bills, and that they also hoped to introduce a Land Purchase Bill for Ireland, though if, it met with opposition, it could not be pressed. The Crofters and Welsh Educational Bills could be dropped, but facilities would be given for the Medical Relief Disqualification Bill, and an attempt would be made to come to an agreement as to what portions of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill could be carried.

Lord John Manners announced the intention of the Government to abandon the unfortunate Six-penny Telegrams Bill for financial reasons of doubtful validity, at the same time leaving it on the Order

Book, so that Mr. Shaw Lefevre could proceed with it if he pleased ; but there seems to be some probability of the matter being reconsidered.

The temper of the House may be regarded as an assurance that nothing is likely to occur to disturb the position of the Government during the few remaining weeks of the Session ; indeed, the embarrassments which would arise from a fresh ministerial crisis are so obvious that no one not prepared, like Mr. Labouchere, to entrust the conduct of affairs to Providence, is under any temptations to disturb it.

By foreign powers, if we except Russia, and, perhaps, France, the accession of the Conservatives to office has been accepted with satisfaction, with more than satisfaction by Germany, and with enthusiasm by Austria. Even Italy, which sympathises so strongly with Mr. Gladstone, has been reconciled to the change by the firm and dignified statement of Lord Salisbury.

The course of the negotiations with Russia, since the fall of the Gladstone Cabinet, has been the subject of a variety of conflicting rumours. It may be inferred, however, from Lord Salisbury's statement that, while the diplomatic situation has undergone no material change, the negotiations are for the moment at a standstill, owing ostensibly to the domestic affliction that has befallen M. Giers, but really, it may be suspected, to a desire on the part of the Russian Foreign Office to reconsider its position under the altered political circumstances of the hour.

We know now with some approach to precision what point the negotiations have reached, and we know not less clearly what view the new Government takes of its obligation in the matter ; but we have no means of forecasting the future course of events with any degree of confidence, and the carefully qualified language in which Lord Salisbury referred to the tone of Russia as a ground for hoping that an amicable settlement would be secured, may well seem to imply the existence of doubts, nearly amounting to apprehension, in the minds of those best qualified to form an opinion on the subject.

Not only, it appears, had the late Government pledged itself to secure to the Ameer the complete possession of the Zulfikar Pass, but this undertaking was based on a distinct promise given by Russia that the Pass should be included within the territories of Afghanistan. The latter promise, moreover, was part and parcel of a contract between the two Governments, of which England has fulfilled her share by the cession of Panjdeh. A difference has

nevertheless arisen as to the precise interpretation to be put on the promise. What are the exact points in dispute, we are not authoritatively informed; but it is generally understood that Russia would define the Pass in a way which would, in a great measure, if not entirely, nullify the strategical advantage of its possession to Afghanistan.

It is plain from Lord Salisbury's language, and still more so from that used by Lord Churchill, last night, in the House of Commons, that in the opinion of the Government the terms of the promise leave no room for any such difference of interpretation, and that Lord Dufferin considers himself and the Government absolutely bound to secure to the Ameer the "complete" possession of the Pass.

In view of the serious hitch which, there can be little doubt, has arisen, the extensive military movements of Russia in and towards her Trans-Caspian territories, combined with the threatening tone of the Russian Press, justify the gravest apprehension, and it is generally felt that any moment may bring news of an attempt to re-enact at Bala Murghab the "regrettable incident" which placed General Komaroff in possession of Panjdeh.

As to the arbitration no more is heard, or, in all probability, is likely to be heard, of that childish attempt of the late Premier to hide his humiliation behind a veil of the thinnest of gauze.

The military situation in the Soudan has undergone no change of importance since I last wrote, and of the movements or position of the Mahdi nothing certain seems to be known. The evacuation of Dongola is now complete, and, as the settled population left in advance of the troops, the greater part of the province may be regarded as given up, for the time being, to devastation. It is understood, however, that the Government have decided to hold Akarbeh, some seventy miles beyond Wady Halfa.

The transfer of the guards from Alexandria to Cyprus is probably connected less with Egyptian than with Afghan affairs.

As may be inferred from what has already been stated, no further progress has been made towards a solution of either the financial or the political problem. The Convention still remains a dead letter in default of the necessary ratifications, while the funds at the disposal of the Treasury have run so low that, in the absence of help from without, insolvency is merely a matter of weeks. Both Sir Evelyn Baring and Lord Wolesley have been summoned to London for the purpose of consultation, and until their advice has been considered no definitive steps are likely to be taken by the Government. At the same time Sir Drummond Wolf has been

selected to proceed on a special mission to Egypt, but the precise capacity in which he is to act has not been made known, and there are no indications of his immediate departure.

In the meantime it is worth noting that, in reply to a question of Mr. Labouchere, whether Her Majesty's Ministers intended to adhere to the famous *protocole de desinteressement*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Monday night, stated that that document was signed in contemplation of the concerted action of the Powers, and when the proposals for such action were abandoned, it fell to the ground. Certain it is that the delay of the Powers to ratify the financial convention leaves England no alternative between abandoning Egypt to anarchy and ultimate occupation by another Power, to which it is impossible for her to consent, and taking the entire burden of the loan on herself, to which she cannot consent on any such terms as those embodied in the *protocole*.

The course of events on the continent during the month has been unusually bare of interest.

The Franco-Chinese treaty received the sanction of the Chamber on the 6th instant, and, by a curious coincidence, the same day brought news of the renewal of hostilities at Hue, where General Courcey with his escort and the garrison of occupation, were treacherously attacked in the citadel on the 5th, by a large Annamite force, which was ultimately completely routed.

A Ministerial crisis in Italy, caused by a hostile vote on the budget of the Foreign Department, and directed against Signor Mancini, has resulted in a modification of the Cabinet; Signor Depretis replacing Signor Mancini, as Foreign Minister, and Signor Tajani succeeding Signor Pessina as Minister of Justice.

The epidemic of cholera in Spain has, during the last fortnight, attained to alarming dimensions; and the rate of mortality, which has reached eight hundred a day, appears to be still steadily rising. So far the disease has been mainly confined to the provinces of Valencia, Castellon, Murcia, Saragossa, Alicante, and Tarragona, and the capital is but slightly affected; but there can be little hope of its being kept within these limits. The severest mortality of all has occurred in Aranjuez, which has been almost depopulated by deaths and flight. The King has set an example of courage and devotion by visiting the stricken city and inspecting the crowded hospitals, in defiance of the protests of his Ministers, who, some days previously, had threatened to resign rather than countenance a proceeding which they considered so dangerous to his royal person and dynasty.



The chief literary event of the month in England has been the publication of General Gordon's Journals, covering the period of the siege of Khartoum between the departure of Colonel Stewart and his companions, and the despatch of the steamers to meet the relief expedition. They are full of infinite scorn of the late Government and its ways, and show Gordon's destruction to have been due quite as much to its want of candour as to its incapacity and pusillanimity. General Gordon was keenly conscious of the fact obvious to every one at home that he had become a bore to his employers.

"Does Her Majesty's Government," he says writing on the 5th October, "consider they are responsible for the extrication of the Soudan garrisons and Cairo inhabitants? (Gordon always held they were by reason of their policy of intervention after the bombardment of Alexandria.) We can only judge that Her Majesty's Government does recognise this responsibility, for otherwise why did they send me up, and why did they relieve Tokar? Once this responsibility is assumed, I see no outlet for it but to relieve the garrisons *coûte qui coûte*. It may be said that the object of the present expedition is to relieve me *personally*. But how is it possible for me to go away and leave men whom I have egged on to fight for the last six months. (Baring's orders to Gordon were to hold on to Khartoum till further notice.) How could I leave after encouraging Senaar to hold out? No one could possibly wish me to do so. No Government could take the responsibility of ordering me. There is the difficulty. Perhaps it would be patriotic to bolt; but even if I could get *my mind* to do it, I doubt if it is possible to get *my body* out of this place. Had Baring said in March, "shift for yourself as best you can," which he could have done, the affair could have been arranged, and we could have bolted to the Equator; but if you look over my telegrams you will see I ask him what he will do, *and he never answered.*"

Upon the leading events of the siege the journals throw little new light; but they present a vivid picture of the tremendous difficulties by which Gordon was beset, and of the indomitable pluck and energy and chivalrous self-sacrifice with which he battled against them.

The operations of the evolutionary squadron in Bantry Bay culminated, on the 29th ultimo, in a mimic engagement, which was at once a practical experiment of the greatest moment and a spectacle of surpassing grandeur. The arrangements were designed to test the defensive powers of a fleet anchored in a naturally good position in harbour behind an extemporised boom, against an attack of pinnaces, gunboats, and torpedo boats from a hostile fleet in the offing. The result is unanimously regarded by experts as having

shown that in moderately clear weather the attacking flotilla in such a case would have no chance. The boom stood every attempt to force or jump it, and the torpedo boats, discovered in every instance by the searching beams of the electric light, would have been annihilated in actual warfare by the tremendous cannonade that was brought to bear on them.

The battle which commenced a little before midnight lasted with great fierceness for about an hour and a half; but had the guns of Admiral White's fleet been shotted, it would probably have terminated long before that in the destruction or precipitate retreat of the attacking boats. It is doubtful whether, even if the enemy had succeeded in forcing the boom, they would have been any nearer the accomplishment of their object, the space inside being thickly studded with mines and swarming with torpedo boats, in the midst of which nothing could have been expected to give. An experiment made the following day, however, yielded conclusive testimony to the efficiency of rams of the *Polyphemus* type. The commanding officer of that vessel undertook to run her against the boom, which he did at full speed, with the effect of completely demolishing the obstruction which gave way like rotten thread, the *Polyphemus* sustaining no damage whatever beyond the abrasion of a little paint.

The British Chess Association Tournament, which was concluded on the 3rd instant, resulted in the victory of Mr. Gunsberg, who took the first prize with fourteen games, Messrs. Bird and Guest running a tie for the second place with twelve games; Mr. Pollock taking the fourth prize with ten and a half, and the Rev. G. Macdonnell and Mr. Loman also tying for the fifth with ten.

The obituary of the month includes the names of Prince Frederick Charles, of Germany, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, who died of apoplexy at Potsdam on the 15th ultimo, of Field Marshal Manteuffel, late Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine who was carried off two days later by an attack of congestion of the lungs, the consequence of fatigue and exposure; of Admiral Courbet, and of Dr. Moberly, the venerable Bishop of Salisbury, who died at his episcopal residence on the 6th instant, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, July 8th, 1885.

## INDIA.

On the principle of not prophesying until one knows, it is best to avoid comment on the 'changes that may come over the spirit of the India Council now that it is presided over by Lord Randolph Churchill. Indeed, under the rule of such a Radical-Tory all that one can safely vaticinate is that nothing will happen but the unforeseen.

Meantime the air is full of rumours as to the fortification of Herat and the establishment of a British cantonment at Kandahar.

General satisfaction is felt in India at the nomination of Colonel Ridgeway to a Knight Commandership of the Star of India. The organization of the Boundary Commission at its outset, and its successful march through unsettled territories to Bala Murghab, where Sir Peter Lumsden assumed the command, must be placed to the credit of Colonel Ridgeway above all others. And the recent friendly demonstrations that have been made towards the Commission prove that the ill-feeling naturally aroused by the Panjdeh affair against the English officers who had encouraged the Afghan commander to stand firm, has gradually given place to cordial good will, and a recognition of the good faith which prompted that advice,—a result due, it is said, in a great measure to the tact and kindness of Colonel Ridgeway in his management of the dealings of the Commission with their Afghan neighbours. The health of the Commission is reported as excellent, and preparations are being made for spending another winter on the neighbourhood of Herat.

The disturbances in Bhootan originated in a dispute about the payment of subsidies. To the mind of the average reader not much information is conveyed by the news that "it was the Deb Rajah who began the dispute by refusing, at the instance of the Tempook Jung-pen, to give the usual subsidy to the Tongso Penlo, whereupon the Paro Penlo took up the quarrel against the Tempook Jung-pen." At an amicable meeting arranged between the contending parties, a treacherous attack was made on one of the envoys, who was killed. Warlike preparations were at once made, and some small sieges and skirmishes are taking place.

The Bombay Exhibition project has come down with the proverbial rapidity of schemes that go up like a rocket. In answer to a letter from the Chairman of the Exhibition Committee pointing out that, owing to the terms of the guarantors' bonds which are necessarily indefinite as to time of repayment of advances made, the Committee would not be able to raise funds unless the Govern-

ment guarantee were raised to cover fifteen instead of five lacs of rupees ; the Government of Bombay has replied that the best course to adopt will be to reconsider the whole subject connected with the proposed exhibition, when a more settled situation obtains. This is a sorry end to a hopeful scheme, and M. Joubert will no doubt think he has the laugh on his side. But the real death-knell of the project was the order from England that, for fear of rivalry between the Bombay Exhibition and its Indian and Colonial cogeners to be held in London, the former should give way. The postponement for two years of their proposed show effectually took the life out of the popular enthusiasm felt in Bombay. *Urbs prima in Indis* must be content to "wait till the clouds roll by."

The movement for the medical education of women has received a new and powerful impetus from the energetic support given to it by the wife of the Viceroy. Throughout the country a movement in this direction had, for some time past, been slowly, but surely, going on, and in the Presidency cities of some very practical steps have been taken. The foundations of a female hospital have been laid in Madras, a hostel is being built in Calcutta close to the Eden Lying-in Hospital and the Medical College, Hospital for the accommodation of female students of medicine, whose numbers are rapidly increasing : this building will bear the name of its founder, the noble philanthropist, the Maharance Surnomoyee ; in Bombay two English ladies, M. D.'s are in full practice, and large sums for female hospitals have been given by private donors. Lady Dufferin's Fund will be the beginning of a large or and more national movement, and will be the occasion, it is to be hoped, of the appointment of a General Central Committee to direct and assist all isolated efforts.

The first object of the Fund will be to train native nurses and to educate native female doctors in the existing institutions. To the minds of many men such a work is the most practical and satisfactory form which Missionary effort can take. Bread cast on these waters is found not after many but after few days. The relief of the vast amount of unnecessary suffering that ignorance and prejudice entail upon zenana ladies seems to be an object as worthy of the pence of the most pious as the baptism of an occasional Brahmin, or the passing of a few Hindu students from Missionary Colleges at the M. A. Examination.

An important resolution of the Supreme Government has been published on the subject of Mahomedan Education. The importance of the Viceroy's views consists less in their taking any new departure than in their strong reiteration of the truth of opinions

often before expressed that it is only by frankly "placing themselves in line with Hindus and taking full advantage of the Government system of high, and especially of English, education, that Mahomedans can hope fairly to hold their own in respect of the better description of State appointments." To the request that a relaxation in the examinations should be made in favour of Mahomedan candidates, His Excellency most wisely replies that he does not consider such a course desirable or for the advantage of the Mahomedans themselves. At the same time the memorialists have gained something in the Order for the appointment in the various presidencies of a number of small local committees to examine fully into the question of the management and appropriation of Mahomedan endowments.

The month under record will be remembered as having witnessed a series of earthquakes in Bengal, which are almost without parallel in the meteorological annals of the province. The actual loss of life has been comparatively small—probably not more than twenty deaths, all told, have occurred; but much damage has been done to buildings in the mofussil, notably at Bogra and Mymensing, where nearly all the *pucca* buildings have been shaken into a state of insecurity. In Calcutta a few roofs and verandahs have been cracked, a ridiculous result considering the loud groanings of mother earth which accompanied her travail. The waves of commotion seem to have crossed each other, the first being from north to south, and the second from east to west.

An epidemic of comrade-murder has broken out among several regiments in different parts of the country. Juries in Bombay and in Calcutta have made presentments protesting against the present practice of allowing the private when off duty to have free access to ball ammunition and the daily press is unanimous in condemning the custom of thus throwing temptations in the men's way.

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## GENERAL NOTES.

### President Lincoln.

THE interesting portrait of President Lincoln which was published in the April number of *Harper's Magazine* has produced many personal reminiscences, some of them very slight, but all interesting.

"That rent," said a soldier in the hospital at City Point, pointing up to the torn tissue-paper, an embellishment which, I believe, the ladies of the Christian Commission had fixed on the ceiling above, "that was torn by Mr. Lincoln's hat as he passed through here on his way from Richmond, and shook hands with every man, loyal or rebel, in the whole hospital." He stood, like Saul, above the people from the shoulders upward, and his hat made havoc with decorations overhead. Stepping outside, and seeing an axe by a log, his old rail-splitter spirit came over him. In a moment his long arms were putting home that axe toward the heart of the fallen tree. The boys in blue gathered those chips to take home as mementoes of the backwoodsman who became President and the emancipator of a race.

An old soldier at the Soldier's Home near Washington said: "He used to walk all about in these paths; he was very kind and familiar with us all."

To a poor woman who desired his signature to a paper, he said, "My name will do you no more good than pig's tracks in the mud."

A soldier stopped him in the road, against the Columbia Hospital, and presented some letters, desiring a furlough. He obtained it.

In the Senatorial contest between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, when they spoke at Freeport, Illinois, Mr. Douglas appeared in an elegant barouche drawn by four white horses, and was received with great applause. But when Mr. Lincoln came up in a "prairie schooner," viz., an old-fashioned canvas-covered pioneer wagon, the enthusiasm of the vast throng was unbounded.

When travelling about the quiet country towns on his law business, it was his custom at the tavern or boarding-house where he stopped after tea to get a candle, and go to his room and read awhile. He was not a loafer.

At a political meeting in a grove, a long, shambling figure was seen sitting on the fence, and whittling thoughtfully, clothed in the slightest of summer attire. After others had spoken, "Lincoln! Lincoln!" was called, and the whittler, pocketing his knife, and slipping from the fence, made a characteristic speech. This was before his great prominence.

At the same place, when the lady who entertained him and some others at dinner,

made some apology, he said he guessed it was better than they would have got at home, anyhow.

To Bishop Simpson, after a lecture on American progress, in which he did not speak of petroleum, Mr. Lincoln said, as they came out, "'Son did not 'strike ile.'"

The sheets and clothes stained with the blood of Lincoln were literally torn in strips, as Antony said of Cæsar, and preserved as mementoes. The assassination of Cæsar and of William of Orange, were brought vividly to the minds of those who were in Washington.—*Harper's.*

### Review.

MISS INGELOW'S new *Poems*,\* the third series of her works in verse, have not only pleased but surprised us. Miss Ingelow has always been such a popular poet, that perhaps critics have fallen into the habit of regarding her as popular, and nothing else. There are various grades of popularity in poetry: there is the popularity of Lord Tennyson, an universal popularity; the popularity of the Epic of Hades, a moral and educational popularity; and the popularity of the late Miss Havergal, a religious and not very instructed popularity. We had been wont to regard the success of Miss Ingelow as somewhere between that of Miss Havergal and that of the Epic of Hades. We have thought of her as a lady who related domestic novelettes in flowing numbers. But one poem at least in her new volume, though it happens to contain an historical novelette, shows that Miss Ingelow can reach a much higher level. "Rosamund," is a tale of the great Armada, the Invincible Armada; and we do not envy the Englishman who can read it without having his blood stirred. This is a poem of remarkable spirit, and wonderfully distinct vision. Mr. Lowell says that there is only one good war poem in our language; and, in spite of a whole volume of patriotic American verse, we so far agree with Mr. Lowell as to think we have very few pieces that "stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet." Mr. Lowell thinks that Drayton's ballad of "Agincourt" stands alone; we might add Campbell's "Of Nelson and the North," the Laureate's "Lucknow" and "Revenge," Sir Francis Doyle's "Private of the Buffs," and even, in its very different style, Miss Ingelow's "Rosamund." A little diffuse it may be, and we rather grudge the romance of the affection of Rosamund though prettily and touchingly told. But the pride and advance, the ruin and wreck of the

\* *Poems.* By Jean Ingelow. London: Longmans & Co.

Armada, are worthy of a great poet, and must stir all Englishmen who are not of the cynical and submissive order of Radicals, the following of a "thrice battered" leader. Here are the lines on the approaching might of Spain :

" In crescent form  
A vasty crescent night two leagues across  
From horn to horn, the lesser ships within,  
The great without, they did bestride, as 'twere,  
And make a towship on the narrow seas."

But the vast and magnificent array was pursued and harassed by light English ships, and, even then, our Admiralty was at its usual games. The war ships were "ill found," short of powder and stores, "the bitter fruit of evil thrift." Yet even so, chasing and confusing the great galleons, and sending fire-ships to prey on them at anchor, our men, aided by the tempest, utterly drove the invader from the seas, and strewed every island with his wrecks. Miss Ingelow tells the old tale well, and if women can write this martial verse, "what should the men be?" "Preludes to a Penny Reading" are clever and pretty, but we distinctly prefer "Rosamund." In "Kismet," there is a Tennysonian echo :

" Or a blue berg at sunrise glittering, tall,  
Great as a town adrift came shining on,  
With sharp spires, gemlike as the mystical  
Clear city of St. John."

Though not a lyrist, like Miss Rossetti, nor equal to the sustained power of Mrs. King's "Disciples," Miss Ingelow, we think, will with these ladies be "equalled in renown."—*Harper's*.

## POETRY.

### Ambition.

A night-wind moved and moaned by fits,  
Wandering the field of Austerlitz.  
At peace above its mounds of slain,  
Heaven wove with stars her shining skein.  
Beside his tent, austere as stone,  
Napoleon stood and mused alone.  
His eyes (an eagle's in their light)  
Lifted, and swept the voids of night.  
That hour was born within his breast  
The Titan's anguish of unrest.  
He felt his spirit tower, aspire,  
With insolence of new desire.  
All victories he had won o'er men  
Seemed slight and immaterial then.  
He craved in many another land  
Conquest a millionfold more grand.  
He thrilled with all the strange distress  
Of superhuman selfishness.  
And while his vision rose and sought  
Those throngs of starts, he thought this  
' In every orb of these I mark, [thought :  
That pierce with fire the dome of dark,  
In every world that beams afar,  
In each distinguishable star,

I long to reach, as at this hour,  
Glory and plenitude of power,  
And live through time till time be done,  
Imperially Napoleon !—*Edgar Fawcett*.—*Longman's*.

### A Reminiscence.

THERE was a time, fond girl, when you  
Were partial to caresses ;  
Before your graceful figure grew  
Too tall for ankle-dresses ;  
When "Keys and Pillows," and "he rest  
Of sentimental pastimes,  
Were thought to be the very best  
Amusement out of class-times.

You wore your nut-brown hair in curls  
That reached beyond your bodice,  
Quite in the style of other girls,—  
But you I thought a goddess !  
I wrote you letters, long and short,  
How many there's no telling !  
Imagination was my forte :—  
I can't say that of spelling !

We shared our sticks of chewing-gum,  
Our precious bits of candy ;  
Together solved the knotty sum,  
And learned the *ars amandi* :  
Whene'er you wept, a woful lump  
Stuck in my throat, delayed there !  
My sympathetic heart would jump :—  
I wondered how it staid there !

We meet to-day,—we meet, alas !  
With salutation formal ;  
I'm in the college senior class !  
You study at the Normal ;  
And as we part I think again,  
And sadly wonder whether  
You wish, as I, we loved as when  
We sat at school together !—*Frank Dempster Sherman*,—*Century*.

### Tempted.

YES, I know what you say :  
Since it cannot be soul to soul,  
Be it flesh, to flesh, as it may ;  
But is Earth the whole ?  
Shall a man betray the Past  
For all Earth gives ?  
"But the Past is dead" ? At last,  
It is all that lives.

Which were the nobler goal—  
To snatch at the moment's bliss,  
Or to swear I will keep my soul  
Clean for her kiss ?—*Andrew Hedbrook*.—*Atlantic*.

# The Indian Review



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## RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN UPPER INDIA.

WE PROPOSE in the present paper to give a brief account of the various celibate orders of devotees or religious mendicants, which, though they cannot be called castes in the proper sense of the term, represent one of the classes into which the Hindu population is divided in Upper India. One of them, too, has become a caste as well as an order, and there is another that threatens to follow.

For the origin of the celibate orders we must go back to the ancient discipline of the Brahmins described in Manu's Code. The reader is already aware that, according to this Code, the life of a Brahman or other "twice-born" man was parcelled out into four distinct stages, the two last of which were that of the *Banaprastha* or forest anchorite, and that of the *Sannyasi* or ascetic. These two stages are the model on which the numerous orders of religious celibates have been founded. In the time of Manu, it was only the twice-born castes, and of these chiefly the Brahman, who were entitled to enter into this holy state. But the modern religious orders are recruited from *all* castes, even the lower ones; and when the ceremony of induction has once been performed, all connection with the former caste is for ever cut off. The Brahman once admitted into one of these orders ceases to be a Brahman and ranks no higher and



no lower than any other member of the same fraternity. All members alike are supposed to have entered into the state of being dead to the world ; and, in the spiritual life thus formed, no less than in the earthly grave, all men are equal. The first disciples of any new order that may be founded are actuated by the same intensity of faith that inspired the founder himself. But as time goes on faith grows cold, and the enthusiasm of the first converts is not maintained by those who succeed to them. Thus has it been with most of the religious orders in India. The adults who now enter them are for the most part men who have become broken in fortune, or have no relations or descendants living, or have deserted their wives and families, or have lost their caste and cannot gain admission into any other. There is a proverb current in Upper India, which is intended to signalize the decline of the religious spirit :—

*Nari mui ghar sampatti nási,  
Mund muráí bhae sannýási.*

“ One whose wife is dead, and who has lost his home and property, having shaved his head, becomes a Sannyasi” (enters a religious order). Another mode by which new adherents are gained is by picking up boys of a tender age, who have been disowned by their parents or have lost them, and training them to become disciples (*chela*). This is the method which most orders prefer ; for it is easier to train children than elderly and broken-down men in the tenets and practices of the sect.

For every order of devotee the ceremony of induction is substantially the same. The main difference lies in the fact that each order has its own *gáyatri* or sacred formula recited at the time of initiation. The account given of the induction ceremony in Sherring's *Hindu Tribes, and Castes*, Vol. I, page 256, is so very inaccurate as well as incomplete that I must here attempt to describe briefly what it is, so that the remarks which follow may not be misunderstood. In every order there is first, the *Banaprastha* or anchorite stage, which is considered incomplete and preparatory ; and, secondly, the *Sannyasi* or ascetic stage, which is complete and final. For the induction of candidates into each of these stages a separate ceremony exists.

The first takes up two days and is as follows :—On the day fixed for the induction (the day being generally selected with reference to some periodical festival set apart in honour of the deity to whom the order is specially attached), several prominent members of the order are invited to assemble at a certain place and witness the initiation. The man who has brought the disciple, and who is for this reason called

his *guru* or spiritual guide, introduces him as an intending novitiate to the assembled members, and it is he who performs the ceremonies necessary to his induction. Holy water drawn from some sacred stream or tank, or (if such can be procured) water which has been already poured as an offering on the shrine of the tutelary deity of the order, is first thrown on the head of the novitiate in the presence of the congregation. He is then shaved by a barber, only a tuft, called *shikha* or *chundi*, being left on the top of the head. When the shaving is finished, he is congratulated and blessed by the members present; sacred texts appropriate to the tenets of the order are whispered into his ear by the *guru* presiding; and (unless he happens to belong to one of the twice-born castes, in which case he would possess a thread already), the *janeu* or Brahmanical thread is put over his left shoulder. At the same time a large sweetmeat is divided among the assembly, and after the *guru* has eaten most of his own share he causes the novitiate to eat the leavings—an act which renders it impossible for him to return to his former caste and binds him for ever to the *guru* as his disciple or *chela*. On this day he is considered to be a Brahman, and the main object of this part of the ceremony is to make him one. The title which he receives or holds in this capacity is that of *Bráhmachari* or religious student, this being the first and earliest of the four stages of a Brahman's life. On the second day the tuft is shaved off, not by a barber, but by the *guru*, himself, and the sacred thread is cut to pieces and discarded. The object of this is to signify that the novitiate has left the status of Brahman and entered the higher one of *Banaprastha* or forest recluse.

Thus far, however, the novitiate is only an anchorite and not yet a full-blown ascetic or *Sannyasi*. In this incomplete state he may remain, if he chooses, for the next thirty or forty years, though the intention is that the final ceremony which will make him a *sannyasi* should follow soon afterwards. The preliminary ceremony is performed, as we have seen, by the *guru*; but as the final one is performed by the anchorite himself, it rests with him to choose his own time for doing it. Faith, as we have said, grows cold after the first few generations of disciples are gone; and hence most anchorites at the present day postpone the last act till they are old enough to have outlived all their passions, because by that time it is easier to undergo the severer discipline and self-mortification required by the rules of the order.

This final ceremony is called *Vijaya Homa*, which signifies "the oblation of victory." It consists of an offering of *homa* prepared after the manner of an offering intended for the gods and thrown

upon consecrated fire. The throwing of this offering into the fire is intended to typify the entire dedication of the soul to the flames of ascetic devotion, the complete "victory" over all earthly passions. Such is the efficacy ascribed to this rite that the bodies of those who have performed it are not burnt after death, as is the custom amongst all other classes of Hindus, but are either buried in the earth or thrown, as they are, into some river. The Vijaya Homa is itself looked upon as a kind of cremation ceremony; for the body of anyone who has undergone it is supposed to have been reduced to ashes by the flames of his own devotion. This explains, too, the meaning of the word Gosháyen, the name by which one of the greatest of the religious orders is called.\* It is derived from *go* and *swami* or *sháyi*, which writers have hitherto translated as "master of cows." But this gives no sense. *Go* is sometimes used in Sanscrit as a collective term for the five senses and the five corresponding organs. Hence the most probable meaning of Gosháyen is "one who has mastered his senses." It is a synonym, in fact, of Sannyasi, but has become the proper name of an individual order.

The number of religious orders in Upper India is very great. Even in the ascetic state, when self-salvation is supposed to be the one pursuit of life, a Hindu is nothing if he is not a sectarian, attached to some particular deity or tenet in the multifarious creed of Hinduism, and bent upon furthering the interests and influence of the sect to which he has given his allegiance. The plan upon which I have arranged the several orders is given below, but only the more important of them are named under their respective headings:—

#### I.—Followers of Shiva, the third god of the Triad—

Gosháyen.	Brahmachári.
Dandi.	Akáshmukhi.
Tridandi.	Urddbáhu.
Yogi.	Maunidási.
Sannyasi proper.	Aghori.
Shiváchári.	Nága.

#### II.—Followers of Vishnu, the second god of the Triad, in one or other of his incarnations—

Bairági.	Nirmali.
Srivishnava.	Sukhpanni.
Rádhá Vallabhi.	Satnámi.

#### III.—Followers of either Shiva or Vishnu, but only according to the teaching of some particular prophet, who showed the *panth* or right way to worship him:—

Gorakhnáthi	...	...	...	} Shivite in name as well as in character.
Bharttari	...	...	...	
Bhitáli Bhát	...	...	...	
Harischandi	...	...	...	

Ramavat	.	}
Ramanandi	.	}
Charandasi	.	
Raidaspanthi	.	
Kabirpanthi	.	
Dadupanthi	.	
Sandhanpanthi	.	Vishnuite in character, but
Udasi	.	not in name.
Nanakpanthi	.	
Akali	.	
Suthra	.	
Kukapanthi	.	j

The deity to whom the mendicant orders originally looked as the type and founder of asceticism was the non-Aryan Shiva and not the Aryan Vishnu. The character under which the former first made his way into the Brahmanic pantheon as the third and last member of the Triad, was that of the model ascetic, with closed eyes and bated breath, frequenting grave-yards, smeared over with the ashes of cowdung, and wearing matted locks. Such was the character that he wore when he overthrew the altar of the Vedic Daksha and thus established his right to the title of Mahadev or the Great God. The greatest and probably the oldest of the ascetic orders, the Goshayen, is based upon the worship of this divinity. One of the numerous names by which he is called is Jogeshwar, or the Lord of Ascetics. If the followers of Vishnu have founded certain sects of devotees similar to those which bear the name of Shiva, this has been done more out of jealousy for the credit of their own divinity, Vishnu, than because there was anything in the creed of Vishnu that prescribed the ascetic state.

Every one of the above orders has one or more external badges (*blush*) by which it can be distinguished from any other. It is only thus that the public can know whether they are distributing their alms to the sect whose doctrines they prefer. Hence the Hindu religious orders have been called by the generic name of Bheshdhari or badge-wearer; and this is a more appropriate designation than the name more usually given, "Sannyasi," which, for the reasons stated already, is applicable only to those anchorites who have entered the final stage. Another generic name in common use is Sadhu, which is ambiguous, because it can be applied to any pious man who has not formally entered into the status of a devotee.

The badges assumed by the various sects are much too numerous to be detailed in full. Almost every sect has three different sets of badges: the *tilak* or device painted on the forehead and elsewhere with sandal-wood powder, clay, &c.; the colour of the cloth worn round the loins; and the staff or pot or shell or other

kind of implement carried in the hand. Some too have a peculiar way of wearing the hair ; but in one respect all sects are alike, viz., that they never allow their hair to be cut. As regards the *tilak*, every Shivite sect paints itself with the figure of a half moon thrice repeated, one under the other, or with some variation thereof ; this device is called *tripund*. On the other hand every Vishnuite sect paints itself with the symbol called *ramanandi* or some variation of it. The device consists of three parallel lines drawn perpendicularly, the two outside ones being joined at the base by a curved line which does not touch the middle one. The Shivite and Vishnuite sects are further distinguished by the kind of rosary that each of them wears ; for every religious mendicant, to whatever order he may belong, must wear a rosary of some kind to enable him to keep account of the number of times that he repeats the name of his deity or the words of the Gayatri or sacred verse peculiar to his order. The Shivite rosary is made of the seeds of a tree called *rudruksh*, or the "eye of Rudra" (Shiva), being so called because there is a mark on the seed shaped like an eye, which the Shivites regard as the symbol of the middle eye of their three-eyed god—the middle eye which is at present closed, but which he will one day open to destroy the world with fire. The Vishnuite rosary consists of beads made of the wood of the *tulsi* plant, this being the plant into which the nymph Tulsi was metamorphosed when she was pursued by Krishna, one of the incarnations of Vishnu.

Some orders are further distinguished from others by the austerities which they practise or profess to practise. Some, for example, keep the right arm always erect in the air (*Urddhdu*). Others keep their faces always turned to the sky and never look down (*Akashmukhi*). Others maintain a perpetual silence (*Mouni-dasi*). Others touch nothing except at the end of a staff (*Dandi* and *Tridandi*). Others practise holding their breath, or standing on one leg, or keeping one leg fixed behind the neck, or standing between four fires under the scorching sun of April, May, and June, or standing all night in water in the open air in the months of December and January, or exposing themselves day and night to the rain of July, August, and September (*Yogi*). There are some kinds of penance which are common to several different orders. The most severe kinds are those practised by the Shivites proper named in Class I. The least severe are those of the Vishnuite *Panthis* of Class III.

By far the most interesting of the above orders are those

enumerated under heading III. The founders of these sects represent the various forms of modern dissent from the letter of Brahmanical teaching. The relation in which they stand to the dominant priesthood might be compared with that of the prophets of Israel to the priests and Levites of the Mosaic law. They were reformers, and the chief aim of their teaching was to protest against the claim of Brahmans to superior sanctity or to superior spiritual gifts. They came from various different castes, and some of them from very low ones. Ráidás, for example, was a Chamar or hide-skinner; Kabir, a Kori or weaver; and Sadhan, a Khatik or butcher. But Brahmanism has been too strong for them, as it proved to be too strong for Buddha himself some two thousand years ago. The older a sect becomes the more steadily does it relapse into the fetters from which its founder wished to emancipate the disciples. Speaking of the polity of the church of Rome, Macaulay describes it as "the very masterpiece of human wisdom \* \* \* She thoroughly understands what no other church has understood, how to deal with enthusiasts \* \* \* The Catholic church neither submits to enthusiasm nor prescribes it, but simply uses it." The same might be said of Brahmanism in India; for the effect is not less conspicuous, though a less degree of conscious effort is employed in producing it. Even the Sikh sects, the five named last in the list, some of which are of very recent origin, though they began by proclaiming a deism of the most liberal type, and disavowed any leaning towards either the Hindu Parameshwar or the Mussalman Allah, are rapidly falling back into the old ways, and taking colour more and more from Brahmanic teaching. A layman of any caste may profess allegiance to some particular *Panth* or "way" without at all losing, or desiring to lose, the caste in which he was born, and different men may follow different *Panths* within the same caste. Thus a Kayasth may be a Nanakpanthi, or a Charandasi, or a Ramanandi, without ceasing to be a Kayasth. In Hindustan these *Panths* have permeated the several classes of the community less widely than in the Punjab. But so far as their influence has extended, it may be said that if Hindus are divided socially and industrially by caste, they are divided religiously by the *Panths* or schools of modern reformers.

Out of all the religious orders in Upper India there is at present only one, *viz.*, the Gosháyen, which from a celibate order, as it originally was, and as it has still partially remained, has become a caste in the strict sense of the term. Writing of Gosháyens,

Mr. Sherring says: "Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras may, if they choose, become Gosháyens; but if they do so and unite with the members of this fraternity in eating and drinking, holding full and free intercourse with them, they are cut off for ever from their own tribes. It is this circumstance which constitutes the Gosháyens a distinct and legitimate caste, and not merely religious orders"—(*Hindu Tribes and Castes*, Vol. I, p. 256). Every word of this comment is beside the mark. All the religious orders, and not merely the Gosháyen, are so constituted that any person from any caste who enters any such order is cut off for ever from his own tribe. In this respect all the religious orders are alike; and the very ceremony, by which the novitiate is made to eat what his *guru* leaves at the time of induction, entails forfeiture of caste and cuts off all possibility of return to it, as we have explained already. What makes the Gosháyen a caste, and not merely a religious order, is the fact that it has ceased to be celibate, while the other orders have remained so. In other words, it has openly admitted marriage among its rules or at least among its customs, and hence it can and does perpetuate and extend itself from within like any other caste, and not merely from without like the other religious orders. The Gosháyen, therefore, is both a caste and an order: and in this respect, so far as I know, it has no parallel in India. It is a caste, because it extends itself by natural increase from within; and it is an order, because it admits new adherents from without, and because many of its members are celibates.

Gosháyens have grown into a caste, because they had previously grown into a priesthood, and as priests had acquired property in land, houses, and temples, the possession of which modified the aims and character of the fraternity. The founders and first disciples of the order had no intention of serving as priests to the outside community, or in fact of doing anything else than wander over the earth as celibates and lead the ascetic life of which Shiva, their patron deity, was the pattern. But the piety of the people compelled them to become priests in the temples of Shiva, whether they liked it or not; for it is only in the temples of Shiva or his consort, Kali, that priestly functions have been assigned to them. As most readers are already aware, it is only Brahmans of an inferior stamp who will accept offerings placed on the lingam or Shivite symbol; and hence a class of men like Gosháyens, who were believed to have special influence with Shiva, and therefore to be better qualified than any others to receive on his

behalf the offerings made to him by the people generally, supplied a public want. Thus, if a Brahman of the Pandá class could not be found to take charge of a Shívite temple, some Gosháyen was selected for the office ; and a Gosháyen so appointed became thenceforth the owner of the temple and acquired the right of bequeathing all the interests attaching to it to his own successors. By the same rule, too, a Goshayen might purchase such rights from a Brahman ; and in this way many of the temples of Shiva fell into the hands of Gosháyens and remained there. Other Gosháyens again, not employed as temple-priests, but leading the model life of an ascetic, have been presented at different times with gifts of land and houses by the pious laymen of the community, partly with a view to presenting a costly offering to the great god Mahadev through the medium of his chosen servants, and partly for providing a permanent source of charity to the poor and needy, of which the Gosháyen would serve as trustees and distributors. Having thus acquired property of a kind which could not be moved, and which, therefore, compelled them to live in certain fixed places, a large portion of the fraternity ceased to be mere wandering mendicants, begging their bread from place to place, as all originally did and as some are still doing. But settled habitations and the permanent acquisition of wealth lead naturally to the marital instinct and to the desire for heirs, to whom property can be bequeathed. Moreover, the custom of illicit unions with women of the lower classes had long been secretly practised. The postponement of the final ceremony of "Vijaya Homa" led to a gradual relaxation of discipline, especially among the younger men of the order, who had been initiated from early boyhood. Low-caste women were seduced from their houses, and others who had no homes received shelter and were retained as mistresses. When sons and daughters were born, the former might be initiated under the disguise of boy disciples. But daughters could only be given in marriage ; and as no outside caste could accept such girls as wives to their sons, it was necessary to find husbands for them within their own community. Thus marriage became at last an openly recognized rule or custom of the fraternity, and so from a celibate order they became an hereditary caste.

The special function, then, of Gosháyens, considering them as a caste of priests and not merely as a religious order, is that of serving as priests in the temples of Shiva, and less frequently in those of his consort, Kali. Mr. Sherring. observes : "In this part of India they worship Vishnu, though in some other parts they seem to be devoted to Shiva."—(*Hindu Tribes and Castes*, Vol I,



page 257). Such a remark implies a fundamental misconception of the facts. They worship Vishnu at times, not because they are Gosháyens but 'because they are' Hindus. But it is the worship of Shiva which has made them what they are. It is only on the Shivarátri, or the great annual festival of Shiva, which takes place in February, that candidates for initiation are inducted into the order. The text whispered into the ear of the novitiate on that occasion is the Rudri, that is, the Shivite Gayatri, and not the ordinary Gayatri pronounced in honor of Vishnu, the Vedic Sun-god, which Brahmans and other twice-born castes are expected to repeat daily at sunrise, noon, and sunset. Again, all Gosháyens trace their origin to Sankara Achárya, whom they worship as an incarnation of Shiva just as Ráma, Krishna, and many others are held to be incarnations of Vishnu. Sankara Achárya, as is well known, was the great teacher, who came from Southern India (Malabar) in the eighth or ninth century, A.D., and preached the doctrine of Shiva in opposition to that of Buddhism, which in Upper India was then in an advanced stage of decay. The ten branches or sub-divisions of Gosháyens fancy that they are descended from the ten eminent disciples on whom his mantle descended when he left the earth. Shivism is therefore the peculiar creed of the Gosháyen order or caste, and it is only in the temples of Shiva that they can act as priests. Gosháyens of the Kanphata or ear-split class can serve as priests and slayers of victims in the temples of Kali also. A conspicuous example of this is to be seen at the temple of Devi Patan in the Gonda district, Oudh. In Assam, where the temples of Kali are especially numerous, I have heard that Gosháyens are more prominent as temple priests than Brahmans; and even in Upper India they must be considered a rival, though still much inferior caste.

The marriage ceremonies of Gosháyens are not the same as those of other Hindus. There is a much less degree of formalism attending them, indicating, what is the fact, that the custom of marriage was foreign to the original aims and intention of the order. Probably by degrees the differences of ceremony will die out, and Gosháyen marriages will be attended with as much fuss and expenditure as those of other Hindu castes. A change is coming over the whole spirit of the order. A considerable number of Gosháyens have, like Brahmans, become entirely secularized, all pretensions to be either priests or devotees having been abandoned. Like Brahmans, too, they have no speciality of function as a secular caste, but will take up almost any kind of work that

comes to their hands, so long there is no ceremonial pollution attaching to it.

There is one other celibate order which threatens ere long to become a caste, and by precisely the same process that has made the Gosháyens one. This is the order of Bairágis, who hold about the same degree of influence and wealth among the Vishnuite orders that Gosháyens hold among the Shivite. Thus far no such thing as marriage is openly recognized amongst them. But they have acquired vested interests in many of the temples and other places sacred to Vishnu, or to the deified men and animals who are associated with his history. The great Hanuman Garhi at Ayodhya,—the fort of the flying monkey-god who aided Ráma in his invasion of Lanka, which is visited every day of the year by pilgrims from all parts of India—is in the hands of Bairágis. In fact the whole of Ayodhya, the city so sacred to the memory of Ráma and so endeared to the hearts of all Hindus, is overrun by this grasping and mendacious order, who point to one house as the spot where Ráma was born, to another as the house in which he played as a child, to another as the courtyard in which his father, Dasharatha, administered justice, and so forth; and they exact a liberal fee for the information. The same kind of fate has attended many of the other cities or temples sacred to Vishnu or his incarnations, such as Bithor in the Cawnpore district, Brindaban in Muttra, Chitrakuta in Bánda, Misrikh in Sitapur, Dwarka in Gujarat, and many more. Bairágis have acquired, too, a proprietary right in some of the temples of the sun; for Vishnu in the Vedic age, before he had begun to make himself incarnate in beasts, fish, and men, was merely an impersonation of this luminary. At many of the Surajkunds or Sun-tanks in Upper India, to which patients go to be healed of skin diseases, as Naaman the Syrian went to the Jordan to be healed of his leprosy, an image of the Sun-god may be seen on the bank, with some Bairági seated beside it, ready to receive the offerings made by the visitors. In another way, too, Bairágis are following in the footsteps of Gosháyens. They have acquired large properties in land given them by pious laymen as offerings to Vishnu and for the benefit of the poor. The boy disciples whom they initiate into their order are often their own illegitimate sons, and it is to such disciples that they bequeath the lands given to them for a purpose so entirely different. Probably the day is not far distant when marriage will be openly recognized as one of the customs of the order, and the Bairágis will then have become a caste like the Gosháyens.

The jealousy with which the different orders regard each other

is best seen at the Kumbh-ka-Melas or twelfth-year fairs, when crowds of pilgrims assemble from all parts of Upper India to bathe in the Ganges at Allahabad or Hardwar. It is deemed especially fortunate to enter the water when the sun is passing from the zodiac called *kumbh* or pot and entering that of *makar* or crocodile ; and violent contests arise as to which order is to have precedence. "The rivalry of the Bairágis and Gosháyens culminated in the last day of the fair in 1760 in a pitched battle, which terminated in the defeat of the former, of whom some 1,800 were slain. Again in 1796 the Gosháyens, venturing to resist the better-equipped Sikh pilgrims, were defeated with the loss of five hundred men."—(*North-West Province Gazetteer*, Vol. II, page 291). As the reader is aware, the Sikh and Bairági are of the Vishnuvite class, while the Gosháyen is Shivite. At such battles the honor of their respective deities is at stake. The Gosháyens and other Shivite orders claim the right of the first bathe because the Ganges is said to have sprung from the matted locks of Shiva when he first descended into the plains of India from the peak of Kailása. The Bairági, Sikh, and other Vishnuvite orders claim precedence, because by their creed the Ganges took its rise from the sweat of Vishnu's toes.

So far as I can learn from persons likely to be well informed on the subject, the total number of males belonging to the several Hindu orders, within the area of the North-West and Oudh, is not likely to be less than half a million. Individuals from these orders may be seen wandering from place to place in all parts of the country. Groups varying in number from 50 to 150 are collected together in monasteries called *maths* or *akaras* at places of pilgrimage, such as Benares, Allahabad, Chitrakut, Hardwar, Muttra, Ayodhya, &c. Probably many of the Brahmans who are now established at these sacred places as river-priests or temple-priests, under the name of Gangaputra or Panda, are descended from the illegitimate sons of celibate devotees, who permanently resided in the local monasteries and received the alms and adoration of the people.

JOHN C. NESFIELD.

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## PERJURY IN JUDICIAL COURTS.

**W**ITH the exception of an occasional paragraph in the newspapers commenting in individual cases on the absolute immunity from punishment enjoyed by false witnesses, the very important matter of the due exercise of the law in dealing with the all-pervading system of perjury which flourishes and has flourished from time immemorial in this country, has hitherto occupied an infinitesimal portion of public interest. This is not surprising, the matter being more or less a portion of the technical administration which does not directly attract unofficial discussion; but that judicial officers should consistently refrain from the use of their power to considerably weaken, if not totally eradicate, a custom which is the root of much unavoidable injustice, is unaccountable. After fourteen years' experience I have no hesitation in stating that the very great majority of magistrates are reluctant to initiate legal proceedings in cases when false charges are made or false evidence produced in support of charges either false or originally based more or less on facts. This reluctance is not based on any belief that the Indian Penal Code does not make provision for legal action in such cases, for section 182 fully covers the case of perjury on the part of witnesses, and sanctions the infliction of imprisonment which may extend to six months, with or without a fine to the maximum amount of Rs. 1,000; while section 211 exposes the originator of a false charge to imprisonment up to two years with fine in ordinary cases, and up to seven years with fine or whipping in the case of the graver charges specified in the section. If action in flagrant instances be by any chance taken under the above sections, it is almost invariably in criminal cases only, and on the application of the police.

Examples of this remarkable reticence on the part of a body of officers who enjoy a world-wide reputation for zeal and thoroughness in the execution of their official duties could be quoted indefinitely, but it will suffice to give one example for the present.

The charge against the Surat police of causing the death of a Parsee by ill-treatment has been well aired by the press, both

English and Vernacular, and is of sufficiently recent occurrence to be fresh in the minds of our readers. The vernacular papers, with that usual readiness on their part to prejudge lapses on the part of the administration which so nearly approaches sedition, commented severely and unfavourably on the supposed miscarriage of justice indicated by the light sentences inflicted by the magistrate on the police officials found guilty of misconduct. Now that the facts have become known and the reasons made patent for these light punishments, we see that there has undoubtedly been a miscarriage of justice, but not in the direction indicated by an unjustly censorious press. The *Pioneer* of the 18th August has a leader on the subject, from which I quote the following paragraph as applicable to my subject: "The administration of justice will never receive fair treatment until those who deliberately fabricate false statements against the police are taught that they cannot do so unpunished. Here in this case we have two natives coolly inventing damaging evidence, but we hear nothing of proceedings against them." Doubtless many of the other leading newspapers will comment in a similar spirit on this omission, and there probably the matter will end.

The public at large may not be generally aware that, although Europeans are put on oath before their evidence is taken, yet the statements of natives (not being Christians) are recorded upon, solemn affirmation only; hence prosecutions for perjury in the literal meaning of the word cannot be instituted under section 181 of the Indian Penal Code, by which three years imprisonment may be awarded, but section 182 already quoted provides a minor punishment, yet one which would be most effective if put into force frequently.

While the prevalence of the custom of false swearing is generally attributed to the laxity of the Courts in ignoring it as a criminal offence, yet there appears to be a general impression that the Courts concerned cannot be expected to initiate prosecutions for perjury. The principal objection assigned to such initiative procedure, is the increase in judicial work that must necessarily ensue. It has also been observed that action in this direction by a magistrate would be open to the suspicion of being personal; but when the institution of proceedings in other offences coming under the immediate personal cognizance of the Court is free from such suspicion, any reason for its exceptional application to cases of perjury does not appear tenable.

The objection on the score of an increase to judicial work,

besides being absolutely opposed to the principle of criminal legislation, which is to check and punish, but not to condone crime, appears extraordinarily short-sighted. That this increase would be the immediate result of energetic procedure is undoubted, but that its continuance would be of short duration is equally certain, and the Judicial Department would soon commence to reap a benefit which would more than tenfold repay it for the temporary increase to its duties.

Speaking of criminal cases, on which alone my official experience justifies the expression of an opinion, a very large proportion of cases go before a magistrate in which some part of the evidence is false—probably this proportion is not less than 50 per cent. A prompt prosecution following all instances of detected perjury would very shortly tend to the production of fewer witnesses and the fabrication of fewer false charges, with the concomitant advantages of great saving in time and clerical labour to the magistrate, and the minimising of the chances of innocent injustice.

In the case of the trumped-up charges against the Surat police there is reference only to accusations against an official branch of criminal executive administration, but the principle would fail unless extended to all cases of false charges and false evidence concerning the unofficial population also. In fact it is mainly in action in these cases that success is to be found, the offence being more common and the individuals injured less capable of self-defence than when officials of the government are charged.

At present, when criminal charges are proved false, and cancelled as such by the magistrate, action is occasionally taken against the *complainant* under section 182 or 211, Indian Penal Code, *but against him alone, and while he is convicted of the fabrication of a false charge, the witnesses whom he has produced in support thereof escape scot free.* The incompleteness of this procedure is evident without comment, yet many magistrates discourage even limited action of this sort.

Again the police department, although often unfavourably and unfairly criticised by those who have no opportunities of forming accurate judgments, can no more lay claim to immaculateness than the rest of erring humanity, and the temptation to strengthen a good case by the interpolation of a little bit of carefully manufactured circumstantial evidence is often great and sometimes irresistible. Apart from the objection on principle to this practice, the carefully fabricated evidence frequently breaks

down on cross-examination in Court, and what is frequently a true case in other respects is thus spoilt.

What is sauce for the unofficial public is also sauce for the policeman, and his liability to a judicial conviction, which would be certainly followed by departmental punishment, would act as a deterrent to his excessive zeal.

As before stated in this article, I am unable to speak from personal experience with any certainty regarding the general prevalence of perjury in civil cases ; but since it prevails under one set of circumstances it is only reasonable to assume that it is equally rampant in the other.

One special instance has come to my personal knowledge, where a *Bania*, who indulged largely in money-lending to the surrounding agricultural population on the security of their crops, made a profitable business of obtaining false decrees against his debtors by a systematic use of false witnesses. His proceedings were so barefaced that a strong feeling of exasperation against himself and of dissatisfaction with an administration under which such plundering was legalised at length culminated and found vent in his murder by some of his victims and the relatives of others.

The system of perjury has now become so established, and is so natural and congenial to Asiatic natives that it is much to be feared that isolated efforts would be almost useless, or their results only contemporary with the reign of the magistrates instituting them ; but there can be little doubt that a combined crusade, originated by the adoption of prompt and vigorous measures for prosecution would break the back of a custom which, as long as the "four-anna witness" is in vogue, renders the poor and comparatively speaking honest cultivator, ignorant of the seeming anomalies of the law, the prey of the rich and unscrupulous assailant of his purse and character.

In conclusion I wish it to be distinctly understood that this article is written in no spirit of caviling against the administrators of the law, and I fully believe that every magistrate who refrains from proceeding against perjury has reasons for so doing which, whether right or wrong, justify him to himself. I have merely contributed what I can in no hypercritical spirit to the discussion of what seems to me an important question, largely affecting the welfare and content of our agricultural population and the administration of justice.

A POLICE OFFICER.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE BOMBAY NATIVE PORTUGUESE COMMUNITY. By Philip R. Valladares. *Bombay*, 1885.—This pamphlet, written by a "Junior Student, St. Xavier's College, Bombay," indicates more zeal than discretion on the part of the author. It is not without interest as a sketch of the manners and customs of the community to which, he tells us, he "has the honor to belong." We venture to doubt, however, whether this community will re-echo his sentiments, or feel much complacency in having produced such a scion from the parent stock, who, from the vantage-ground of his student's desk, rates them roundly for their deficiencies, and holds up the mysteries of their domestic existence to the vulgar gaze of uninitiated outsiders. Still, let us hope that they may profit from his youthful criticisms, and learn to swallow this very ungilded pill without too many wry faces; supported by the inward thought that *blame*, too, as well as *praise*, may be perfected "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings." Meanwhile, however, we fear that his prefatorial aspirations will hardly be realised, and that an affirmative, rather than a negative, reply will be returned to his somewhat naive query: "Would it give my brethren offence, if I should indulge in my candid sentiments, that *I am at it*, in this little work."

Here is a specimen of how our genial author *is at it* in the pamphlet before us:—

"How is it (he writes) that most of our young males and females are ignorant of the system of conducting themselves in society? It is, if not entirely, at least to a great degree, due to their not mixing in respectable assemblies. Some parents think it mortally sinful to send their sons and daughters in fashionable circles. They think it a downright disgrace to suffer their children to adopt the manners and customs of the refined. They hardly believe in fashionable evening parties, and such like unions where the ceremonial of polite society exists."

Worse than this, there are some parents within the writer's knowledge, who imagine that a liberal education imparted to their children "finally ends in their turning traitors"—to what or to whom deponent saith not. Moreover there are mothers in his community,



may even fathers, who "think it a sufficient accomplishment, if their blooming daughters can read and write." "Was there ever," the author justly asks, "a greater delusion?" For the deplorable consequence is, that we find "so many young females who know not how to maintain the prestige of their species."

The Portuguese community is not, it appears, any more than other communities, free from scandal-mongers, and our author quotes the case of a young man of a respectable family, "whose innocent movements with the young ladies in a ball-room were so ridiculously misinterpreted, that for many days he was the all-absorbing topic of conversation."

In his description of "the daily routine of our well-to-do class," Mr. Valladares is very sarcastic over the failings of the ladies of the household. "While the mother," he tells us with italicised bitterness, "is engaged in her domestic drudgery of life, *her girls are usually at their toilet.*" However she, according to our author, is not without her consolations, for, later in the morning, she "generally goes to her neighbours to chit-chat every possible nonsense with the female members of the house;" and "after filling her soul with all this jargon" returns home at mid-day, "almost quite exhausted in mind and body," when she "majestically orders out her dinner." Let us hope that this and the subsequent siesta make up, in some degree, for the bad quarter of an hour she passes, at dusk, with her husband over the supper table, who "usually finds fault with some article of food or other, and reproaches her (which, as our author parenthetically remarks, is a very improper thing to do) with every conceivable threat."

The writer gives an account of the marriage customs of his community, which call for no special remark, except that we notice that the old Scotch custom of washing the bride's feet—apparently handed down from Roman times—seems to be regularly practised. In the case of funerals, the Bombay Portuguese takes the Irish and their wakes for his model, and as soon as the ceremony is over, feasting and merriment are the order of the day—upon which proceeding Mr. Valladares remarks with a naive shrewdness:—

"Some imagine that dining with the family of the deceased on the burial day is doing a very consolable act. Where they picked up this idea, I am not in a position to say. But surely Almighty God never intended it, since he has expressly said only—'Thou shalt bury the dead'—and nowhere is it said, after burying dine with the bereaved family."

But we have written enough to show that this outspoken little

pamphlet may be said to combine amusement with instruction, and we can only hope, in conclusion, that its adventurous author weathered the "perfect whirlwind of abuse," which, he says, he is well aware that he will bring about his ears in writing it.

THE LAW OF LIMITATION AND PRESCRIPTION (IN BRITISH INDIA). By Upendra Nath Mitra, M.A., B.L. (Tagore Law Lectures, 1882). *Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.* 1885.—As it is unfortunately too common in the case of these lectures, the present treatise appears long after its original delivery in the form of discourses. These lectures relate to subjects of a delicate nature, which would include matters of frequent controversy with a litigation-loving people, and should be of interest and value to the legal community. They are written in clear and excellent English. We note a reference here and there to that blot in our Code in India, Act XV of 1856, which provides that when a Hindu widow remarries, all her rights in her husband's property cease and determine as if she were dead. It appears also that in the Punjab, Muhammedan widows succeed to their husbands' lands when there are no descendants in the male line, for life, or *till they marry again*; and meanwhile Mr. Ilbert fritters away his legal acumen over the copyright of Newspaper telegrams.

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# THE CREAM Of the Quarterly Review.

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## THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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JULY, 1885.

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LORD MACAULAY AND SIR ELIJAH IMPEY.—The following works form the heading of this article :—

1. *The Story of Nuncomar and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.* By Sir James FitzJames Stephen, K.C.S.I., one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division. In 2 vols. London, 1885.
2. *Echoes from Old Calcutta; being chiefly Reminiscences of the days of Warren Hastings, Francis, and Impey.* By H. E. Busteed. Calcutta, 1882.
3. *Memoirs of Sir Elijah Impey: compiled from authentic Documents in refutation of the calumnies of the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay.* By Elijah Barwell Impey. London, 1846.
4. *Howell's State Trials.* Vol. XX.

"Mr. Hastings murdered Nuncomar by the hand of Sir Elijah Impey." Such, in the famous phrase of Burke, was the charge brought against Impey by Macaulay, who himself declares that "no other such judge has dishonoured the English ermine since Jeffreys drank himself to death in the Tower." Of a crime more hideous a man cannot well be accused, and, if true, no words can be too strong to condemn him.

It is our contention that the charges are not true, and that Sir James Stephen has in the work before us proved conclusively that Impey, instead of being a second Jeffreys, was a man not other than just and fair-minded, and that in particular at the trial of Nuncomar he conducted himself with all that impartiality that is to be looked for in a judge.

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Nothing can be said too highly in praise of the completeness with which Sir J. Stephen has carried out his present task. His attitude throughout is judicial. It is as if the trial of Nuncomar had come before him for rehearing. With the most careful attention to the minute details of evidence in accusation and defence, he has digested the materials before him. For such a work the ground had not even been prepared. The defence of Impey, published by his son, is a work beyond comparison confused, tedious, and irrelevant; and, but for their pathetic earnestness, the clumsy attacks on Macaulay do more to excite ridicule than to carry conviction to the reader.

It is a subject of the gravest regret that Lord Macaulay did not investigate the charges in which he has so vehemently declaimed. Had he investigated them, he could never have written as he has done. It is true that his sources of information were poisoned. Mill was here a most dangerous guide, with his rooted love of detraction; while Macaulay was no doubt influenced by the furious rhetoric of Sir Gilbert Elliot—Impey's accuser before the Commons—and by the magnificent denunciations of Burke.

We now proceed to show that the view adopted by Lord Macaulay was essentially wrong. An examination of the evidence given at the trial of Nuncomar, the man whom Impey is accused of judicially murdering, must be preceded by some account of the chief actors in the events that took place before the trial, and by a slight narrative of the events themselves. Of Nuncomar it is difficult to form any very clear conception. We know that he was tall and graceful in person, and of a constitution of extraordinary strength and vigour. As a Brahmin, he preserved the purity of his caste with even more than the perfection of ritual required of his order. The Mahomedan chronicler, who recorded the dying throes of the Mogul Empire, speaks of him thus: 'He was a man of wicked disposition and a haughty temper, envious to a high degree, and on bad terms with the greater part of mankind, although he had conferred favours on two or three, and was firm in his attachments.' Lord Clive had accused him of forgery and treachery, and his name was at one time a constant subject of contumely among the directors in Leadenhall Street. But though it seems in vain to seek for any marked personal traits—unless it be the fortitude with which he met his death—the actual events of his life are clear enough. The political disintegration, which took place throughout Bengal before the complete establishment of English rule, brought into view two men of remarkable gifts—Mahomed Rheza Khan, the representative of the Musulman; Nuncomar, of the Hindoo interests. We cannot here stop to relate, how first one and then the other of these great opposing figures were made use of by the English Governors. Clive, when he left Bengal for the last time, had established the power of the Mahomedan, and had expressed emphatically his dislike and distrust of Nuncomar. Hastings had bitter personal feelings against the Hindoo,

and, from private as well as from public motives, would have preferred to have withheld employment from him permanently. This, however, was not to be. Whether, as Lord Macaulay suggests, the crafty Hindoo was actually able to bring a secret influence to bear even in Leadenhall Street, or whether policy alone dictated the step, it is difficult to say; but at any rate the fact remains, that the Secret Committee, who controlled the affairs of the Company in London, determined to pull down Mahomed Rheza Khan from his offices, and, if need be, to make use of Nuncomar as the instrument of his destruction. To this course Hastings consented. The great Mahomedan officer fell, and with him the last remnant of native authority in Bengal. Nuncomar was not, as the Secret Committee had suggested, personally rewarded, but "the office of treasurer of the household was bestowed" on his son: an appointment which, while it prevented Nuncomar from saying his services had gone unrewarded, placed no power in his hands. Nuncomar's ambition had been to fill the post which his help had been used to abolish, and the destruction of his rival thus gave but a fresh impulse to the hatred he felt for Hastings. He awaited only the opportunity to take his revenge on the Governor-General.

We need not repeat here the opening of the quarrel between Hastings and the majority of the Council, in which, by the Regulation Act of 1773, the Governor-General was but the figure-head, except so far as the casting vote was concerned. It will be remembered that when the Council seemed to have gained a complete victory, and Hastings's power in Bengal was a name, Nuncomar came forward to charge the Governor-General with having sold offices and received bribes; and how in the moment of his triumph Nuncomar fell by the act of a private accuser. Nothing doubtless could be more fortunate for Hastings than the arrest of Nuncomar on a charge of forgery; and because it was so fortunate for him, Lord Macaulay assumes without question that Hastings was the real mover in the business, and that without citing any suspicious circumstance, or bringing forward a vestige of proof.

The charge against Nuncomar was, that in 1770, six years before, he had forged a bond purporting to have been given him by a certain native banker, Bollakey Doss. When Bollakey Doss died, Nuncomar had tried to prove the bond against his estate. The whole question had come before the civil court of Calcutta in an action as to the distribution of the testator's estate. Here the charge of forgery against Nuncomar had first been made, and proceedings had gone so far, that Nuncomar (it is alleged by Impey in his defence) had actually been arrested and imprisoned on this very charge. But matters had stopped here. The Mayor's Court—and this was one of the great arguments used in favour of setting up the Supreme Court—was not always as independent as it should have been. Nuncomar was at that time making himself useful to the Government, and Hastings, according to Impey, ordered him to be released from prison. The accuracy of this statement is doubted by Sir James Stephen. With all due deference to the weight that attaches to his opinion, we are inclined to differ from him. Impey was an accurate man, and was far too careful to have weakened his very strong case by an assertion

which might have been proved untrue. That the fact was not essential to his argument makes this all the stronger. All Impey had to prove was, that a criminal prosecution was determined on before the accusations against Hastings, and of this he had other proofs. Months before Nuncomar brought his charges, and before the Council or the Judges had reached Calcutta, the prosecutor had attempted to proceed criminally in the case. This, however, he could not do unless he could get possession of the bond itself, which was then among the papers connected with the civil suit, and impounded in the Mayor's Court. Accordingly the prosecutor's attorney, Mr. Driver, moved that he should have possession of the document in question. This was refused him, and he was therefore unable, so long as the bond was withheld, to institute any further proceedings. This was in March 1774.

Towards the end of October in the same year, the Supreme Court, which superseded the Mayor's Court, and was empowered to take over all its papers and records, landed in India. Mr. Farrer, afterwards Nuncomar's counsel, had arrived at Calcutta a day or two before the Judges. About a month after he had been there he was applied to by Mr. Driver, who instructed him to move the Supreme Court for the delivery of the papers, which had now passed into their custody. In January 1775 the motion was made, though, owing to a delay in obeying the order, and the necessity for a fresh motion, the papers were not actually delivered up till the end of April. On the 6th of May, a date which shows that, as soon as the bond had been secured, proceedings were commenced, Nuncomar was committed to take his trial.

These facts show conclusively that the charge made against Nuncomar was no stale accusation vamped up at the demand of Hastings, but one regularly and deliberately conceived by a private person long before the Governor-General had been accused by Nuncomar.

On the 8th June his case came on for hearing, and the trial lasted seven days, during which the Court never adjourned; the jury retiring to an adjoining room, under the charge of the Sheriff's officers, to take refreshment and to sleep.

Now, Impey is accused of the judicial murder of Nuncomar, yet the trial did not take place before Impey alone. With the Chief Justice sat the three puisne judges, Hyde, Chambers, and Lé Maistre.

Their powers, unless they were equally divided, were as great as his, and he alone would have been powerless to murder Nuncomar. A Chief Justice is not a commander-in-chief, and the whole traditions of the English bench are against according him any such position. As it was, however, the whole Court concurred not only in the summing-up, but in the sentence and in the refusal of a respite. Impey then could be no more guilty than they; unless it can be shown that in some way he contrived to influence his brethren unfairly, to bear down their opposition, or to overawe them into acquiescence in the wicked act which they could have prevented had they differed from him. Yet no one has ever accused them. The whole blow is always directed to fall on Impey, and one of them is even admitted by Impey's accusers to have been a man of virtue and integrity.

Assuming, however, they were all guilty, how would they proceed to effect their diabolical purpose?

Since the trial was a trial by jury, their mere desire would not be enough. They must in some manner get the jury to return a verdict of guilty. If the jury had been packed, there would, of course, have been no difficulty in this; and no necessity for an eight days' trial. But none of Impey's accusers have ever ventured to say that the jury was packed, and for this reason—it was empaneled by a Sheriff in no way prejudiced against the prisoner, but rather prejudiced in his favour—Macrabie, the secretary, the brother-in-law, and the confidant, if such he ever had, of Francis. Besides this, the prisoner availed himself of the right to challenge the jury, and objected to no less than eighteen of those who came to be sworn; and among those who sat was Touchet, whose subsequent quarrel with the Supreme Court puts it out of the question that he would have been frightened or cajoled by Impey. But though the jury is not packed, there are no doubt ways in which a partial Court could influence their decision. Such would be unfairly admitting evidence for the prosecution; unfairly refusing it for the defence; bullying the counsel of the prisoner and his witnesses throughout the trial; refusing to allow him in cross-examination to press disagreeable questions which would break down the case of the prosecution; assuming at each step the guilt of the prisoner himself and the perjury of his witnesses; and forcing on the notice of the jury circumstances as if proved, which, in fact, are mere accusations. Lastly, in the summing-up, a partial Judge would have his greatest opportunity. From his notes he reminds the jury of the evidence; in his own language he can describe its character. His experience and his learning give weight to all he says, and should he assume from the judgment seat the artifices of the advocate, his arguments would seem irresistible.

Let us, then, in examining the conduct of the trial, be on the watch for any or all of these symptoms of partiality in the Chief Justice.

The bond, which it was alleged had been forged, recites how certain jewels were deposited on account of Nuncomar with the maker of the bond; how the jewels were plundered at the time of the defeat of the Nabob's army; and how he, the maker of the bond, promises to pay 48,021 sicca rupees as the value of the jewels. It is attested by three witnesses—Mahab Roy, Silabut, and Commaul Mahomed.

The evidence upon which the prosecution relied to prove the bond a forgery consisted of three parts. "First, it was said that the attestation by Commaul was a forgery; secondly, that the attestation by Silabut was a forgery; thirdly, that there was evidence that Bollakey Doss never owed the money, and some evidence that he did not execute the deed; and fourthly that the statements contained in the bond as to the consideration for it were false." Commaul, in giving his evidence, denied that he had ever witnessed the deed, but explained that he had some years before sent his seal—for he did not deny the seal to be his—to Nuncomar, but that he could never get it back; though he had asked for it repeatedly. He then went on to tell how, when he first heard that a bond had been produced with his name to it, he went to Nuncomar and

told him what he had heard. Nuncomar, he declared, replied: "It is true; having confidence in you, I have affixed your seal, which was in my possession, to the bond of Bollakey Doss. Having sworn, you will give evidence of this before the Gentlemen of the Adawlat." The witness continued: "I answered, 'How shall I be able to take a false oath?' He answered, 'I had hopes in you.' I answered, 'Men will give up their lives for their masters, but not their religion; have no hopes of me.'" This statement that the prisoner had confessed his guilt was, on the face of it, perhaps, unlikely; but the corroborative evidence of two other witnesses put it in a far more probable light than Commaul did himself. They showed that, at the time of the alleged confession, the suit in the Mayor's Court was going on, and it was necessary for Nuncomar, in order to make good the bond, to get the evidence of Commaul, which would almost certainly have been conclusive. Besides, they showed further that Nuncomar had a good excuse for making the proposal, as Commaul had come to ask him to be his surety, and that what the prisoner said came to this: "Be evidence for me, and I will be your surety." Mr. Farrer, counsel for the prisoner,\* naturally stamped this story of the confession as preposterous, and dwelt on the absurdity of supposing that Nuncomar would put his life thus into the hands of a man with whom he was not on terms of confidence, and remarked on "the small degree of credit due to a confession made only once, and nobody present but the party and the witness, which are the words of Commaul's evidence." How would a judge whose only prototype is Jeffreys have met these two views of the confession? Would he not have bawled down every word spoken against the truth of the confession, and have declared to the jury that they must hold it proved true, and that there was now no doubt but that the prisoner was guilty? How did Impey treat it in his summing-up? Commenting on Farrer's remarks, he says: "It is highly proper you should take these things into consideration; you will consider on what terms they were at the time of these conversations. Confessions of this nature are undoubtedly suspicious, and to which, except there are matters to corroborate them, you should be very cautious in giving too much credit."

The evidence as to Silabut's attestation was next gone into. Silabut was dead, but two witnesses were examined as to his handwriting. One of them was Rajah Nobkissen, a native of position.

When first asked whether the writing of the name on the bond was in Silabut's hand, he answered: "The words are not of his handwriting; it is not his common writing. I have seen several papers of his handwriting." When asked whether he can take upon himself to swear it is not his handwriting, he can only answer that Silabut has written things before him, and that "this is not the kind of writing I have seen him write, but God knows whether it is his handwriting or not." When asked to say what his opinion about it is, he becomes still more reluctant. "The prisoner is a Brahmin, I am a Coit; it may hurt my religion; it is not a trifling matter; the life of a Brahmin is at stake." He is pressed still further with the question, "Do you or do you not think this the handwriting of Silabut? Remember you are upon oath to tell the truth and the whole truth." "I cannot tell what is upon my mind on this occasion about it." "Why not?" "This

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\* Mr. Farrer was the only able counsel then practising at Calcutta. He had been first engaged by the prosecutor, as we have already seen, to move for the delivery of the papers, but he was subsequently retained for the defence in the criminal trial.



concerns the life of a Brahmin. I don't choose to say what is in my mind about it." How would Judge Jeffreys have commented upon such a witness's evidence? Impey's comment, after fairly stating the substance of the evidence, is this: "I must again caution you against receiving any impression unfavourable to the prisoner from the hesitation and doubts or exclamations of this witness, or from any other circumstances except what he actually deposed to."

The evidence for the defence was directed to prove "the whole transaction was genuine." The whole thing really turned on four witnesses, who swore they had seen Bollakey Doss execute the bond.

All four told the same story, with some trifling discrepancies. But it was not the discrepancies in their narration of an event which occurred ten years before, which called for explanation. In the words of Sir James Stephen, "The suspicious part of the evidence of these witnesses was their extraordinary and unnatural agreement in a number of matters of minute detail which they could have no special reason for remembering." Two of them agreed to an astonishing extent in the most petty details. Their evidence has been placed side by side in a footnote in Sir James Stephen's book, and seen thus, the grave doubts which must rest on such statements can be easily understood. But this was not all; there was still clearer proof that the tale had been got by heart, for in cross-examination, one of them, when asked to restate something, said: "If I begin at the beginning I can tell. I cannot begin in the middle;" and, on being told to begin again, repeated his previous evidence, word for word. There were other suspicious circumstances connected with these witnesses, but their full force can hardly be given except by quoting the whole evidence. All four were dependants of Nuncomar. In treating this incident in his summing-up, Impey does not, as he might so easily have done, comment scornfully on its doubtful character. He, indeed, after noticing one of the doubtful points in their story, suggests a most ingenious explanation which few people would have thought of. Sir James Stephen remarks that it would not have occurred to him. In fact Impey does just what he ought to have done; he points out the peculiar nature of the evidence, mentions a possible explanation, and ends by telling the jury they must form their own conclusions as to its credibility.

The evidence next called, that of Kissen Juan Doss, was the mainstay of the defence. But, though strong in fact, it was strictly not admissible by a rigid interpretation of the rules of evidence. The witness's statements concerned the contents of a lost paper:—

"Many attempts," Impey said, in summing-up, "were made to establish it in evidence which failed of legal proof, but as I thought so well of Kissen Juan Doss" (he had changed this opinion later as we shall see presently), "and as it would have been extremely hard, if such a paper had existed, the prisoner should be deprived of the benefit of it, I said (having first asked the consent of my brethren) that though it was not strictly evidence, I would leave it to you to give such weight to it as you thought it deserved. I still leave it to you, and if you believe that such a paper ever existed, it would be the highest injustice not to acquit the prisoner."

Is it conceivable that a Jeffreys would have listened to such evidence for a moment?

This paper, which Kissen Juan Doss declared he had been shown by one of Bollakey Doss's attorneys, purported to be a correct statement of the account concerning the jewels signed by Bollakey Doss himself, and admitting his liability for the debts secured by the bond said to be forged. Up to this point the Court seems, from the demeanour of the witness, to have given great credit to his statements. Unfortunately, however, for the prisoner, he, on the very last day of the trial, desired that this witness should be recalled, and asked whether he had explained the above-mentioned paper to Mohun Persaud, the prosecutor. The witness declared he had. Upon cross-examination, he added that Mohun Persaud took the paper in his own hand and read it. He was then asked why he had not mentioned this before, to which he replied, "If nobody asked me about it, why should I tell the bad actions of Mohun Persaud?" He afterwards said he had forgotten the fact, then repeated he was afraid of Mohun Persaud, and when reminded that "the being afraid of Mohun, and the not recollecting it, are two different things," and "that both of them cannot be true," he could give no answer, but fell into the greatest confusion, and finally remained silent.

Now, Impey, while pointing out to the jury the prevarications and suspicious nature of this witness's story, yet concludes this part of his summing up with expressions, which were not well chosen if he was determined to get a verdict that would gratify the Governor-General:—

"I am much hurt to be obliged to make these observations on the evidence of a man that I entertained so good an opinion of. I must desire you to recollect with regard to this observation, and every one that I submit to you, that you are to make no further use of them than as they coincide with your opinions and observations; and when they do not, you should reject them; for it is you, not I, that are to decide on the evidence."

Such is a short account of the evidence; there are, besides, one or two small incidents which tend to show the temper in which Impey conducted the trial.

During the evidence of Nobkissen, the prisoner desired he might ask Nobkissen a question. The Court directed him to consult his counsel first. "The question being overheard by Nobkissen," says the reporter, he said, "Maharajah Nuncomar had better not ask me that question." Upon which, Nuncomar declined asking the question." How easily could an unjust judge have taken advantage of this incident to inflame and prejudice the jury, and to hint that the witnesses were in collusion with the prisoner! This is Impey's remark to the jury: "You must receive no prejudice from this; you must forget the conversation, and judge only by the evidence at the bar." Again, when there was a question of whether a certain witness should be called by the defence, the Court warned the jury that if he was not called by them, they must receive no prejudice against the prisoner, as the witness was one to whose evidence the defence could have objected.

Another instance of the Court's impartial conduct of the case is still more marked. There was a dispute between the prisoner's counsel and the jury on some papers which had been handed up for their inspection:—

"The council for the prisoner spoke in a warm and improper manner to the jury. *Court.*—'This is a manner in which the jury ought not and shall not be spoken to. The prisoner ought not to suffer from the intemperance of his advocate. You, gentlemen of the jury, ought not to receive any prejudice to the prisoner on that account, nor from the papers themselves, which, not having been admitted in evidence, you should not have seen; and having seen, whatever observation you have made, you should forget: it is from what is given in evidence only that you are to determine.'"

In his summing-up the Chief Justice read and commented upon each observation of Farrer.

The most weighty of these was this: "The witnesses are dead, the transaction is stale and long since known to the prosecutor." How easily a Jeffreys could have stormed against such a theory, which he might have inveighed against as pleading the Statute of Limitations to a crime! This is how Impey, with his "gross and scandalous partiality," treats the remark. "These are objections of weight which you, gentlemen, ought carefully to attend to when you take the whole of the evidence in consideration, for the purposes of forming the verdict; and I have no doubt you will attend to them."

He next turned to the evidence itself, and his comments on the defence put it, as it seems, in a fair light. There is not a trace of partiality. Then follow Impey's own observations in favour of the prisoner, which, as Sir James Stephen remarks, could not have been put "more concisely, or in a way better calculated to impress the jury."

For instance: "There is certainly a great improbability that a man of Maharajah Nuncomar's rank and fortune should be guilty of so mean an offence for so small a sum of money." Since the sum was over 7,000*l.*, this might even be called going too far in the prisoner's favour. In a well-balanced summing-up, the last sentences are the most important. It is at these the jury, when the case is complicated, overwhelmed in a sea of evidence, catch for guidance.

"You will consider on which side the weight of evidence lies, always remembering that in criminal, and more especially in capital cases, you must not weigh the evidence in golden scales; there ought to be a great difference of weight in the opposite scale before you find the prisoner guilty. In cases of property, the stake on each side is equal, and the least preponderance of evidence ought to turn the scale; but in a capital case, as there can be nothing of equal value to life, you should be thoroughly convinced that there does not remain a possibility of innocence before you give a verdict against the prisoner."

Then, after some remarks declaring "that the nature of the defence is such that if it is not believed it must prove fatal to the party," which are perhaps applicable to England, but hardly to India, where, "to bolster up a good case by perjury is not an uncommon thing," come these final sentences:—

"You will again and again consider the character of the prosecutor and his witnesses, the distance of the prosecution from the time the offence is supposed to be committed, the proof and the nature of the confessions said to be made by the prisoner, his rank and fortune. These are all reasons to prevent your giving a hasty and precipitate belief to the charge brought against

him ; but if you believe the facts sworn against him to be true, they cannot alter the nature of the facts themselves. Your sense of justice and your own feelings will not allow you to convict the prisoner unless your consciences are fully satisfied beyond all doubt of his guilt. If they are not, you will bring that verdict, which from the dictates of humanity you will be inclined to give ; but, should your consciences be convinced of his being guilty, no consideration, I am sure, will prevail on you not to give a verdict according to your oaths."

If Impey had entered into a conspiracy with Hastings to murder Nuncomar, he certainly ought never to have been trusted again by his brother conspirator. It was trifling with their cause to court in this way the possibility of an acquittal.

But perhaps the best comment is to follow Sir James Stephen's example, and append here a passage from the "Articles of Impeachment," where it is alleged that the Chief Justice "became in effect the advocate of the prosecutor, and pronounced a charge when he summed up the evidence on the said trial with the most gross and scandalous partiality, &c., manifesting throughout the whole proceeding an evident wish and determined purpose to effect the ruin and death of the said Maharajah." Lord Macaulay, we suppose, read these words and believed them true. That he can possibly have read the summing-up itself, we have too great a respect for his honesty to fancy for a moment possible. Had he read it, he must have seen that the whole matter rested with the jury, and that if he wanted conspirators to fit his picture, it was there he must seek them. Even the natives, unfamiliar as they were with the notion of trials by jury, seem to have understood that it was they, not the judges, who found Nuncomar guilty. The Mahomedan chronicler,\* in that priceless comment on English rule from a still independent native source, never mentions the judges in his curious account of the trial. The jury is with him the important figure. After describing the charge against Nuncomar he goes on :—

"To enquire into so heinous an offence, and to discern the punishment due by law, it became necessary to have a grand jury. A grand jury signifies an assembly of twelve creditable Englishmen chosen by lot. . . . Their duty is to examine what is to be his punishment ; but till they have found out this punishment they cannot be spoken to by any one, lest they might be influenced to swerve from the dictates of justice and equity. This grand jury was made up over and over, and twice changed (the court of justice at that time being full of people), until it was proved and determined that Nuncomar was guilty and deserved death, and that his kind of punishment was to be hanging."

Sir J. Stephen, after the most careful attention, comes to the conclusion that the prisoner's witnesses were fairly treated, and that the reason why the Court asked them many searching questions was

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\* The *Siyar-al-Matazherin* is a native history of the fall of the Mogul Empire, translated into English by a French refugee. Though not historically accurate, the reflections contained in it are of the greatest interest and value. We are glad to see Sir James Stephen expressing surprise—a feeling which we have long felt—that it has never been reprinted. If the Indian Government could be induced to collect a series of *Monumenta Historica* of the English rule in India, Hussein Khan's annals might appropriately serve as a beginning.

the one given, *vis.*, the inefficiency of the prosecuting counsel, who were incapable of obtaining from the witnesses evidence it was essential the jury should have before them. It is curious to notice that "except Sir R. Chambers," the questions were put by "Sir E. Impey least of all." Here is Sir J. Stephen's summing up of the whole matter :—

"My own opinion is, that no man ever had, or could have, a fairer trial than Nuncomar, and that Impey in particular behaved with absolute fairness and as much indulgence as was compatible with his duty. In his defence at the bar of the House of Commons, he said, 'Conscious as I am how much it was my intention to favour the prisoner in everything that was consistent with justice; wishing as I did that the facts might turn out favourable for an acquittal; it has appeared most wonderful to me that the execution of my purpose has so far differed from my intentions that any ingenuity could form an objection to my personal conduct as bearing hard upon the prisoner.' My own earnest study of the trial has led me to the conviction, that every word of this is absolutely true and just. Indeed, the first matter which directed my attention to the subject was the glaring contrast between Impey's conduct as described in the *State Trials*, and his character as described by Lord Macaulay. There is not a word in his summing-up of which I should have been ashamed had I said it myself, and all my study of the case has not suggested to me a single observation in Nuncomar's favour which is not noticed by Impey. As to the verdict, I think there was ample evidence to support it."—"The Trial of Nuncomar," i. p. 186.

The prisoner having been found guilty, the question of a respite next came under the consideration of the Judges. Upon this Macaulay says :—

"That Impey ought to have respited Nuncomar, we hold to be perfectly clear. Whether the whole proceeding was not illegal is a question. But it is certain that, whatever may have been, according to technical rules of construction, the effect of the statute, it was most unjust to hang a Hindoo for forgery. The law which made forgery capital in England was passed without the smallest reference to the state of society in India. It was unknown to the natives of India."

In these words Lord Macaulay, with a confusion and irrelevance, astonishing in one who, even though it was his boast to be no lawyer, was at least a law-maker, introduces a point of great importance. In fact his words ask two questions : Was Nuncomar amenable to the statute 25 George II. c. 2, which punished forgery with death? If he was, yet ought not the Court under the circumstances to have used their powers of reprieve? Before attempting to answer these questions we must remind our readers that as to natives in the position of Nuncomar being within the criminal jurisdiction of the Supreme Court there was no doubt. The only doubt was, whether the Court was to administer the English criminal law, pure and simple. The Charter creating the Supreme Court had empowered the Court "to administer criminal justice in such or the like manner and form, or as nearly as the circumstances of the place and persons will admit of, as in the Courts of Oyer and Terminer in that part of Great Britain called England." A question was at the trial

raised by one of the judges, Mr. Justice Chambers, whether, since the English law of forgery was adapted to the particular commercial and social condition of England, and since the same reasons for such a law did not apply to Bengal, the clause of the Charter would not allow the indictment being laid, not under the statute which rendered the offence capital, but under an earlier statute of the reign of Elizabeth. Impey, on this, said, "that he thought the indictment was *prima facie* well laid on 25 George II.," and he went on to say that he considered "the town of Calcutta (which was, as far as it was necessary to go on this occasion) to be greatly commercial;" besides that, it could not be reckoned an uncultivated or uncivilized state of society, and "that it might perhaps be rather deemed to be degenerating and redescending for want of wholesome laws." This argument is characteristic of the eighteenth century, when to make an offence capital was always considered the best check on crime, and, though it may not appeal to us now, must at least be allowed consistent with the ideas then in vogue. But there is a far stronger reason why the law of George II. was in force at Calcutta. Ten years before, a native, and, like Nuncomar, a Hindu and a Brahmin, had been tried under it in that old Mayor's Court, which had always administered English criminal law, and whose jurisdiction the Supreme Court inherited. This Brahmin had been found guilty, and had been sentenced to death. He was not executed, however, and for this reason. The principal natives petitioned in his favour, on the ground that, till that trial, they had not understood the crime to be punishable with death, and their petition was granted 'in hopes that the condemnation will be sufficient to deter others from committing the like offence.' It is thus impossible to deny that the statute was published in Calcutta, or that it was unknown to the natives.

Beyond Burke's magnificent declamations in his own generation, the accusations against Impey spread but little, for men still remembered his triumphant defence before the Commons. It was not till Macaulay, with the enchantments of his style, gave them new life, that—his acquittal forgotten—Impey stood before the world as the type of the unjust judge. After the publication of the younger Impey's Memoir, so pathetic in its clumsy efforts to vindicate the fame of a father, Macaulay should have reinvestigated his charges, and have given Impey another chance of being cleared. We know now what the result of such re-investigation must have been.

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# THE CREAM

## Of the Monthly Reviews.

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### THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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AUGUST, 1885.

The Paris Newspaper Press. By THEODORE CHILD ... ..	... 804
The International Tribunals of Egypt. By CHARLES SUMNER MAINE ... ..	... —
Pasteur's Life and Labours. By MRS. LYNN LINTON ... ..	... —
Yacht Racing. By T. DYKES ... ..	... 818
Lord Peterborough. By THE LORD RIBBLESDALE ... ..	... —
Death—and Afterwards. By EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I. ... ..	... 826
Private Bill Legislation. By E. LEIGH PEMBERTON, M.P. ... ..	... —
The New Naturalism. By W. S. LILLY ... ..	... —
Midsummer in the Soudan. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY BRACKENBURY, C.B. ... ..	... —
Medical Specialism : A Rejoinder. By MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D. ... ..	... —
Church and State in Scotland. By THE LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH ... ..	... —
Home and Foreign Affairs ... ..	... —

THE PARIS NEWSPAPER PRESS.—Every morning the Parisians have the choice of more than a score large four-page political prints and ten small ones; in the afternoon fifteen other large journals are published; between eight and nine o'clock in the evening two more appear. A Parisian will tell you that scarcely half-a-dozen out of these fifty daily newspapers are really profitable enterprises in themselves.

The rest exist more or less laboriously, and the majority depend upon various arrangements, combinations and subventions, which cannot be precisely analysed.

The most profitable journals are *Le Petit Journal*, *Le Figaro*, *La Lanterne*, and *Le Gil Blas*. But many of the old-established papers, although having small circulations, continue to pay fair dividends; their expenses are slight, and they are able to make a profit on their sales. The *Journal des Débats*, for instance, has remained faithful to the traditions of the French press before

cheap papers were introduced; a single number is sold for 20 centimes, and the yearly subscriptions for Paris and for the departments are respectively 72 and 80 francs. At present the *Journal des Débats* is rarely seen on the newspaper stalls, but it has 4,000 subscribers, representing a fixed revenue of, we will say, 300,000 francs; its advertisements bring in some 200,000 francs; and 100,000 francs for Bourse affairs. With an income like this and light editorial expenses a journal can end the year with a handsome balance of profit.

The material cost of a newspaper managed on the French system is very small. In the first place not more than half-a-dozen papers in Paris are printed from their own type and on their own machines. The majority have editorial rooms in a modest quarter, and the paper is composed and printed in one of the great printing establishments in the neighbourhood of the Rue Montmartre, which contract to deliver 20,000 copies of a large four-page journal for about 1,500 francs.

The advertising space is farmed *en bloc* by one of the three great advertising agencies which negotiate all kinds of strange arrangements with financial companies, and bring the force of their monopoly to bear against any independent paper that attempts to break through the bonds of routine and to introduce our Anglo-Saxon system of cheap and direct advertising. But a paper which abides by the traditions finds no difficulty in coming into the world or in going out of the world; rarely a week passes without a new journal appearing or an old one disappearing; and all this mushroom growth does not imply the displacement of any great capital. With a few thousand francs you can publish a few numbers, which are sold with a discount of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , 2, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  centimes to the vendor, who retails them at 15, 10, or 5 centimes. If the journal succeeds a little, all is well; if it does not succeed, the disaster is not great. Now in Paris you can always find a man ready to give 100,000 francs, which is quite sufficient, according to French notions, to start a new journal; and not only every political group, but every fraction of a group, and indeed almost every prominent senator and deputy, wishes to inspire a paper and to command an organ in which to carry on his own private political campaigns and intrigues. Hence the great number and variety of newspapers in Paris and in the provinces, some flourishing, most of them struggling, many of them moribund and merely kept up as the mouthpieces of narrow political groups or to serve private interests and personal ambitions. In the case of the purely party and personal organs, the owners are delighted if at the end of the year the deficit does not exceed four or five thousand pounds. In France it costs no more to keep a daily "political, financial, and literary" newspaper than it does to keep a steam yacht, an elegant mistress, or a pack of deerhounds, and the newspaper has this immense advantage, that it may lead to all sorts of things, even to the Presidency of the Republic.

The *Figaro* is one of the most wonderful productions of the century. Villemessant, its founder, who began his career in a mercery shop and ended it at the roulette table at the age of sixty-nine, was a prince of charlatans, a model of unscrupulous scepticism, who succeeded in making half-a-million francs a year by extending the



patronage of his journal with even and impartial hand to the clergy and the comedians, to Notre-Dame and the Folies Bergère, to Lespès the barber and to the Comte de Chambord, "le Roy."

*Le Figaro* never represented anything, either a political opinion, an artistic or literary school, or an intellectual movement; its mission has always been to provide its readers with news and banter; it was the first paper to introduce interviews and other features of reporting, and of the so-called *presse à informations*. As Villemessant left it at the time of his death in 1879, so the journal has, at least in appearance, remained. The inheritance of the Alexander of charlatanism was divided amongst his lieutenants, who warned the shareholders that if they altered the character of *Le Figaro* or changed the staff they would ruin the property; and so, at a general meeting of the shareholders, the editing and administration of the paper were intrusted to the triumvirate MM. Magnard, Périer, and Rodays, and the rest of the staff, MM. Albert Wolff, Baron Platel (Ignotus), Philippe Gille (Masque de Fer), Jules Prével, &c., were nominated, so to speak, life-editors with fixed salaries and an interest in the profits. Thus *Le Figaro* became a kind of republic with M. Francis Magnard as president, but a president exercising very little authority over his ministers and functionaries.

Now it is precisely out of this individual independence of the principal writers of *Le Figaro* that there sprang up a few years ago an abuse in connection with the Paris theatres, an explanation of which will go far to indicate how far certain organs of the Parisian press are open to the charge of corruption and venality.

A number of journalists, notably MM. Wolff, Gille, Boucheron, Prével, Saint-Albin, Darcours, and Valabrègue, having no special gifts for writing for the stage, but seeing that large sums of money were to be gained by dramatic composition, began to combine pieces which they presented to theatrical managers. The managers would suggest to some veteran playwright that he should take so-and-so as a collaborator, "and then we shall have the *Figaro* in our favour." It was *Le Figaro* which first published accounts and criticisms of new pieces the morning after their production, and which first began to give an anecdotic history of the theatrical evening in the well-known "Soirées Parisiennes" of the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," while at the same time devoting every day considerable space to theatrical echoes. Naturally, if a *Figaro* man had a piece being played at such-and-such a theatre, he did not neglect the opportunities of gratuitous and persistent puffery which were offered him in the column headed "Courrier des Théâtres." The theatrical reporters of other journals, which, like *Le Figaro*, devoted great attention to the stage, gradually worked their way into the privileged band, and by the aid of the various influences of *camaraderie*, mutual interests, and personal interventions of all kinds, the boulevard theatres, such as the Variétés, the Renaissance, the Palais-Royal, the Gymnase, and the Nouveautés, became more or less the monopoly of a syndicate of journalists, to the detriment of young authors, as was recently clearly shown by M. Francisque Sarcey. But, except perhaps in the case of the Gymnase, one cannot say that there were sums of money paid. The existence of the syndicate itself has never been formulated; there has simply

arisen a tacit understanding, as it were a kind of freemasonry, between the journalists themselves and between the journalists and the theatrical managers. In France, liberty of the press and liberty of the stage have developed almost simultaneously. The abolition of privilege at once enabled a soap-boiler to open a theatre and a candle-maker to start a newspaper. For both employments literary taste or ability were no longer necessary; the stage and the newspaper became purely commercial enterprises; and the traditions of courtesy which existed between the two institutions under the old *régime* continued, but at the same time they were transformed.

As a rule one may say that a nation has the press it merits; the freer the country the freer the press, and in such conditions the more flagrant the abuses the more readily will they get corrected by the mere force of things. In London and in Paris many other matters besides politics are looked at from different points of view. The clever gentlemen of the *Figaro*, who benefit by the mysterious powers of the theatrical syndicate, may nevertheless be excellent husbands and good fathers.

In French journalism, as in politics and finance, there is a certain latitude allowed to shrewdness; the three powers are constantly playing into each other's hands; and the points are counted according to a special interpretation of the code of honour. The director of a Parisian newspaper is generally what is known as *un homme tres-fort*, one of those characters such as Balzac loved to paint, who spring from nothing, arrive in Paris one morning from the provinces, and proceed to conquer influence, fortune, and fame. Every Frenchman knows that the Minister of the Interior, besides his annual salary of 60,000 francs, receives a supplementary credit of two millions of francs of which he has no account to render except to his own conscience, that is to say that at the end of the year the minister addresses a document to the President of the Republic, in which he affirms that these two millions, constituting the famous *fonds secrets*, or secret fund, have been employed "in conformity with their destination." The minister has free and uncontrolled disposal of this money, and oddly enough at the end of each year it is invariably found that the two millions have been spent to the uttermost centime.

Not that the ministers spend this money lightly or without thought. A gentleman who now holds a very high position in the administration of the Republic happened to be proprietor of a little paper published at Bordeaux some years ago; having one day made a successful application for an allowance of 10,000 francs from the secret fund, he had the misfortune to be robbed of the sum by his cashier. Thereupon he applied to the minister, M. Thiers, again, but M. Thiers replied, in his shrill and squeaky voice, "I know it is State money, but I cannot pay it twice over." From which it may be concluded that the Minister of the Interior does not always lavish money on the officious newspapers as some people suppose. The Budget Commission last June, after a warm discussion, struck 10,000 francs off the total of the secret fund, with the express understanding that this reduction was intended to establish the principle that no subventions should be given in future to newspapers or to political agents. The reduction is small indeed, and perhaps it will not greatly

change the present condition of things, for I notice that Mr. Andrieux, in his *Souvenirs of a Prefect of Police*, even goes so far as to maintain that a minister can provide subventions for the official press without touching his two millions at all. He has either personally, or through his colleagues, other secret funds, in the shape of concessions, contracts, and especially the Legion of Honour. If a banker wishes to obtain that bit of red ribbon which plays so important a role in French life, he has only to undertake at his own expense the publication of the official journal of the minister. Arrangements such as these have the consecration of usage and almost of tradition. There is no especial secret about them any more than there is any especial honour attached to the red ribbon obtained in such conditions. In the same sheet you will find an article written by a man of faith and conviction; another article written to order to serve the purposes of some politician; a disguised puff, a delicate piece of literary criticism, a malicious bit of scandal, an ardent appeal for some meritorious charity, the panegyric of one artist beside the merciless condemnation of another. In short, putting of course out of the question the lowest *chantage* journals, which are beneath our notice, the Parisian press strikes one as a strange mixture of seriousness and frivolity, of loyalty and deceit, of sincerity and roguery, of irredeemable defects and brilliant qualities.

Neither the Parisians nor the provincial Frenchman have not yet been smitten with our Anglo-Saxon mania for mere news because it is news. Two attempts are now being made to introduce this disastrous craze, one with American capital, *Le Matin*, and one with French capital, *Le Télégraphe*. Both these journals spend much money on telegrams and special wires and the like, but hitherto it cannot be said that their success has proved absolutely and beyond dispute that their creation has filled a want.

There is an innate artistic sentiment in the Frenchman which indisposes him for the enjoyment of the bare laconism of the telegram. He does not live by the dry bread of politics alone, but also, and above all, by the honey that falls from the lips of his poets, his writers, his musicians, and of all those who drink at the sacred springs of art. No newspaper can find favour in the eyes of the French public if it neglects the national artistic sense. With all its shortcomings and frivolities and meannesses, *Le Figaro* has literary qualities, and within its limit it gives an amusing presentation of events. Its chief *chroniqueur*, M. Albert Wolff, has many peculiarities. He is the ugliest man in Paris; like Offenbach, he is a German, native of Cologne. He arrived in Paris in 1857, became secretary to the elder Dumas, and was first known on the boulevard as "Dumas' German," "l'Allemand de Dumas." Since then M. Wolff has developed in all respects; in the opinion of many he has become a personification of Parisian wit, and though the stylists consider his French to bear the stamp of the provincial *bel esprit*, no one can deny that M. Wolff has always had an instinct for writing a *chronique* exactly on the subject which the public wanted to be talking about, in other words M. Wolff has in the highest degree *le flair de l'actualité*. But as a *chroniqueur*, great as his reputation is, he cannot be compared with Rochefort, who alone writes a *chronique* which is a real article, holding together from beginning to end, droll, mordant,

féroocious even, at times, but always witty and funny in the most original and unlaboured fashion. M. Wolff exercised immense influence a few years ago as an art critic, but the impudence of his recent articles has deprived him of most of the authority which he arrogated to himself. The other leading *chroniqueurs* of *Le Figaro* are M. A. Claveau, who writes admirable literary essays under the pseudonym of "Quidam," M. Albert Delpit the novelist, M. Bergerat the poet, M. Léon Lavedan (Philippe de Grandlieu), and the Baron Platel (Ignotus). The two latter gentlemen make a specialty of high-flown conservative articles full of strange theories about divine right and Republican wrong expressed with the aid of an abundance of grotesque metaphors. The dramatic critic of *Le Figaro* is M. Auguste Vitu, a lean and dried-up old gentleman with a dyed moustache and a slight resemblance to the late Emperor, whose history he has written, and during whose reign he held a high position in the official press. M. Vitu is certainly the most erudite and accomplished living dramatic critic in France; the French stage and its history have no secret for him; Molière has had no more learned historian, and in the minutiae of old French M. Vitu could have given points to Littré.

*Le grand reportage*, which generally means an "interviewing," was introduced into French journalism after 1870, and was ostensibly borrowed from the Americans. Thiers is looked upon by the French reporters as their patron saint, because he was the first who consented to be cross-questioned by M. de Blowitz and certain of his own compatriots—a fact which allowed the wily statesman to communicate to the world a quantity of things which he was delighted to publish, and to which he gave added importance by seeming to allow them to be wrenched out of him against his will.

Gradually "reportage" has extended its domain to all classes of society, even to the demi-monde, whose heroines now have their dinner-parties reported in the *Gil Blas* between an exquisite "fantaisie" by Théodore de Banville, a profound and brilliant philosophical article by Henri Fouquier, and an artistically pornographic story by Catolle Mendès. The promiscuity of Parisian life under the third Republic is naturally reflected in the press. The Frenchman, too, was born to be interviewed; he likes it, and sends his card and compliments to the reporter, who on his side enjoys his task, and flatters himself that his articles, which he collects in a volume at the end of each year, have given the deathblow to those old-fashioned secret memoirs, which used to relate all sorts of trivial and amusing facts just fifty years after they had lost all interest. The first-class French reporter, *qui prend une conversation à l'homme du jour*, earns 15,000 to 25,000 francs a year, and even more, in his amusing business of receiving the confessions of kings, mountebanks, and other members of society. He is a skilled workman who deserves encouragement and admiration, for he contributes very largely to the amusement of his contemporaries, besides giving satisfaction to the vanity and self-love of the most eminent or notorious of them; furthermore he is to a certain extent a writer, an artist, and a critic. He must know how to present his matter with a certain literary elegance; and, as in writing a piece for the stage, so in writing a reporting article there is, as M. Sarcéy would say, always *la scène à-faire*, the one great scene on which

the effect of the whole piece depends. The very language, too, helps the reporter.

This conversational quality of the French tongue explains many features of the modern French newspaper. The French journalist naturally talks to his readers and excels above all things in the *causerie*, a form of literature which not only favours the manifestation of the writer's personality, but indeed owes its savour and piquancy to the free expression of that personality. Hence the aversion of the French to the editorial "we," and hence the prevalence of signed and personal journalism. No first-class French journalist would accept the conditions imposed by our English anonymous newspapers. French journalism is a purely democratic career; the road is open for those who have talent, and the public is judge and paymaster. Personal, that is *onymous*, journalism gives the French press its vivacity, its variety, and its fertility in ideas. Thanks to personal journalism the French press, although it has become in the main since 1864 a purely commercial enterprise, has maintained those high literary qualities for which it is unique in the world. And, thanks to personal journalism, France and the civilised world at large have been able to give honour to whom honour is due in the persons of those eminent French journalists whose names are Ernest Renan, Taine, John Lemoine, Gabriel Charmes, J. J. Weiss, Francisque Sarcey, Clémenceau, Claretie, Banville, Fouquier, Henri Rochefort, Delpit, Paul de Cassagnac, Bergerat, Henry Maret, Jules Simon, Vacquerie, Paul Bourget, Ranc, Hervé, Scherer, Henry Céard, Paul Mântz, Scholl, Paul Bert, and a score other political writers, critics, sociologists, and essayists.

Whenever French journalism is anonymous it tends to become dull and heavy. The first page of *Le Temps*, for instance, is often mediocre and tiresome, and the reason given by one of its most eminent contributors is that the director, M. Hébrard, insists upon keeping this first page unsigned, and as a consequence can get none but second-rate men to write it. The first page of the *République Française*, though excellently inspired, is frequently dull and heavy for the same reason. But of the really important journals *Le Temps* is by far the best at the present time.

After a long struggle it has succeeded in dethroning the *Journal des Débats*, and now it is the French journal which has most subscribers both in France and in foreign countries, although its circulation has not yet gone beyond 35,000 a day. *Le Temps* is the type and model of the grave French journal in which politics and serious matters take the lion's share of space. Its political shade is moderate Republican; in the expression of opinion it is always clear, measured, and just, and, unlike most French party journals, it never loses its balance, or, as the French say, *il ne s'emballe jamais*. *Le Temps* packs its text closely, and pays but little attention to elegance of make-up. On the other hand, the reading matter is generally excellent. Its dramatic critic, M. Sarcey, has a European reputation; its art critic, M. Paul Mântz, is one of the most learned and liberal of the many brilliant art critics of modern times; its chronicler of the Parisian movement is the novelist, dramatist, and polygraph, M. Jules Claretie, whom his less industrious rivals disparagingly call "a monster of fecundity;" its

literary critic is M. Scherer; the academicians MM. Lægouvé and Mezières are frequent contributors. The news department of *Le Temps*, which is the great Parisian evening journal, is admirably managed, and gives briefly all that an intelligent Frenchman cares to know about foreign politics and foreign countries. Its foreign correspondence is one of the great features of the journal, and a department in which it shows more enterprise than any other Parisian journal. *Le Temps*, it may be remembered, was the only French journal which had a correspondent to follow the Prince of Wales in his Indian journey in 1876; it published valuable letters from Francis Garnier long before the public knew that hardy pioneer's name. Recently its Tonkin correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, wrote a series of letters which have made a volume of remarkable literary excellence, and won their author the cross of the Legion of Honour and a handsome honorarium from the journal. *Le Temps* is one of the very few French papers which have a pronounced respect for unadulterated fact; in most of the other Parisian papers a very small amount of fact is mixed with a very large amount of criticism, anecdote, malice and amusing dressing, which accessories often cause the writer to deviate widely from the path of strict truth. *Le Temps* also on principle excludes "puffs" from the reading matter of the journal; it never indulges in jokes or scandal; its feuilleton novels, often translated from the English, are of such a perfectly proper and moral tone that the journal can be placed in the hands of the most austere Protestant families; it always makes a point of publishing *in extenso* the speeches of new academicians on the very afternoon of their reception, a fact which is very significant of the orthodox culture and robust literary appetites of its readers. In short, *Le Temps* is a thoroughly respectable newspaper.

The greatest French newspaper is the one-sou *Petit Journal*, the circulation of which at the present moment exceeds 900,000, and before the end of the year, thanks to the excitement of election times, it will certainly reach the unparalleled circulation of one million copies a day.

According to the latest statistics, there are in France about six millions of persons who read newspapers, and admitting that each copy of the *Petit Journal* is read by three or four persons, which is a low average, one may say that the *Petit Journal* is read by half the reading population of France. The Saturday literary supplement of the *Petit Journal*, although it has only just completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a circulation of 200,000 copies, and is able to promise its readers original contributions by Zola, Halévy, Sardou, Dumas, Claretie, Daudet, &c. The results obtained by the *Petit Journal* are certainly marvellous, and its chief editor, M. Henri Escoffier (Thomas Grimm) has displayed remarkable tact and moderation in working the paper up to its present position. Owing to the immense number and variety of its readers, its articles must be absolutely moderate, unmilitant, and unobtrusive in the expression of opinion. A single word too strong, too decided, too positively expressive in one direction, is enough to cause an immediate decrease of thirty or forty thousand in the circulation. Even in the statement of mere news—of a street accident, for instance—the slightest departure from strict moderation is immediately felt in the sales. The choice of the feuilletons is equally delicate. Boisgobey, Jules de Gastyne, Jules Mary, Montépin, Bouvier, and Emile Richebourg

are the favourites, and the publication of a sentimental romance of the latter gentleman in the *Petit Journal* suffices to attract a hundred thousand new readers, while a feuilleton by some other writer will cause a corresponding diminution. The militant influence of the *Petit Journal* may be very great. At the time, for instance, of Marshal MacMahon's attempted *coup d'état*, in 1877, the steady, calm, and imperturbably moderate campaign of this little paper in favour of the Republic was decisive in securing France from the grip of the reactionaries. At this moment, now that politics are dull, the *Petit Journal* owes the continuous increase of its circulation mainly to its excellent and useful articles on practical matters, savings banks, and everything that concerns the economy and interests of those who work. We must not forget, also, the great attraction of two *romans feuilletons*. Since this method of publication was discovered by the founders of *Le Siècle* about 1840, no newspaper in France has been able to exist without a feuilleton novel. The last attempt to dispense with it was made by the Franco-American *Matin*, but a few weeks sufficed to convince its proprietors that it was useless to struggle against a tradition which was backed up by all the women of France.

*Le Matin*, which was founded in February, 1884, by Mr. W. A. Hopkins, is one of the most interesting innovations that have been made in modern French journalism. The paper is being carried on entirely with American capital and on Anglo-Saxon principles, that is to say, it has its own premises, its own type and machinery, its special telegraph wires, which transmit genuine despatches; and it is free from all complicity with financiers or government subventions.

*Le Matin* is a thoroughly independent enterprise, whose proprietors have imposed upon themselves the mission of educating the French to the appreciation of news. The process, for reasons which I have already indicated, will probably be slow; nevertheless I am bound to state that, in spite of all kinds of difficulties, both internal and external, *Le Matin* has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of French journalism. Thirteen months after its foundation it succeeded in covering expenses, and at the present moment it has perhaps as great a sale in Paris itself as any other large size four-page paper. Going to press between five and six o'clock in the morning, *Le Matin* is able, thanks to its special wire, to skim its London contemporaries, while at the same time it can take advantage of all that is important in the Paris papers, the most enterprising of which does not go to press later than two o'clock. To any one familiar with the French public and with French journalists, this result will appear remarkable. The proprietors and editors of *Le Matin* must have experienced as much difficulty in training their French collaborators to rapid work as they have in convincing the French public of the importance of rapid news. As far as Paris is concerned, *Le Matin* is a success; business men have comprehended its usefulness, and it has now reached a circulation of from thirty-five thousand to forty thousand. Doubtless in course of time, and by dint of advertising and enterprise, *Le Matin* will make its way into the provinces also, but at present it is especially a Parisian journal. One of the original features of *Le Matin* is that it professes no particular political

opinions. Finding it necessary to make some concession to the French reader who cannot live by news alone, the proprietors of *Le Matin* determined to publish leading articles of all shades of opinion, and to make the first column of their paper a free tribune, in which eminent representatives of opportunism, imperialism, monarchy, and republicanism, might alternately preach their doctrines.

From the point of view of circulation, the journal next in importance to *Le Petit Journal* is *La Lanterne*, founded in 1877 by M. Eugène Mayer, aided by M. Yves Guyot, who wrote the famous series of articles against the Prefecture of Police signed "Un Vieux Petit Employé." *La Lanterne* took advantage of this start, and gradually acquired a large number of readers by adopting a moderate Republican tone like the *Petit Journal*, but at the same time combating the clerical party, and now *La Lanterne, Journal républicain anti-clérical*, has a daily circulation of 120,000 copies.

The circulation of these cheap popular newspapers is very significant, for it is by them that the workmen and the peasants are influenced and educated, and by them that the majority of French electors are guided. The influence of the three-sou journals like *Le Figaro* (70,000), *Le Gaulois* (18,000), *L'Événement* (12,000), *Journal des Débats* (6,000), *Le Pays* (3,500), *Le Constitutionnel* (2,000), is small compared with that of papers like *Le Petit Journal*, *La Lanterne*, M. Henri Maret's *Radical*, a large four-page one-sou journal which prints 50,000 a day, Rochefort's *Intransigeant* (35,000), or even M. Lissagaray's one-sou journal, *La Bataille*, which has a circulation approaching 20,000 copies, and is the principal organ of the working men's party. Then, again, there are great popular provincial one-sou journals, like the *Petit Lyonnais* (70,000), the *Petit Marseillais* (60,000), the *Lyon Républicain* (50,000), all Republican in sentiment, circulating amongst the masses of the French nation, and all well written and well edited, always of course with a view to meeting the demands of a French public.

The tendency of the few Englishmen who ever think about the French Radical Press, is to imagine that its writers are all ex-Communards, and that its object is merely to promote revolution and bloodshed. This is far from being the case.

There are certainly several ex-members of the Commune who write in the Radical newspapers; but the English reader would do well to consult other historians of the Commune besides M. Maxime Du Camp, and not to trust for information about the French Radicals and revolutionaries exclusively to the sensational headlines of London sub-editors. There is another point also worth bearing in mind in connection with the French Radical press. We English, who detest phraseology and instinctively distrust our neighbour at dinner if he takes the trouble to round off his phrases too nicely, can scarcely appreciate at its exact value the declamation of the French political journalists, many of whom are still suffering from a remnant of malarial fever caught in the swamps of Romanticism. The school of which Victor Hugo was the chief and last survivor had no foundation in truth and reality. The men of the



Romantic school, who really lived the most commonplace of lives in the most commonplace of epochs, affected in their artistic<sup>4</sup> production a systematic exaggeration, a violence of passion, a truculent excess, which formed the most grotesque contrast with the habits and practices of a period when daily life was peculiarly unromantic, and when material interests were the foremost concern of the country. There can be no doubt that the influence of the Romantic school on the French has been in many respects disastrous. The French mind, formerly so precise, so well balanced, and so logical, has grown accustomed to look at things in a false light, to substitute loud colours, mere effect, and cold-blooded brutality for the exercise of reason and the labour of analysis. The Romantic school gave to words an importance which they used not to have, and now-a-days, both in politics, art, and letters, there is still a great tyranny of words in France; and, above all, amongst the political writers, whether of the extreme Conservative or of the extreme Radical shade, has the Romantic temperament survived, for, as I have above intimated, the political writers are, as a rule, the least literary of the French journalists, and therefore the least accessible to the influences of the living and energising reaction of the best contemporary literature. You detect their antiquated Romanticism in melodramatic tirades, in frantic appeals to violence, in clamourings for the blood of the oppressor, and in the most outrageous and mediæval insults, all uttered and written by men who, like M. Paul de Cassagnac or M. Henri Rochefort, are in every-day life excellent companions, and who in the privacy of the conjugal chamber bravely oppose the protection of a cotton nightcap to the intemperance of the midnight air. The diapason of political discussion is not the same in France and in England.

Even in the narrowest party organs there are to be found a comparative respect for language and of form, a sense of literary art, and a heedfulness about things artistic and literary which no amount of politics can crush, and which no newspaper director, be he an extanner like M. Jourde, of *Le Siècle*, or a retired money-changer, like others who might be mentioned, can succeed in entirely suppressing.

The industrial element is very highly developed in the directors of many Parisian journals, but these gentlemen generally have the good sense to leave their literary collaborators free and then everything is for the best. On the other hand, we have many brilliant and intelligent directors like M. Hervé, for instance, who preaches Orleanism in *Le Soleil* with the elegance and correctness of a fellow-student of Taine and About at the Ecole Normale. M. Auguste Vacquerie, director of the Hugophil organ, *Le Rappel*, is of that honourable school of men for whom journalism represented a mission, a priesthood, *un sacerdoce*. For more than fifteen years, M. Vacquerie has written his daily leader in *Le Rappel*, battling with unflinching vigour in favour of Republicanism, of truth, justice and liberty, advising and enlightening the masses, alternately trivial, grandiose, original, exaggerated, violent, but always sincere and always commanding respect, even when he knelt artlessly in the dazzling majesty of Hugo, his only god and lord. In the venerable *Gazette de France*, now in the two hundredth and fifty-fifth year of its existence, I read with pleasure and pro-

fit the literary articles of that accomplished gentleman Le Comte Armand de Pontmartin, while I skip the political articles as being behind the age. *La Défense* and *L'Univers*, since Mgr. Dupanloup and Louis Veillot died, have lost much of their old interest. *La France* is no longer what it used to be in Emile de Girardin's time. But how amusing and interesting it is to glance over the swarm of morning journals and the swarm of afternoon journals that are published daily in Paris! What vivacity! What abundance of ideas! What apparent conviction in diametrically opposite views! What a brilliant and original comedy! And what a fine study Balzac would have given us of this modern world of journalists, politicians, duelists, financiers, paladins, and charlatans, knights and knaves, virtuosos of rhetoric and torch-bearers of progress! What an amusing character the author of *César Birotteau* would have made out of a man like the director of *Le Gaulois*, M. Arthur Meyer, that staunch upholder of the traditions of monarchy, church, and aristocracy, who now gives lessons in moral and physical deportment to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, after having begun life as a renegade Jew and a tailor, whence the witty M. Scholl has allotted to him for armorial bearings *galon d'or sur champ d'habits* ('*chand d' habits*!').

No account of the Parisian press would be complete without a few words about the great dramatic potentate, M. Francisque Sarcey, who is one of the most interesting figures in French journalism.

This short, thick, gray-haired and gray-bearded gentleman, with his exaggerated short-sightedness, his inflexible and unrefined features, and his imperturbable good-humour, is even more than a Parisian celebrity. Thanks to his long journalistic career, his name has become synonymous in France with common sense. During his long collaboration with About in the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* M. Sarcey continuously showed so much common sense that the belief became current that he had a monopoly of that quality. M. Sarcey's standing complaint against the present generation is that it is gloomy, pessimistic, and melancholy, whereas M. Sarcey finds life full of interest and amusement. He hates politics, which he considers to be a source of nothing but declamation, empty phrases, bad writing, and unjust passions, and, therefore, as he loves above all things clearness and precision, and as he is naturally a good-hearted man, he has created for himself a specialty of practical and familiar journalism. During the past thirty years M. Sarcey has written, with the rarest exceptions, a daily article on some practical question, and so he has become a great redresser of grievances, the accepted protector of small functionaries, the counsellor and guide of primary schoolmasters, the terror of administrations and public companies, an indefatigable hygienist, and an ardent utilitarian. M. Sarcey is a dramatic critic only once a week, when he occupies the Monday feuilleton of *Le Temps*; but his most constant efforts have been devoted to dramatic criticism, and his work in this field constitutes his true title to fame.

At the present time the newspapers of Europe and America, and we might add Asia—for does not the Anglo-Indian journal rejoice in its Paris letter?—support between forty and fifty regular correspondents in Paris.

The representatives of the Great Anglo-Saxon papers have monopolised all the front seats at the comedy, and take the lion's share everywhere, and in every respect. The German correspondents are naturally under a cloud; the Viennese make no great show; the Italians are numerous, but their journals are not specially enterprising; and as for the gentlemen who write in tongues unfamiliar to western Europe, their correspondence, interesting as it may be to the quidnuncs of Stamboul or of Cracow, has no reflex interest for the Parisians, and still less for us English.

Within the last fifteen years the conditions of Paris correspondence have changed entirely. During the Empire, when the French press was gagged, the foreign press was the unique source of information for the French about their own affairs. It was then that the *Indépendance Belge* established its great reputation under the management of M. Berardi, who conceived that excellent and varied system of foreign correspondence which still renders the journal so valuable. It may be easily imagined how much more interesting, and at the same time how much more tiresome, were the duties of the Paris correspondent under the Empire than they are now. As the proceedings of the Chamber were not published freely and immediately, as they are at the present day, it was only by intrigue that one could get the text of a speech. The man who had no "tap" in the official world was out of the running. And how much tact and patience and perspicacity it needed to work one's "tap" to the best advantage! And then, when by dint of the display of the most precious qualities of diplomacy a correspondent had obtained some news, he would have to sit up writing all night, so as to get his letter off by the morning mail, for the days of the "special wire" had not yet come.

Now all this is changed. Thanks to the "special wire," the Paris correspondents of the London papers live in clover; they are better paid than ever, they do less work, and they have agents toiling under them. Yet some of these gentlemen are not happy.

If M. de Blowitz's position on *The Times* is one of which a journalist has every right to be proud, other correspondents may consider that they are less fortunate. It is a common complaint on the part of the representatives of the English press in Paris that their letters are mercilessly mutilated in the editorial room in London. Why, they ask, pay for the exclusive use of a special telegraphic wire four or five hours a night if the Paris matter is unceremoniously "burked"? It must, however, be remembered that the despatches for the London daily papers from Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, and other capitals are centralised in the Paris offices and forwarded to London by the special wire at a great saving of expense. Moreover, the value of having a special wire when events of exceptional interest take place in the French capital or provinces, is self-evident. At such times as these the vivacious, amusing, and admirably written studies of the Paris correspondent, Mr. Hely Bowes, of the *Standard*, are seen to great advantage. Mr. Campbell Clarke, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the most zealous and ubiquitous of correspondents; no event of essentially Parisian interest, whether a first night at the theatre, a grand entertainment, or a funeral, fails to find him amongst the representatives of "tout Paris;" a melomaniac and a lover of art, he has all kinds of useful relations in the artistic world as well as in that of politics. One year Mr. Clarke was by some

stratagem or other enabled to get into the Salon before any of his colleagues, and telegraphed a careful article in time for the edition of May 1st, the date of the opening of the exhibition. I remember watching for the publication of this article for special reasons, and I watched until the middle of August! As for Mr. Crawford, the venerable syndic of the foreign press in Paris and correspondent of the *Daily News*, his great years enable him to look upon things calmly. Seated in a corner of the Café Véron, with his inseparable rush basket beside him, Mr. Crawford does his work conscientiously and resignedly in the old style, receiving occasionally a visit and a helping hand from his wife. The *Globe*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Leeds Mercury*, the *World*, and other weeklies, all have their Parisian correspondents, whose talents and work I have not space enough to examine in detail.

The fault to be found with the Paris correspondence of English newspapers in general is that it does not give any adequate idea of French life and thought.

In the first place, the system of trusting mainly, if not exclusively, to one correspondent, who is, so to speak, chained to the end of a telegraph wire, is open to criticism. The correspondent in question has but little time or opportunity for wide and varied observation, and he naturally tends to fall into a groove. The system of the *Indépendance Belge*, with its dozen correspondents all working on their own account in different spheres, gives excellent results. It is difficult for one and the same man to deal satisfactorily with the many different subjects and events which present themselves in the course of the Parisian year. The correspondent, who may be very strong and well informed on politics or horse-racing, will be at a loss when he comes to write about the pictures in the Salon. Such, I presume, was the condition of that Paris correspondent of the *Times* who a few years ago spoke of Corot as a "historical painter," and had the good sense not to correct his error. Furthermore, the Paris correspondent of the London papers is constantly forgetting that he is writing about Parisians—that is to say, about men of a different race, of different education, of different morality, of different aspirations, of differently constituted minds and bodies, from those of his own countrymen. He rarely gives his readers a reasoned and impartial presentation of events, set forth and explained in accordance with the national humour. He is fond of bringing into relief what he calls "the French character" of incidents or persons. There is, it seems to me, in the greater part of the Paris correspondence of the London papers a continuous, and of course unconscious, misrepresentation of the French. The study of French social life, of French popular thought, of the practical and intellectual life of the whole nation, are neglected, or touched upon only very rarely or inadequately. But unless one enters more or less into these matters, how can one intelligently study the great French Republican evolution whose centenary is approaching?

The answers to all these strictures are obvious. A newspaper, it will be said, is a commercial undertaking; you cannot force a quart of liquid into a pint bottle; advertisements are constantly crowding out reading matter; the general reader does not care about studying foreigners and their manners; the great thing is news and telegrams.

The Americans seem to me to take a more liberal and a more civilised view of journalism than this, and certainly in the matter of French life the American public is informed far more completely and variously than the English. I do not refer to the achievements of the *New York Herald*, which is proverbially the worst written paper in the world, and which spends immense sums of money in obtaining the very poor result of announcing some piece of news five minutes before any other paper, with the accompaniment of innumerable printer's errors, wrong punctuation, and mistakes in the proper names. On the other hand, papers like the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, and the *Evening Post* of New York, to say nothing of the leading journals of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and other great centres of the New World, devote much attention to French correspondence, and some of them publish most interesting and varied studies of French life and manners, and clever records of the French literary and artistic movements. The American has fewer prejudices against foreigners than we English; he "goes in for" progress and civilisation in artless good earnest, and he is naturally curious to know all about the efforts and successes of other nations in the same direction. Provided it be admitted that progress and civilisation are desirable ends, the mental attitude of the Americans with regard to the French sister republic is one which some of our London editors might perhaps imitate, with advantage to themselves and profit to their readers.

**YACHT RACING.**—In the last issue of the *Indian Review* our readers had a detailed description of the build and performances of the famous Yankee yacht *America* and of the revelation made to English yacht-builders by the peculiar cut and set of that speedy vessel's sails. The following article contains a sketch of the history of sea racing and a lively account of a regular regatta.

Probably no sailor, much though he may love the sea, has a great regard for a ship that makes long and labouring passages between port and port, and as a matter of fact, amongst seamen, and British seamen especially, a fast vessel under canvas has always been a favourite. But steam, more particularly since the screw propeller has displaced the paddle, has completely separated fast sailing from smart seamanship, and speed is gained, not so much from dexterity aloft as from hard, grimy work below in the unpoetical stoke-hole. About twenty years ago there were some fast and exciting ocean races from China with the first of the season's teas, but the days of such famous clippers as the *Spindrift* and the *Tae ping* were numbered with the opening of the Suez Canal, which required the use of auxiliary power between Alexandria and Aden, and this has been so increased of late that steam is almost entirely relied upon throughout the full voyage. Between the Clyde and the St. Lawrence till very recently there were keen contests between the vessels in the timber trade, and it was not unusual for captains to remain days and nights in their top-boots encouraging their crews in working the ship by what is called "kedging" through long channels of ice, so as to have the proud honour of being first at Quebec. Steel and iron being chiefly used in ship-building, there is no great hunger after timber cargoes, and the interest in the annual sailing of the fleet has been allowed entirely to lapse. Early fruit from Spain is now also brought by steamers, as is

the first fish from the herring and cod fleets. The old sailing spirit of our forefathers is only to be found on board the boats of our white-winged fleet; more particularly those denominated "racing yachts."

As early as the year 1720 a club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club, was formed by the gentlemen who used to cruise inside Queenstown Harbour; but it was not till about 1815, the year of Waterloo, that some fifty noblemen formed themselves into a club, which is now identifiable as the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most aristocratic yachting club of the world, and the only one in Great Britain, the members of which are entitled to fly on board their boats the white ensign of her Majesty's Navy.

The early members of the squadron were those who had been connected with the senior branch of the service, and ready, of course, like all old naval officers, to oppose innovations. Up till 1815 the officers of the navy had not added greatly to the progress of science, and those of them who belonged to the newly formed sailing club did not attempt to improve upon the old-fashioned types of yachts, with their bluff, cod-like heads, and their lean, mackerel-tail-like sterns. Fifty-years ago a yacht's length was just three times its breadth; but about that time Wanhill, of Poole, began to lengthen and sharpen the bow; and in the north, Fife, of Fairlie, on the Clyde, father of the present noted yacht-builder, turned out a boat of 36 tons, named the *Wave*, which was very sharp-bowed and high in the bilge, the breadth of which was just one-third her length of keel. The latter, after being given a leaden keel and ballast, beat older boats of exactly double her size, and so the bluff bow was made more narrow still, and the mackerel-like tail lengthened out and made more full and shapely. The Poole builder then began to seek stability, that is, roughly speaking, "self-righting power," by depth, and boats have been getting deeper and longer ever since. Leaden keels began to be generally used, and the shifting of ballast was allowed; then, and for many years afterwards, each competing vessel having generally five or six tons of shot, such as is used by sportsmen, in bags, to pile up to windward as soon as the vessel changed her tack. In narrow water and a headwind this work was exceedingly heavy, for no sooner was the last bag shifted over from the lee to the weather side than the word "Ready about" was given, and it was necessary to throw the shot back again to the side from which it had just been taken. Fortunately, in the true interests of the sport, the shifting of ballast has long been forbidden, and the work of the crew is limited to the handling of the sails.

In 1823, the Royal Thames Yacht Club was founded for the encouragement of yacht-sailing, and the formation of this club, which has now the largest membership of any in the world, was followed by the institution of several other clubs in different parts of the three kingdoms. Interest in the pastime was thus gradually disseminated, and the holding of annual regattas led to strong rivalry amongst crews and builders, the Thames men doing their best to beat those of the Solent, and the Mersey men those of the Clyde, or of Dublin Bay and Queenstown.

Still up till 1851, beyond gradually making the bows more wedge-shaped, increasing the depth and length, and narrowing the beam, there was not much improvement made in yachts. In 1851, however, the celebrated *America* schooner yacht came over to this country, and startled every one who took an interest in sailing by winning easily a challenge cup which had been confidently thrown open to the world. Her hull was somewhat different in shape from the British boats of that time, she being what is called "straight floored," *i.e.*, without any taper in her bottom between water-line and keel, whilst her run or afterpart was gradually extended to the stern-post. Her bow, which was cut away sharp, was also supposed to have a great deal to do with her success, and this and the straight floor form of her hull was actively copied. Soon, however, it was found that her success lay not in the hull at all, but in the sails, which were set almost as flat as cards. In the British boats they were baggy, the after "leeches," or parts of the mainsails between the boom and the point of the subtending gaff, alone being as round as one-third of the circumference of an umbrella. So well was it set up in the *America*, that those on board watching vessels some distance in her wake could not distinguish it from the mainmast.

This improvement in sail-making was the only great lesson the *America's* victory taught us, but yacht-racing received a tremendous lift from the recitals of her performances, which were witnessed by immense crowds, Cowes never having been so full of visitors since. More boats were built, more yacht clubs established, more prizes sailed for, and yacht-racing became a general sport all round the British coast. From 1851 to 1860 numerous improvements were made in yacht hulls, and exciting contests were witnessed between such vessels as *Mosquito* (known as *Old Ironsides*), the *Surge*, *Aline*, *Alarm*, *Oethona*, the *Seurige*, and others. In 1863 we were introduced to that huge twin mainsail the spinnaker, which was first used in the forty-ton cutter, *Niobe*. This, the wonder of onlookers at regattas, soon superseded the square sail in running before the wind, and now no yacht is without one. In 1865 Fife built the famous cutter *Fiona*, the length of which was little under five times her breadth, her draught of water aft being twelve feet; and in the twenty years which have elapsed since then we have had more than half as many champions, no vessel during the last eight years having been able to maintain her supremacy for more than a single season, so strong is the competition which has set in amongst the naval builders and architects. *Cythera*, *Neva*, *Kriemhilda*, *Vol-au-Vent*, of cutters; *Egeria*, *Cetonia*, *Pantomime*, *Miranda*, of schooners; and *Florinda*, *Fullenar*, and *Latona*, of yawls, all have had their day, and it is very questionable whether they would be able to make the semblance of a contest with the vessels comprising the present racing fleet.

It has been the same among the minor classes. The *Formosa* cutter may be said to have been the last of the old squadron, and her day came much sooner than was expected, as she had beaten everything; the Prince of Wales purchased her from the owner in 1879, confidently expecting that she would carry all before her; *i.e.*, would lead every other yacht behind her in 1880, but in a Clyde ship-building yard there was cradled on the stocks a boat which was

destined to cause as great a revolution in yacht-building as the *America* schooner had caused in sail-making.

This was the celebrated *Vandura*, better known perhaps as "the steel cutter," designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, for Mr. John Clark, of Paisley, with the view of sweeping the seas, so far as yachting was concerned. With sixty-three tons of lead run into that part of her which corresponds to the keel of a wooden boat, and a large spread of canvas, she proved very fast, more especially to windward; and in the opening race on the Thames, half an hour after starting, had ranged herself on the weather bow of *Formosa*, much to the surprise of all on board. On the Saturday following, when the Prince sailed on board of his own cutter, she completely proved that his Royal Highness had no chance of heading the list of winning yacht owners, at any rate with *Formosa*. In the end of the season she met a worthy opponent in the cutter *Samana*, also a new boat, and now both are as much outclassed apparently as *Fiona* was by *Formosa*. Length on the water-line with enormous lead keels below, and a tremendous spread of canvas, seem to be what the naval architect, who has supplanted the rule-of-thumb builders of other days, aims at, and comfort is in many cases sacrificed to speed. The *Wendur*, *Marjorie*, and others are luxuriously fitted up, and can in no sense be called racing machines, which are boats specially built to win prizes, their holds not being apportioned into cabins and berths in the usual style, but for the sake of trim left to remain unfurnished as sail lockers. The owner who wishes to race such a boat, must, if he has not a cruising or a steam yacht of his own, make his way from regatta to regatta as best he can, unless content to put up with the simplest of meals, and a bed on the top of some damp sails. The use of steel in yacht-building allows of a larger vessel, and, as in composite boats, the fixing of the necessary ballast as low down as possible—a matter of importance, seeing that a vessel like *Wendur* carries seventy-five tons, *Irex* sixty-five tons (originally she had seventy-three tons), and *Marjorie* fifty tons, *Genesta*, *Galatea*, and others having about the same weight of metal under them.

Though, however, the discomforts which formerly attended racing have been removed, the great increase in the initial cost and the heavy expense of keeping a racing yacht in commission deters many keen sailors from joining in the pastime.

Roughly estimated, a first-class racing yacht of composite construction—that is, steel frames planked with wood and sheathed with copper—classed twenty-one years at Lloyds', and without upholstering extravagances of any kind, will cost, if of 20 tons yacht measurement, about £1,800, of 40 tons £3,500, of 90 tons £7,000. The suits of canvas which would be included in the above, but which might have to be renewed at the commencement of the season, would cost for a 20-ton boat £200, 40-ton boat £450, 90-ton boat £650. The cost of racing, inclusive of fitting out and laying up, would be for a 20-ton boat £600, a 40-ton boat £1,200, and a 90-ton boat £2,000. Men's wages would run away with a large proportion, the captain being paid from £150 to £200, and more according to ability, whilst allowed from 5 to 10 per cent. on the winnings, whether in cups or money. The members of the crew get 26s. per week, and have, during the racing days, an unlimited supply of beer, £1 each for winning a prize, and 10s. for every time they start but lose, as a reward for their hard work during



the contest. Two caps, two Guernsey frocks, one pair yachting shoes, one pair of leather "go-ashores," a suit of ducks, and sometimes a suit of oilskins, are also nice little perquisites. Possibly the owner of a cruising yacht, which is not raced, may think these wages high, but it has to be kept in mind that it is not every sailor that makes a first-class yachtsman: one may be a splendid hand on board of a square-rigged ship, and equal to every emergency which arises therein, but to win yacht races he must be expert in "bending" and "unbending," which means fixing and unfixing sails to topsail yards, the stowing of jib topsails, the setting of spinnakers, and many other things which are not practised in the navy or the ships of our mercantile fleets. Nor do ordinary fishermen become first-class yachtsmen, as the Marquis of Ailsa found out when he first raced his famous little cutter *Foxhound*, of 35 tons, in the 40-ton class. With commendable patriotism his lordship had his new boat manned by fishermen from the little fishing village of Dunure, on his own estate on the Ayrshire coast of the Clyde. All were hardy seamen and splendid fellows in their own little boats, but they were of no use against the experienced men of Colchester, who, in the close of the season for oyster fishing, have long made yacht racing a profitable business. On the advice of yacht-racing men the crew of the *Foxhound* was changed, with the result that the little vessel proved herself a marvel for speed in her class.

The yacht-racing captain is as much superior to the ordinary yachting captain as the expert Newmarket jockey is to the ploughman who rides a race with his fellow of the furrow home from the field on one of his tired team.

At the commencement of the season he has to put his boat in commission get her rigged from bowsprit to stern, see that the tackle is strong and reliable, and that the sails are properly and gradually stretched. If he is a fool he will try and stretch his new mainsail by sheer force, instead of waiting for the wind to do so by degrees, and the result will be shaking of the canvas and loss of wind force. After racing in the matches from Thames to Harwich and also in the matches from Thames to Dover, and the Royal Cinque Ports match, he must be able to take his boat round Land's End to the Mersey. At the conclusion of the races there he will have to carry on for the Clyde in a Channel match, and after severe contests there, race to Belfast Lough; from Belfast, after the regatta, race to Kingstown, Dublin Bay; from Dublin Bay back round Land's End to Falmouth; thence up the Channel to Cowes and Ryde for the annual regattas of the Yacht Squadron; down Channel again as far as Torbay, then home to lay the vessel up. Only those who have gone what is known as "the racing round" can understand the troubles of the captain of a racing yacht or appreciate his wisdom in setting canvas on the morning of a race, his skill at starting, his confidence at mark-boats, or his patience in refraining from racing at all when he sees that the wind promises to blow too strong for his particular craft unless he reefs his mainsail, and to a certain extent spoils it for subsequent races. Bowsprits will snap at times, and topmasts will break in the very moment of victory, bringing down gaff and cross-trees. He will have to make for the nearest shipwrights, and try to get everything ready for the race next day. Frequently it is necessary to run down to the starting-line; still busy repairing the damages, after working all night with the men. The yacht-racing captain must be intelligent, skilful, plucky, and patient, and be in addition

endowed with powers of endurance. From the decision which he is daily required to exercise, he would probably make a splendid man for steering torpedo boats.

It may be asked by some what amount of pleasurable excitement the owner of a racing yacht gets for his money. The answer may be given by the account of a typical yacht race.

All night we have been carrying on hard in a Channel race, on what is known as the northern round, now bursting up a long phosphorescent wake as our gallant vessel heeled to the freshening breeze, now with spinnaker set to catch the lightest of airs, racing ghost-like in the moonlight through a fleet of startled herring fishers, who, while their anchor lights bobbed on the surge we caused, no doubt thought with fear of the Flying Dutchman. Now, a few hours after our arrival, we are preparing to start in the principal race of the day. Racing flags are fluttering at the mast-heads of half a dozen competitors, two of which are rigged as yawls, and one as a schooner; bunting is flying in confusion from the rigging of the Commodore ship, moored at the entrance to the bay; union jacks float from every church spire of the little seaport town; a fast and stately steamer, specially engaged to accompany the match, hovers about with a fair gay crowd on board, the local band playing from the fore deck such tunes as "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Rule Britannia." The morning breeze has been piping up fresh, and promises to increase in strength. The captains of the competing vessels are much exercised as to what size of topsail to set, there being apparently, so far, no necessity for reefing. It wants but twenty minutes to the time for starting, yet each seems watching and waiting to see what his opponent will do. At last our own able skipper makes up his mind, and in a few minutes the crew is busily engaged in hoisting our balloon topsail, with its huge yard fifty feet in length; a work by no means easy when the weight of the spar and the canvas, together with the fact that it has to be raised one hundred clear feet from the deck to the topmast head, is taken into consideration. "The breeze is always lighter here outside when it is from the north-west," says our captain in explanation, "and we will have it free all down the shore." The other vessels are following our example and soon balloon topsails are set on all of the fleet, that on our own boat sitting like a bit of cardboard. A glance through the binocular shows that there is some excitement on board the Commodore's boat, and as we rush past we can see the officer in charge with watch in hand by the side of the gunner, who with his hammer ready stands by the little four-pounder brass swivel in order to strike the cap at the word of command. "Give us time from the flash!" cries our captain. "There it goes!"

As he speaks the crack of the first gun rings out, and we know that five minutes afterwards to the very tick, we shall have the second, before the firing of which we must not cross the line. Our owner, who acts as timekeeper, holds a chronometer and calls off the minutes as they run, thus keeping check on the timekeeper on board of the Commodore ship whilst assisting our steersman in judging how he shall manœuvre his vessel so as to get a good position when the race commences. "One minute gone," he calls as we race up the bay in a direction straight away from the course we have to sail. "One gone, sir," repeats our captain, who has been casting his eyes anxiously round to observe the movements of his opponents, who are cat-like also watching his own. "Two

minutes gone !” cries the timekeeper as we still hold on up the bay. “Two gone, sir !” is the quiet answer to this, followed by the sharp command, “Stand by to go about ; lee helm.” Round she comes ! With both hands he shoves the helm hard down, the bowsprit swinging round till the head sails are in the wind ; there is a heavy fluttering and flapping of canvas, a rattling sound of blocks and flicking sound of loose sheets, and then as the latter are hauled aft and belayed she fills again and goes off steaming down the weather shore for the line. “Three minutes gone, sir !” says our timekeeper. “Three gone,” repeats the captain after him. “Burst the jib-topsail out smartly there, we must travel as fast as we can to catch the gun.” As the flying-jib, which has been fastened to the forestay by thin hanks of spun-yarn, is burst out by a hard pull at the sheet, our gallant vessel springs to the signal like a greyhound from the slips at Altcar, sending the white foam up in spurts from her lee shoulder, whilst the broken water snorts and hisses in the lee scupper, like escaping steam from the throttle valve of a locomotive engine. “Four minutes gone !” is called, and responded to in the same quiet manner ; but as yet we are a considerable distance off the line, on the edge of which some of our opponents are hovering about so as not to be far off when the signal is given. What a mistake they make in doing this, they will soon find out. “Four and a half gone,” is the warning call. “All right,” says our captain, looking not a little disappointed, however, as he sees our most formidable opponent, the largest of the cutters, close on our weather bow. “Quarter to go,” “Ten seconds to go,” Cries our timekeeper excitedly, as midst the shouts of excited captains, the booming sound of loose canvas and the roar of rushing water like a Highland torrent in a spate from the stems of the competing vessels we charge through, getting the wad of the newly discharged starting gun almost across our bowsprits. Drawing his helm to him, our steersman tries to force his way through the lee of our opponent, who is so close to us that the foam from the bruised billows she occasionally catches under her fore foot lashes over us in showers of white spray, but in vain. Inch by inch she creeps up in the puffs, only to fall away in the lulls. Never disappointed our steersman tries again, and the jib-topsail has almost filled clear of that of our rival. Once that is effected we are through. We are almost certain of success, when all of a sudden we feel a scraping sensation beneath us, and the local pilot, who has up to now been very quiet, springs up and shoves the helm hard down, with the remark “No more away, captain, for any sake ;” and just in time, for the sensation we feel is that of the boat’s keel grating on the sand, and any moment might see us with mast, sails, and everything going over the bow in one huge entangled mass. Gradually we have been nearing the first mark-boat, and our captain resolves to try to get through our opponent’s lee no longer, but makes preparations for the next stretch of the course, which is six miles dead to windward, and so giving promise of plenty of tacking. The square balloon topsail is hauled down smartly, and a three-cornered one without a yard, technically known as a jib header, hoisted in its stead, whilst the jib-topsail on the topmast stay is lowered and made fast ready for setting again (it cannot be used going to windward) by a man who sits stride legs on the bowsprit end. Round we swing at the stern of our rival, taking care not to foul the mark-boat, for if we even touch it we shall be out of the race, and with sails flat, the sheets having been hauled in, we hold on our original tack, our opponent standing off on the opposite one with the view of getting the early flood tide to assist her.

Gradually we draw away from each other, and then we go about full two miles apart at the same time. Closer, and closer, and closer again we draw together, and the question arises which is first boat. We are on starboard tack, and she on port, and the rule of the road at sea will act in our favour if it comes to be a near thing. The distance between us lessens, "Can she cross us?" every one seems to ask of himself. "We have got her," says our captain confidently, as he sees our opponent's head-sails commence to flutter as the helm is put down, and she goes off to starboard tack, whilst we make ready to go about, as the captain says, on the top of her—that is, well to windward—so as to keep her under our wing for a time.

In the third tack they weather the second mark-boat and, with the huge spinnaker on the port side dragging the boat along at a fearful pace, commence to run home to the Commodore, their opponent following, also with spinnaker set and a water-sail carried under the main-sail.

Faster than we are dead off the wind, she closes up on us gradually, and then, by the backing of our spinnaker and a slackening of our speed, we know that she has completely covered us and taken the wind out of our sails. As our canvas hangs limp she surges past, but we hold on in her wake, and at the Commodore she leads but by three-quarters of a minute as we start to do the second and finishing round. We have been allowed two and three-quarters for her superior size, and are hopeful; so, with the breeze still freshening, we go off in hard pursuit down the shore, with less-feared competitors close astern. In the showers the wind blows harder, and goes more into the north-west, so that we have less tacking to windward. We round the boat-mark and set our head for the Commodore, just exactly a quarter of a minute within her time allowance, and we have to keep inside that in order to secure the prize. In the hardening breeze we have had to lower our topsail; but our opponent still carries hers, and our captain seems sorely perplexed as to what to do, for our own gallant little vessel appears to have as much as she can carry. Close up to windward sit the crew with scarlet cowls against the rail, looking like red-combed sea-birds cowering under a sheltering shelf of rock. To windward the sea is a mixture of foam and spindrift, and we are in hopes that one of the shower-laden squalls will bring down our opponent's topsail, topmast, and all. But no! the showers pass and the wind rather softens. Questions seem to be passing every now and then between the eyes of the crew and the eyes of the captain, and the former seems to be glancing aloft appealingly. Their request is answered by an upward jerk of his thumb, and the remark, "Give it her!" In less than half a minute the jib-headed topsail is hoisted above the mainsail, and the little ship struggles gamely, the captain sometimes speaking to her and cheering her on, as if she were really a thing of life. Soon the flash of the gun tells us that our opponent has crossed the winning-line, and our timekeeper commences to count off the time, and two and three-quarter minutes allowed us. The two minutes pass as slowly as if they were months on a bed of sickness, and yet we are still with buckling topmast and straining stays singing in the wind, ploughing the green water. The half-minute, too, has gone, but the helm is shoved hard up, and as we gybe over, the flash of a second gun informs us we have won a good race, after forty-eight miles hard

sailing. Such is, possibly, but a fair description of an average day's racing in a modern yacht.

The sport is not without incident and healthy excitement, and for practical reasons is not unworthy of encouragement.

Business men, we know, are often called upon to cross the English or Irish Channels or the Atlantic, on very short notice, and all who have been yachting in their youth must rejoice in their experience when they see their fellow-passengers writhing under the dreaded *mal de mer*, the only one remedy for sea sickness being a love of the sea acquired in boyhood. The yacht-racing man, as a rule, is a good swimmer, and being accustomed to such unrehearsed effects as a sudden immersion at times with his clothes on, possesses that confidence and nerve which the fancy swimmer of smooth water in ponds and baths lacks. He enjoys his Channel passages or ocean voyages to the full ; in shipwrecks or collisions he is cool and collected, and able to assist in launching or in managing the boats, and at home at his fire-side he reads with an intelligence and appreciation he could not have otherwise possessed, descriptions of maritime disasters and feats of bravery by seamen. Sea-stories have for him a fresh charm, and he can readily detect the difference between the swinging sea-roll-like style of the expert and the pinchbeck "starboard-bowsprit" nonsense of the lady novelist who has never been out of sight of land. He loves, too, to look at the sea-pictures of the olden time, when British seamen, with death raging all round them, would lay down their cutlasses at the word of command, and with both hands at the halliards and eyes aloft, obey the orders of the sailing-master as coolly as if in harbour, whilst their comrades on the yards shook out their reef-points as if totally unconscious that they were the marks of picked riflemen below.

DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.—There may be, as the writer himself allows, no new thing to say upon this great subject, but there are few, we think, of the readers of the *Indian Review* who will not think that the charm of Mr. Edwin Arnold's style is strong enough to lift above the commonplace anything he may write. We shall give, so far as space will allow, the writer's own words.

Man is not by any means convinced as yet of his immortality. All the great religions have in concert affirmed it to him ; but no sure logic proves it, and no entirely accepted voice from the farther world proclaims it. There is a restless instinct, an unquenchable hope, a silent discontent with the very best of transitory pleasures, which perpetually disturb his scepticism or shake his resignation ; but only a few feel quite certain that they will never cease to exist. The vast majority either put the question aside, being absorbed in the pursuits of life ; or grow weary of meditating it without result ; or incline to think, not without melancholy satisfaction, that the death of the body brings an end to the individual. Of these, the happiest and most useful in their generation are the healthy-minded ones who are too full of vigour or too much busied with pleasure or duty, to trouble themselves about death and its effects. The most enviable are such as find, or affect to find, in the authority or the arguments of any extant religion, sufficing demonstration of a future existence. And

perhaps the most foolish are those who, following ardent researches of science, learn so little at the knees of their "star-eyed" mistress as to believe those forces which are called intellect, emotion, and will, capable of extinction, while they discover and proclaim the endless conservation of motion and matter.

If we were all sure, what a difference it would make! A simple "yes," pronounced by the edict of developed science; one word from the lips of some clearly accredited herald sent by the departed, would turn nine-tenths of the sorrows of earth into disguised joys, and abolish quite as large a proportion of the faults and vices of mankind. Men and women are naturally good; it is fear, and the feverish passion to get as much as possible out of the brief span of mortal years, which breed most human offences. And many noble and gentle souls, which will not stoop to selfish sins, even because life is short, live prisoners, as it were, in their condemned cells of earth, under a sentence from which there is no appeal, waiting in sad but courageous incertitude the last day of their incarceration; afraid to love, to rejoice, to labour, and to hope, lest love shall end in eternal parting, gladness in the cheerless dust, generous toils in the irony of results effaced, and hope itself in a vast and scornful denial. What a change if all these could really believe that they are cherished guests in an intermediate mansion of the universe, not doomed captives in one of its dungeons! How happy as well as fair and attractive this planet would become if it were not a doctrine, not a theory, not a poetic dream, but a fact seen and accepted, that death arrives, not like "Monsieur de Paris," to strip the criminal, to clip his collar and hair, and lop away from him life and love and delight; but as a mother lulling her children to sleep, so that they may wake ready for play in the fresh morning; as the gentlest angel of all the ministers of man, bringing him much more than birth ever brought; and leading him by a path as full of miracles of soft arrangement, and as delicately contrived for his benefit as is the process of birth itself, to brighter heights of existence, simple in their turn and order as the first drops of the breast-milk of his mother, and neither more nor less wonderful!

Nothing new can be said, even if one should personally and sincerely declare he was quite sure he should never cease to be. That would be worth nothing philosophically, and would be rendered no whit more valuable because a man should have studied all the creeds and read all the systems, and be eager to convey the assurance which none of all these can give or take away. Goodwill may recommend a conviction but cannot impart it. Yet there are reflections which might be worth inditing, rather as suggestions to other minds than arguments. The first which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it.

Existence around us, illuminated by modern sciences, is full of incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its every-day illustration in nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly

common-place to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrozoön becomes first a free germ resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower, which splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine-cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series of sea-daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these, one by one, break off and float away, each a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that! Does anybody find the Immaculate Conception incredible? The nearest rose-bush may rebuke him, since he will see there the aphides, which in their wingless state produce without union creatures like themselves; and these again, though uncoupled, bring forth fresh broods, down to the tenth or eleventh generation; when, lo! on a sudden, winged males and females suddenly result, and pair. Or is the Buddhist dogma of immortality in the past for every existent individual too tremendous a demand? The lowest living thing, the Protamœba, has obviously never died! It is a formless film of protoplasm, which multiplies by simple division; and the specimen under any modern microscope derives, and must derive, in unbroken existence from the amœba which moved and fed forty æons ago. The living slime of our nearest puddle lived before the Alps were made!

It is not, therefore, on account of the incredibility of a conscious life after death that sensible people should doubt it. The writer stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exhibition at Kensington, and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the showcase containing the precise ingredients of her fair and perfect frame. There—neatly measured out, labelled, and deposited in trays or bottles—were exposed the water, the lime, the phosphorus, the silex, the iron, and other various elements perversely styled "clay" which go to the building up of our houses of flesh and bone.

As I watched her half-amused, half-pensive countenance, the verse came to mind, "Why should it seem to you a wonderful thing, though one rose from the dead?" Minerals and gases have, so science opines, an atomic and ethereal life in their particles, and if we could only imagine them conversing elementally, how sceptical they would be that any power could put together the coarse ingredients of that glass case, to form by delicate chemistry of nature the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacities, and the lovely human life of the bright maiden who contemplated with unconvinced smiles those materials of her being! But if, passing behind such an every-day analysis of the laboratory, science had dared to speak to her of the deeper secrets in nature which she herself embodied and enshrined—without the slightest consciousness or comprehension on her part—how far more wonderful the mystery of the chemistry of her life would have appeared! Some very grave and venerable F.R.S. might, perchance, reverently have ventured to whisper, "Beautiful human sister! built of the water, the flint, and the lime; you are more marvellous than all that! Your sacred simplicity does not and

must not yet understand your divine complexity! Otherwise you should be aware that hidden within the gracious house made of those common materials—softly and silently developed there by forces which you know not, and yet govern, unwittingly exercising a perpetual magic—are tiny golden beginnings of your sons and daughters to be. You have heard of and marvelled at *Iliads* written on films of fairy thinness, and enclosed within nutshells! Diviner poems, in infinitely fairer characters, upon far subtler surfaces, are inscribed upon each of those occult jewels of your destined maternity! The history of all the vanished lives of those to whom, by many lines and stems, you are the charming heiress—from their utmost heights of mental reach to their smallest tricks of habit and feature; from passions and propensities to moles and birth-marks—are occultly recorded in the invisible epigraph of those enchanted germs, to be more or less developed when the flame on that new altar of later life, of which you are the sacred priestess, brings to reproduction such miraculous epitomes." She would not, and could not, understand, of course; yet all this is matter of common observation, the well-established fact of heredity by pangenesis, certain though incomprehensible. What, therefore, is there to be pronounced impossible, because of our blindness, in regard to endless continuity and successions in individuality, when out of the holy ignorance of such maidenly simplicity there can be thus subtly and steadfastly prepared the indescribable beginnings of motherhood? If one result of each human life should be to produce, more or less completely, a substantial, though at present invisible, environment for the next higher stage—while handing on, by collateral lives, the lamp of humanity to new hands—that would not be much more strange than the condensation of the oak-tree in the acorn, or the natural sorcery of the contact of the milt and the spawn. "Miracles" are cheap enough!

Another consideration of some force is that we should find ourselves speculating about this matter at all. All the other aspirations of infancy, youth and manhood turn out more or less to be prophecies.

Instincts explain and justify themselves, each by each. The body foresees and provides for its growth by appetite; the mind expands towards knowledge by childish curiosity; the young heart predicts, by the flushed cheek and quickening pulse, that gentle master passion which it does not yet understand. There is a significance, like the breath of a perpetual whisper from Nature, in the way in which the theme of his own immortality teases and haunts a man. Note also that he discusses it least and decides about it most dogmatically in those diviner moments when the breath of a high impulse sweeps away work-a-day doubts and selfishnesses. What a blow to the philosophy of negation is the sailor leaping from the taffrail of his ship into an angry sea to save his comrade or to perish with him! He has never read either Plato or Schopenhauer—perhaps not even that heavenly verse, "Whoso loseth his life for my sake, the same shall save it." But arguments which are as far beyond philosophy, as the unconscious life is deeper than the conscious, sufficiently persuade him to plunge. "Love that is stronger than death" bids him dare, for her imperious sake, the weltering abyss; and any such deed of sacrifice and heroic contempt of peril of itself almost proves that man knows more than he believes himself to know about his own immortality. Every miner working for wife and children in a "fiery" pit;



every soldier standing cool and firm in those desert-zarebas of Stewart and Graham, offers a similar endorsement of the indignant sentence, "If rats and maggots end us, then alarum ! for we are betrayed."

"Well," it may be said, "but we *may* be betrayed!" Has not the poet said of nature that "of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear?"

The bottom of the sea, as the dredging of the *Challenger* proves, is paved with relics of countless elaborate lives, seemingly wasted. The great pyramid is a mountain of by-gone nummulities. The statesman's marble statue is compacted from the shells and casts of tiny creatures which had as good a right to immortality from their own point of view as he. Moreover, it may be urged, the suicide, who only seeks peace and escape from trouble, confronts death with just as clear a decisiveness as the brave sailor or dutiful soldier. Most suicides, however, in their last written words, seem to expect a change for the better, rather than extinction ; and it is a curious proof of the propriety and self-respect of the very desperate, that forlorn women, jumping from Waterloo Bridge, almost always fold their shawls quite neatly, lay them on the parapet, and place their bonnets carefully atop, as if the fatal balustrade were but a boudoir for the disrobing soul. In regard to the argument of equal rights of continuous existence for all things which live, it must be admitted. If the bathybia—nay, even if the trees and the mosses—are not, as to that which makes them individual, undying, man will never be. If life be not as inextinguishable in every egg of the herring and in every bird and beast, as in the poet and the sage, it is extinguishable in angels and archangels. What, then, is that varying existence which can survive and take new shapes, when the small dying sea-creature drops its flake of pearl to the ooze, when the dog-fish swallows a thousand trivial herring-fry, and when the poet and the sage lie silent and cold?

The reason why nobody has ever answered is that each stage of existence can only be apprehended and defined by the powers appertaining to it. Herein lurks the fallacy which has bred such contempt for transcendental speculations, because people try to talk of what abides beyond, in terms of their present experience. It is true they must do this or remain silent ; but the inherent disability of terrestrial speech and thought ought to be kept more constantly in view. How absurd it is, for example, to hear astronomers arguing against existence in the moon or in the sun, because there seems to be no atmosphere in one, and the other is enveloped in blazing hydrogen. Beings are at least conceivable as well fitted to inhale incandescent gas, or not to breathe any gases at all as to live upon the diluted oxygen of our own air.

Embodied life is, in all cases, the physiological equation of its environing conditions. Water and gills, lungs and atmosphere, co-exist by correlation ; and stars, suns, and planets may very well be peopled with proper inhabitants as natural as nut-bushes, though entirely beyond the wit of man to imagine. Even here, in our own low degrees of life, how could the oyster comprehend the flashing cruises of the

sword-fish, or he conceive the flight and nesting of a bird? Yet these are neighbours and fellow-lodgers upon the same globe. Of that globe we build our bodies : we speak by agitating its air ; we know no light save those few lines of its unexplored solar spectrum to which our optic nerve responds. We have to think in terms of earth-experience, as we have to live by breathing the earth-envelope. We ought to be reassured therefore, rather than disconcerted, by the fact that nobody can pretend to understand and depict the future life, for it would prove sorely inadequate if it were at present intelligible. To know that we cannot now know is an immense promise of coming enlightenment. We only meditate safely when we realise that space, time and the phenomena of sense are provisional forms of thought. Mathematicians have made us familiar with at least the idea of space of four and more dimensions. As for time, it is an appearance due to the motion of heavenly bodies, and by going close to the North Pole and walking eastwards, a man might, astronomically, wind back again the lost days of his life upon a reversed calendar. Such simple considerations rebuke materialists who think they have found enough in finding a "law," which is really but a temporary memorandum of observed order, leaving quite unknown the origin of it and the originator. Even to speak, therefore, of future life in the terms of the present is irrational, and this inadequacy of our faculties should guard us from illusions of disbelief as well as of belief. Nature, like many a tender mother, deceives and puts off her children habitually. We learned from Galileo, not from her, that the earth went round the sun ; from Harvey, not from her, how the heart worked ; from Simpson, not from her, how the measureless flood of human anguish could be largely controlled by the ridiculously simple chemical compound of  $C_2HCl_3$  or "chloroform." Men must be prepared, therefore, to find themselves misled as to the plainest facts about life, death, and individual development. We shall inherit the depressing world-feuds of the past long after they have sufficiently taught their lessons of human effort and brotherhood ; and we shall live in the gloom of ancestral fears and ignorances when the use of them in making man cling to the life which he alone knows has for ages passed away. But, all the time, it is quite likely that in many mysteries of life and death we resemble the good knight Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window, and imagined that a tremendous abyss yawned beneath his feet. Maritornes cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls—four inches ! Perhaps Nature, so full of unexplained ironies, reserves as blithesome a surprise for her offspring, when their time arrives to discover the simplicity, agreeableness, and absence of any serious change, in the process called "dying." Pliny, from much observation, declared his opinion that the moment of death was the most exquisite instant of life. He writes, "*Ipse discessus animæ plerumque fit sine dolore, nonnunquam etiam cum ipsâ voluptate.*" Dr. Solander was so delighted with the sensation of perishing by extreme cold in the snow, that he always afterwards resented his rescue. Dr. Hunter, in his latest moments, grieved that he "could not write how easy and delightful it is to die." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked, "It is really nothing much, after all !" The expression of composed calm which comes over the faces of the newly-dead is not merely due to muscular relaxation. It is, possibly, a last message of content and acquiescence sent us from those who at last know—a message of good cheer and of pleasant promise, not by any means to be disregarded. With accent as

authoritative as that heard at Bethany it murmurs, "Thy brother shall live again!"

The fallacy of thinking and speaking of a future life in terms of our present limited sense-knowledge has given rise to foolish visions of "heaven," and made many gentle and religious minds thereby incredulous. As a matter of observation, no artist can paint even a form in outline outside his experience. Orcagna, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, tried to represent some quite original angels, and the result is a sort of canary-bird with sleeved pinions and a female visage.

Man never so much as imagined the kangaroo and ornithorhynchus till Captain Cook discovered their haunts; how, then, should he conceive the aspect of angels and new-embodied spirits; and why should he be sceptical about them because his present eyes are constructed for no such lovely and subtle sights? We can perceive how very easily our senses are eluded even by gross matter. The solid block of ice, whereon we stood, is just as existent when it has melted into water and become dissipated as steam, but it disappears for us; the carbonic acid gas, which we could not see, is compressed by the chemist into fleecy flakes and tossed from palm to palm. St. Paul was a much better philosopher than the materialists and sceptics when he declared "the things not seen are eternal." But these invisible, eternal things are not, on account of their exquisite subtlety, to be called "supernatural." They must belong, in an ascending but strictly-connected chain, to the most substantial and to the lowest, if there be anything low. The ethereal body which awaits us must be as real as the beef-fattened frame of an East End butcher. The life amid which it will live and move must be equipped, enriched, and diversified in a fashion corresponding with earthly habits, but to an extent far beyond the narrow vivacities of our present being. We need to abolish utterly the perilous mistake that anything anywhere is "supernatural," or shadowy, or vague. The angelic Regent of Alcyone—if there be one—in the heart of the Pleiades, is "extra-natural" for us; but as simple, real, and substantial to adequate perceptions as a Chairman of quarter sessions to his clerk.

Remembering, then, that the undeveloped cannot know the developed, though it may presage and expect it; remembering that bisulphide of carbon is aware of actinic rays invisible to us; that selenium swells to light which is lost to our organism; that a sensitised film at the end of the telescope photographs a million stars we did not see; and that the magnetic needle feels and obeys forces to which our most delicate nerves are insensible; it seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—moulding, governing, and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is, certainly, generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm, any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death

ends the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of an universe possibly emptied of every form of being, which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder, beyond question, was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

If there has been a vast past leading to man's present proud position in the hierarchy of such life as is known to us, the individual remembers nothing of it. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it, but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly hatched chick pecks at food, it must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live for ever in the future demands that we must have lived for ever in the past, there is really nothing against this! "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phrases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colours we cannot here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organised society and a governed, multiform State. Where does Nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does Nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quinsy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately developed treasures, making them groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guarding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land;" and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery! It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak

souls into wickedness by mediæval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence. Man is less superior to the sensitive plant now than his re-embodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality.

Nor does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherialized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations ; art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding ; bygone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose ; activities set free for vaster cosmic service ; abandoned hopes realised at last ; despaired-of joys come magically within ready reach ; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be " forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight, and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never-ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness, and use without limit. To call such a life " Heaven" or the " Hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes ; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, " That that is, is ! " and when we look into the blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of Nature, countless and illimitable ; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss ; and all might feel how subtly-wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which shewed the unsuspected stars ; when—

. . . " Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And lo ! Creation widened on man's view !

Who could have thought such marvels lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find—

Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed—  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife ?  
*If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?*

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AUGUST, 1885.

'The Metaphysical Society': A Reminiscence. (With a Note by the Editor.)

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ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.—It is commonly believed that the Americans have no aristocracy, because they have no titled nobility; but this is a mistake. A social aristocracy will develop itself in any country where wealth is unequally distributed. It springs out of the freedom that belongs to us all to form ourselves into exclusive sets if we choose to do so.

The forms and manners of the social aristocracy in the old country are closely imitated in the new, even to the cockades on the hats of liveried servants. Social aristocracy is a little more nervous and sensitive in America than in England, because it lacks the quality of ancient possession and hereditary right. American aristocracy, being necessarily of the upstart, mushroom kind, and theoretically illegal, is never quite at ease; it has not that graceful, easy confidence that centuries of practice gives. It is always afraid that it is not doing things just exactly as they are done in England. An awkward boor of low rank might tread on the toes of the Duke of Somerset without insulting him, because the aristocracy of the Duke is of such ancient lineage, and so thoroughly established, that he can decline to be insulted by people of small heraldry; while Mr. Plutus, of New York, although a richer man than the Duke of Somerset, would be compelled to resent the treading on his toes, because his grandfather was a pedlar.

Such an aristocracy may produce vanity and false pretension; but it does not work oppression until it obtains a political foundation on which to rest.

The kingly powers of the President, the equal representation of unequal States in the American Senate, the small number of senators, the select persons who appoint them, the mode of their election, their long tenure of office, and the greatness of their prerogatives, make a broad and strong foundation for an American aristocracy.

The word aristocracy is used here, not in its technical or dictionary meaning, but according to the sense in which it is generally understood by the people of the United States—not as the old Greeks used it, to express the class composed of the best people; not as the European nations use it, to express the titled classes; but as the Americans use it, to describe a class of pretenders who would be titled people if they could, and a class who assume superior importance on account of money. So the word democracy is not used here in its partisan meaning, but to express, first, the great body of the American people, and secondly, their *form* of government. It is not easy to treat this subject intelligently without comparing the Constitution of the United States with the Constitution of England, because, as one is founded on the other, we can study its operations better by contrasting them with the parallel history of its prototype and model.

It is worthy the deep thought of the student of history that, during the ninety-five years of the American Constitution, the English Constitution on which it is founded has been radically changed, until now the Government of Great Britain, while preserving its monarchial and aristocratic form, has become in practice a representative democracy, while the Government of the United States preserving all this time its republican form, has become in practice what might be called a constitutional monarchy.

The reasons for this apparent anomaly are not hard to find. The men who framed the American Constitution were lawyers, who were acquainted only with English law and the workings of the English constitution, and they kept to the ancient landmarks.

They therefore proposed for the new nation in the western world the English trinity of government—king, lords, and commons. They made the king elective for four years, not by the people at large, but by a select body of citizens called Electors; they made the House of Lords elective for six years, also by a select body called the State Legislatures; the House of Commons they adopted nearly in the shape they found it in the English Constitution. The king they called the President; the House of Lords they called the Senate; the House of Commons they called the House of Representatives. In this way they transplanted to the fertile political soil of the new Continent a part of the feudal system of Europe, curiously enough, just at the very time when that system was about to be overthrown by a violent revolution in France, and by a peaceful revolution in England.

A careful reading of the Constitution and of Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* will show that the Constitution is greatly indebted to Blackstone both for its form and its substance.

Following their pattern closely, the framers of the Constitution gave to the three branches of the new government, as nearly as circumstances would permit, the powers and prerogatives of the corresponding branches in the English Government. They made the President, like the king, the fountain of honour, whence flowed the offices and dignities of the Government; they made him, like

the king, the fountain of justice, and gave him the appointment of all the judges; they made him, like the king, the fountain of mercy and clothed him with the power to pardon; they made him, like the king, commander-in-chief of the army and the navy; and they gave him the royal veto when, in practice, that power had utterly ceased in England. When the framers of the Constitution invested the President with the power to veto Acts of Congress, no king of England had exercised it against Parliament for ninety-seven years; it has never been exercised in England since, and under the reformed Constitution of Britain it can never be exercised again.

Not satisfied with depriving the king of the veto power, the Commons of England did not stop until they had deprived him of all political power whatsoever, until now the Queen 'reigns, but does not govern.' The government is carried on in her name, and her signature is necessary to give validity to Acts of Parliament, but her political action is directed by the advice of ministers who are responsible to the House of Commons. The impression of the Great Seal is necessary to give validity to certain documents, but the Great Seal itself is only a piece of brass. Its acts are mechanical, and so are the governmental acts of the Queen.

The king being shorn of political power, the House of Lords was at last brought into subjection to the House of Commons. The struggle between the two Houses for supremacy had lasted for centuries, but it ended in 1832 by the unconditional surrender of the House of Lords. For fifty years it has been little more than a debating society, a revising committee for the House of Commons. In theory it has the same legislative prerogatives that it ever had, but as an independent branch of the legislature its authority is at an end. It can obstruct the measures of the House of Commons for a month or two, or perhaps for a session, but recent experience demonstrates that, if the House of Commons insists upon its will, the House of Lords must yield.

A contest continued for about 600 years has ended in the victory of English democracy over the aristocracy and the king. Great Britain is practically a republic with the machinery of government responsive to the will of the voters.

In striking contrast to the past ninety-five years of the history of the English monarchy, is the ninety-five years' history of the American republic. During that time, the United States has, by the vast increase of its territory, its population, and its wealth, multiplied the influence of the Senate, relatively decreased that of the House of Representatives, and by investing the President with the character of a party leader, armed with the veto, has made him a real political power equal to two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. Thus, while preserving the republican form, it has reached in practice very nearly the shape and character of the English monarchy of old time. Since the English people cut off the head of King Charles, and dethroned his son, they have not had a king who possessed or exercised one half the royal prerogatives and powers that are enjoyed by the President of the United States to-day.

Next to monarchy, the most offensive political institution to Americans is hereditary aristocracy. But, if they have an aristocracy, it is of little consequence with what adjectives they qualify it. It may be ill-mannered and offensive, but it is only injurious to the people in proportion to its political power, and



its distance from popular control. An elective aristocracy may be as expensive and mischievous as any other. A senator in the American Congress has twenty times more political power than a peer of England. The House of Lords cannot obstruct measures of legislation for more than a single session, the American Senate may stand for years an immovable obstacle in the way of popular advancement and reform.

A social democracy cannot flourish alongside of a political aristocracy. The American Senate is the most important political aristocracy that has existed in the modern world. A Roman Senator never possessed the political authority an American Senator has to-day. Other aristocracies have existed with larger personal privileges, but none with so much legislative power.

An American senator may by a single vote give away a million acres of land. He may by another vote bestow a franchise worth a million dollars, a franchise too that the Supreme Court will decide no other Congress may reclaim or take away. Think of the vast interests of the United States under the legislative control of seventy-six men, not one of them elected by the people. Imagine the partnership of Illinois in the National Government represented in one branch of the legislature by only two men, responsible to nobody. Let it be borne in mind that the members of the United States Senate will in personal wealth average the ownership of more than a million dollars each, and it becomes at once apparent that such an important aristocracy was never known before.

The main source of American aristocracy is in the Senate, and there it gets its chief support. The tree of aristocracy has its roots in the Senate; and the great trunk of it, and the branches of it, grow and flourish from unlimited taxation. Social reformers tire themselves out, lopping off a leaf here and a twig there, but never until they cut the roots of it will the tree wither and die. They must abolish the Senate, or make it democratic, before any important political reforms will be achieved in America. If the Senate cannot be abolished, it can be reformed. It can be made elective by the people; its term of office can be reduced to two years, and it can be made to represent the States in proportion to their population. If it is protected by the Constitution from any changes not made by its own consent, then, in that case, the House of Representatives will be compelled to assert its power, and, by virtue of its pre-eminent right to control the revenues of the nation, establish the supremacy of the people. Then will the Americans have a government not only democratic in form, but in substance also.

All the branches of the American Government, except one, are jealously guarded by the Constitution against the democratic element. Not only the prerogatives of those branches but also the manner of their appointment show this. The framers of the Constitution were careful to protect the great office of President from the profane touch of the people. They provided that the President should be elected by an intermediate aristocracy consisting of a few men from each State, chosen in such manner as the States might themselves provide. This exclusion of the democracy from any direct agency in the choice of the President has been evaded by an ingenious device known as a nominating convention.

This, however, is but a precarious substitute, and the democracy is not quite satisfied with it. From time to time it makes an angry demand that the Presidency shall be its property, and awarded by its ballot without the intervention of any middlemen whatever.

The judicial branch of the American Government was made exclusively aristocratic. The judges must be appointed by the President, and their term runs during good behaviour as in England. The judges are thus supposed to be raised above party influences and the clamour of the mob. The result has been to create a caste of luxurious men, deciding by the precedents, except on political questions, and then always according to party lines.

The 'omnipotence of Parliament' is a phrase never heard in America. The tremendous quality of omnipotence has been appropriated by the Supreme Court, and by force of this extravagant claim of right it scrutinises Acts of Congress, construes them, amends them, and repeals them. How long would the people of England permit nine judges to pass sentence upon Acts of Parliament, and declare them null? Not an hour; and yet this is the constant practice of the American Supreme Court. The people patiently endure it under the belief that such is the prerogative of the Court. Very frequently, trade, commerce, manufactures, and all kinds of business, are kept in a nervous and excited condition for months, and even years, waiting for the decision of the Supreme Court as to the validity of some important Act of Congress. In the reign of President Grant, the Supreme Court, by a majority of one vote only, declared the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional and void. The Legal Tender Act had been in operation for many years, and all the business of the country had adapted itself to the conditions of paper money. The decision therefore affected every living contract in the country, and in order to avert the consequences of it two new members were appointed to the Supreme Court by President Grant, with the understanding that they would make a majority of one the other way, and reverse the decision. The Court being thus "reconstructed," the Attorney-General moved for a re-hearing of the Legal Tender case. The re-hearing was granted, and the former decision was reversed. At the former trial the Court consisted of seven judges, and they held the Act to be unconstitutional by four to three. At the re-hearing the Court consisted of nine judges, and they decided by five to four that the Act was valid. The Legal Tender Act was part of the financial policy devised and carried out by Mr. Chase when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had been transferred from that office to the position of Chief Justice of the United States, and in his capacity of Chief Justice he actually decided that his own acts and policy as Chancellor of the Exchequer, although solemnly made into laws by Act of Congress, were unconstitutional and void.

The American Legislature is well protected by the Constitution against the people. The Senate has a term of office three times as long as that of the House of Representatives, and the Senators are chosen by an intermediate body that stands between them and the citizens.

In addition to their legislative authority, they have the sole power to try impeachments, they have the treaty-making power, and they possess a veto on all the appointments of the President.

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The House of Representatives is the only branch of the American Government conceded to the democracy by the Constitution. Among all the national officers only representatives in Congress are elected by the people. Even the independence of the House of Representatives itself has been surrendered to the President and the Senate in return for official patronage. The power to appoint and remove all the Federal officers in his district is the chief reliance of the representative for a renomination, and as he must obtain that power from the President, he cannot be independent of executive influence and ambition. Only those members of the House of Representatives who are opposed to the President in politics can possibly be independent, so long as party machinery in America remains as it is now. Only twice in the past thirty years has the House of Representatives even threatened to exercise its prerogative of stopping the supplies, and in both cases the President was of the opposite political party to the majority in that House.

Is there any power short of a violent revolution by which the people of the United States can arrest the prerogative of the President, curb the encroachments of the Senate, and give to the House of Representatives a controlling influence in the government? The Senate cannot be swamped, like the House of Lords, by the creation of new Senators, nor can the Constitution be amended except three-fourths of the Senate agree thereto; and it is vain to expect that three-fourths of that body will voluntarily consent to diminish their own privileges and power.

One course remains within the Constitution, and that is the withholding the supplies. Anticipating the same necessity, the founders of the American Government borrowed the English principle, and embodied it in the Constitution in the following words: "All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills."

It is worthy of special note that this invincible weapon of the House of Commons was transplanted and set in the Constitution of the United States, not by accident, nor even by common consent, but by compromise. The Tory element in the Convention opposed it, but the Liberal element, anticipating the usurpations of the Senate, resisted the creation of an Upper House with aristocratic prerogatives, nor would that element agree to a Senate unless accompanied by the English antidote, the surrender to the House of Representatives of the exclusive power to impose taxes, and the right to stop the supplies. By virtue of that compromise the creation of an aristocratic Chamber was agreed to.

There, quietly slumbering in the Constitution, and occupying but three lines of it, lies the power that will some day revolutionise the American Government without bloodshed, that will blunt the edge of the President's prerogative, that will make the House of Representatives the chief power in the government, and reduce the Senate to a secondary and inferior position. What has been done in

England. will be done in America; the conditions are the same, the people are alike, with a common lineage and a common history, the motive powers are the same, and the results will be the same. The real conflict between the antagonistic forces of the American Government is hardly yet begun. It will burst into a storm when the President and the Senate, banded together in defence of prerogative, shall resist a resolute House of Representatives fresh from the people, and bearing from the people a message of reform. In that contest the stopping of the supplies will be the conquering weapon, and prerogative must yield, as it had to yield in England.

**THE RECENT REBELLION IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.**—The writer of this paper accompanied General Middleton to the front as chief of the staff. He begins by glancing back at the events of 15 years ago, and at the Red River Rebellion of 1870.

Louis Riel, a French Canadian half-breed, through the influence of Archbishop Taché was educated for the Roman Catholic Church. Riel first came into notice in the autumn of 1869 when, on the transfer of Prince Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Government of the Dominion, he espoused the cause of the French half-breeds, or Metis, as they are called, and published a Bill of Rights, his chief assumption being that the Hudson's Bay Company had no legal power to hand over land, the property of Metis and Indians, to the Dominion Government without their formal consent. With some 400 "breeds" he established himself at Fort Garry, a Hudson's Bay post at the junction of the Red River and Assiniboine. He there proclaimed a provisional government, one of the first acts of which was the execution, or rather the cold-blooded murder, after a mock trial, of Scott, a settler who had dared to resist his authority. An expedition, consisting of a mixed force of British and Canadian troops, in all about 1,200 men, was organised for the suppression of the revolt, and during the spring and summer of 1870 Colonel Wolseley, with his birch bark canoes and voyageurs, was pushing up the rapids and over the portages of the Shebaudowan, and threading his way through Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods, and with him McNeill, Redvers Buller, and Butler, was sowing the seed of future laurels. Wolseley reached Fort Garry in August without firing a shot. The gates of the old fort stood open. Riel had fled to the States. He was tried for his life, and outlawed for five years.

Fort Garry is now the important city of Winnipeg; the three months by boat from Toronto to Red River are now five days by railroad; and Riel's Rebellion of 1885 has taken place 500 miles beyond the Fort Garry of 1870.

By the Manitoba Act of 1870 the claims of the Red River Metis were justly recognised. Each half-breed born in the province before the 1st of July 1870 received a grant of 240 acres of land in satisfaction of his half-breed title. Nevertheless, many of them fell back before the intrusion of the Dominion officials, and sought homes still further north, amongst their near relatives the Crees, beyond the Great Salt Plains on the banks of the Saskatchewan—they wished to be let alone. Now their bugbear, the red tape of civilisation, has again surrounded them, and the wilds of the North-West have given birth to the

provinces of Saskatchewan, Assinaboia, and Athabasca, and these Metis and their descendants are again accused of rebellion.

But besides the Manitoba "breeds" many whites moved northwards. The line of the Canada-Pacific Railway, as originally proposed, lay far north of that which it now pursues, and in anticipation of the northern route, white adventurers, speculating on the prospect of future fortunes to be picked up along the line of railway, settled at Prince Albert, Battleford, and Edmonton. When the route was changed they found themselves *en l'air*, and have remained to sow discontent, and to spread sedition, should opportunity offer, against the common enemy, the Dominion Government.

Riel, having long since completed his sentence of banishment, made his appearance in the North-West in the summer of 1884; and no harm was expected from his visit; till, late in March 1885, we suddenly found ourselves face to face with an organised rebellion.

The Metis of the North-West claim to be placed on the same footing as the Manitoba half-breeds, *vis.*, to receive grants of 240 acres. They ask that patents for their land should be issued to settlers in possession, and they protest against the form of Government land surveying, as likely to interfere with the arrangement of their farms as at present existing. According to the old French custom, the Metis settlements line the river-banks, each farm having a small river frontage, and extending in a narrow strip a considerable distance inland. It is asserted that should the Government method of surveying in squares and giving grants in squares be insisted on, the river frontages will in many cases disappear from certain farms, and that at any rate much unnecessary annoyance would be caused by a new division of the settlements. The Metis say that it is now some ten years since they first put forward their claims, and that they have continued ever since to agitate in vain. In September 1884 a meeting was held at their settlement of St. Laurent, on the Saskatchewan, and the following Bill of Rights agreed upon:—

1. The subdivision into provinces of the North-West.
2. The half-breeds to receive the same grants and other advantages as the Manitoba half-breeds.
3. Patents to be issued at once to the settlers in possession.
4. The sale of half a million acres of Dominion lands, the proceeds to be applied to the establishment in the half-breed settlements of schools, hospitals, and similar institutions, and to the equipment of the poorer half-breeds with seed, grain and implements.
5. The reservation of a hundred townships of swamp land for distribution among the children of half-breeds during the next 120 years.
6. A grant of at least \$1,000 a year for the maintenance of our institutions, to be conducted by the nuns in each half-breed settlement.
7. Better provision for the support of the Indians.

• The purely half-breed dispute practically rested on three points, *vis.*, the grant of patents for lands already in possession, equal claims with Manitoba "breeds," and objections to Government form of survey. But there is also a feeling in the North-West, not at all confined to Metis, that local claims and interests are not understood or sufficiently recognised at distant Ottawa; and

the feeling would have been more universally pronounced had not the first shot fired at Duck Lake at once alienated the loyal settlers from the Metis cause.

To these statements Ottawa answers that a Commission had already been appointed to inquire into half-breed claims; and besides—

that it was in the power of any half-breed legally entitled to obtain a patent for his farm by following the ordinary legal process, that the claims put forward for the Manitoba settlement are made by the very men who were already settled with in 1870, and that the Government form of survey can and will be, if required, so arranged as not in any way to interfere with the river frontages and farms—in fact, that “the breeds” have no case at all.

There can be no doubt there was much white sedition mixed up with the Metis claims, and that Riel expected to be supported by the disappointed white contractor, the disappointed white land shark, and the disappointed white farmer.

On March 22nd news arrived in Ottawa that Riel had seized the mail-bags near Duck Lake, and that the telegraph wire was cut between Prince Albert and Charlie's Crossing.

Prince Albert is a white settlement on the North Saskatchewan, not far above its junction with its southern branch, and is 279 miles from the nearest point in the Canada Pacific Railway. Between the two branches of the river is the reserve of the Cree chief “Beardy,” and along the south branch are the Metis settlements of St. Laurent and St. Antoine de Padua, while to the south again is the reserve of “One Arrow.” There is a mounted police post at Prince Albert, and also at Fort Carlton, forty-two miles higher up the river. At Duck Lake, close to Fort Carlton and between the two branches of the Saskatchewan, Riel first showed his hand.

It was an anxious time, for, in all this great North-West territory, reaching from the frontier of Manitoba to the Rockies, and stretching far away north into the little known prairie land of Athabasca and Peace River, there was no one to give a hand to the women and children dotted down along the river-banks, save 500 mounted police, scattered in small detachments over a country in which was a population of over 30,000 Indians.

On the 23rd of March General Middleton started for the North-West. On the 28th came the news of a fight between a detachment of mounted police and a band of rebels, in which some police and eleven volunteers were killed and the police force had to retire to Fort Carlton.

With Riel's success at Duck Lake, the white settlements of the Saskatchewan and Battle River, Prince Albert, Battleford, and Edmonton were immediately threatened with half-breed and Indian risings. It was for the relief of these distant settlements that General Middleton had to provide.

Before attempting to describe the military operations which followed on General Middleton's departure from Ottawa, it may be as well to consider the connection between the half-breed rebellion and the Indian fights which resulted from it.

Riel took up arms for the Metis cause, nominally so at any rate. Though a miserable creature himself, he named his price, and could have been bought out of the country in the autumn of last year. But he posed as a Metis patriot—the Indians were not directly interested in the rebellion—and “Poundmaker” and “Big Bear” would appear only to have followed the instincts of their race, when seeing, as they thought, Riel successful, they were tempted by the love of fighting and the love of plunder, and in many cases by the necessity of getting something to eat, to commit depredations for which no doubt they must be severely punished. Riel well knew the assistance which the Indians could afford him, and by at once driving in all the settlers’ cattle, he could bribe them with food, and they could hardly be expected to resist the temptation. And yet it is doubtful if he had more than 250 armed Indians with him at Batoches. “Poundmaker” and “Big Bear,” urged on by Riel’s emissaries, rose at Battleford and Fort Pitt. Robbery, murder, and perhaps a few atrocities they have committed, but grave as the danger was, Canada has escaped the horrors of an Indian war. The great nation of the Blackfeet, the Bloods, and the Piegans, have stood by her loyally in her trouble, while their hereditary enemies, the Crees, closely allied by marriage to the Metis, have only partially joined the rebel cause. With 500 mounted police and without a single soldier Canada has ruled from Lake Winnipeg to the frontiers of British Columbia, and she may well be proud that during the tenure of the North-West territories previous to the rebellion of this summer, she had not lost a life in Indian warfare.

On 1st April the writer joined General Middleton at Qu’appelle, a station on the Canada Pacific Railway.

We had with us the 90th Battalion from Winnipeg, the Winnipeg Field Battery, and two nine-pounder guns, and twenty-nine mounted scouts recruited from the settlers in the neighbourhood—in all about three hundred and eighty men. The Indian Reserves far and near were in a simmer of expectation, “sitting on the fence,” as the Canadian says. Panic was spreading amongst the white settlements. Telegrams poured in hourly to the General, imploring help or arms. News arrived of murders by Indians at Battleford, while between us and Riel was two hundred and fifty miles of prairie. A blow must be dealt at him at once before the further spread of the rebellion. Troops must also be sent to succour Battleford and to reassure Edmonton.

Canada’s military resources consist of—a militia (essentially a volunteer) force of 36,000 men, composed of Civilians from the towns and country, and armed with the Snider rifle; a regular force consisting of two schools of Artillery with two field guns; a Cavalry school; and three Infantry schools. The total strength of all the schools combined cannot, by the Militia Act, exceed 750 men.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, with the exception of the 90th (Winnipeg) Battalion and a Field Battery (two guns) from Winnipeg, all troops would be required to move up from Lower Canada. The Canada Pacific Railway was not entirely completed along the north shore of Lake Superior, there were breaks of seventy or eighty miles over which troops would have to march or to be conveyed by sleigh. With that exception there was railway communication from Quebec to the Rocky Mountains. The distance from Ottawa to Winnipeg

is, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1,312 miles. From Winnipeg to Calgary 800 miles. Troops would require to leave the railway at certain stations between Winnipeg and Calgary, and march across the prairie to the threatened points—Prince Albert, Battleford, and Edmonton. The stations selected were : Calgary, for the Edmonton column, Swift Current, for the Battleford column, and Qu'Appelle Station, for the Prince Albert column. To General Strange (late R.A.) was given the command of the troops at Calgary, Lieutenant-Colonel Otter commanded the Battleford column, and General Middleton accompanied the troops intended to attack Riel, with a general command of the whole force in the field. I intend only to follow the movements of General Middleton's column.

The time of year was most unpleasant for campaigning, the winter just breaking up, the snow still on the ground, but rapidly becoming slush. Everything had to be carried ; men's rations, hay and corn, and army transport did not exist. Providentially there was the Hudson's Bay Company, which agreed to furnish transport and supplies, and to that Company and Captain Bedson, the chief transport officer, a large share of the success of the expedition is due.

On the 2nd of April General Middleton left Qu'Appelle Station, and marched nineteen miles to Fort Qu'Appelle, a Hudson's Bay post. He halted there till the 6th, the time being fully occupied in rifle practice and general instruction of our small force, and in organisation of transport.

On the 6th we commenced our march in earnest. The country is not difficult for troops. Rolling prairie land, covered here and there more or less thickly with poplar "bluffs,"\* it resembles much an English park. Engineered roads there are none, but there are few bad gradients, and few watercourses ; and luckily for us the frost was still deep enough in the ground to give good bottom to what might later in the season have proved awkward quagmires. Though the season was breaking, the cold was intense. Our tent-pegs froze fast in the ground, and we had to cut them out on striking camp. Our boots froze to the stirrup-irons. There was a perpetual high wind, rain, and occasional "blizzard."† But the troops trudged on constantly, doing twenty miles a day. At night we formed our wagons into a "corrale," after the American fashion, wheel to wheel and poles inwards, with the teamsters, tents, and horses inside the circle—the camp outside the "corrale."

Firewood and water were generally to be found in abundance. On the 13th we arrived at Humboldt. Halted the 14th, marched again the 15th. The General was anxious to secure Clarke's Crossing on the Saskatchewan as soon as possible. He hoped to be able to utilise the river as a line of communication, and the Crossing as an advanced post was therefore important. It was also on the telegraph line between Battleford and Humboldt. We had followed the wire since leaving Qu'Appelle, and by tapping it were generally in communication with Battleford and Ottawa.

We arrived at Clarke's Crossing on the 17th, having marched 177 miles in

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\* 'Bluff' is the North-West term for a wood. 'Heavy bluff' means thick wood,

† A snowstorm with high wind.



twelve days, or nearly fifteen miles a day including halts, and nearly eighteen miles a day exclusive of halts. We found there a small white settlement, capable of affording us a few supplies at extravagant prices, a telegraph station, and two ferry boats or "scows." The Saskatchewan is here about 300 yards across a muddy rapid river, with steep banks some 150 feet high, deep mud and shingle to the water's edge, strewn with huge masses of ice left there by the spring freshets. At the Crossing and on the march there we were overtaken by A Battery from Quebec, with two guns (9 pr. R.M.L.), the 10th Grenadiers from Toronto, and Bolton's Mounted Infantry.

The force destined to attack Riel's position was now complete, and was composed as follows :—

				All ranks.
A Battery (Quebec), 2 9-pr. R. M. L. guns	...	...	...	111
C Company, Infantry School (Toronto)	...	...	...	45
10th Grenadiers (Toronto)	...	...	...	267
90th (Winnipeg)	...	...	...	314
Irregular Corps raised from settlers	{	Bolton's Mounted Infantry	...	70
		French's Mounted Scouts	...	29
TOTAL				836

Our line of communications was almost unguarded. We had been unable to spare troops to look after the Indian reserves at Touchwood and the File Hills. Our convoys arrived daily without escort, and we had to hope that the show of force might overawe the country we had left behind us.

The information received was invariably bad, and the maps faulty, but it was evident that Riel had established himself on the east side of the Saskatchewan at Batoches Ferry. The Indian rebels were on the west side. Riel was reported to have with him about 500 men, badly armed, under Gabriel Dumont, a well known buffalo-hunter and rifle shot.

From Clarke's Crossing to Batoches is thirty-three miles. The trail along the east bank was reported clear of wood to Gabriel's Crossing (twenty-eight miles), after which it was said to enter thick bush, and to be very dangerous. The trail along the west bank passed through an open country to nearly opposite Batoches, where it also entered the bush. The General decided to divide his force and to advance by the trails on both sides of the river. Riel would then, if defeated on either side, be unable to make good his retreat by crossing the river. We also intercepted his line of retreat to the States, while if he attempted to go north he must run the gauntlet of Colonel Irvine's scouts from Prince Albert.

On the 18th, Bolton's Mounted Infantry reconnoitred the trail on the east bank. The day was stormy, snowing hard, but we succeeded in taking three Sioux Indians of Whitecap's band, who proved to be two sons of the chief and his son-in-law. On the 22nd, French's scouts went out on the west side of the river, and again came on Riel's scouts, and exchanged a few shots. By the evening of the 23rd we had, with much labour, by means of a roughly contrived ferry, succeeded in passing over to the opposite bank the troops to form the western column.

Our force was pretty equally divided. Lieut.-Colonel Montizambert of the Canadian Artillery commanded the Western Force, consisting of the 10th Grenadiers, the Winnipeg Field Battery and two guns, a detachment from A Battery, and fifty mounted men of the Irregular Corps. The General remained on the east bank, and had with him the 90th A Battery and two guns, forty men of the Infantry School, and fifty of Bolton's Mounted Infantry; each column was about 400 strong. I accompanied the Western Force. A scow\* had orders to follow us down the river, taking with it a small boat, in case we wished to communicate.

On the morning of the 23rd both columns, within sight of each other, commenced their march down the river. The weather was getting much warmer, and the prairie was already dotted with flowers. In the evening we camped opposite each other, the General's force at a small settlement called Mackintosh's Farm.

Early on the 24th General Middleton's force was attacked, Bolton's Mounted Infantry, pushed well to the front, being suddenly fired on. The trail here crosses a deep ravine, called Fish Creek, and it was probably the rebel intention that his column should descend into the Creek before it was attacked; but our scouts had drawn the enemy's fire, and let the cat out of the bag.

The General had time to get up his infantry and guns, and though attacked on both his flanks, he drove them back. But immediately to his front, in a deep hollow of the wooded ravine, were rifle pits commanding the trail, and from these the rebels never budged. Our men lined the crest of the ravine, and fired into the pits. We sent our two nine-pounders across, and took them in reverse with case shot, but in vain. And all day long almost entirely concealed the rebels picked off our men. The General was shot through his fur cap. Both his aides-de-camp were wounded, one having two horses shot under him. And my orderly's horse was shot. Evening was coming on, and we had lost heavily. The General decided that to rush the pits would entail a heavy loss of life, which the advantage gained would not in any way repay. And he decided to pitch his camp. We chose a place half a mile from the Creek, near the Saskatchewan, on a fine open piece of prairie. Two more companies of the 10th Grenadiers and the Winnipeg Field Battery had joined us late in the afternoon; but all the transport of the western column was still on the other side of the river, and with it were only fifty scouts and one company of the 10th.

Night came on with pelting rain. None of us are likely to forget the dark wet night of the 24th close to the deep ravine, still holding, for all we knew, a concealed enemy, and with us nothing but raw troops, totally unaccustomed to night work, and hampered by wounded men, or the bright moonlight and the false alarm of the 26th, when Darcy Baker, of the Scouts, lying badly wounded, sprang up, called for his rifle and his horse, and fell back dead. We thought, we had come out for a picnic, and it was impossible to help feeling that war's hardships are doubly cruel to the civilian soldier.

On the 25th we did nothing. We wanted breathing time. On the 26th a

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\* A large flat-bottomed boat.

strong party went to the scene of the fight, and recovered two of our men whom we had left dead. They were not scalped, and had not been touched. We found two dead Indians, and fifty-five dead or dying rebel ponies. The enemy had evidently left the neighbourhood. Our own loss was ten killed or died of wounds, and forty-seven wounded, out of about four hundred men engaged. The rebel loss, as subsequently ascertained, was, I believe, six killed and about fifteen or sixteen wounded. The main body of their whole force had probably been brought against us.

Late in the afternoon our half-breed interpreter Peter Hourie had called over the edge of the ravine to the men in the pits, "Is Gabriel Dumont there?" Answer, "Yes." "Are there many of you there?" "There are plenty of us left." "Will you have a talk with me?" No answer. We believed that the rebels were fighting on the orders of Gabriel Dumont, but that Riel himself was not present. The Metis had met us on their frontier. Fish Creek is the boundary of the half-breed settlement, St. Antoine de Padua.

The force halted at Fish Creek till 7th May, awaiting the arrival of the steamer "Northcote" with supplies, which arrived on the 5th with two companies of the Midland Battalion and a Gatling gun.

On the 7th the force, now united, marched to Gabriel's Crossing, ten miles, and then leaving the river trail, turned to the left across country, till it struck the main trail from Humboldt to Batoches, eight miles from that place, and camp was pitched on the open prairie just outside the river belt of bush.

On the morning of the 9th we marched to attack Batoches. We left our camp standing, and took with us every available man. The "Northcote," with thirty-five men of C Company, had been told to drop down the river from Gabriel's Crossing, and be off Batoches at 8 A.M. on the 9th, so as to intercept Riel should he attempt to cross the river. She was to get into action as soon as possible after 8 A.M., and to make any diversion she could in our favour. We hoped to attack on the land side at the same time. Reveille sounded at 4 A.M., and we marched between 5 A.M. and 6 A.M. on a lovely spring morning.

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At 8 A.M. we heard the "Northcote" whistling, and she soon commenced a sharp musketry fire. At the same time we struck the river bank, and found ourselves in more open ground, almost in what may be called the suburb of the Batoches settlement. We got up our field guns, opened fire on the houses, and pushed on with a company of the 10th Grenadiers extended. The trail here runs close to the river bank, which is high and precipitous, covered with bush to the water's edge. We soon found ourselves on an open space in front of the Roman Catholic church and the priest's house, which was full of priests and nuns and half-breed women and children. From here you could see right into the settlement, which lay in a hollow below us, fringed with thick "bluff"—Riel's council house in the centre of the hollow some eight hundred yards from us. On the other side of the river were the numerous "tepees" of

an Indian camp. We opened fire on his council house. Two guns had been moved off the trail a few yards down the bank, which was not here so steep, in order to get a better range at the houses; Howard, with his Gatling gun, was there too. A scout reported to me that he had been fired on from a rifle pit on our right front; but we had met, with little opposition, when suddenly there was a shrill war whoop of many voices under the muzzle of the right-hand gun. Unseen, the Crees had crept almost to the guns. There was a general hurried move to the open, when the rattle of the Gatling and a sudden cessation of the war whoops told that Howard had not moved.

Between us and the settlement in the hollow was this belt of bush; and all day long from it came a nasty galling fire, assisted by a dropping cross-fire from the opposite side of the river. In the afternoon the rebels set light to the bush in front of us, and a great cloud of smoke and fire moved down towards the church. We took our wounded from the church and placed them in wagons ready to move, for, hard pressed, we could not gain an inch. We had no supports; things looked critical, and there was eight miles of bush between us and our camp.

In the afternoon I was sent by the General to the telegraph station at Humboldt (sixty-five miles). How the little column gallantly forced its way into Batoches on the morning of the 11th is now a part of Canadian history. It lost, in the three days' fighting, nine killed and thirty wounded—the rebel loss being fifty-one killed and one hundred and seventy-three wounded.

On the 15th Riel surrendered to Middleton's scouts. His chief lieutenant, Gabriel Dumont, escaped across the frontier. The rebellion was practically at an end. "Poundmaker" surrendered to General Middleton at Battleford on the 26th. General Strange had guaranteed the safety of Edmonton, and though the pursuit of "Big Bear" gave the troops more hard work, all cause for anxiety had disappeared with Riel's defeat at Batoches.

The trial of Riel will bring to light the secret history of the rebellion, which, on the whole, will do good. It will render necessary a searching inquiry into the system of Government of the North-West and of Indian agencies, and the military experience gained will be valuable.

The Metis never showed themselves, but though good shots at short ranges, in other points they were contemptible. They never attacked a convoy, they never cut the wire behind us, and though Indians and "Breeds" are born mounted infantry, who can shoot as well from their horses as on foot, they never harassed us on the march. Possibly the want of grass for their horses owing to the earliness of the season, may account for this, but it would seem as if they intended only to defend their homes against invasion. At Fish Creek they met us on their frontier, at Batoches they fought us on their own doorstep. They were badly armed with a certain number of repeating Winchester rifles, but many old smooth bores, they were short of ammunition, and it is doubtful if the force with Riel ever numbered 700 men, Indians and "Breeds" combined. The prisoners they took they treated well, and they respected the dead.

## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1885.

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Cholera : Its Cause and Prevention. By Professor BURDON SANDERSON	...	...	...	...	...
Prices and Gold Supply. By M. G. MULHALL, F.S.S.	...	...	...	...	...
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**PERSIA AND AFGHANISTAN.**—In the complications that sooner or later are likely to ensue between Russia and England, the two British Indian co-limetary States must needs represent important factors. On the degree, then, that England may be able to safeguard the integrity of Persia and Afghanistan, or to rely upon their benevolent neutrality, will depend the success of a collision, as well as the minimizing of its disturbing effects.

Isolated as they are, with a certain proneness to antagonism in their international relations due to their religious constitution, these States offer themselves individually as an easy prey for absorption, while they would need the fullest protection in order to ensure the free exercise of their rights as independent nationalities. It may fairly be contended that to mould such heterogeneous elements into a confederation for effective defence could hardly be contemplated as a measure of practical policy, though it may possibly be one susceptible of realization under the auspices of a common superior, and under the stress of a common peril. Where, however, their interests are identical, and these interests are indirectly assailed by inimical intrigues or by piecemeal aggression, the right of intervention may properly be asserted by an ally so intimately concerned as England, and would be justified on her part as a means of preserving the balance of power which in Europe would be secured by a league of the greater nations, and which in Central Asia must depend upon the good faith and forbearance of Russia alone. If such good faith and forbearance were in any degree reliable or assured, a common protectorate by England and Russia with mutual right to appeal to arbitration in the interests of peace, followed by the concerted limitation of coercive measures for the redress of grievances, would furnish sufficient security against ulterior designs of aggrandizement, or at least would preclude

surprise in the subjugation of feudatories, or in the annexation of their territory on the pretext of the non-observance of international obligations.

Past experience, however, demonstrates that such a protectorate, based on treaty engagements of which the efficacy would be devoid of any guarantee but force, could only be realized under conditions disadvantageous to England, as excusing, on her side, the blind confidence and unpreparedness that are seemingly inseparable from the action of popular Governments. The challenge of Russia when her plans were matured would not the less result in the seizure of strategic positions, indispensable to the furtherance of schemes which it is impossible to dissociate from her past career of conquest; and if these are to be resisted in their initiation, the better hope of success would consist in the assertion of an independent policy of which the attempted invasion should constitute a *casus belli*. What that policy has hitherto been admits of no misconception, though its vindication has been discredited at home for party purposes; what it shall be in the future appears to be still undetermined; but whatever the resolutions taken, it is due to the dignity of the nation that they should assume a character of stability, and that when danger is threatened the views and plans of one great Minister should not prove so distasteful to his successor as to warrant the postponement of measures of vital moment to the gratification of personal prejudice.

Our relations in the past with Persia and Afghanistan resolves itself into a narrative of a fitful policy, which, alternating between costly conciliation and vigorous coercion, has failed to neutralise the efforts of Russia to alienate both countries from England, and has rather operated to reduce them to the condition of mere geographical expressions, such as they now present themselves.

Three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the gigantic projects of the first Napoleon, acting in momentary collusion with Russia, excited the alarm of the British Indian Government, and prompted the well-known missions of Malcolm and Elphinstone to the Courts respectively of the Shah and the Ameer. In the case of Persia, England's friendly overtures resulted in an alliance *quasi*-offensive and defensive between the two States, which was presently fortified by the deputation of military officers, with details of each arm, to drill and discipline the Persian army; but these measures, though answering the immediate purposes of political influence in which they originated, were found to be not only devoid of substantial advantage, but, measured by Oriental aspirations, to be provocative rather than counter-active of the danger they were intended to avert. Russia, relaxing for a season her encroachments on Turkey, with appetite whetted for further spoliation of her neighbour, now renewed her aggression upon Persia. The native forces of the country were still in no condition to resist her attack, nor was the storm to be exorcised by diplomatic sympathy, abortive in its conception, because barren of executive principle and discreditable in its issue, as involving the repudiation of treaty engagements.

Given, however, the geographical conditions and the unstable character of the local administration, it was perhaps only in the nature of things that the British Government should seek to withdraw from a false position, and to cancel the bond by which it had undertaken to subsidise the defence of the country. In the issue, the obnoxious article was expunged from the treaty at the price of a money payment, which fell practically to be

appropriated towards the discharge of the indemnity to be exacted by Russia at the close of an unprovoked war. The irony of fate thus completed the disillusion of all the parties to the transaction, and exposed the fallacy of fostering a cause, which, when seriously endangered, England was as yet unprepared to make her own. Persia was henceforth to be reduced to a condition of ill-disguised vassalage to Russia, and the course of our more recent relations has served only to emphasize her entire subservience to the designs of that Power. Apart from mere personal questions and wrangles respecting commercial advantages or international privileges, the influence of the British Mission at Teheran has necessarily been subordinated to that of the Russian Minister, and whenever the political aims and interests of Russia have been seriously concerned, he has not wanted irresistible arguments to overrule the counsels of England, even to the disregard of threats of coercion such as England has twice been reluctantly compelled to enforce.

A remarkable instance may be quoted in illustration of this fact. Once again, in the interval preceding the second rupture, the British Government had repeated the experiment of deputing English officers to reform the rabble army of Persia, but it was only to find that the weapon so fashioned was incontinently turned against itself in behoof of its rival.

Again in 1837 and 1838, the conversion of Persia into a tool for Russian aggrandizement obliged the British Government to resort to coercion by the occupation only of the insignificant island of Karrack in the Persian Gulf; and again in 1855, by the capture of Bushire and Mohumra, the two principal ports of Persia.

We may, then, easily foresee the state of impotency to which Persia would be reduced if Russia consolidated her position at Herat, and may appreciate the necessity for England of forestalling the issue.

It would be idle at this date to recall the circumstances under which England has always aimed at maintaining the Afghan nationality, influenced as they were successively by the sway of Yar Mahomed, the gallant action of Pottinger, the vicissitudes of Afghan rule, and the reiterated invasion of the country by Persia at the open instigation of Russia, culminating at length in the final reduction of the principality by Dost Mahomed with the aid of British subsidies. The memory of these events for any other purpose than that of historical disquisition has been obliterated by the hostile advance of Russia to the gates of Herat, and by the necessity now imposed upon England of vindicating her past policy by her own direct means, or of submitting to the inevitable consequences of its abandonment. Foreseeing these consequences, successive administrations had accepted the duties and responsibilities which that policy entailed by preparing the way for its efficient prosecution. It remained for the late Government on its advent to power to renounce the pledges of its predecessors, to forego the fruits of costly sacrifices, and to substitute for carefully planned measures of defence a blind reliance upon those Russian assurances which on the same field had been so repeatedly belied, and this with the result, natural to such wilful self-deception, of being constrained to resume in haste and at disadvantage the self-same measures that without the shadow of reason it had so recklessly postponed.

It is matter of national concern that a policy for which England has resolutely contended; at the cost of repeated wars, should not be discredited when assailed from the one quarter which had been contemplated in its initiation.

The advance of Russia was the danger apprehended. Her progress has not been delayed a day, if indeed it has not been hastened by protests and remonstrances of which the futility has been demonstrated by the never-ceasing intrigues that have heralded it both in Persia and Afghanistan, and by the pretexts of expediency still adduced to justify it. Nevertheless, the conditions which have determined the value and importance of Herat, as embodied in the expressions "Gate of India," "Key of India," have been instinctively accepted as sound by our most experienced statesmen and diplomatists, not only on account of the command it confers upon its possessor over Persia and Afghanistan, but as furnishing, from the extent and superior fertility of its soil, as attested by the history of past ages, a base of operations, if not self-sustaining for purposes of ulterior aggression, yet supplementary in the first degree of exterior and distant resources.

With Herat independent as an integral part of the Afghan dominions, the defenders of India would at least be safe from surprise, and in lieu of constant alarms, with the changes and disturbances incidental thereto, would be enabled to select their own ground of battle, and to prepare at leisure the means of repelling the first menace of invasion; in other words, with Herat for his objective, the enemy must traverse a much greater distance from his nearest base at Baku, with communications obstructed by sea and desert, in order to reach the point of attack, than would intervene between that point and our own base at Quetta, with our lines of communication secured by rail extended, as they should have been extended while Afghanistan was avowedly beyond the sphere of Russian influence, as far as Candahar.

From a military point of view the question is one of vital moment to our peaceable occupation of India.

With Herat in her possession, the balance of power would immediately incline in her favour, and though England may rely upon her superior wealth and organization to make good her resistance in the end, her passive attitude in the present, and retreat everywhere in the face of difficulty, her craven composition of broken covenants, and renunciation in Central Asia of her traditional policy, must invest the aggressor, especially in the East, with the advantages that proverbially belong to attack over defence.

The present action of the British Government would, however, seem to imply a final resolution to maintain the integrity and independence of Afghanistan; and it may confidently be predicted that should England be forced to put forth her whole offensive powers in a life and death struggle for supremacy, the hold of Russia on her recently acquired territory would be seriously compromised, while the resolute attitude of England in the defence of their common interests would command the sympathy of those co-liminary States who have hitherto been discouraged by her half-hearted policy, and gain to her side the resources, not only of Afghanistan and Persia, but of Turkey and China, States who would then have more to hope from a coalition with England than to fear from the hostility of Russia.



## TEMPLE BAR.

AUGUST, 1885.

A Girton Girl. Chaps. XXX.—XXXIII.	...	...	...	...	—
Constance Alfieri, Marquise d'Azeglio	...	...	...	...	—
The Message	...	...	...	...	—
The Princesse de Lamballe	...	...	...	...	—
Victor Hugo	...	...	...	...	—
Practical Jokers	—	...	...	...	854
"According to her Lights"	...	...	...	...	—
"A Passing Cloud"	...	...	...	...	—
Modern Prettiness <i>v.</i> Art	...	...	...	...	—
Scratches	...	...	...	...	—
Mitre Court. Chaps. XXIII.—XXV.	...	...	...	...	—

**PRACTICAL JOKERS.**—A few extracts are given from this lively account of French practical jokes—happily much less practical than such efforts are apt to become on the English side of the Channel.

We have read somewhere of a solitary joker, whose chief pleasure consisted in planning tricks, the effect of which he never had an opportunity of seeing ; the objects selected for his victims being invariably unknown to him. He would collect a quantity of old newspapers, and address them to fictitious people at equally apocryphal places, secretly gloating over the vexatious embarrassment thus prepared for the post-office clerks and letter-carriers ; or, by way of variety, would purchase a dozen invitation cards, fill them up with names taken at random from the Court Guide, and confide them to the first chance messenger for distribution. This mole-like mode, however, of working in the dark would have little attraction for the majority of practical jokers, who are as a rule more inclined to court publicity than to avoid it ; and whose enjoyment of their own mischievous conceptions is never wholly complete unless it be shared by others. In France, this ingenious method of inflicting annoyance is popularly known by the name of "*scie*," an elastic term including every variety of mystification ; although it may be noted to the credit of our neighbours that their pleasantries are generally harmless, and do not, as is occasionally the case with us, degenerate into horse-play ; for is it not recorded that not many years ago, in a country house which shall be nameless, an aged nobleman had his chair suddenly pulled from under him, thereby endangering his spine, for the brutal gratification of a fellow patrician. The mystifying process, as practised across the Channel, is of a milder and more recreative kind ; as the following examples

which—the subject being a favourite one with the chronicles of “ana”—might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, will suffice to show.

It would appear, from an anecdote handed down to us by that amusing retailer of contemporary gossip, Tallemant des Réaux, that even the most distinguished ladies of his time were not altogether exempt from this very general failing; for he relates that the poet Voiture having composed a sonnet, was so satisfied with it that he deemed it worthy of being presented to Madame de Rambouillet, who, prompted by the spirit of mischief, caused it to be sewn among the contents of a volume of poems published several years previously; and, this done, laid the book in a conspicuous place on her table. Voiture, coming into the room shortly after, took it up, and discovering to his amazement the sonnet already in print, imagined himself to be guilty of plagiarism, and repeated his verses several times over with a bewildered air, feeling sure that he must have read them somewhere, and unthinkingly appropriated them as his own. “Word for word the same, not a single difference!” groaned the disconsolate poet anathematising his too retentive memory, and meditating what apology he should make to the marquise for his involuntary presumption. When at length informed by Madame de Rambouillet and her sister *précieuses* of the trick that had been played him, his delight at finding his claim to the authorship of the sonnet uncontested was so great, that far from resenting the joke, he enjoyed it even more than they did.

The following examples are more in the English style:—

Three young men, setting out on a journey to a distant part of the country, and without a sou in their pockets to defray their expenses, determined, after holding council together, to assume the character of strolling actors, and on arriving at their first halting-place solicited and obtained permission from the local authorities to announce the performance of a piece never before represented, and entitled, “The Penniless Travellers.” There being no theatre in the village, they decided on erecting a temporary stage in a large barn, the hire of which was to be paid out of the receipts; and as soon as their preparations were completed, and two itinerant musicians engaged by way of orchestra, sent an individual with a drum to summon the inhabitants, most of whom, attracted by the novelty, readily handed over their three sous each to one of the confederates posted at the entrance of the barn. When all were assembled, and remained patiently awaiting the commencement, the trio quietly decamped with their booty after locking the door and carrying the key away with them, exulting in the success of their stratagem. About a mile from the village they met a peasant on his way thither, and besought him as a favour to take back the key and unlock the door of the barn they had forgotten to leave open; adding that in it were a number of calves half starved with hunger, not having eaten anything all day. The peasant willingly consented, but on his arrival was somewhat surprised to hear sounds proceeding from the interior of the barn more resembling human voices than the bleating of the animals he expected to find there. However, he lost no time in unlocking the door, and could not restrain his merriment when he beheld some four score individuals rushing out one after another, and evidently in a state of extraordinary exasperation. This unwonted spectacle so amused him that he literally roared with laughter; seeing which, the entire multitude, naturally taking him for an accomplice of the three adventurers, fell upon him, and belaboured him soundly. A few weeks later, a company of real Thespians,

happening to pass through the village, and being in sore want of funds, proposed, as their ill luck would have it, to give the inhabitants a taste of their quality ; whereupon the latter, imagining themselves likely to be duped a second time, so rudely maltreated them that they had great difficulty in escaping with their lives.

When the charming operetta "Blaise et Babet" was at the height of its popularity, chiefly owing to a song beginning, "Lise chantait dans la prairie," a party of young students took it into their heads to inflict a "*scie*" on the actor Monvel, author of the libretto. With this intent they assembled one night after the performance beneath his window, and amid much shouting and uproar declared that they would not go away without seeing him. On his at length coming forward and inquiring what they wanted, "We wish to know," replied one of them, "what is the name of the air sung by Mlle. Lise."

"If you will wait a moment," said Monvel, "I will tell you ;" and fetching a jug of water, coolly emptied it over his visitors, adding by way of explanation that the air in question was no other than, "Il pleut, il pleut, bergère !"

We doubt if English subalterns would even so far forget the divinity that doth hedge a full general as to perpetrate an organized "sell" such as the following :—

Marshal Castellane, among other singularities, had a mania for questioning his officers about their families ; his invariable mode of interrogation being, "What is your father's profession ? your mother's, and your sister's ?" This stereotyped repetition became at last so wearisome that some of his younger subalterns agreed on the following reply, to be given by each in turn : "My father is a shoemaker, my mother a laundress, and my sister is very flighty." On the ensuing Sunday, after the usual military parade, the Marshal, who had already received the same answer to his questions from three officers, turned to a fourth, and recommenced in his accustomed strain, "What is your father's profession ?"

"He is a shoemaker."

"And your mother's ?"

"She is a laundress."

"That will do," interrupted the chief, "I know the rest ; your sister is very flighty, and you will consider yourself confined to barracks until she behaves better."

One hardly sees "where the joke comes in" in the feats of a certain M. De Fortia Piles, who, having no better occupation for his leisure hours, conceived the project of addressing letters to various persons, signed "Caillot Duval," which, although full of the most outrageous absurdities, were nevertheless in almost every instance taken *au sérieux* by his correspondents, whose answers, together with the original epistles, form the contents of a volume published in 1795.

In one of them he implores the lieutenant of police in a provincial town to make inquiries respecting his daughter who, after secretly eloping with a captain of Hussars, is presumed to have taken refuge in the locality under his jurisdiction, and subjoins a "life-like" description of the young lady : "Dark rather than fair, the eyebrows nearly black, the chin pointed, the arm plump, the nose ordinary, the mouth and eyes like other people's." In

reply to this entreaty, he is gravely informed that "Notwithstanding the most active research, no trace of the fair fugitive has been discovered." In another he suggests to a Parisian saddler, "whose reputation," he says, "is European," the idea of a marriage between "his little Caillot, his only eldest son," and his correspondent's daughter, "always supposing him to be blest with one." Incredible though it may appear, he received the following answer by return of post: "I have a daughter aged sixteen, and considered to be pretty. I had no intention of seeking a husband for her at present; but your proposal is so flattering that I can imagine no greater happiness for her than to become a member of so eminently respectable a family." His masterpiece, however, is the offer made by him to a well-known bookseller of a magnificent volume printed in 1400, (before the invention of the art), and adorned with splendid engravings, the title of which was the "Entrance of King Priam into Paris." After some preliminary negotiation, the dealer having expressed a desire to see the work, "Caillot" replies that he has sold it to the royal library for 3,000 livres, in addition to a pension of 300 livres, one moiety of which, after his decease, is to be paid to his grandmother!

We have heard an English counterpart of the next story.

Rather more than a century ago, when the diligence plying between Paris and Marseilles was five days on the road, one of the passengers from the latter city happened to be the painter Carle Vernet, the father of Horace. Among his fellow-travellers was a stout countrified looking personage, extremely taciturn, and a suitable object in the artist's opinion for his favourite diversion, a practical joke. Taking advantage of a moment when the vehicle was ascending a steep hill, and the passengers, according to custom, got down to stretch their legs, he leapt nimbly across a ditch by the road-side, and turning to the other, asked him with a smile if he could do as much. This eliciting no reply, Vernet insisted that he was afraid to risk the jump. "In that case, I will try," said the stout man, "on condition that, if I succeed, you agree to pay for my breakfast as well as your own." "Willingly," assented Carle; upon which his companion, taking his preliminary run so awkwardly as to set the spectators in a roar, just managed to clear the ditch. Towards evening they came to another hill, and the painter, having successfully accomplished his leap over a trench wider than the preceding one, repeated his proposal, which was accepted after some demur, it being stipulated that the cost of the two dinners should be defrayed by the loser. This time "Monsieur Legros" (a nick-name bestowed on him by the other occupants of the diligence) set about his task with apparent reluctance, but by a gigantic effort contrived to win his wager; and the same good fortune attended him during the remainder of the journey, at the expiration of which the unfortunate painter was thoroughly tired out, and had moreover exhausted his slender finances by constantly paying for two. When the party separated, the stout man, taking leave of his late Amphitryon, thanked him for the ten repasts he had enjoyed gratis, and expressed a hope that he would continue to patronise him in his professional capacity.

"Professional!" exclaimed Vernet. "Why, who in the world are you?"

"Jules Gaffiot, at your service, surnamed the 'Flying Hercules,' and an unworthy pupil of the celebrated Nicolet," modestly responded "Monsieur Legros."

The mystifier had met his match.

Somewhat similar to the above is the tale of how a Cambridge under-graduate roughly ordered a "lout" who was leaning against a gate to get out of the way; the lout, appearing in no hurry to obey, the under-graduate proceeded to take off his coat with a view to administering correction, when the quiet words "Young man, I am Jem Mace," cooled his ardour and sent him home a wiser man.

The following is a good example of Gallic readiness :—

Among the frequenters of a well-known Parisian restaurant was a certain methodical personage, who dined there every day, and always at the same table, which the proprietor, with a due regard for so regular a customer, specially reserved for him. Once, however, by some mistake of the waiter, he found on arriving his usual place already occupied by a stranger; and, inwardly fretting at the disappointment, entered into conversation with the mistress of the establishment, who presided at the counter, and awaited the intruder's departure as patiently as he could. The latter seemed in no hurry, for, after consulting, the bill of fare, he ordered another dish and a fresh bottle of wine; seeing which the *habitué*, who would rather have gone without his dinner than taken any place but his own, resolved at all hazards to get rid of the unwelcome guest, and addressing the *dame du comptoir* in a low tone, inquired if she knew who the individual at his table was.

"Not in the least," she replied; "this is the first time he has been here."

"And ought to be the last," he significantly remarked, "if you knew as much as I do."

"Why, who is he?"

"The executioner of Versailles!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the terrified *dame du comptoir*; and, calling her husband, imparted to him the information she had just received.

"Make out his bill," he said, "and counter-order what he has asked for. He must not stay here, or we shall lose every customer we have."

Whereupon, armed with the document in question, he presently crossed the room to where the stranger was sitting, and inquired if he were satisfied with his dinner.

"Pretty well," was the answer, "but the service might be quicker. Why don't they bring what I ordered?"

"Monsieur," replied the *traiteur*, assuming an air of importance, "I am compelled to say that your presence here is undesirable; and that I must request you to leave my house as soon as possible, and on no account to set foot in it again."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked his astonished guest.

"You must be perfectly aware," continued the other, "that your being seen here is most prejudicial to me, and——"

"Speak plainly, man!" impatiently interrupted the stranger. "I insist on being told who you imagine me to be."

"*Parbleu!* you know as well as I do. The executioner of Versailles!"

"Ah! and pray who is your authority for this?"

"That gentleman," replied the proprietor of the restaurant, pointing to the *habitué* at the counter, who was beginning to feel uneasy as to the result of his "joke."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, raising his voice so as to be distinctly heard by every one present; "that gentleman has informed you that I am the executioner of Versailles. Well, he ought to know; for two years ago it was my painful duty to *brand* him!"

With these words, uttered in a tone of complete indifference, he laid the amount of his reckoning on the table; and without deigning even to glance at his would-be mystifier, walked out of the room, leaving the latter to dine with what appetite he might.

The concluding anecdote is too good to be omitted.

That incorrigible *farceur* and practical joker Romieu, subsequently Prefect of La Dordogne, had been dining one evening at the Trois Frères; and while enjoying a digestive stroll under the arcades of the Palais Royal, entered one of the numerous jewellers' shops, and pointing to some watches in the window, gravely asked the proprietor what they were. On being informed, "Ah," said he, "and pray, what are they intended for?"

"They tell the hour," was the answer.

"Indeed! and do they always go on ticking like that?"

"Certainly, if they are wound up regularly."

"How is that done?" continued the mystifier with an assumption of intense interest.

"Simply by introducing a key into this hole, and turning it until it stops."

"Wonderful! and when ought one to wind up a watch?"

"Every morning"

"Ah, and why not every night?"

"Because," replied the jeweller with a low bow, "at night, Monsieur Romieu, you are generally tipsy!"

**MODERN PRETTINESS v. ART.**—This is an indictment of the false elegance of the modern drawing-room with its crowds of small tables covered with uncleanable nick-nacks and its want of comfort and really fine art.

Here is a picture of a dining-room and a drawing-room of the earlier part of this century.

Truly I remember the hideous dining and drawing-room in which, when I was young, we ate, and sat, and read, and worked and wrote. I was then, as I am now, one of what may be described as the fairly-well-off middle class—of that class which has supplied India with brave soldiers and great legislators, and has furnished our own country with some good and some bad lawyers and priests and doctors,—of that class whose fathers and friends fought in the Peninsula and on the high seas, voted on all occasions for Church and State, and loyally were mourning for Kings and Queens.

Our dining-room, in those old days when George IV was king, contained twelve mahogany chairs, the seats covered with black horsehair cloth, two arm (not easy) chairs, a sofa to match, a dining table dark with age and polished by sheer labour to the smoothness of a mirror, a capacious sideboard, and a cellarette. The Brussels carpet had been so good that it had faded in its thickness to what are now called æsthetic colours. There was a rug to match; and the window-curtains were red damasked moreen.

On the mantelpiece were two French bronze branch candlesticks—we did not call them candelabra then—and two very good Japanese figures. A series of proof prints after Hogarth hung on the red flock-papered walls.

The drawing-room was very little more furnished, but there the chairs were covered with blue striped moreen, and there were two easy ones and two worked ones not easy, a large comfortable sofa, a round table, a card or whist table, and a fairly good piano in a mahogany case, though the rest of the furniture was rosewood. Nobody seemed to think much about the furniture except my mother, who occasionally regretted that the curtains were drab and did not match the chairs. They were rather handsome and had been given or left to her, and no idea of superseding them by anything more suitable ever crossed her mind. The carpet was a frightful combination of large flowers and stiff scrolls. On the walls there hung a picture by Morland, two small copies after Paul Potter, and a family portrait by Lawrence. On the chimneypiece was some very good porcelain, brought by a brother from the then far East, and two lustre candlesticks. I confess there was not much to please or interest in the fittings of those rooms. But they had their redeeming advantages. In the first place, there was plenty of spare space to move about in; by pushing back the table one could dance or play games, as we often did, without fear of coming in contact with rickety tables laden with trumpery china; then the marble chimneypieces were washable, and not dressed in grimy velvet or lace, a thing only bearable in countries where wood alone is burnt and where coal-dust is unknown; Macassar was in its infancy, and anti-macassars were not. Such rooms too were easily cleaned.

A small household in the well-to-do middle classes commonly consists now, as then, of cook, housemaid, and footman or parlour-maid. To clean a room filled with furniture and nick-nacks would take the greater part of a long day; and in what is called an æsthetic house, the nick-nacks not only pervade the drawing-room, but overflow into the bed-rooms.

We see occasionally, in journals intended particularly for women, articles lecturing them for not doing more in their own houses, and recommending them to wash the china, help make the beds, and assist in all the light household work; but life is now far more full of interests and social duties than it ever was before. No mistress of such a house, supposing she has any family, can, with all the goodwill in the world, neglect the claims upon her time peculiar to our age, in order to follow this advice. So thorough cleanliness in over-bedizened rooms of small households there cannot be.

But the greatest of all the advantages of an old-fashioned room was the absence of mere prettiness.

For from modern prettiness real art is now suffering; and it is exactly our class that is stifling, drowning, burying art and outraging taste by cheap ornamentation of all things and all places in our small houses.

In lordly mansions there is room for everything. It is one of the missions of the rich to encourage art, and it is a mission that our men of leisure and cultivation have always fulfilled. In their houses they have space and appropriate places for what is pretty as well as for what is beautiful. And a fair measure of such things we too may enjoy. I do not desire to fall back

upon hideousness. I do not yearn for the horrid furniture I was happy amongst years ago. I delight in a well-painted cup and saucer, a piece of good embroidery, well executed wood-carving, in all pretty things for themselves; but why in the name of common sense should we who are not rich, who have not room, sacrifice our limited space, our comfort, and the possibility of cleanliness, by pouring into a small house as many things, as if we had a palace to disperse them over? Why diminish any area large enough for one stout person to pass through comfortably by placing there some unsteady table with a flower-pot, or a portfolio stand with photographs, or any other object the safety of which is endangered by every one who goes by? Quality is sacrificed to quantity, the fitness of things to prettiness.

A picture of a modern drawing-room may be drawn as a contrast to that of less æsthetic times.

I was lately left alone for half an hour in the drawing-room of a friend while she was finishing her correspondence, and I used the occasion to take stock of some of the innumerable trifles standing, lying, or hanging around, among which I had steered my way to an easy-chair. There stood on the table by which I had seated myself a painting of flowers and butterflies done on a mirror. It was well done, and in itself pretty, but surely for a painting a mirror is a most inappropriate and hard material turned to a use which destroys its own *raison d'être*. Granted that a border of flat conventional flowers may be used to adorn the edges of a looking-glass, can anything be less artistic than one nearly covered over with painting, round the edges, or amongst the colours on which, we see, when we look at it, bits of our own face? "The newest thing in ware" next caught my eye; flower vases, on the surface of which were modelled huge flowers in high relief and natural colours, the whole blossoms only attached to the body of the ware by their stalks or leaves. Ingeniously and beautifully modelled they were, but surely in such a place they were a violation of all art fitness. Vases like these are made to hold flowers and flowers do not grow on them. The juxtaposition of the real flowers and the modelled ones was disagreeable. Think too of their potentiality for dust-collecting! Then I glanced at the Dresden candlesticks, and noticed that each candlestick seemed to be growing out of a rose. But they were only china roses with a hole in the middle, doing duty for *bobèches* or candle saucers; and very effectually they had done it, for the wax or "palmitine" had lodged between the leaves of each rose; but who was to clean it out?—and how, without breaking the thin, delicately-tinted china, could it be done? Surely not by a housemaid in a hurry.

But my hostess came in, and after some talk of our friends in Egypt, and of the latest railway accident, afternoon tea was called for. There were in this room, twenty-three feet long by twenty wide, no less than six tables of various kinds and two marble consoles, but no place to hold the tea equipage, for which another small table was now brought in. As one or two more friends arrived more cups were called for, and there was a struggle, as each was used and done with, to find room to put it down. Mine I lodged between the clock and the other things on the crowded mantelpiece, where on an ordinary survey it made no appreciable difference, and where probably it would not be perceived by the hurried parlour-maid. I know this has often happened in my own house, for I confess that in these matters I also have sinned.



The writer is addressing none but well-to-do people with but a small amount of leisure, house room, and spare cash, and his remarks do not apply to those above or below the upper middle classes.

A cheap chromolithograph in a working-man's home is a great improvement on the ugly prints of Black-eyed Susan, or the coarse likenesses of Wellington and Nelson, daubed over with blue and red and yellow, that adorned the walls of cottages in my childhood. But in our rooms, are many cheap photographs better than one good line engraving? Are not a hundred articles of second-rate china much more in the way of comfort and cleanliness than the two or three heirlooms of porcelain treasured up by our mothers, and are they not, moreover, destructive of all discrimination in art?

The concluding counsel given is that we should beware of what is "rather pretty," and to avoid, as so many snares, bits of looking glass framed in velvet, numerous antimacassars, cheap Japanese toys, flower vases that will not hold flowers, and cups and saucer not meant to out of.

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## BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1885.

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A RECENT RIDE TO HERAT.—Tirpul, the place where the Boundary Commission had been driven by stress of circumstances, lies on the banks of the Hari Rud, then swollen into a mighty brick-red torrent, with its surface strewn with the wreckage of many a far-off forest. Never had there been such a flood. In front stands the one bridge which exists between Herat and Pul-i-Khatun. The seemingly endless winter had at last given way to spring, and the bright spring hues of the Euphrates poplar and dwarf tamarisk made a brilliant setting for the river, when lighted by the last rays of the western sun.

No one could call the scenery magnificent, but it was at least picturesque ; and for a short time Tirpul proved a pleasant resting-place.

But the excitement of watching day by day for the first sign of the approaching Cossack gradually gave way to a feeling of vexation that he was taking things so easily. We knew that, after the fight at Panjdeh, 3,000 Russian troops might have marched into Herat absolutely unopposed. Knowing their profound belief in the principle of *beati possidentes* (a belief which has been most fully justified), and having been told with great candour by the few Russian officers met by our explorers and surveyors that they were on their way to Herat, there was naturally an opinion current in camp that Panjdeh was but the beginning of the end,—and the end was Herat. Exactly how far they were prepared for such an advance, of course we did not know. Neither did we know exactly how far political considerations would allow them to proceed. But we *did* know that just at that juncture there was nothing to stop them, unless it was the escort of the British Commission, and consequently we watched for their next proceedings with interest. But the interest flagged, and the beauties of the surrounding scenery

became familiar ; and so an order for a small party of three to proceed as far as possible in the direction of Herat, and, if possible, to see the place itself, was hailed with thankfulness. The party consisted of Colonel Stewart and two engineer officers—Major Holdich, R.E., and Captain Peacocke, R.E. Once before much the same little party had tried to reach Herat, and had failed signally. Political reasons for not even approaching the neighbourhood were forcibly urged by the Governor, and the party returned to headquarters.

The road for two marches was familiar, but it was now gilded and painted by the hand of spring. The change was marvellous.

Instead of bare, brown, dusty plains, flanked by rugged hills equally bare and brown, there was a bright green stretch of prairie (it might have been prairie), besprinkled with flowers of every conceivable hue, amongst which the scarlet poppy was distinctly the most aggressive, gathering himself together with many other poppies in huge knots amongst the wormwood scrub, and covering great patches of country with brilliant red. The villages, too, had put on a clean and Sab bath-like appearance. Mud, under some aspects, is certainly clean and respectable. Perhaps it was the setting off of the fresh green mulberry-trees, or the brilliant emerald-coloured wheat-fields, or the primness of the ubiquitous poppies, here grown in rectangular beds, to make opium hereafter, but looking æsthetic and saintly at present with their spotless white heads bowing to the breeze. White poppies make the best opium, but for what reason I cannot tell.

The mountains east and south of Herat are high enough to be snow-capped. In May, Dawanda and Saféd Koh were still white and glittering as we rode up the valley.

Although the valley of Herat is famous for its resources in cultivation, there is not much of it till the neighbourhood of the city is reached. It is true that all along the river there is a strip of well-cultivated ground, here and there widening out to almost the whole breadth of the valley ; but it is only east of Ghorían that the wide stony *dasht* which forms a glacis at the foot of the flanking hills all along the valley is no longer the prevailing feature, and that the fields of cultivation develop from isolated patches into good wide stretches of land. The *dasht* is never annihilated. It is a flattish-surfaced, gravelly formation, produced by ages of detritus from the hills, rising in many places above irrigation level. Grass grows but very sparsely on the *dasht*. It is covered with wormwood scrub, which scents the air as it is crushed beneath the horses' feet, and a multitude of flowering plants, of the character of which the botanist of the expedition will no doubt inform the scientific world. A small yellow dwarf rose, with a dark centre, was very conspicuous. It grows in great profusion immediately round Herat.

After four pleasant day's marching, the party reached Sakh-surmál, a big village four or five miles north-west of the city. They could go no further without the permission of the Governor of Herat. Would he let them proceed or not ? The first sign was not promising.

A solitary horseman, who was recognised to be a servant of the Naib by the colonel, skirmished out from the village, armed apparently with a bunch

of roses for a peace-offering, and said he was commissioned by the Naib to show us a halting-place there, beyond which we were not to proceed that day. He pointed out a rather extensive graveyard, through which meandered one of the dirtiest streams I have ever seen, and explained that we should find that an excellent place in which to pitch our tents. This was scarcely good enough, after coming all that distance.

The colonel thought there must be some mistake, and resolved to beard the Naib in his own den. Accordingly a native *attaché*—Sirdar Mahomed Aslam Khan—was despatched with the hero of the roses to explain that we wished for a better halting-place than the one selected, although we were willing, of course, to go anywhere the Naib should direct. Meanwhile we sat over the remains of departed chiefs, and ate our breakfast, whilst we pondered on the situation, and awaited the result of the mission with more anxiety than any one of us cared to admit. It turned out that it *was* a mistake, due partly to the miscarriage of the letter announcing our arrival, and partly to what we believed to be the Governor's wish in making as little fuss about our proceedings as possible. A most courteous reply was given to the message. A brilliant collection of prancing horsemen were soon seen coming out to meet us. We were informed that we were to be conducted to a State garden about a mile from the city walls; there we were to be received as the Amir's guests, and there we should find everything ready for us. The crisis was passed. From that moment we experienced nothing but frank courtesy and royal hospitality. Need I say with what alacrity we left our half-finished breakfast among the tombstones, and turned our faces to the point where the heads of the minarets above the plain showed us the first sign of that city we had come so far to see.

It was not far from the village to the garden on the east side of the city; but it took us along the rising ground to the north, within full view of the fortress, and the interest of it has left an ineffaceable memory. Past the tomb of Haji Baba, with its enclosure of stiff Scotch fir-trees, reminding me of some small bit of the outskirts of Florence: past a Masjid, with its blue-tiled dome, and the straight road from it to the north face of the fort (the only straight road in Herat); past the Masalla, whose minarets had been our landmark for two days previous; and behind all the solid looking walls of Herat itself (they *are* solid for that matter), crowned by the old citadel, and telling the tale on their faces of many a struggle with the invader. After this panorama came the inevitable dive down off the high ground into the narrow ways of a high-walled village on the outskirts.

The chief feature of these villages is their wonderful labyrinths of passages and byways, which serve the double purpose of road and ditch—the ditch not meant for a drain but merely accessory to the universal irrigation. Village street there is none.

Arrived at the garden, they found a guard of Herati Highlanders in kilt and trousers in waiting, and were conducted inside. Here they found roses were in their full glory; round the pools of water spread a thick carpet of grass, up the long alleys into vineyards and orchards beyond.

Here, then, we pitched our tents, and presently received a visit from a

colonel of Afghan cavalry, who was commissioned to tell us that he had instructions to conduct us anywhere we pleased, and show us all that we might desire to see *outside* the city walls, but that so far the Amir's orders against entering the city were strict. However, there was a great deal to be seen, and a great deal to be done, outside the city; so we congratulated ourselves on our success so far, and girded up our loins for what was to be done outside.

Early next morning we were off to the hills on the north and north-east, which command a very complete view of Herat and the plains above it. The walls and towers and gates of Herat stood up white and distinct out of a green sea of trees and cultivation, which fills up the valley from side to side. Only at the foot of the hills on each side a long sweeping glacis curves down to a distance of one or two miles, and leaves Herat in the somewhat unusual position, for a fortress, of occupying the lowest level in the valley. The river Hari Rud twists itself along a channel (or many channels) about four miles south of the city, and between the river and where we stood could be traced the lines of innumerable other channels intersecting the fields and orchards for cultivation. Here and there the bee-hived tops of village houses, close set, in long rows, peeped out from between the trees, but not nearly so many of them as we had expected to see. In front of all stood up the minarets of the Masalla, bent as if they too had had to recognise the force of the fierce north-western blasts with which Herat is assailed, like gigantic sentinels, broken, but unsubdued. Amongst other points of interest we visited the *siarat* (or shrine) at Gazargah, a place which is supposed to have been the site of a Persian encampment in the days of the Persian siege. Here Dost Mohammed is buried. It is a striking place, not so much from the magnificence of the shrine itself, which has been too much battered and ruined by long years of neglect to be impressive, as from the fine trees which surround it. This is one of the few places in Afghanistan where the Scotch fir is to be seen.

A courteous visit from the Naib, or Governor, was received during the afternoon. The Naib (who is a Ghilzai) is a model Afghan chief. His pleasant genial appearance and manners would secure him friends anywhere. The Naib is exactly the sort of man you would like to find in your host at a hospitable country house, or one of a small party at a dinner at your club. No English host could have been more English in his welcome, or more frankly pleasant in conversation. But though the Naib's reception of us was all that we could wish, we did not then know what we might meet with from the people. It must be remembered that the people of Herat are not one but two very distinct peoples. There are the ruling class and the ruled. The former are Kabulis, and comprise all the regular troops except a few Kandahar regiments; and they belong to the tribes of the north—Ghilzai, Logari, Kohistani, Paghmani, &c. The Heratis belong to the Durani tribes of the south and west; and between the north and the south—the rulers and the ruled—there is no great bond of love and sympathy. In fact the Heratis hate Kabul rule—they would prefer any other; so without entering into further particulars, it will be clear that the problem of inducing Herati and Kabuli to combine under one leader to defend the walls of their ancient city, is not one which can be seen through all at once.

The Heratis have always been exceedingly friendly to the British. But as regards the Kabuli, some of them had been in the

fight at Panjdeh, where the commission had not helped them with anything but excellent advice; so that the writer was much pleased to find some of the Kabuli soldiers on duty come forward to claim old acquaintance with him in the Logar valley. This was a good sign, and the party felt they might enjoy themselves for a day or two in utter security.

A very early ride next morning right round the city walls gave us a good idea of the strength of Herat. There is no room for argument about the statement that mud walls make very respectable defences. As for these mud walls, towering up to a height of 80 feet over our heads, I shall say nothing further than that they looked truly formidable.

The evening was a very appropriate one for a visit to the Masalla. Heavy clouds had come up, and there was a lurid look about the sky which was quite in keeping with the grandeur of desolate ruin that we rode out to see. These are the ruins of two distinct buildings (the Masjid and the Masalla) each with its central dome, flanked by high square-built wings, enclosing a gigantic court in front. The entrance to the court is below an arch, which forms by far the most prominent feature of the whole pile. These main arches must be at least 80 feet high; and as a high square wall is carried up above the crown to the height of another 40 feet or so, this arched entrance dwarfs by its enormous size both the dome and the delicate foras of the four minarets which guard the building at each corner, and which are in themselves marvellously beautiful in outline and symmetry. The face and interior of the Masalla (except the wings), as well as the exterior of the minarets, and of the domed Masjid which stands apart, covering the shrine of Shah Rukh, are all covered with enamel-work, illustrating the delicate beauty of an art which is lost. Shades of blue and green, from azure and emerald to the deep tones of indigo and of a lustrous peacock green (I don't know how else to describe it), varied with yellows from lemon to russet, including all the tints of dying and dead leaves in autumn, are blended in the devices of this *faience*. It is not the coarse tile-work such as is common in India (though in general effect it resembles Multan pottery, which is very effective in its way), but all the delicate tracery of the design is carefully graven into the clay before the enamel is burnt on. This *faience*, I think, constitutes the chief beauty of the Masalla. Yet the gigantic size of the whole hill and the halo of history surrounding the slender stems of those broken minarets, were very impressive on that still May evening. And surrounding it, of course, were ever the same saintly-looking poppies, like deceiving angels, with delicate creamy white complexions, beguiling the senses even as they stood, and making the air heavy, faint, and oppressive.

On reaching their garden camp, they found that orders had just been sent by the Amir that they were to be received into the city itself, and the next morning was fixed for their entry. Accordingly, on the morning of the 10th May, accompanied by their gallant Afghan cicerone, with a glittering staff, they rode through the great gates of the Kutub Chak entrance, and found themselves inside the city walls at last.

The walls were lined with people, who, after the fashion of Orientals, welcomed us silently. Astonishment seemed at first their chief feeling on the subject. Guards were posted at close intervals in all open spaces and main streets, and the clash of salutes was incessant. We rode quickly through to the quarters assigned to us. These were, in a large roomy building, with a square courtyard in front, but of no particular pretensions, architecturally or otherwise. Three magnificent rooms were painted bright purple, blue, and yellow respectively, for our occupation; and the gold-leaf was laid on the cornices so thickly, that it appeared in danger of peeling off from its very weight. The floors were thickly carpeted, but the furniture was scanty, for the reason that Herati folk never use furniture themselves, and are not in the habit of entertaining European visitors. From the roof of the house a magnificent view of the city and citadel was to be obtained.

We were anxious to see all we could, and our time was limited, so, after taking possession, we started again for the main bazaar and the Charsoo. The city is very nearly a mile square, and the bazaar intersects it from north to south, and from east to west. Thus two main thoroughfares cross about the centre of the city at the Charsoo—a sort of central domed arcade. The bazaar is roofed in from end to end, consequently it is rather dark. It is also very narrow—only about 12 feet wide, in parts extending perhaps to 18 or 20 at the utmost. These great covered streets were thronged with people; Heratis, Kabulis, Turcomans, with men of Scind and Hindustan, were there. And at every 100 or 150 yards was the inevitable guard (always on duty, we were told, and not at all there on our special behoof), whose attempts to present arms at the various words of command, given in English (amongst which I distinctly heard "Stand at ease"), resulted in a flourish of their weapons to the front, which still further narrowed the way. It was difficult to ride along two abreast.

I was not struck with the magnificence of the bazaar. There was none of the pretty colours and display of attractive goods in the shop-fronts that make Kabul picturesque, and the long uneven row of shops themselves was an unbroken monotony of the commonest-looking little bazaar-shops that one can see in any second-rate town in India. Nevertheless our servants pronounced it a most magnificent place. Perhaps hard marching and many long weary months away from their sunny homes in India had sharpened their appreciation. Excellent silk was obtainable, but it came from Mashad or Bokhara. I did not note one single indigenous product which could be distinctly called a specialty of Herat.

It is a mistake to suppose that Herat is in ruins. A great part of it may be uninhabited, and probably its population does not exceed from 12 to 15,000 at present.

The view over the city from the walls, on which we walked in the evening, is that of endless rows of domed houses, like a gigantic apiary, above which rises in the centre the larger dome of the Charsoo and the Jamma Masjid. But all the city looked in good repair; and I have the authority of Colonel Stewart, who was one of our party, for saying that, with the single exception of Mashad, it was a more habitable-looking city than any he had seen in Persia. The most remarkable feature about Herat (a feature which, all the

same, it has in common with most large Afghan villages and towns, is the absence of open thoroughfares. The way about Herat must be perfectly inscrutable to any but an old inhabitant. Many of the principal passages are but arched ways, burrowing under the houses, twisting out into daylight—and high-walled lanes here and there, with dark offensive-looking offshoots diving away off from them, and leading into labyrinths of unfathomable filth. Street-fighting in Herat would indeed be a ghastly business !

A state visit from our excellent friend the Governor was received in the afternoon. He was attended by the Commander-in-Chief, the Assistant Commander-in-Chief, several generals, brigadiers, and other smaller folk. The uniform worn by these officers might be called fancy dress ; but it is so in all Oriental armies,—and there was nothing extravagant or unworkmanlike about the appearance of the Herat military chiefs. They spoke courteously and very plainly about their own immediate commands.

The next morning a return visit was paid to the Governor, during which valuable presents were offered according to Afghan custom, but declined. The peculiar feature of this visit was the introduction of a gigantic bouquet of roses—a bouquet so large that it had to be carried by two men, and set on the floor ! Then followed a visit to the Commander-in-Chief—a pleasant-mannered and most intelligent-looking man—who received us in a room so high above the level of ordinary rooms, that from the open window we could look down on a parade of all the troops in Herat, drawn up in columns on the open ground below. No one impressed me more with an air of real business than the Commander-in-Chief. Another look round at the arsenal, the citadel, the walls, and the defences, and our brief visit to Herat had come to an end.

It had been an unqualified success. All had welcomed them, priests, soldiers, and people, who had swarmed in from all the country side to see them. Again and again were they told by the soldiers that the presence of British officers was the one thing most desired in Herat.

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## LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1885.

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Prince Otto : A Romance. Book II. Chaps. X.—XIII. By R. L. STEVENSON...	—

GARRICK'S ACTING AS SEEN IN HIS OWN TIME.—It is often said that the actor's art is of so evanescent a kind that when he has left the stage, when his momentary triumphs are over—triumphs as great while they last as those that greet a general home from victory—when his genius and skill no longer compel the listening and watching crowd to hang on his words, then of all the pomp and splendour of applause and success there remains nothing but the mere shadow of a name. This is not by any means all true. The careful criticisms of a century ago made on the acting of David Garrick have been so lovingly done that we can even now form a clear idea of the actor's conception, method and manner. Let us take for instance his *Hamlet*, as described by the German critic Lichtenberg, who wrote to his friend Boie from England in October 1775.

He describes Garrick as a model of strength and grace, as at once distinguished from the actors around him by the intense life of his look, movement, and gesture, and as compelling as if by magnetic force the sympathy of his audience with every passing mood assumed.

"Now, my dear B., if, after what I have told you, you have been able to picture a Garrick to yourself, follow me with him in one or two scenes. To-day, because I am somewhat in the humour for it, I will take the one out of *Hamlet* where the Ghost appears to him. You know this scene already from Mr. Partridge's excellent description in Fielding. My description will not make the other superfluous, but only explain it.

"Hamlet appears in black attire, the only one, alas ! which is still worn in the

whole court, for his poor father, who has been scarcely dead a couple of months. Horatio and Marcellus accompany him in uniform. They await the Ghost. Hamlet has folded his arms and pulled his hat over his eyes. It is a cold night and just twelve o'clock. The theatre is darkened, and the whole audience as still and the faces as motionless as if they had been painted on the walls of the house. At the extreme end of the theatre one might have heard a pin drop. Suddenly as Hamlet goes rather far up the stage somewhat to the left, with his back to the audience, Horatio starts: "Look, my lord, it comes," says he, pointing to the right where the Ghost is standing immovable, ere one is even aware of it. At these words Garrick turns suddenly round, and at the same moment staggers back two or three paces with trembling knees, his hat falls to the ground, both arms—especially the left—are nearly extended to the full, the hand as high as the head, the right arm more bent and the hand lower, the fingers spread out and the mouth open. There he remains standing, with legs far apart, but still in a graceful attitude, as if electrified, supported by his friends. His features express such horror that I felt a repeated shudder pass over me before he began to speak. The almost appalling silence of the assembly, which preceded this scene and made one feel scarcely safe in one's seat, probably contributed not a little to the effect. At last he speaks, not with the beginning but with the end of a breath, and says in a trembling voice: 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us,' words which complete whatever may yet be wanting in this scene to make it one of the sublimest and most terrifying of which, perhaps, the stage is capable. The Ghost beckons him; then you should see him, with his eyes still fixed upon the Ghost, while yet speaking to his friends, break loose from them, although they warn him not to follow, and hold him fast. But at last, his patience exhausted, he faces them, and with great violence tears himself away, and, with a swiftness which makes one shudder, draws his sword on them, saying, 'By heavens, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.' Then turning to the Ghost, he holds his sword out: 'Go on; I'll follow thee;' and the Ghost moves off. Hamlet remains standing still, his sword extended before him, to gain more distance; and when the audience have lost sight of the Ghost, he begins to follow him slowly, at times stopping, and then going on again, but always with his sword extended, his eyes fixed on the Ghost, with dishevelled hair and breathless, until he, too, is lost behind the scenes. You may easily imagine what loud applause accompanies this exit. It begins as soon as the Ghost moves off, and lasts until Hamlet likewise disappears."

In a second letter Lichtenberg continues:—

"In the fine soliloquy, 'O that this too too solid flesh would melt,' &c, Garrick is completely overpowered by the tears of just grief for a virtuous father, for whom a frivolous mother no longer wears mourning, nor even feels grief, at a time when every parasite of the court should still be wearing black—the most unrestrained of all tears, perhaps because they are the only alleviation which in such a struggle between one duty and another duty an honest heart can procure. Of the words, 'so excellent a king,' the last word is quite inaudible; you only perceive it by the motion of the mouth, which closes immediately afterwards firmly, and trembling with agitation, as if to repress with his lips the only too clear indication of the grief which might unman him. This way of shedding tears, which shows the whole burden of inward grief, as well as the manly soul suffering under it, carries one irresistibly away. At the end of the soliloquy he

mixes just anger with his grief ; and once, when he strikes out violently with his arm to give emphasis to a word in his indignation, the word (to the surprise of the audience) remains unuttered, choked by emotion, and only follows after a few seconds, when tears begin to flow. My neighbour and I, who had not yet exchanged a word, looked at each other and spoke. It was irresistible."

As to the celebrated soliloquy "To be or not to be," &c. :—

"Hamlet, who, as I have already reminded you, is in mourning, appears here with thick, loosened hair, some of it hanging over one shoulder, he having already begun to play the madman ; one of his black stockings is half-way down his leg, showing the white understocking, and a noose of red garter hangs down the middle of the calf. Thus attired, he steps slowly forward in deep thought, supporting his chin with his right hand, and the elbow of the right with the left, looking on one side on the ground in a dignified manner. Here, taking his right hand away from his chin, but, if I mistake not, still holding it supported by the left, he utters the words 'To be or not to be' softly ; but they are everywhere audible, on account of the great stillness, and not through the peculiar gift of the man, as some of the papers state.

"I must here make a little observation on the text. In the fourth line of this soliloquy some propose reading 'against assailing troubles' instead of 'against a sea of troubles,' because arms cannot be taken against a sea. Mr. Garrick nevertheless says, 'against a sea of troubles.'

"The graveyard scene is suppressed at Drury Lane. At Covent Garden it is still kept. This suppression Garrick should not have introduced. Such a splendid old piece, with all its fine characteristic raw strength, would still in these mealy-mouthed times, when even the language of nature begins to give way to conventional babble, have broken the fall of it even if it had not been able to uphold it.

"I must pass over some of the most beautiful scenes, among others that in which he instructs the actors, as well as that in which he thunders into his mother's heart the comparison between his uncle and his father when the Ghost appears ; one blow upon another before one has yet recovered."

As to Garrick's treatment of Hamlet, the well known Tom Davies has the following passages, the first one relating to Hamlet's first sight of the Ghost.

"Taylor," Davies writes, "was the original performer of Hamlet, and his excellences in that character were so remarkable that from the remembrance of them Sir William Davenant taught Betterton a lesson which gained him universal and lasting reputation. His manner of address to the vision is recorded by Cibber in language so lively and terms so apposite that the reader will not be displeased to see them quoted here." Accordingly Davies quotes : He opened the scene with a pause of mute amazement ; then rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice, he made the Ghost equally terrible to the spectator and to himself ; and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulations was still governed by decency ; manly but not raving, his voice never rising to that seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered. "And in this manner our late admirable Roscius (that is, Garrick) addressed the vision. Mr. Macklin, whose judgment merits the utmost deference, differs in his opinion respecting the

behaviour of Hamlet to the Ghost from Batterton and Garrick. With pleasure I have heard him recite the speech of Hamlet to the Ghost, which he did with much force and energy. After the short ejaculation of

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

he endeavoured to conquer that fear and terror into which he was naturally thrown by the first sight of the vision; and uttered the remainder of the address calmly but respectfully and with a firm tone of voice, as from one who had subdued his timidity and apprehension. Mr. Henderson, a most judicious actor and accurate speaker, seems to have embraced a method not unlike that of Mr. Macklin." How far tradition may be permitted to govern in this question I will not say, but Downe, the stage-historian, in his peculiar phrase, informs us "that Mr. Batterton took every particle of Hamlet from Sir William Davenant, who had seen Taylor, who was taught by Mr. Shakspeare himself."

One very singular piece of business used by Garrick, we learn from an anonymous correspondent and admirer of his who wrote to him, dating Dublin, 1742, and said, amongst other things,

"I went the other night to see you perform the part of Hamlet, and do indeed think that you got a great deal of deserved applause. I doubt whether the famous Batterton did the part half so well the first time he attempted it. The character of Hamlet is no small test of a man's genius where the action is inconsiderable and the sentiment so prevailing and remarkable through the whole. I own that upon your first encounter with the Ghost I observed with some astonishment that it was a considerable time before you spoke. I beg of you, sir, to consider that these words

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

follow upon the first surprise ; and are the immediate effects of it. I grant you that a little pause after that is highly proper ; but to repeat them at the same time and in the same tone of voice with the speech

Be thou a spirit of health ?

is very improper, because they are by no means a part of that speech. You certainly kept the audience in a strange suspense, many of whom I suppose were afraid, as well as I, that you wanted the assistance of the prompter. There is one thing that I must mention which I think has but a very ridiculous appearance although it has been practised by everyone that I have seen in that character, and it is this : when the Ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him, he, enraged at Horatio for detaining him, draws his sword, and in that manner follows the Ghost ; presently he returns, Hamlet still following him sword in hand, till the Ghost says,

I am thy father's spirit !

at which words Hamlet, with a very respectful bow, sheathes his sword, which is as much as to say that if he had not been a ghost upon whom he could depend he dared not have ventured to put up his sword."

As to Garrick's treatment of Polonius, Davies has some remarks which will now seem more curious than true. He begins by trying to make out that Polonius was a mere doddering fool, and supports this view by "the constant practice of the stage from the revival

of *Hamlet* soon after the restoration, to this day" (1764) "to assign Polonius to a low comedian." Then he says:—

About five-and-twenty-years since, Mr. Garrick had formed a notion that the character of Polonius had been mistaken and misrepresented by the players, and that he was not designed by the author to excite laughter and be an object of ridicule. He imagined, I suppose, with his friend Dr. Johnson, that his (Polonius's) false reasoning and false wit were mere accidents in character, and that his leading feature was dotage encroaching upon wisdom, which, by the bye, is no object of theatrical satire and far from being, what is averred by the great commentator, a noble design in the author. Full of this opinion, Mr. Garrick persuaded Woodward on his benefit night to put himself in the part of Polonius. And what was the consequence? The character, divested of his ridiculous vivacity, appeared to the audience flat and insipid. His dress was very different from what the part generally wore; the habit was grave and rich cloth of scarlet and gold. Whether this was in imitation of some statesman of the times I will not be positive, though I have heard it so asserted. So little was the audience pleased with Woodward, or Woodward with himself, that he never after attempted Polonius."

Of Hamlet's speech at the end of the second act, of which the last words are—

The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

—Davies writes:—

"Here it must be owned that Garrick rose superior to all competition (the competition refers especially to Spranger Barry and to Wilks). His self-exposulations and upbraidings of cowardice and pusillanimity were strongly pointed and blended with marks of contemptuous indignation. The description of his uncle held up at once a portrait of horror and derision. When he closed his strong paintings with the epithet '*kindless villain*,' a tear of anguish gave a most pathetic softness to the whole passionate ebullition. One strong feature of Hamlet's character is filial piety; this Garrick preserved through the part. By restoring a few lines which preceding Hamlets had omitted, he gave a vigour as well as connection to the various members of the soliloquy. It is impossible to forget the more than common attention of the audience, which his action and change of voice commanded when he pronounced

I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play,  
and the following lines to the end of the act." As to the "to be or not to be" speech, Davies's remarks on Garrick must perforce be taken with what he says of Wilks and Barry. "Wilks," he writes, "spoke his soliloquy with a pleasing melancholy of countenance and grave despondency of action. He was less skilful in the utterance of sentiment than passion. His greatest fault in deportment proceeded from his aptness to move or shift his ground. It was said of him by a sour critic, that he could never stand still. This fault he could never entirely free himself from, though often put in mind of it.

"Barry, not having middle tones in his voice, could not give the requisite grave energy to sentiment, he was therefore obliged in some situations of character to raise his powers of speech above their ordinary tone. Garrick, by

an expressive countenance and flexible voice, gave full force to this meditation on futurity, which he pursued through all their progress with exquisite judgment and address."\*

We now come to the scene with Ophelia, ending with "to a nunnery, go." On this Davies has some very odd observations.

"The assumed madness," he writes, "with Ophelia, was, by Garrick, in my opinion, made too boisterous. He should have remembered that he was reasoning with a young lady to whom he had professed the tenderness of passion. Wilks retained enough of disguised madness, but at the same time preserved the feelings of a lover and the delicacy of a gentleman. Barry was not so violent as Garrick, and was consequently nearer to the intention of the author. Sheridan, Smith, and Henderson, have all in this scene avoided a manner too outrageous." Of the instructions, to the players, Davies writes: "I have always considered the advice of Hamlet to the players as Shakspeare's legacy of love to his fellows the comedians, such he called them in his lifetime and such he termed some of them in his will. Wilks, I believe, never spoke it; and I conjecture it was omitted from the death of Betterton till the good taste of Garrick revived it. . .

. . . In giving instructions to his own society, there is some delicacy required in the behaviour of the actor, who, in the person of a Prince, takes upon him to censure and reform their errors. Mr. Garrick delivered these theatrical precepts with much force and propriety, but he did not accompany them with the condescending quality expected from the high-bred man of rank; he rather sustained the office of a stage-manager and consummate master of the art, than that of the generous friend and princely monitor. Mr. Henderson has in this scene less of the pedagogue and more of the gentleman."

Presently we find a note on the lines

For some must laugh, while some must weep,  
Thus runs the world away,

which is curious in itself, and will seem particularly curious to those who remember or who have read of Macready's treatment of the same lines. "In the uttering of this line and a half, it was Garrick's constant practice to pull out a white handkerchief, and twirl it round with vehemence. This action can incur no just censure except from its constant repetition." Here the author goes on to make a remark, the full discussion of which would lead too far from the present purpose—but it is worth quoting, as it is curiously in opposition to the theory of acting which has been laid down by Diderot and other masters of criticism, and has been warmly attacked by some who have at least an equal right to be heard. "Garrick," says Davies, "of all the players I ever saw, gave the greatest variety to action and deportment; nor could I help wondering that so great an artist should in this instance tie himself down to one particular mode, when his situation would admit of so many. This conforming to an uniform method of action makes the whole appear a lesson got by rote rather than the effort of genuine feeling."

Another point equally curious in its way is noted by Davies as to Hamlet's speech while the King is at his prayers.

"The first actor," he says, "who rejected this horrid soliloquy was Mr. Garrick." This, however, Garrick did not always do, for the same anonymous correspondent, before referred to, wrote to him, dating Dublin, August 14, 1742, to complain of his leaving out on this occasion the directions to the players,

adding this : "I wish that instead of it you would omit that abominable soliloquy, that is such a terrible blot and stain to a character, that, were it not for that, would be complete ; I mean that part where Hamlet comes in with a resolution to kill his uncle, but, finding him at his prayers, he says he will not do it, lest he should do him a piece of service and send him to heaven. . . . All this is so cruel and detestable that I wish it had never come into Shakspeare's thoughts to make it a part of the character." Of the same speech, Johnson wrote : "This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood but contrives damnation for the man he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered."

To none of these commentators did it occur that Hamlet might be really fastening on an excuse for delaying the accomplishment of his almost blunted purpose.

Garrick had the hardihood to publish an acting version of Hamlet, as well as various other travesties of Shakspeare. As a sample of the happy inspiration of these improvements and the exquisite treatment of the blank verse in which it is conveyed, we may quote Garrick's version of the catastrophe of Romeo and Juliet. Romeo has brought Juliet alive from the tomb, and proceeds to remark :—

Fate brought me to this place to take a last,

Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

*Jul.* Die?—was the Friar false?

*Rom.*

I know not that ;

I thought thee dead ; distracted at the sight

(Fatal speed), drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,

And found within thy arms a precious gravé ;

But in that moment—oh !

*Jul.* And did I wake for this ?

*Rom.* My powers are blasted,

'Twixt death and life I'm torn, I'm distracted !

But death's strongest—and must I leave thee, Juliet ?

Oh cruel, cursed fate ! in sight of heav'n.

*Jul.* Thou rav'st—lean on my breast.

*Rom.* Fathers have flinty hearts—no tears can melt 'em.

Nature pleads in vain—children must be wretched.

*Jul.* Oh, my breaking heart !

*Rom.* She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together,

Capulet forbear—Paris, loose your hold,

Pull not our heartstrings thus—they crack—they break—

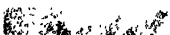
Oh, Juliet, Juliet. (*Dies.*)

Then Juliet faints on Romeo's body and presently afterwards dies, stabbing herself with his dagger, and condescending to speak Shakspeare's words,

Oh happy dagger,

This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die !

but that for "rust" she substitutes "rest."



Concerning *Macbeth* there is one thing noted by Murphy regarding Garrick's conception of the murder scene, and that is that he played it as a representation of complete terror.

"When Garrick," says Murphy, "re-entered the scene with the bloody dagger in his hand, he was absolutely scared out of his senses; he looked like a ghastly spectacle, and his complexion grew whiter every moment, till at length, his conscience stung and pierced to the quick, he said in a tone of wild despair

. . . . This my hand will rather

The multitudinous sea incarnadine,

Making the green—one red."

It seems that for some time Garrick adopted the vicious reading, "making the green one—red." Murphy claims the honour of having been the first to support the better reading.

This may not be an inconvenient place for pointing out that Garrick, like every other actor who has risen to the topmost place, was accused of, and no doubt had, what we call mannerisms, and that he seems to have had some odd tricks in his elocution. These are pointed out by the excellent Dublin correspondent, of August, 1742, to whom if Garrick had had any clue to his address, he would, no doubt, in pursuance of his constant and courteous custom, have sent an answer. "The first thing I shall mention," writes the correspondent (and which I insist upon that you reform), "is your false pronunciation of several words, which can be owing to nothing but custom and prejudice in a man of sense, as I am sure you are. In your last performance I took notice of several false pronunciations, many of which I have forgotten. The words that I chiefly remember are these: *matron*, *Israel*, *villain*, *appal*, *Horatio*, *wind*; which you pronounced *metron*, *Iserel*, *villin*, *appeal*, *Horetio*, and the word *wind* you pronounced short. I cannot imagine what your objection can be to the letter *a*, that you should change it into an *e*, both in the English language and the Latin: or what fault you can find with the English word *matron* that you should be obliged to make it Greek. Does not *Horatio* sound much better than the little word *Horetio*. It is said that Horatius Coclès when he could no longer withstand the fury of his enemies, leaped into the Tiber. But what did he this for? Was it not for a name? Yes, surely, but never for the name of *Horetius*."

Thus history, the history of the theatrical stage as of the great world stage, repeats itself, and we find critics, less kindly perhaps than this one of Garrick's, dwelling with no less truth it may be, if with less justice, upon the shortcomings in the pronunciation of Garrick's successor in our own days. Every actor of the highest mark has had mannerisms which could be detected.

But these mannerisms do not prevent a man from being not only a great actor (as a tragedian of limited powers may be a great actor in some half-dozen parts of the same calibre), these mannerisms, I say, do not prevent a man from being not only a great actor in one line of part, but also a great impersonator—a brilliant painter of living portraits of varying kinds. And here in Garrick's case may be found a proof of this in comparing what has been quoted about his peculiar speech with what the Rev. T. Newton wrote to him in 1741:



"I have not had an opportunity before of writing to you to tell you how highly I was pleased with your acting of *King Lear*, and it is not only my opinion, but several good judges I know, and particularly one of the Masters of Westminster School, and one of the Chief Clerks in the Treasury, say that you far exceed Booth in that character, and even equal Betterton. The thing that strikes me above all others is that variety in your acting, and your being so totally a different man in *Lear* from what you are in *Richard*. There is a sameness in every other actor, Cibber is something of a coxcomb in everything, and *Wolsey*, and *Syphax*, and *Iago*, all smell strong of the essence of Lord Foppington. Booth was a philosopher in *Cato*, and was a philosopher in everything else. His passion in *Hotspur* and *Lear* was much of the same nature whereas yours was an old man's passion and an old man's voice and action ; and in the four parts wherein I have seen you, *Richard*, *Chamont*, *Bayes*, and *Lear*, I never saw four actors more different from one another than you are from yourself."

Here we have, dating back to nearly a century and a half ago, one of many testimonies to the truth that individuality is not necessarily a synonym for sameness or monotony in any art. It is not so, as we know, in painting, it is not so in music, it is not so in writing, it is not so in sculpture ; why should it be so in the one art which must trust to its sister arts for perpetuation, the art of acting?

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## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1885.

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FOSSIL FOOD.—Men of science are accustomed to trying unsavoury experiments, calculated to raise the gorge of less philosophic and more squeamish palates. They think nothing of discriminating between two closely similar species of snails by trying which of them when chewed has an oniony flavour. The naturalists in congress assembled at Tübingen a few years since had a smoking tureen of "cave-bone soup" placed upon the dinner-table of their hotel one evening, and pronounced it with true geological enthusiasm "scarcely inferior to prime oxtail."

But without going so far as to imbibe "*consommé*" of quaternary cave-bear," we all of us follow in the footsteps of these eaters of strange flesh every day of our lives. Familiarity with the commonest article of our daily consumption has bred forgetfulness, or contempt of its immensely remote geological origin.

The salt in our salt-cellars is a fossil product, laid down ages ago in some primæval Dead Sea or Caspian, and derived in all probability (through the medium of the grocer) from the triassic rocks of Cheshire or Worcestershire. Since that thick bed of rock-salt was first precipitated upon the dry floor of some old evaporated inland sea, the greater part of the geological history known to the world at large has slowly unrolled itself through incalculable ages. The dragons of the prime have begun and finished their long (and Lord Tennyson says slimy) race. The fish-like saurians and flying pterodactyls of the secondary period have come into existence and gone out of it gracefully again. The whole family of birds has been developed and diversified into its modern variety of eagles and titmice. The beasts of the field have passed through sundry stages, of mammoth and mastodon, of sabre-toothed lion and huge rhinoceros. Man himself has progressed gradually from the humble condition of a "hairy arboreal quadruped"—these bad words are Mr. Darwin's own—to the glorious elevation of an erect two-handed creature, with a county suffrage question and an intelligent interest in the latest proceedings of the central divorce court. And after

all those manifold changes, compared to which the entire period of English history, from the landing of Julius Cæsar to the appearance of this present article (to take two important landmarks) is as one hour to a human lifetime, we quietly dig up the salt to-day from that dry lake bottom, and proceed to eat it with the eggs laid by the hens this morning for this morning's breakfast, just as though the one foodstuff were not a whit more ancient or more dignified in nature than the other. Why, mammoth steak is really quite modern and common-place by the side of the salt in the salt-cellar that we treat so cavalierly every day of our ephemeral existence.

The way in which salt got originally deposited in these great rock beds is very well illustrated for us by the way it is still being deposited in the evaporating waters of many inland seas.

Every schoolboy knows of course (though some persons who are no longer schoolboys may just possibly have forgotten) that the Caspian is in reality only a little bit of the Mediterranean, which has been cut off from the main sea by the gradual elevation of the country between them. For many ages the intermediate soil has been quite literally rising in the world, but to this day a continuous chain of salt lakes and marshes runs between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and does its best to keep alive the memory of the time when they were both united in a single basin. All along this intervening tract, once sea but now dry land, banks of shells belonging to kinds still living in the Caspian and the Black Sea alike testify to the old line of water communication. One fine morning (date unknown) the intermediate belt began to rise up between them ; the water was all pushed off into the Caspian, but the shells remained to tell the tale even unto this day.

Now, when a bit of the sea gets cut off in this way from the main ocean, evaporation of its waters generally takes place rather faster than the return supply of rain, rivers, and lesser tributaries. In other words, the inland sea or salt lake begins slowly to dry up. This is now just happening in the Caspian, which is in fact a big pool in course of being slowly evaporated. By-and-bye a point is reached when the water can no longer hold in solution the amount of salts of various sorts that it originally contained. In the technical language of chemists and physicists, it begins to get supersaturated. Then the salts are thrown down as a sediment at the bottom of the sea or lake, exactly as crust forms on the bottom of a kettle. Gypsum is the first material to be so thrown down ; because it is less soluble than common salt, and therefore sooner got rid of. It forms a thick bottom layer in the bed of all evaporating inland seas ; and as plaster of Paris it not only gives rise finally to artistic monstrosities hawked about the streets for the degradation of national taste, but also plays an important part in the manufacture of bonbons, the destruction of the human digestion, and the ultimate ruin of the dominant white European race. Only about a third of the water in a salt lake need be evaporated before the gypsum begins to be deposited in a solid layer over its whole bed ; it is not till 93 per cent. of the water has gone, and only 7 per cent. is left, that common salt begins to be thrown down. When that point of intensity is reached, the salt, too, falls as a sediment to the bottom, and there overlies the gypsum deposit. Hence all the world over, wherever we come upon a bed of rock salt, it almost invariably lies upon a floor of solid gypsum.

The Caspian being still a very respectably modern sea, constantly supplied with fresh water from surrounding rivers, has not yet begun by any means to deposit salt on its bottom from its whole mass, but the shallow pools and long bays around its edge have crusts of beautiful rose-coloured salt-crystals forming upon their sides; and as these lesser basins gradually dry up, the sand slowly drifts over them, so as to form miniature rock-salt beds.

Nevertheless, the young and vigorous Caspian only represents the first stage in the process of evaporation of an inland sea. It is still fresh enough to form the abode of fish and mollusks; and the irrepressible young lady of the present generation is perhaps even aware that it contains numbers of seals, being in fact the seat of one of the most important and valuable seal-fisheries in the whole world. It may be regarded as a typical example of a yet youthful and lively inland sea.

The Dead Sea, on the other hand, is an old and decrepit salt lake in a very advanced stage of evaporation. It lies several feet below the level of the Mediterranean, just as the Caspian lies several feet below the level of the Black Sea; and as in both cases the surface must once have been continuous, it is clear that the water of either sheet must have dried up to a very considerable extent. But while the Caspian has shrunk only to 85 feet below the Black Sea, the Dead Sea has shrunk to the enormous depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. Every now and then, some enterprising De Lesseps or other proposes to dig a canal from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and so re-establish the old high level. The effect of this very revolutionary proceeding would be to flood the entire Jordan Valley, connect the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, and play the dickens generally with Scripture geography, to the infinite delight of Sunday school classes. Now when the Dead Sea first began its independent career as a separate sheet of water on its own account, it no doubt occupied the whole bed of this imaginary engineer's lake—spreading, if not from Dan to Beersheba, at any rate from Dan to Edom, or, in other words, along the whole Jordan Valley from the Sea of Galilee and even the Waters of Merom to the southern desert. (I will not insult the reader's intelligence and orthodoxy by suggesting that perhaps he may not be precisely certain as to the exact position of the Waters of Merom; but I will merely recommend him just to refresh his memory by turning to his atlas, as this is an opportunity which may not again occur.) The modern Dead Sea is the last shrunken relic of such a considerable ancient lake. Its waters are now so very concentrated and so very nasty that no fish or other self-respecting animal can consent to live in them; and so buoyant that a man can't drown himself, even if he tries, because the sea is saturated with salts of various sorts till it has become a kind of soup or porridge, in which a swimmer floats, will he, nill he. Persons in the neighbourhood who wish to commit suicide are therefore obliged to go elsewhere: much as in Tasmania, the healthiest climate in the world, people who want to die are obliged to run across for a week to Sydney or Melbourne.

The waters of the Dead Sea are thus in the condition of having already deposited almost all their gypsum, as well as the greater part of the salt they originally contained. They are, in fact, much

like sea water, which has been boiled down till it has reached the state of a thick salty liquid ; and though most of the salt is now deposited in a thick layer at the bottom, enough still remains in solution to make the Dead Sea infinitely saltier than the general Ocean.

At the same time, there are a good many other things in solution in sea water besides gypsum and common salt ; such as chloride of magnesium, sulphate of potassium, and other interesting substances with pretty chemical names, well calculated to endear them at first sight to the sentimental affections of the general public. These other by-contents of the water are often still longer in getting deposited than common salt ; and owing to their intermixture in a very concentrated form with the mother-liquid of the Dead Sea, the water of that evaporating lake is not only salt but also slimy and fetid to the last degree, its taste being accurately described as half brine, half rancid oil. Indeed, the salt has been so far precipitated already that there is now five times as much chloride of magnesium left in the water as there is common salt. By the way, it is a lucky thing for us that these various soluble minerals are of such constitution as to be thrown down separately at different stages of concentration in the evaporating liquid ; for if it were otherwise, they would all get deposited together, and we should find on all old salt lake beds only a mixed layer of gypsum, salt, and other chlorides and sulphates, absolutely useless for any practical human purpose. In that case, we should be entirely dependent upon marine salt pans and evaporation of sea water for our entire salt supply. As it is, we find the materials deposited one above another in regular layers ; first, the gypsum at the bottom ; then, the rock-salt ; and last of all, on top, the more soluble mineral constituents.

The Great Salt Lake of Utah gives us an example of a modern saline sheet of very different origin. It is not, in fact, a branch of the sea at all, but a mere shrunken remnant of a very large freshwater-lake system like that of the still existing St. Lawrence chain.

Once upon a time, American geologists say, a huge sheet of water, for which they have even invented a definite name, Lake Bonneville, occupied a far larger valley among the outliers of the Rocky Mountains, measuring 300 miles in one direction by 180 miles in the other. Besides this primitive Superior lay a second great sheet—an early Huron—(Lake Lahontan, the geologists call it) almost as big, and equally of fresh water. By-and-by—the precise dates are necessarily indefinite—some change in the rain-fall, unregistered by any contemporary “New York Herald,” made the waters of these big lakes shrink and evaporate. Lake Lahontan shrank away like Alice in Wonderland, till there was absolutely nothing left of it ; Lake Bonneville shrank till it attained the diminished size of the existing Great Salt Lake. Terrace after terrace, running in long parallel lines on the sides of the Wahsatch Mountains around, mark the various levels at which it rested for awhile on its gradual downward course. It is still falling indeed : and the plain around is being gradually uncovered, forming the white salt-encrusted shore with which all visitors to the Mormon city are so familiar.

But why should the water have become briny? Why should the evaporation of an old Superior produce at last a Great Salt Lake? Well, there is a small quantity of salt in solution even in the freshest of lakes and ponds, brought down to them by the streams or rivers; and as the water of the hypothetical Lake Bonnevillè slowly evaporated, the salt and other mineral constituents remained behind. Thus the solution grew constantly more and more concentrated, till at the present day it is extremely saline. Professor Geikie (to whose works the present paper is much indebted) found that he floated on the water in spite of himself; and the under sides of the steps at the bathing-places are all encrusted with short stalactites of salt, produced from the drip of the bathers as they leave the water. The mineral constituents, however, differ considerably in their proportions from those found in true salt lakes of marine origin; and the point at which the salt is thrown down is still far from having been reached. Great Salt Lake must simmer in the sun for many centuries yet before the point arrives at which (as cooks say) it begins to settle.

Rock-salt is found in most part of the world in beds of very various ages. The Great Salt Range of the Punjab is probably the earliest in date of all salt deposits; it was laid down at the bottom of some very ancient Asiatic Mediterranean, whose last shrunken remnant covered the upper basin of the Indus and its tributaries during the Silurian age.

Europe had then hardly begun to be; and England was probably still covered from end to end by the primæval ocean. From this very primitive salt deposit the greater part of India and Central Asia is still supplied; and the Indian Government makes a pretty penny out of the dues in the shape of the justly detested salt-tax—a tax especially odious because it wrings the fraction of a farthing even from those unhappy agricultural labourers who have never tasted ghee with their rice.

The thickness of the beds in each salt deposit of course depends entirely upon the area of the original sea or salt-lake, and the length of time during which the evaporation went on. Sometimes we may get a mere film of salt; sometimes a solid bed six hundred feet thick. Perfectly pure rock-salt is colourless and transparent; but one doesn't often find it pure. Alas for a degenerate world! even in its original site, Nature herself has taken the trouble to adulterate it beforehand.

But the adulteration hasn't spoilt the beauty of the salt; on the contrary it serves, like rouge, to give a fine fresh colour where none existed. When iron is the chief colouring matter, rock-salt assumes a beautiful clear red tint; in other cases it is emerald green or pale blue. As a rule, salt is prepared from it for table by a regular process; but it has become a fad of late with a few people to put crystals of native rock-salt on their tables; and they decidedly look very pretty, and have a certain distinctive flavour of their own that is not unpleasant.

Salt is a necessary article of food for animals, but in a far less degree than is commonly supposed. Each of us eats about ten times as much salt as we actually require.

In this respect popular notions are as inexact as in the very similar case of

the supply of phosphorus. Because phosphorus is needful for brain action, people jump forthwith to the absurd conclusion that fish and other foods rich in phosphates ought to be specially good for students preparing for examination, great thinkers, and literary men. Mark Twain indeed once advised a poetical aspirant, who sent him a few verses for his critical opinion, that fish was very feeding for the brains : he would recommend a couple of young whales, to begin upon. As a matter of fact, there is more phosphorus in our daily bread than would have sufficed Shakespeare to write "Hamlet," or Newton to discover the law of gravitation. It isn't phosphorus that most of us need, but brains to burn it in. A man might as well light a fire in a carriage, because coal makes an engine go, as hope to mend the pace of his dull pate by eating fish for the sake of the phosphates.

The question still remains, How did the salt originally get there?

After all, when we say that it was produced, as rock-salt, by evaporation of the water in inland seas, we leave unanswered the main problem, How did the brine in solution get into the sea at all in the first place? Well, one might almost as well ask, How did anything come to be upon the earth at any time, in any way? How did the sea itself get there? How did this planet swim into existence at all? In the Indian mythology the world is supported upon the back of an elephant, who is supported upon the back of a tortoise; but what the tortoise in the last resort is supported upon the Indian philosophers prudently say not. If we once begin thus pushing back our inquiries into the genesis of the cosmos, we shall find our search retreating step after step *ad infinitum*. The negro preacher, describing the creation of Adam, and drawing slightly upon his imagination, observed that when our prime forefather first came to consciousness he found himself "sot up agin a fence." One of his hearers ventured sceptically to ejaculate, "Den whar dat fence come from, ministah?" The outraged divine scratched his grey wool reflectively for a moment, and replied, after a pause, with stern solemnity, "Tree more ob dem questions will undermine de whole system ob theology."

However, we are not permitted humbly to imitate the prudent reticence of the Indian philosophers. In these days of evolution hypotheses, and nebular theories, and kinetic energy, and all the rest of it, the question why the sea is salt rises up irrepressible and imperatively demands to get itself answered. There was a sapient inquirer, recently deceased, who had a short way out of this difficulty. He held that the sea was only salt because of all the salt rivers that ran into it. Considering that the salt rivers are themselves salted by passing through salt regions, or being fed by saline springs, all of which derive their saltiness from deposits laid down long ago by evaporation from earlier seas or lake basins, this explanation savours somewhat of circularity. It amounts in effect to saying that the sea is salt because of the large amount of saline matter which it holds in solution. Cheese is also a caseous preparation of milk; the duties of an archdeacon are to perform archidiaconal functions; and opium puts one to sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue.

Apart from such purely verbal explanations of the saltiness of the sea, however, one can only give some such account of the way in which it came to be "the briny" as the following :—

This world was once a haze of fluid light, as the poets and the men of

science agree in informing us. As soon as it began to cool down a little, the heavier materials naturally sank towards the centre, while the lighter, now represented by the ocean and the atmosphere, floated in a gaseous condition on the outside. But the great envelope of vapour thus produced did not consist merely of the constituents of air and water: many other gases and vapours mingled with them, as they still do to a far less extent in our existing atmosphere. By-and-by, as the cooling and condensing process continued, the water settled down from the condition of steam into one of a liquid at a dull red heat. As it condensed, it carried down with it a great many other substances, held in solution, whose component elements had previously existed in the primitive gaseous atmosphere. Thus the early ocean which covered the whole earth was in all probability not only very salt, but also quite thick with other mineral matters close up to the point of saturation. It was full of lime, and raw flint, and sulphates, and many other miscellaneous bodies. Moreover, it was not only just as salt as at the present day, but even a great deal saltier. For from that time to this evaporation has constantly been going on in certain shallow isolated areas, laying down great beds of gypsum and then of salt, which still remain in the solid condition, while the water has, of course, been correspondingly purified. The same thing has likewise happened in a slightly different way with the lime and flint, which have been separated from the water chiefly by living animals, and afterwards deposited on the bottom of the ocean in immense layers as limestone, chalk, sandstone, and clay.

Thus it turns out that in the end all our sources of salt-supply are alike ultimately derived from the briny ocean. Whether we dig it out as solid rock-salt from the open quarries of the Punjab, or pump it up from brine-wells sunk into the triassic rocks of Cheshire, or evaporate it direct in the salt-pans of England and the shallow *salines* of the Mediterranean shore, it is still at bottom essentially sea-salt. However distant the connection may seem, our salt is always in the last resort obtained from the material held in solution in some ancient or modern sea. Even the saline springs of Canada and the Northern States of America, where the wapiti love to congregate, and the noble hunter lurks in the thicket to murder them unperceived, derive their saltiness, as an able Canadian geologist has shown, from the thinly scattered salts still retained among the sediments of that very archaic sea whose precipitates form the earliest known life-bearing rocks. To the Homeric Greek, as to Mr. Dick Swiveller, the ocean was always the briny; to modern science, on the other hand (which neither of those worthies would probably have appreciated at its own valuation), the briny is always the oceanic. The fossil food which we find to-day on all our dinner tables dates back its origin primarily to the first seas that ever covered the surface of our planet, and secondarily to the great rock deposits of the dried-up triassic inland sea. And yet even our men of science habitually describe that ancient mineral as common salt.



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**ENGLISH AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS.**—The differences between the methods and conditions of travelling by rail in America and England produce a marked impression on the traveller from either country. Their causes have to be sought in the social, economical, and mechanical considerations which belong to the development of each system.

The American railroad car consists of one compartment of the entire length of the vehicle. The English railway carriage consists of several compartments of the width of the vehicle. This is the radical difference, as far as the traveller is concerned, between the two, and out of it grow on either side various advantages and disadvantages, conceded and debated.

The first impression which an American who is experienced in railroad travelling in his own country derives from the exterior aspect of an English train is unfavorable. The cars, as he must necessarily call them, seem to be small; they lack, apparently, the weight and solidity of the American passenger-coach; the compartments are narrow, the ceilings low, the ventilation apparently doubt-

ful. They stand upon two, three, or more pairs of gaunt high wheels, to the axles of which their springs are directly geared. He misses the little independent vehicle, the truck, or bogie, with its four or six small, compact, solid-looking, wide-flanged wheels, which sustains each end of the American car—that rolling gear which looks so strong, so adapted to inequality of rail or curve, so resourceful against disaster, and so complete in its equipment. The cars are smaller—there is no doubt of it. They are narrower and they are shorter; and to the American eye they look even shorter than they really are, because they have no projecting platform at the ends, no overhanging roof or hood, but are buckled close up to each other, and their contact controlled by small metal buffers, the springs of which allow a play of from eighteen inches to two feet and a half between car and car. The Miller platform, the Janney coupler, the link and pin—of all the familiar devices of the United States there is not one to be seen. The brakes? None visible. Nor, for the matter of that, a brakeman. This influential and numerous person has no existence in England. There is not even a rudimentary type of him. That you do not find him is the first stern intimation you receive that in English railroading there are no autocrats. The wheels are fitted with brakes, however, and the trained eye notes a rubber hose connection between the carriages, quite different in its application to that known at home, but which nevertheless betokens the air-brake. He takes account of the distinctions of class, and reflects upon his country's veiled progress in that regard in the matter of parlour cars and limited express-trains. Then he finds that there is no baggage-master to waft the volatile Saratoga to its doom, as his own newspapers would express it. There is perhaps a luggage van or two, or there are in the carriages themselves luggage compartments, according to the way in which the train is made up, the length of journey it is to take, or the custom of the particular line under observation. His final contemplation is perhaps devoted to the engine, and if he has ever given any of his attention to the American locomotive, it fills him with a deep concern. He recalls the imposing splendour of the latter, its comfortable and lofty cab of oiled and polished wood, its gay brass bell, the soul-stirring whistle, the noble head-light and the cow-destroying pilot, the great cinder-consuming smoke-stack (unless it be a hard-coal burner, in which case that feature shrinks to moderate proportions), the powerful drivers and compact cylinders, the eccentric connecting rods, and all its parts radiant with the glitter of polished steel or burnished brass, or decked with appropriate vermilion or emerald green. In all of these matters the English locomotive compares with it much as a lawn-mower does with a New York fire-engine. It is a humble, awkward green or monochromatic machine. It has neither polish nor decoration about it. There is no cab. The engineer and his fireman—that is to say, the engine-driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is afforded by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as “spectacles.” The smoke-stack is short and thick; there is an unsightly green hump on the back of the boiler; the cylinders are under the front of the latter instead of on each side before the drivers; the wheels are all large, and the body of the engine is perched high up above them, and looks top-heavy and dangerous. The whole thing is rigid and stiff-looking, and to the observer who has had to do with the external aspects of locomotives it is unprepossessing and unlovely. The practical American engineer whistles

thoughtfully as he surveys it, and wonders to himself how long it would be before he would ditch his train if he had to run on a new Western railroad with such an engine. Where would he be on a sharp curve, or how would such running-gear adapt itself to an unevenly ballasted track? The low centre of gravity of the American locomotive, the weight distributed well down between the wheels, the play of the small broad flanges under the pilot truck, and the external gearing of the driving-wheels, all give the American engine an appearance of stability which impresses not merely the layman, but also the expert.

So much for appearances. But there is a wonderful strength and economy in the build of the English engine. It is adapted to a perfectly ballasted track, and its stability is beyond question. There is not a bit of waste material about it, while its traction is extraordinary, and it makes steam readily and easily. With the short journeys and facilities for coaling, it does not require the large American tender; a small coal-box suffices. No bells are needed, since the track is guarded, and its whistle is sharp and sibillant, instead of sonorous and deep, like the howling device in use in America.

The American cab is not admired, and its introduction has not been encouraged. When tried upon English locomotives the verdict was that the inconvenience from heat more than counterbalanced the advantages of the shelter afforded, while the men were prevented from getting to the different parts of the engine with celerity.

This is not easy for the American engine-builder to understand, because his engines are so constructed, and their cabs so adapted to them, that the temperature of the cab is under control—cool in summer and warm in winter—and no inconvenience is experienced in having ready access to every part of the machine. The fact is that the engine-driver and his assistant do not need against English weather the protection which is essential in America. The men who on some of our winter days or nights should attempt to run an English engine on one of our Northern or North-western roads would perish, while in the summer-time the tropical excesses of our sun would be a source of undoubted danger.

The cow-catcher is not known, but there is a rudimentary suggestion of it in a stout steel tooth which is affixed perpendicularly in front of the wheels, and which is designed to throw any obstacle outward from the track.

The head-light of the American engine is represented on the English locomotive by a small lantern, the lens of which projects a beam of light strong enough to indicate the presence or movement of the train. No attempt is made to illuminate the track ahead of the engine, which appears to be a large part of the function of the American head-light, and which would probably show the engineer a house or a church, if either should stray on the track, in time to admit of his stopping his train, or an even less object in equally good season, if he were running slowly enough. If he were travelling at sixty miles an hour, it might possibly serve to mitigate things a little, and reduce for the engineer the unexpectedness of any incident that came to pass. In the rude railroading of the primitive South and West, to say nothing of places

quite near New York, it is invaluable; but on roads like the Pennsylvania and others the English lantern would do just as well, except in respect of decoration.

A critical scrutiny of the carriages shows that they are built with great care. The material is excellent, the wheels are more highly finished than the American, the brasses of the boxes are of a wholly different pattern, the gearing altogether more simple, and very strong in proportion to the weight to be carried. All these matters are revealed by study and careful observation; some of them seem superfluous, some the reverse of simple, but all reveal the intention of securing a high degree of efficiency—the greatest degree of safety combined with the highest rate of speed.

As a result of personal experience, the American will reconcile himself far more readily to the peculiarities of English railways than the Englishman will adapt himself to the characteristics of American railroad travel.

When it is a question of decoration as applied to engines or cars, or of the architecture of important terminal buildings, no comparison can be instituted between America and England. The decoration of the American coach, parlour or palace car, and private saloon car has been overdone in the past to the point of offensive vulgarity; but the new cars which are rapidly superseding the old patterns on our roads, East and West, are as tasteful as the refinement and cultivation of our best decorators and designers can make them. Nothing could be more forbidding or uncomfortable than the nickel-plated horrors and distracting mirrors of some of the parlour cars that the public has been accustomed to on the best American roads. The lavish and absurd upholstery, the ridiculous hangings of all sorts of stuffs, the niches with porcelain pots of artificial roses and geraniums in outrageous bloom and full of dust and cinders, and the gorgeous chairs, affording no sort of repose and no support for the head—all these are fast vanishing—all except the chairs. No railroad genius has yet consented to the introduction or the devising of a really comfortable chair—a seat presenting as many advantages for a protracted day journey as those in the English first-class carriage. Some approach is being made toward such a consummation by the Pennsylvania Railroad, but it has not yet been accomplished.

The American's earliest experiences in England with his baggage provoke him. He wants to "check" it, and he cannot do it.

At home, if he is going from New York to Boston, for instance, he buys a ticket at one of the numerous ticket offices which are scattered over the city, states what train he is going on, and is informed of the hour at which the baggage-wagon will call for his effects. When it does call, the messenger in charge of it gives him a little brass plate on which is a number, and the words "New York" and "Boston," and attaches to his trunk, by means of a little leather strap, a duplicate of it. If the traveller drives directly to the *dépôt*, he buys his ticket, presents his baggage at the baggage counter, and receives his brass check for it, the exhibition of his ticket being a warrant for the transfer of the trunks or parcels he has to the point to which he is going. If he is leaving a hotel, the porter who carries his trunks from his rooms will hand him the checks before he leaves the house. In any case he has no further concern

with his traps until the end of his journey. Half an hour before he reaches Boston, an express agent—"parcels delivery clerk" they would call him in England—comes through the train, and, if the traveller wishes, takes the address at which he desires to have his things delivered, and taking his check, gives him a receipt on a small printed form. Within an hour or so everything is at the hotel or residence. If the traveller's personal comfort requires that his effects should accompany him at once from the train, he gives his checks, when he alights in the station, to his hackman, or to the badged and labelled employé of the hotel he means to visit.

English people know nothing of this system. At Liverpool, when you find yourself free to go on land with your baggage—which has now become your "luggage"—a sense of exasperating helplessness overpowers you.

A polite official (polite, but not as full of responsibility as one would like to have him appear under the circumstances) asks you if you desire to have your luggage sent to the London and Northwestern. "No; want it checked to London." "Checked, sir? Beg pardon, sir; but you've got to take it to the station, sir. Shall I send it sir? Check? Receipt? W'y, it's hall right, sir. It'll be hup in no time!"

Full of misgivings and the distrust which afflicts strangers, unable to get your comforting bit of stamped brass or the assurance implied in a receipt, you go off to the Northwestern, hotel and terminus combined, have breakfast or luncheon, and find that your luggage does arrive—out of sheer force of integrity, you feel it to be—and that you have to pay probably five shillings for it—about twice as much as you ought to pay by rights, and about one-half what you would have to pay for a like service in an American city. One would think that this would prove re-assuring, but it does not. On the contrary, it marks the stage in your experience where you find that the entire care and responsibility for the transportation of your properties rest upon yourself. A porter approaches: "For London, sir? First-class, sir? Yes, sir?" You go with the porter, who bundles the things on a truck, and deposits them in the luggage van, or in the luggage compartment of the carriage in which you secure seats or a compartment for London. A shilling compensates the porter, whose extreme deference affects different people in different ways, accordingly as it impresses them as the agreeable politeness and thoughtfulness of an English servant, or as the vile servility of a British menial, or arouses the suspicion that their "tip" has been unnecessarily heavy. Americans abroad differ greatly in opinion about these matters of detail.

"Clearly," the American thinks, "these people don't know how to travel. The idea of having to look after one's baggage all the while! It is ridiculous."

Four and a half hours latter, at Euston Square, the immense terminus of the London and Northwestern Railway in London, he has to identify his effects on the platform, where they are deposited immediately the train stops. Each traveller picks out his own. If he is not promptly there to do it, there is nothing to prevent any one who chooses to do so from claiming it and taking it off. This negative abuse is at such enmity with his notions of public comfort and protection that it fills him with indignation, and with a supreme contempt for the primitive system of English travel.

Yet there is another side to the question. The Englishman does not want the baggage-check system. He is wedded to his luggage and his cab. He will not be divorced from it for a moment. No brass check will ever be legal tender for a trunk in his eyes.

He has no "express" such as we know in America. Express companies are not a possible adjunct of Railway corporations in England. He has his cab, his "four-wheeler," built especially to carry his heavy luggage on top of it—a vehicle that the American hackman would look down on with lordly contempt, but a powerful engine of economy, industry, and public convenience. His luggage would go through the roof of a New York hack, crush it like a paper bandbox, but on the roof of an English cab his traps, including his bath-tub, are railed in and secured, and are in his apartments as soon as he is there himself. "But," you say to the English railway manager, "you have been in America, and you have studied the system there, and you cannot but be favourably impressed with it?"

"Undoubtedly I was," he replies. "I was struck with its completeness and the extent of its organization and details. Your style of vehicle enables you to carry out such a system with perfect ease. It forms a kind of natural offshoot of the railway system in America; but it appears to flourish only in your country. It is not and would not be appreciated here. You complain that at the English terminus any one can claim your luggage and disappear with it. No doubt, if you are slow and they are sharp, such may be the case, and the company may have to pay the penalty; but the English traveller prefers the freedom of the present practice, and would, I fancy, wish the check system at a warmer place than the United States when any delay arose in dealing with his luggage at the stations owing to the adoption of the check system. The English traveller's idea of luggage 'checking' is to have his portmanteau safely stowed under his carriage seat, and his smaller articles placed in the rack over his head. I do not see any insuperable difficulty in adopting the check system in this country, but none of the partial attempts that have been made in that direction have proved successful or popular."

To the Englishman who travels in America, it appears that the differences of the conditions of travel in the two countries are but slight, and that the distinctions of a 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class exist already in America in no slight degree, and are likely ere long to be quite as emphatic there as they are in England.

It is not easy to argue successfully with an Englishman when he makes this statement. He supports his view by pointing to the differences in our cars. He asks you what is the practical difference between one of the Mann boudoir cars—an execrable designation to apply to a vehicle—and an English first-class carriage. There is not any difference, except that the one is entered at the sides and the other at the ends. The seclusion of the passenger, or of the groups of passengers, is precisely the same, and is the end that is sought to be obtained.

"Your designations in these matters," our phlegmatic observer says, "are a little turgid and extravagant, and not a little elusive. Your palace cars are only

another form of first or second-class carriages. There is nothing palatial about them, any more than there is about what we call a gin palace in London—a term which is of a semi-humorous or satirical origin. Why not admit the class distinction as openly as you adopt it in practice? If I want to go from New York to Boston, there are three classes open to me. The ordinary car, well equipped, well ventilated, and comfortable, that I call your third-class, your original carrier's wagon or stage-coach, in which I am exposed to the danger of having to sit for some hours side by side with a common workman or person of very inferior social condition—an individual whose close companionship is as repugnant to me as I assert that it is repugnant to your cultivated and wealthy classes—that is your third class, disguise the fact as you may. Your second-class is the open saloon of your "parlour" or "chair" car. There I secure, by an extra payment, one of some twenty arm-chairs which are disposed on each side, and I make my journey without the danger of any disagreeable intrusion or propinquity. Your first-class is easily attained in the exclusive seclusion which is afforded by one of the compartments in these parlour, palace, or chair cars—compartments which have room for two, four, or more persons, and in which I can travel under the very same conditions as those which I enjoy on an English Railway. I detect two differences. In England I am conspicuously labelled as a first-class passenger, whereas here I have the advantages of one without formal or ceremonial emphasis. In England I secure my exclusive compartment by a gratuity to the conductor or guard; here I effect it by paying the extra fares which the compartment I select would earn if all the seats in it were occupied. The latter is the more expensive expedient of the two, but it commends itself to my sense of right. I have a very much higher respect for your American conductor than I have for our English guard, although I am painfully aware that there is no ratio of reciprocity in the sentiment to be detected. It would be impossible for me to offer your official the equivalent of our half-crown; in fact, I have learned that the consequence of an attempt to do so would possibly be most disagreeable, if not calamitous. With our guard, on the other hand, the "tip" is almost an essential formality, and is inseparable from the attainment of the higher comforts of travel."

Smoking is frequent in 3rd class carriages, and on some lines carriages of each class are set apart for smokers.

You can always smoke in a first-class carriage if you have, as American travellers put it, "made yourself solid with the conductor." In America smoking is out of the question except in the car which is known as the smoker, and in the smoking compartment of the parlour-palace arrangement. The former does a good deal to discourage smoking on trains. It is almost invariably an indifferent car, poor in all its appointments, filthy, and ill-smelling. So foul is its atmosphere, especially in winter, that all cigars smoked in it taste and smell alike, and all badly. Then a large proportion of the people who are hardened enough to travel in the smoker are victims of the distressing habit of chewing, and it is unnecessary to describe how effectively they contribute to the general abomination. The English third-class carriage is a counterpart in many respects of the American smoker.

The servants of an English railway contribute very much more

to the comfort of the traveller than do those who perform the same duties in America.

There is no question that they impress travelling Americans in that way—a fact which can be safely attributed to the American practice of invariably “going first-class.” It is equally beyond dispute that they have three classes of manners, one for each class of passengers, and one of the earliest observations that one makes at a railway station in the outskirts of London, where the passengers’ tickets are collected prior to arrival at the terminus, is of the sensible gradation of civility and consideration in the guard’s address. At the first-class carriage window he deferentially says, “Tickets, please, gentlemen!” at the second he utters a lively, “Tickets, please!” and at the third he growls, hoarsely and abruptly, “Tickets!”

This is a fair example of class distinction upon an English railway, but it must not be inferred from it that the second-class has any very marked disadvantages for travellers as compared with the first. Sensible and well-conditioned Englishmen will tell you that “only Americans and English snobs travel first-class,” and there is no question of the preferment of the second-class by a very weighty portion of the travelling public. On some lines, so far as upholstery goes, there is little difference to be observed between the two, and these roads have found their account in improving the second-class to that degree. The third-class, as already intimated, is bad upon all lines, and the crowding is at times intolerable. Managers say that better accommodations would be thrown away upon the people who travel third-class, and that it is all they can do now to make the carriages durable or indestructible enough for their use. What curious reflections this statement should cause in the minds of those who are familiar with the New York elevated railroads and their neat and handsomely decorated cars, than which none are more crowded on any railroad, nor any that are used by a more heterogeneous public! When will it be that in England there will be but one class, and nobody be any the worse for it than in New York?

The ventilation in English carriages is accomplished by means of the windows, and is, in many respects, preferable to the wholesale and impartial ventilation of the American car.

In the latter, if all the passengers were of one mind in respect to their preference of Fahrenheit, it could be arranged comfortably enough; but that is impossible, and in winter the golden mean of the management is sought in heating the car to the highest possible point. The consequence is that travel is rendered uncomfortable and unhealthy, while in summer the distribution of discomfort is more arbitrary. In the English carriages the window in the door slides down into the door, so that the air can be admitted above the heads of the passengers—an excellent device, and one which it is surprising that we do not find imitated in some of our new first-class coaches.

A frequent subject of discussion is the speed of English trains as compared with that of American trains, and “The Wild Irishman” and “The Flying Scotchman” are constantly quoted for performances which put American railroads to shame.

The truth of the matter is that we have trains in America which are as fast



as the fastest trains in England, and that they have trains in England which are as slow as the slowest trains in America. We have few roads which in respect of general equipment for fast running are able to compete with the English roads, and the average speed between termini in England of one thousand trains would be very much higher than the mean speed between termini of one thousand trains in America. The reason is found in the differences of tracks and operating conditions. The following salient advantages are presented in England; a better road-bed generally; a track absolutely isolated, and with all road crossings, footpaths, and intersecting lines above or below grade; a better system of signals, enabling an express to run through a city and over a hundred sets of points without reduction of speed; shorter stops at stations, because the carriages open sideways, and can be emptied in one-third, or less, of the time required to debark the passengers in an American train. There is no such thing as running a train through the streets of a city on an unguarded equality with foot-passengers and vehicles. The roadway is either elevated upon a stone viaduct, or depressed between high walls, or concealed in a tunnel. In America such a condition of things is impossible, because of the extent of the country, the impracticability of fencing and protecting a track of such great mileage, or of elevating it or depressing it in all the towns it encountered. Of course the English road-bed is the ideal one for fast and safe rail-roading, but it is, at least for the present, out of the question for America. To an Englishman the spectacle of an American train running through the middle of the street is preposterous in the last degree, and it is undoubtedly wrong in both theory and practice.

It can readily be seen that the conditions lend themselves to high mean speed in England, but we have trains on one or two lines from New York, but notably on the Pennsylvania, which are as fast as the crack expresses on the London and Northwestern or the Midland. It is impossible in the present rapid growth and development of the American railroad system that it should equal in its detail the perfected methods of our neighbour's. What we can say is that there are many features of our railroading that we may well feel proud of. Our casualty list is creditably small, and we carry our passengers, high and low, far more cheaply than they do in England. We treat them humanely in the main, and while we do make our discriminations, none of them can be described as odious or unjust.

In the management of stations the English and American termini are about on a par, but their minor and country stations are incomparably better managed than ours. The bar and refreshment counter is a prominent feature of every station of note, and has been wrought to a degree of importance that is wholly unknown under similar conditions in America. It is a great convenience to travellers, and conduces to much drinking, and to eating that is of a character quite as favorable to dyspepsia as anything known in America.

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## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1885.

The New Portfolio. XIV., XVI. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	...	—
The Port Royal of Mere Angélique. By MARIA ELLERY MACKAYE	...	—
A Country Gentleman. XXIV.-XXVI. By M. O. W. OLIPHANT	...	—
A Nocturn. By EDITH M. THOMAS	...	—
On Horseback. II. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER	...	—
Should a College Educate? By E. R. SILL	...	—
Hermione. By ANDREW HEDBROOK	...	—
A Stranger in the City. By P. DEMING	...	—
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Miss Ingelow and Mrs. Walford. By HARRIET WATERS PRESTON	...	—
The Constant Friend. By KATHLEEN WRIGHT	...	—
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## TWO ANNIVERSARY AFTER-DINNER POEMS.

### I.

HARVARD COMMENCEMENT, JUNE 24, 1885.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS is your month, the month of "perfect days,"  
 Birds in full song and blossoms all ablaze.  
 Nature herself your earliest welcome breathes,  
 Spreads every leaflet, every bower inwreathes;  
 Carpets her paths for your returning feet,  
 Puts forth her best your coming steps to greet;  
 And Heaven must surely find the earth in tune,  
 When Home, sweet Home, exhales the breath of June.  
 These blessed days are waning all too fast,  
 And June's bright visions mingling with the past;

Lilacs have bloomed and faded, and the rose  
 Has dropped its petals, but the clover blows,  
 And fills its slender tubes with honeyed sweets ;  
 The fields are pearled with milk-white margarites ;  
 The dandelion, which you sang of old,  
 Has lost its pride of place, its crown of gold,  
 But still displays its feathery-mantled globe,  
 Which children's breath or wandering winds unrobe.  
 These were your humble friends ; your opened eyes  
 Nature had trained her common gifts to prize ;  
 Not Cam nor Isis taught you to despise  
 Charles, with his muddy margin and the harsh,  
 Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.  
 New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew  
 Her soil, her speech, her people, through and through,  
 And loved them ever with the love that holds  
 All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant folds.  
 Though far and wide your winged words had flown,  
 Your daily presence kept you all our own,  
 Till with a sorrowing sigh, a thrill of pride,  
 We heard your summons, and you left our side  
 For larger duties and for tasks untried.

How pleased the Spaniards for a while to claim  
 This frank Hidalgo with the liquid name,  
 Who stored their classics on his crowded shelves  
 And loved their Calderon as they did themselves !  
 Before his eyes what changing pageants pass !  
 The bridal feast how near the funeral mass !  
 The death-stroke falls,—the Misereres wail ;  
 The joy-bells ring,—the tear-stained cheeks unveil,  
 While, as the playwright shifts his pictured scene,  
 The royal mourner crowns his second queen.

From Spain to Britain is a goodly stride,—  
 Madrid and London long-stretched leagues divide.  
 What if I send him ? " Uncle S., says he,"  
 To my good cousin whom he calls " J. B."  
 A nation's servants go where they are sent,—  
 He heard his Uncle's orders, and he went.

By what enchantments, what alluring arts,  
 Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—  
 Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,  
 Or if his learning found their Dons at fault,  
 Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,  
 Or if his wit flung star-dust in their eyes,—  
 Like honest Yankoes we can simply guess ;  
 But that he did it all must needs confess.  
 England herself without a blush may claim  
 Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

Eight years an exile ! What a weary while  
Since first our herald sought the mother isle !  
His snow-white flag no churlish wrong has soiled,—  
He left unchallenged, he returns unspoiled.  
Here let us keep him, here he saw the light,—  
His genius, wisdom, wit, are ours by right ;  
And if we lose him our lament will be  
We have "five hundred"—*not* "as good as he."

II.

AT THE DINNER OF THE  $\Phi$  B. K. SOCIETY.

TO THE POETS WHO ONLY LISTEN.

WHEN evening's shadowy fingers fold  
The flowers of every hue,  
Some shy, half-opened bud will hold  
Its drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour  
The trembling sphere has grown,  
Till all the fragrance of the flower  
Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find  
Our little meed of praise,  
And round our pallid temples bind  
The wreath of fading bays :

Ah, Poet, who hast never spent  
Thy breath in idle strains,  
For thee the dewdrop morning lent  
Still in thy heart remains ;

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell  
It waits the evening gale ;  
Then to the azure whence it fell  
Its lingering sweets exhale.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## ART AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

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**JULY** is not generally a month wherein have to be chronicled many novelties, and last July has certainly been no exception to the average. Publishers are shy of the "hot months," when even the weary critic flies from the sight of parcels marked "for review," and when everybody and his wife are in the country or by the seaside. Artists have shut up their studios and departed on the annual subject-hunt, with the exception of a few "great ones"—as Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais—whom the charms or the imperative requirements of society necessitate remaining in town till the actual advent of August. The 12th is really the magic wand that dissipates alike fashionable workers and idlers to the ends of the earth.

Meanwhile there is one question which seems to be exercising many people—the question of precedence in the case of Leighton and Millais. The latter, having accepted the baronetcy offered him by the Queen, takes rank socially over Sir Frederick, who is only a Knight; on the other hand, as President of a Royal Institution, and the chief art-corporation in the Empire, Sir Frederick Leighton is adjudged by many to take court-precedence of any Baronet. The position of affairs is really one of awkwardness, especially in the case of such society men as the artists in question. It would seem as if the only way to move the wheel of this ruffled waggon would be the bestowal of a baronetcy on the President, not as an official honour (a bad precedent) but in recognition of his high achievements as an artist. And rumour has it that Lord Salisbury will ere long see his way to suggest to Her Majesty the advisability of such a step.

Mr. G. F. Watts's refusal of the honour so readily accepted by Mr. Millais has been much discussed from both an appreciative and antagonistic point of view, for, though many seemed to think that for the honour of art, if not of his own work, he ought to have gratefully accepted the proffered baronetcy, most sensible people have recognised that the artist knew best what he should do; one of his

reasons being alone quite a sufficiently good one, that he is not in possession of ample enough means to justify his acceptance of an honour that practically means living up to an expensive standard.

Of late years Lord Tennyson has not found his duty as Poet Laureate a very onerous one, and there have occurred several instances where it was expected the eminent poet would give utterance to fitting sentiments of grief or congratulation, but which he has allowed to become things of the past without taking any notice of them. The marriage of H. R. H. Princess Beatrice, however, has not been allowed to pass without an official greeting to the Poet Laureate—lines, which, while “official,” are full of charm and grace, and even (a rare thing in *pieces d’occasion*) of true poetic imagination:—

TO H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,  
Which else with all its pains and griefs and deaths  
Were utter darkness—one, the Sun of dawn  
That brightens thro’ the mother’s tender eyes,  
And warms the child’s awakening world—and one  
The later-rising Sun of spousal Love  
Which from her household orbit draws the child,  
To move in other spheres. The mother weeps,  
At that white funeral of a single life,  
Her maiden daughter’s marriage; and her tears  
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the child  
Is happy—e’en in leaving *her*! but Thou,  
True daughter, whose all faithful, filial eyes  
Have seen the loveliness of earthly thrones,  
Wilt neither quit the widow’d crown, nor let  
This later light of Love have risen in vain,  
But moving through the mother’s home, between  
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,  
Sway’d by each Love, and swaying to each Love,  
Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven  
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both  
The light and genial warmth of double day.

Gordon’s “Journals” is still the book claiming pre-eminent attention, as is but natural; but people are beginning to get a little tired of the increasing mass of journalistic “Gordon” literature, the latest addition to which (Gordon’s Chinese Explorations as told in his Diary by Mr. Mossman, formerly editor of the “North China









